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# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS

### DECEMBER NUMBER

Frontispiece in Color . . . . .	HOWARD PYLE	
The Salem Wolf. A Story . . . . .	HOWARD PYLE	3
Paintings in Color by the Author.		
Some Reminiscences of Charles Darwin . . . . .	JAMES BRYCE	13
British Ambassador to the United States.		
The Three Experiences of Le Vieux. A Story . .	ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY	19
Illustrations by F. WALTER TAYLOR.		
Young . . . . .	WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER	27
Illustrations by HOWARD PYLE, and Photographs.		
The Knife and the Naked Chalk. A Story . . .	RUDYARD KIPLING	41
Paintings in Color and other Drawings by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.		
"O Wind, A-Blowing All Day Long." A Poem . .	MILDRED HOWELLS	51
The Energy of Radium . . . . .	FREDERICK SODDY	52
Lecturer on Physical Chemistry and Radioactivity, University of Glasgow.		
Villanelle of City and Country. A Poem . . . .	ZOE AKINS	59
Home. A Story . . . . .	KEENE ABBOTT	60
Illustrations by HOWARD E. SMITH.		
A Fable . . . . .	MARK TWAIN	70
A Certain Day. A Poem . . . . .	HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	71
A Hilltop in Paris . . . . .	BESSIE DEAN COOPER	72
Etchings in Tint by C. H. WHITE.		
Drawn Blinds. A Poem . . . . .	ETHEL M. HEWITT	83
A Local Colorist. A Story . . . . .	ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON	84
Illustrations by S. M. CHASE.		
Jemima of the Seventh Floor. A Story . . . . .	RUTH McENERY STUART	95
Illustrations by JOHN A. WILLIAMS.		
The Water-Life Around Singapore . . . . .	WILLIAM J. AYLRWARD	106
Paintings in Color and other Drawings by the Author.		
The Enemy. A Story . . . . .	MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY	115
Illustration by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.		
The Mother-Bird . . . . .	WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS	126
The Ice of the North. A Poem . . . . .	MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE	128
The Art of Harold Speed . . . . .	CHARLES H. CAFFIN	129
Illustrated with Reproductions of Paintings by Mr. SPEED.		
The Doubt. A Story . . . . .	LEILA BURTON WELLS	139
Illustrations by FRANK CRAIG.		
Salvage. A Poem . . . . .	ELLEN M. H. GATES	146
Editor's Easy Chair . . . . .	W. D. HOWELLS	149
Editor's Study . . . . .	THE EDITOR	152
Editor's Drawer . . . . .		155

"Diversions of the Re-Echo Club," by CAROLYN WELLS; illustrations by STROTHMANN. Other contributions by WILBUR D. NESBIT, MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS. Drawings by PETER NEWELL, HARRY LINNELL, E. WARDE BLAISDELL, A. B. WALKER, R. JEROME HILL, J. R. SHAVER.

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# Harper's Magazine

JANUARY

## **A Woman's Recollections of Andrew Johnson**

These recollections of President Johnson present the most vivid picture that has ever been given of that remarkable man who was able within a few years to raise himself from the tailor's bench in a small town to the President's chair. They deal with him rather as a man than as a statesman, and the unwritten chapter of history which they disclose is one of the greatest human interest.

## **A Canvas Boat on the Dead Sea**

This is the first of ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON's articles on the work of the Yale Expedition to Palestine. Among the most important and interesting features of the article is Mr. HUNTINGTON's account of his investigation of the site of the Biblical cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, and his location of the volcano by which one may now believe these cities were probably destroyed, in exact accordance with the Biblical account.

## **What We Know About Molecules**

An authoritative, scientific paper by Professor HENRY A. TORREY, Ph.D., of Harvard. In no branch of science have more important advances been made than in synthetic chemistry, and these advances are of the greatest economic and industrial importance. This remarkable progress is due largely to our increased knowledge of the structure of the molecules of which Professor Torrey writes.

## **How A Great Fortune Was Made in the 16th Century**

Professor PAUL VAN DYKE, of Princeton, gives a picturesque account of the remarkable career of Jacob van Fugger, a sixteenth-century Captain of Industry of Augsburg. He was the friend of kings, and loaned vast sums to emperors and prelates. Many of the churches and charities which he founded still survive.

## **Other Important Articles**

CHARLES W. FURLONG contributes a notable paper on his adventures with one of the strange tribes of Tierra del Fuego; CHARLES H. WHITE, the etcher, has made a series of etchings of little-known corners of Washington, which are accompanied by amusing comment on some of the queer folk of the capital; and GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE gives a delightful pen-picture of the life in a little courtyard of Paris, which is illustrated by Jules Guerin.

## **7 Notable Short Stories**

Among those who contribute are FORREST CRISSEY, NORMAN DUNCAN, H. W. NEVINSON, HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD, BRIAN HOOKER, MARIE VAN VORST, and CARL EASTON WILLIAMS.





# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS

### JANUARY NUMBER

Frontispiece in Color . . . . .	HOWARD PYLE	
The Satin Shoes. A Poem . . . . .	THOMAS HARDY	165
Illustrations by F. WALTER TAYLOR.		
Recollections of Andrew Johnson . . . . .	HARRIOT S. TURNER	168
Illustrated with Photographs.		
A Fugitive from Romance. A Story . . . . .	FORREST CRISSEY	177
Illustrations by FRANK DESCH.		
A Sentry. A Poem . . . . .	HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	185
A Canvas Boat on the Dead Sea . . . . .	ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D.	186
Illustrated with Photographs. Department of Geography, Yale University.		
In Fetters. A Poem . . . . .	EDITH M THOMAS	196
Swanhild. A Story . . . . .	BRIAN HOOKER	197
Paintings in Color by HOWARD PYLE.		
A Vision of Man. A Poem . . . . .	O. W. FIRKINS	206
The Night Before Christmas. A Morality . . . . .	W D. HOWELLS	207
The Vanishing People of the Land of Fire . . . . .	CHARLES W FURLONG, F.R.G.S.	217
Photographs, Map, and Drawings by the Author.		
The Dream-Boat. A Poem . . . . .	ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT	229
A Life on the Ocean Wave. A Story . . . . .	HENRY W. NEVINSON	230
Illustrations by W. HATHERELL, R.I.		
The Art of Lucien Simon . . . . .	CHARLES H. CAFFIN	236
Illustrated with Reproductions of Paintings.		
The Questing Veteran. A Story . . . . .	NORMAN DUNCAN	245
Queer Folk at the Capital. . . . .	CHARLES HENRY WHITE	253
Etchings in Tint by C. H. WHITE.		
Glimpses Into the Structure of Molecules. . . . .	HENRY A. TORREY, Ph.D.	261
Assistant Professor of Chemistry, Harvard University.		
The Romance of the Jig-Saw Puzzle. A Story . . . . .	MARIE VAN VORST	267
Illustrations by WILL H. FOSTER.		
A Captain of Industry of the Sixteenth Century. . . . .	PAUL VAN DYKE	276
Illustrated with Photographs and Old Prints. Professor of Modern European History, Princeton University.		
Her Eyes Are Doves. A Story . . . . .	HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	285
Illustrations by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.		
A Morning with Pessimism . . . . .	GRANT SHOWERMAN	291
A Man and His Freedom. A Story . . . . .	CARL EASTON WILLIAMS	297
Illustrations by S. M. ARTHURS.		
"This is My Hour." A Poem . . . . .	ZOE AKINS	308
Editor's Easy Chair . . . . .	W. D. HOWELLS	309
Editor's Study . . . . .	THE EDITOR	313
Editor's Drawer . . . . .		317

"Botts's Beautifier," by WILBUR D. NESBIT; illustrations by PETER NEWELL. Other contributions by W. D. N., MARGUERITE DOWNING, S. E. KISER. Drawings by J. R. SHAVER, A. B. WALKER, MARGUERITE DOWNING, E. WARDE BLAISDELL.

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# HARPER'S

For FEBRUARY

A REMARKABLE NEW NOVEL

BY THE AUTHOR OF

## The Inner Shrine

WILL BEGIN IN THE

FEBRUARY NUMBER OF

## Harper's Magazine

¶ "The Inner Shrine" was probably the most successful magazine serial of recent years, and since its publication in book form it has made an even more remarkable success. It has been the most widely read and talked-of book of its day. The new novel by the same author is even more dramatic. It is a story in a new setting, a story that grips the reader from the first chapter—a story of great vigor and charm. It is called "The Wild Olive."





# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS

### FEBRUARY NUMBER

Frontispiece in Color . . . . .	HOWARD E. SMITH	
The Wild Olive. Part I. By the Author of "The Inner Shrine" Illustrations in color by LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK.		327
The Two Deaths. A Poem . . . . .	EDITH M. THOMAS	345
The New Science of Animal Behavior . . . . . Illustrated with Diagrams.	JOHN B. WATSON Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology, Johns Hopkins University.	346
Man. A Poem . . . . .	SUSIE M. BEST	353
Don Harvey and the Shadow. A Story . . . . . Illustrations by EMLÉN McCONNELL.	GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE and CAROLINE MORRISON	354
An Old Circle . . . . . Illustrated with Photographs and Sketches.	FORD MADOX HUEFFER	364
The Umbrella Man. A Story . . . . . Illustrations by HOWARD E. SMITH.	MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN	373
Landscape in Music . . . . .	LAWRENCE GILMAN	383
Little Gray Father. A Story . . . . . Illustrations by S. M. ARTHURS.	KEENE ABBOTT	389
Oriflamme. A Poem . . . . .	ETHEL M. HEWITT	396
The Romancing of a Square Party . . . . . Illustrated with Etchings in Tint by WALTER HALE.	LOUISE CLOSSER HALE	397
A Gleam of Crimson. A Poem . . . . .	ELLEN M. H. GATES	408
Vindication. A Story . . . . . Illustrations by FRANK DESCH.	JOHNSON MORTON	409
A Song In Winter. A Poem . . . . .	LAURENCE HOUSMAN	418
Beyond the Dead Sea . . . . . Illustrated with Photographs.	ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D. Department of Geography, Yale University.	419
Legends of the City of Mexico . . . . . Illustration in Color by F. E. SCHOONOVER.	THOMAS A. JANVIER	431
In the Path of Sherman . . . . . Illustrated with Photographs.	W. W. LORD, JR.	438
The Comforters. A Story . . . . . Illustrations by DENMAN FINK.	MINNA STANWOOD	447
The Gulf Stream, A Poem . . . . .	FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER	454
An Ethnologist in the Arctic . . . . . Illustrated with Photographs.	VILHJÁLMR STEFÁNSSON	455
John-a-Dreams. A Story . . . . . Illustrations by HARRY TOWNSEND.	HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD	464
Song. A Poem . . . . .	ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT	470
Editor's Easy Chair . . . . .	W. D. HOWELLS	471
Editor's Study . . . . .	THE EDITOR	475
Editor's Drawer . . . . .		479

"The Ennui of Cap'n Peek," by CLARENCE B. KELLAND; illustrations by PETER NEWELL. Other contributions by BURGESS JOHNSON, CAROLYN WELLS. Drawings by A. B. WALKER, RUTH S. CLEMENTS, ETHEL P. BROWN.

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# HARPER'S

for MARCH

THE MOST IMPORTANT LITERARY  
REVELATION OF THE PAST  
ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS

## NEW SHAKESPEARE DISCOVERIES

¶ An American scholar, Prof. Charles William Wallace, Ph.D., has just discovered documents which constitute the most important addition that has been made to our knowledge of Shakespeare's life in the past one hundred and fifty years.

¶ Would you like to read of his daily life in the house where he lodged in London? Would you like to read of the people among whom he lived—not the great poets and writers of whom we know in other ways, but the simple folk with whom he came in daily contact? That is part of what these discoveries reveal.

*With photographic reproductions of documents, signatures, original records, etc.*





# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS

MARCH, 1910

Frontispiece in Color . . . . .	HOWARD PYLE	
New Shakespeare Discoveries . . . . .	CHARLES W. WALLACE, Ph.D.	489
Shakespeare as a Man Among Men.	Associate Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Nebraska.	
Illustrated with Photographs and Facsimiles.		
"My Beloved Son." A Story . . . . .	EMERY POTTLE	511
Illustrations in Color by LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK.		
Echoes. A Poem . . . . .	BRIAN HOOKER	519
"Vain Tales." A Story . . . . .	MRS. HENRY DUDENEY	520
Illustrations by W. HATHERELL, R.I.		
A Voice in the Forest. A Poem . . . . .	MADISON CAWEIN	529
The Wild Olive. (Continued) By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"		530
Illustrations in color by LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK.		
Wise. A Poem . . . . .	LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE	547
The Wrecker. A Story . . . . .	JAMES B. CONNOLLY	548
Paintings in Color by HOWARD PYLE.		
Ghosts of Indians. A Poem . . . . .	WITTER BYNNER	551
The Fallen Queen of the Desert . . . . .	ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D.	552
Illustrated with Photographs.	Department of Geography, Yale University.	
Rose of the Dawn. A Story . . . . .	ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE	564
Illustrations by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.		
"A Northeaster," by Winslow Homer. Comment by W. STANTON HOWARD		574
Engraved on Wood by HENRY WOLF from the Original Painting.		
Golden Baby. A Story . . . . .	ALICE BROWN	575
Jules Adler, Painter of Labor . . . . .	CHARLES H. CAFFIN	583
Illustrated with Reproductions of Paintings.		
A Credit to Densmore. A Story . . . . .	MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY	593
Illustrations by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.		
Trailing the "Come-by-Chance" . . . . .	OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR	601
Illustrations by W. SHERMAN POTTS.		
The Forlorn Hope. A Story . . . . .	MARGARET CAMERON	611
Illustrations by W. D. STEVENS.		
Pierrot. A Poem . . . . .	SARA TEASDALE	619
A Children's Institute . . . . .	G. STANLEY HALL, LL.D.	620
	President of Clark University.	
One of the Others. A Story . . . . .	FANNY HEASLIP LEA	625
Illustrations by GAYLE PORTER HOSKINS.		
Editor's Easy Chair . . . . .	W. D. HOWELLS	633
Editor's Study . . . . .	THE EDITOR	637
Editor's Drawer . . . . .		641

"The Meddling of Mr. Doty," by WILBUR D. NESBIT; illustrations by PETER NEWELL. Other contributions by BURGESS JOHNSON, MARGUERITE DOWNING, MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS. Drawings by E. WARDE BLAISDELL, A. B. WALKER, MARGUERITE DOWNING, PETER NEWELL, J. R. SHAVER.

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# HARPER'S MAGA

## **A Woman in the Pennsylvania Silk Mills**

An article of the greatest interest and economic usefulness. In order to make a thorough study of the life of woman workers in the silk mills, Miss FLORENCE SANVILLE, Secretary of the Consumers' League of Philadelphia, went to work in the mills. She shared in every way the daily life of the workers, and her account of her experiences is a remarkable human document. It is fully illustrated with drawings by F. E. Schoonover.

## **Tides in the Solid Earth**

Professor OSCAR HECKER, of the Royal Geodetic Institute of Potsdam, Germany, contributes a scientific article of great importance and novelty. Few people know that there are tides in the earth's surface, just as there are in the ocean. Professor HECKER has made a study of these tides and has devised apparatus for their measurement. His article is the first account in English of his experiments and the results.

## **Across the Ghor to the Land of Og**

ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, head of the recent Yale Expedition to Palestine, describes his journey through the land of Gilead, in Palestine, where a strange people, the Druzes, live in caves, and a most primitive civilization obtains.

## **The Journal of John Wesley**

The recent discovery of new manuscripts of John Wesley, comprising diaries and note-books and letters, gives us a more complete picture than we have ever had of the great founder of the Methodist Church. They throw most important light on his personality and on his life, both in England and during his visit to America. NEHEMIAH CURNOCK, the leading English authority on Wesley's life, writes of these discoveries and their revelations.

## **Oases in a Great City**

Imagining the City of New York as a great barren desert, PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS writes of the many oases—the parks and public squares which are scattered throughout to give rest and fresh air to its people. His article is accompanied by a series of remarkable pictures in color by George Shorey.

## **With the Pre-Raphaelites**

Another of Mr. FORD MADOX HUEFFER's delightful papers of reminiscence, in which such figures as Browning, Ruskin, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, etc., appear as they moved in the London world of their day.



# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS

APRIL, 1910

Frontispiece in Color . . . . .	HOWARD PYLE	
A Woman in the Pennsylvania Silk-Mills . . . . .	FLORENCE LUCAS SANVILLE	651
Illustrations by F. E. SCHOONOVER.	Executive Secretary of the Consumers' League of Philadelphia.	
An Initial Letter. A Story . . . . .	MARJORIE BOWEN	663
Paintings in Color by HOWARD PYLE.		
Across the Ghor to the Land of Og . . . . .	ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D.	667
Illustrated with Photographs and a Map.	Department of Geography, Yale University.	
Father. A Poem . . . . .	ALICE L. WOOD	679
Who Aims a Star. A Story . . . . .	GWENDOLEN OVERTON	680
Illustrations by JOHN A. WILLIAMS.		
Death and Fame. A Poem . . . . .	GEORGE E. WOODBERRY	689
The Journal of John Wesley . . . . .	NEHEMIAH CURNOCK	690
Illustrated with Photographs.	Editor of "The Journal of John Wesley, A.M."	
Gibbet Hill. A Story . . . . .	EDEN PHILLPOTTS	699
Illustrations by W. HATHERELL, R.I.		
Tides in the Solid Earth . . . . .	PROFESSOR OSCAR HECKER	710
Illustrated with Diagrams.	Member of the Royal Prussian Geodetic Institute, Potsdam.	
The Morning-Glory. A Poem . . . . .	FLORENCE EARLE COATES	715
Tom, Dick, and Harry—Et Cætera. A Story . . . . .	JOHN LUTHER LONG	716
Illustrations by F. WALTER TAYLOR.		
"My Daughter Josephine," by Edmund C. Tarbell		
Comment by . . . . .	W. STANTON HOWARD	728
Engraved on Wood by HENRY WOLF from the Original Painting.		
The Wild Olive. (Continued) By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"		729
Illustrations by LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK.		
Once a Highway for the World . . . . .	ROBERT SHACKLETON	744
Drawings and Etchings by WALTER HALE.		
In Killarney. A Poem . . . . .	MARIE VAN VORST	754
The White Cow. A Story . . . . .	ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE	755
Some Pre-Raphaelite Reminiscences . . . . .	FORD MADDOX HUEFFER	762
Illustrated with Photographs.		
In a Garden. A Poem . . . . .	GEORGE HERBERT GIRTY	768
The Changeling. A Story . . . . .	MARIE MANNING	769
Illustrations by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN.		
A Song for Twilight. A Poem . . . . .	MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER	776
Oases in Gotham . . . . .	PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS	777
Illustrations in Tint by G. H. SHOREY.		
Daisy Time. A Poem . . . . .	SARA TEASDALE	786
Heroes. A Story . . . . .	CALVIN JOHNSTON	787
Illustrations by WORTH BREHM.		
The Precinct. A Poem . . . . .	ARTHUR LEWIS	794
Editor's Easy Chair . . . . .	W. D. HOWELLS	795
Editor's Study . . . . .	THE EDITOR	799
Editor's Drawer . . . . .		803

"After Many Years," by GEORGE WESTON; illustrations by WILLIAM HURD LAWRENCE. Other contributions by ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE, FRANK HILL PHILLIPS. Drawings by NESBITT BENSON, E. BENSON KNIPE, W. O. WILSON, CHARLES J. BUDD, A. B. WALKER, P. F. T.

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# HARPER'S For May

## SOME NOTABLE SHORT STORIES

MARJORIE BOWEN contributes a delightful little comedy of Georgian days—"The Holy Mr. Herbert"—a tale of a lovers' quarrel and reconciliation.

NORMAN DUNCAN'S story, "The Sympathetic Part," is a grim tale of the Canadian Northwest—a story of absolute novelty and great power.

JENNETTE LEE'S delightful story, "The Husetop Room," is a thoroughly modern love story of a young woman and her suitors, and of how she decides between them.

SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT has written a strong story of the South—a story of a father and his son, and of the drama resulting from the differences in their ideals.

CALVIN JOHNSTON contributes another of his fanciful yet strangely real tales of boyhood.

FLORIDA PIER'S story, "The Summoning Knocker," is a present-day romance in which an antique knocker serves as the charm which brings the two lovers together.

KEENE ABBOTT, whose stories have already attracted attention, turns to a new field. His story, "The Silencer," is a little drama of the newly settled West.

## IMPORTANT ARTICLES

A POET IN WAR TIME. Some unpublished letters of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, written to his family and friends. Many of them were despatched from the battle-fields where he was serving as a war correspondent.

THE ARAN ISLANDS. MAUDE RADFORD WARREN tells of her visit to these little-known islands off the coast of Ireland.

ANCIENT CRAFTS IN NEW YORK. PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS tells of the many industries still practised in New York in the primitive manner of ancient, even prehistoric days.

JACQUES CŒUR. OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR writes of the great French financier, whose palace one may still see at Bourges. He was the friend of kings and financed governments.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN—INCORPORATED. ROBERT W. BRUERE, of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, writes of the evolution of the modern methods of organized charity as opposed to the old-fashioned giving by the individual.

THE PLANET VENUS. Professor PICKERING, of Harvard, discusses some interesting questions concerning this planet. Though Venus is one of our nearest neighbors, little is known about her, and Professor PICKERING's article is peculiarly illuminating.





# HARPER'S MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS

MAY, 1910

Frontispiece in Color . . . . .	HOWARD PYLE	
The Infidel City . . . . .	MARY HEATON VORSE	813
Illustrated with Etchings in Tint by B. J. O. NORDFELDT.		
Readjustments. A Story . . . . .	SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT	824
Illustrations by W. HERBERT DUNTON.		
The Moon Dance. A Poem . . . . .	RICHARD LE GALLIENNE	832
The Good Samaritan, Incorporated . . . . .	ROBERT W. BRUÈRE	833
"Holy Mr. Herbert." A Story . . . . .	MARJORIE BOWEN	839
Painting in Color by HOWARD PYLE.		
Et Ego in Arcadia . . . . .	WITTER BYNNER	846
Ancient Crafts in Modern New York . . . . .	PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS	847
Illustrations by G. H. SHOREY.		
The Sympathetic Part. A Story . . . . .	NORMAN DUNCAN	858
Illustrations by GEORGE HARDING.		
The Horses of Indra. A Poem . . . . .	MARTHA W. AUSTIN	865
The Wild Olive. A Novel (Continued) By the Author of "The Inner Shrine" . . . . .		866
Illustrations by LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK.		
The Aran Islands . . . . .	MAUDE RADFORD WARREN	887
Illustrated with Photographs.		
A Merchant Prince of the Middle Ages . . . . .	OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR	900
Illustrated from old Prints and Engravings.		
The Husetop Room. A Story . . . . .	JENNETTE LEE	907
Illustrations by H. G. WILLIAMSON.		
The Silencer. A Story . . . . .	KEENE ABBOTT	917
Illustrations by GEORGE HARDING.		
A Painter of Childhood and Girlhood . . . . .	CHARLES H. CAFFIN	922
Illustrated with Reproductions of Paintings.		
Somnambulists. A Poem . . . . .	WANDA PETRUNKEVITCH	932
The Gamblers. A Story . . . . .	CALVIN JOHNSTON	933
A Poet in War-time . . . . .	LAURA STEDMAN	938
Unpublished Letters of E. C. Stedman, 1861-62.		
The Lovers of Marchaid. A Poem . . . . .	MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL	948
The Summoning Knocker. A Story . . . . .	FLORIDA PIER	949
Illustrations by WILLIAM L. JACOBS.		
Editor's Easy Chair . . . . .	W. D. HOWELLS	957
Editor's Study . . . . .	THE EDITOR	961
Editor's Drawer . . . . .		965

"On the Trail," by WILBUR D. NESBIT; illustrations by PETER NEWELL.  
 Other contributions by BLAKENEY GRAY and E. S. M. Drawings by E. E.  
 DEGRAFF, E. WARDE BLAISDELL, A. MACHEFERT, ROBERT L. DICKEY.

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# HARPER'S 60th ANNIVERSARY For June NUMBER

AT HOME WITH THE SILK-MILL WORKERS. Miss FLORENCE SANVILLE, of the Consumers' League of Philadelphia, whose recent article on her experiences as a worker among the girls of the Pennsylvania silk-mills attracted wide attention, writes of the home-life of these girls as she found it while living among them. An article of human interest and economic importance.

MARSEILLES. DESHLER WELSH writes of this quaint French city and of his visit to the Château d'If, from which Monte Cristo is supposed to have made his escape. Illustrated with many drawings in tint by Thornton Oakley.

AN ANNIVERSARY RETROSPECT. It is not often that the Editor of HARPER'S contributes to its pages anything outside his regular monthly department of the "Editor's Study." Ten years ago, at the completion of its 50th year, he wrote of the history of the MAGAZINE from its start, and in the June number he celebrates the 60th birthday of the MAGAZINE with a delightful retrospective essay on the MAGAZINE during the past ten years.

MICROSCOPIC ANIMALS OF THE SEA. An article which will appeal to every nature lover. Mr. H. T. SHANNON has made a study of the minute forms of animal life of the sea, discoverable by any one with a microscope, and writes of them most interestingly. His article is illustrated with remarkable drawings.

NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL CHANGES IN THE USE OF OUR LANGUAGE. Professor THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY, of Yale, discusses delightfully and with his customary breadth of scholarship some curious developments and changes and usage of English, among them the much-discussed singular verb with two subjects.

AMONG THE SHEEP RANCHES OF PATAGONIA. An interesting account of a visit among the herders of Patagonia by CHARLES W. FURLONG, who explored that wild country recently for HARPER'S.

## SHORT STORIES

JAMES HOPPER contributes a strange and fantastic story called "The Black Night"—a tale half real and half dream. With Pictures by Howard Pyle.

E. S. MARTIN has written one of the most charming of his story-dialogues for the June number, of an engagement that was broken and renewed, and the many advantages of marriage without a fortune.

ALICE BROWN'S story of "The Master" is a delicately effective study of a great literary man.

PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS pictures the drama of the life of a young businessman who is won back to honesty by a baby's smile.

FANNY HEASLIP LEA contributes an amusing love-story of two lonely young people, each of whom pretended to have known the other in childhood in order to begin a new acquaintance.

MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR'S story is one of the strongest that she has written—a tremendously powerful presentation of an absolutely new idea.

Other stories are by WINONA GODFREY and CAROLINE B. McLEAN.









Illustration for "The Salem Wolf"

A WOLF HAD NOT BEEN SEEN AT SALEM FOR THIRTY YEARS

Painting by Howard Pyle



# HARPER'S Monthly Magazine

For December.  
1909

## The Salem Wolf.

by Howard Pyle.

I

THESE things happened in the year when the witches were so malignant at Salem, and the trouble began over a crock of cider.

Deacon Graves and Jerusha and little Ichabod and old Patrick Duncan were in the cider-shed at the time. Granny Whitlow came to the cider-press, bringing with her a great stoneware crock, and she begged for a crockful of cider.

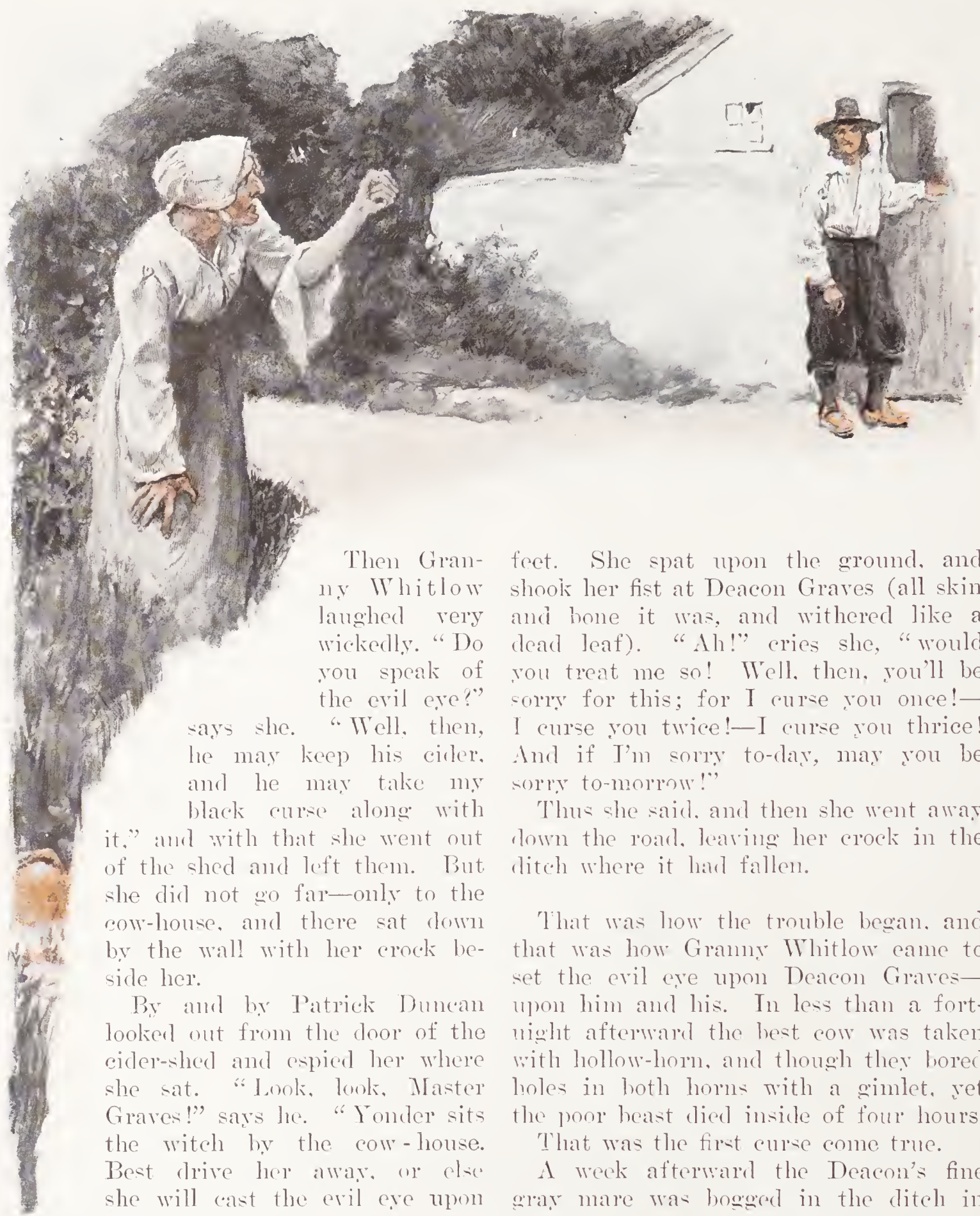
That was in October before she was hanged for a witch, and she was already in ill odor with all God-fearing men and women. It was known by many that she had an evil eye, and that her malignant soul was as black as a coal and fit for nothing but hell-fire.

Deacon Graves was a stanch professor, and an upright believer in the gospel. "You'll get no cider here," says he. "Begone!" says he, "for I am a friend of God, and you are a friend of the devil."

Then up spoke old Patrick Duncan. He was born in Scotland and had fought in Poland with Douglas under King Karl Gustav of Sweden. It is known that the Scotch and Polish witches and warlocks are the worst in the world, and Patrick Duncan knew more about them and their ways than you could find in a book. "Master," says he, "you had best give her the cider, or else she'll maybe cast the evil eye on the whole pressing."







Then Granny Whitlow laughed very wickedly. "Do you speak of the evil eye?" says she. "Well, then, he may keep his cider, and he may take my black curse along with it," and with that she went out of the shed and left them. But she did not go far—only to the cow-house, and there sat down by the wall with her crock beside her.

By and by Patrick Duncan looked out from the door of the cider-shed and espied her where she sat. "Look, look, Master Graves!" says he. "Yonder sits the witch by the cow-house. Best drive her away, or else she will cast the evil eye upon the cattle."

So Deacon Graves went out to where Granny Whitlow sat and caught her by the arm, and lifted her to her feet, and says he: "Get you gone, witch! What mischief are you brewing here? Get you gone, I say!" Therewith, still holding her tight by the arm, he haled her down to the gate and thrust her out into the road. As he thrust her out she stumbled and fell, and her crock rolled into the ditch beside the road.

But she scrambled very quickly up from the dusty road, and so got to her

feet. She spat upon the ground, and shook her fist at Deacon Graves (all skin and bone it was, and withered like a dead leaf). "Ah!" cries she, "would you treat me so! Well, then, you'll be sorry for this; for I curse you once!—I curse you twice!—I curse you thrice! And if I'm sorry to-day, may you be sorry to-morrow!"

Thus she said, and then she went away down the road, leaving her crock in the ditch where it had fallen.

That was how the trouble began, and that was how Granny Whitlow came to set the evil eye upon Deacon Graves—upon him and his. In less than a fortnight afterward the best cow was taken with hollow-horn, and though they bored holes in both horns with a gimlet, yet the poor beast died inside of four hours.

That was the first curse come true.

A week afterward the Deacon's fine gray mare was bogged in the ditch in the lower pasture, and sprung her shoulder so that she was never good for anything afterward.

That was the second curse come true.

But the third curse was bitter and black to the very bottom.

## II

Deacon Graves had a daughter named Miriam. When she fell sick no one knew what ailed her. She grew very strange and wild, and if anybody asked her what ailed her she would maybe scream out, or fall to weeping, or else



she would fall into a furious rage, as though seized with a phrensy.

She was a likely girl, with eyes as black as sloes, and black hair, and black eyebrows, and red cheeks, and red lips, and teeth as white as those of a dog. She was promised to Abijah Butler, the son of Aaron Butler the cordwainer, and he came up from town twice or thrice a week to court her.

He saw, as everybody else saw, that she was not as she had been, but was grown very strange and wild. For a while he kept his thoughts to himself, but at last things grew so dark that he spoke very plainly to the girl's father and mother about the matter. "'Tis my belief," says he, "that Granny Whitlow has bewitched her." And neither Deacon Graves nor Dame Graves could find any word to deny what he said.

One Sabbath day Abijah came out from town in the afternoon, and Miriam was in bed. Nothing seemed to ail her, but she would not get up out of bed, but lay there all day, staring at the ceiling and saying nothing. Then Abijah stood up, and he said: "It is high time to do something about this business. If I am to marry Miriam, I must first know what it is ails her."

Dame Graves says: "We none of us know what ails her. We've given her mustard, and sulphur, and boneset, and nothing does her any good."

"Well," says Abijah Butler, "what I said stays where I stuck it. Unless I know what is the matter with Miriam, all is off between us, and I am away."

So Abijah Butler, and Deacon Graves, and Dame Graves, and Patrick Duncan, all four, went to the room where Miriam lay. There she was lying in bed and still as a log; but the moment they set



foot in the room she cried out very loud and shrill, and snatched the coverlet over her head. Then she fell to shrieking and screaming as though she had gone mad, bidding them go away and let her lie in peace.

Deacon Graves went to the bedside and caught her very tight by the arm. "Be still!" says he. "Be still, or I will whip you!" and therewith she immediately fell silent, and lay trembling like any leaf.

Then Deacon Graves, still holding her tight by the arm, says to her, "What ails you?" And she said, speaking very weak and faint from under the bed coverlet, "Nothing ails me." Says he, "Tell me, are you bewitched?" and to that she said nothing. Then he says, "Tell me who has bewitched you?" but still she would say nothing. He says, "Tell me who has bewitched you, or I will whip you."

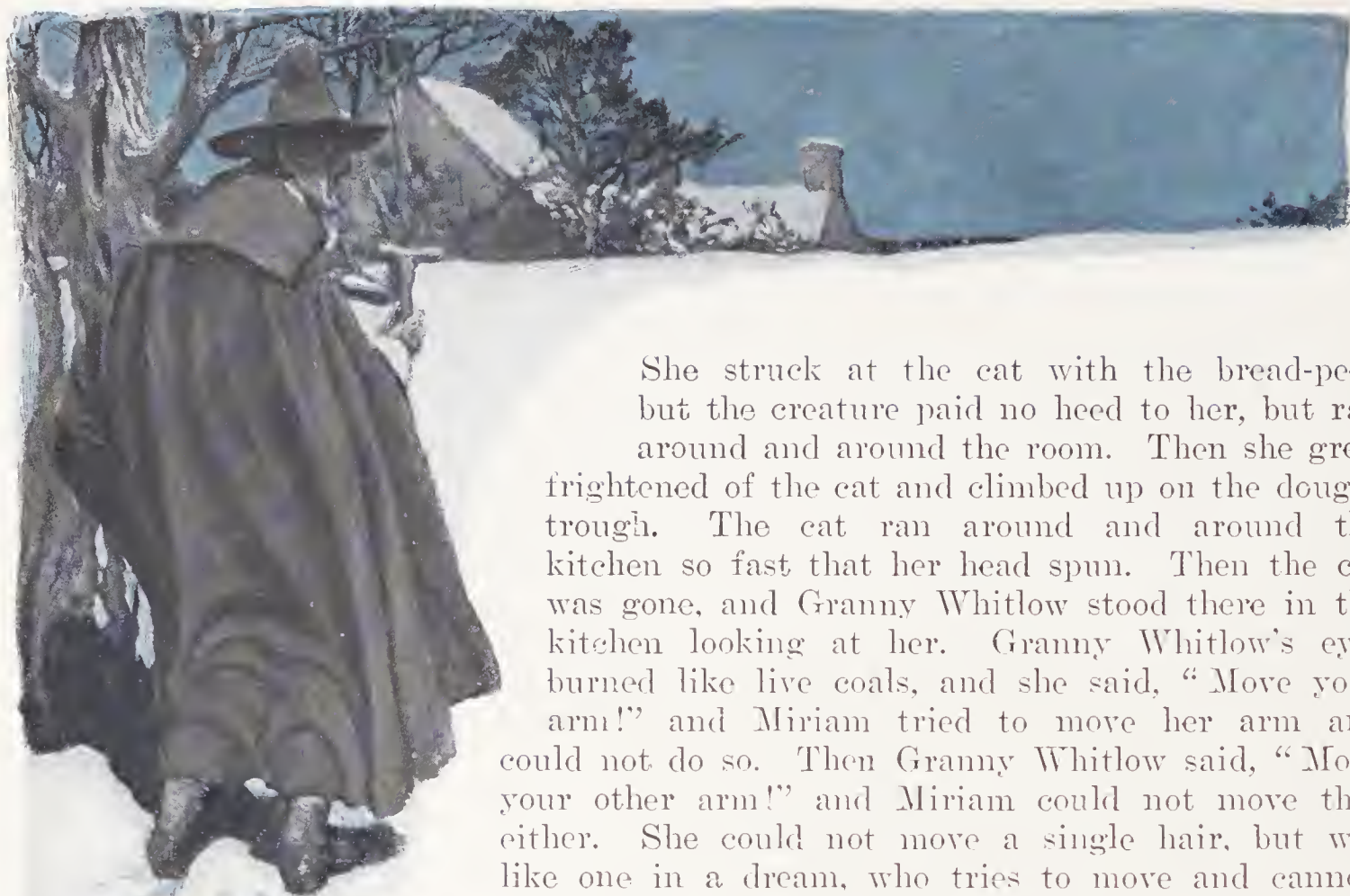
At that she began crying under the coverlet, but still she would not say anything. Then Deacon Graves says, "Tell me, was it Granny Whitlow who bewitched you?" and at that she said "Yes."

After that they got the whole story from her by piecemeal. This was what she told them:

One day she was turning the bread in the oven. The kitchen door was open, and a great black cat came running in.







She struck at the cat with the bread-peel, but the creature paid no heed to her, but ran around and around the room. Then she grew frightened of the cat and climbed up on the dough-trough. The cat ran around and around the kitchen so fast that her head spun. Then the cat was gone, and Granny Whitlow stood there in the kitchen looking at her. Granny Whitlow's eyes burned like live coals, and she said, "Move your arm!" and Miriam tried to move her arm and could not do so. Then Granny Whitlow said, "Move your other arm!" and Miriam could not move that either. She could not move a single hair, but was like one in a dream, who tries to move and cannot. Then Granny Whitlow plucked three hairs out of her own head and came to Miriam where she sat on the dough-trough; and she tied the three hairs about the girl's little finger. "Now you are one of us," says she, and after that she went out of the kitchen, and Miriam came down from the dough-trough. Ever since that she had been bewitched.

This was the story she told, and after she had ended, her father tried to say something to her. At first he could not say anything, but could only swallow and swallow as though a nut stuck in his throat. Then at last he says—speaking in a voice as dry as a husk, "Tell me, have you ever been to the Devil's Meeting House?"

At that Miriam began to cry out very loud from under the coverlet. Deacon Graves says, "Tell me the truth, or I will whip you!" Thereupon Miriam from under the coverlet said, "Yes—once or twice." He says, "Who took you?" and she says, "It was Granny Whitlow took me."

Then Deacon Graves says, "Let me see your hand." And the girl reached her hand out from under the coverlet. They all looked, and, lo! there was a ring of hair tied about her little finger.

Dame Graves took a pair of scissors and cut the hairs, and after that they all went out of the room and left her. They sat for a while together in the kitchen, and were more happy than they had been for a long time, for they all thought that now that the hair ring was cut from her finger Miriam would be herself again.

By and by, Abijah Butler went home, and after he had gone, Dame Graves says to the Deacon: "You should not have asked Miriam about going to the Devil's Meeting House, and that before Abijah Butler. Who knows what he thinks! He might never come back again, and then where would we find another husband for the girl?" But Abijah Butler was wonderfully in love with Miriam, and even this, and worse than this, did not drive him away from her.

After that time, Miriam Graves was better for two or three days; then she became once more as wild as ever. By this they all knew either that the witchcraft had struck into her bones so that she could not rid herself of it, or else that she had been bewitched again. So a week or so after that (it was then





about the middle of November) Deacon Graves went to town and saw Dominie Mather and told him the whole story from beginning to end, just as it was and without hiding anything.

When Granny Whitlow was tried for witchcraft, a great many things were testified against her that had never been known before.

A little girl named Ann Greenfield testified that she had one time been down in Bedloe's Swamp, and that she had there seen Granny Whitlow sitting at the root of a tree, stark and stiff as though she were dead. Little Ann said that she was very much afraid, but she did not run away. She said that she stood and looked at Granny Whitlow, and by and by she saw something that came running very fast. It looked like a mouse running very fast among the leaves. She said it ran to Granny Whitlow, and ran up her breast and into her mouth, and then Granny Whitlow came to life again and opened her eyes. The little girl said that Granny Whitlow did not see her, but rose and went somewhere into the swamp.



Another girl, named Mercy Nailor, testified that she had once seen Granny Whitlow riding across Fielding's Clearing in the dusk seated astride of a goat as black as coal. Mercy Nailor afterward withdrew her testimony, and confessed that it was not true. But Ann Greenfield's testimony was true, and several other things that were testified were true, for they were never withdrawn.

Deacon Graves was in the crowd when Granny Whitlow rode to the gallows in the hangman's cart. She saw him where he stood, and called out to him from the cart. "Ah, Deacon!" says she, "is that you? And so you have come to see me hanged, have you? Well, then, look to yourself; the third curse is still on you, and something worse than hanging will happen to you before the year is out."

Shortly after that she was hanged.

They all thought that, now Granny Whitlow was hanged, Miriam would be released from the witchcraft that tormented her, but she was not. Things went from bad to worse with her, for, by and by, they found that she would run away at night, no one knew whither. They set a watch upon her, but if they did but wink two or three times, lo! she would be gone.

God knows whither she went, but every time she ran away she would come back betwixt midnight and morning, all wild of face, but weak and wan as though she had ridden long and far. And always after such a time she would go straight to bed, and sleep, maybe, for a day and a night. Then she would wake and crave for something to eat, and when food was set before her she would eat, and eat, and eat like a wild creature that was starving.

### III

Early in the winter the Salem wolf appeared at that place. Such a thing as a wolf had not been seen at Salem for thirty years and more, and folks



were slow to believe that it really was a wolf that killed the sheep or the young cattle or the swine that every now and then were found dead and part eaten in the morning.

But afterward everybody knew that it was a wolf; for one bright moonlight night Eli Hackett saw it as he was coming home from town meeting. A thin snow had fallen, and the night was wonderfully cold and clear and bright. Eli Hackett saw the wolf as plain as though it had been daylight. It ran across the corner of an open lot, and so back of the rope-walk. It appeared to be chasing something, and paid no heed to him, but ran straight on. And then he saw it again when it came out from behind the rope-walk—it ran across Widow Calder's garden-patch, and so into the clearing beyond.

After that several others saw the wolf at different times, and once it chased Doctor Wilkinson on a dark night for above a half-mile, and into the very town itself. Then so many people saw the wolf that women and children were afraid to go out after nightfall, and even men would not go out without an axe or a club, or maybe a pistol in the belt. The wolf haunted the town for above a month, and a great many pigs and sheep and several calves were killed in that time.

Old Patrick Duncan and little Ichabod Graves slept together in the same bed in the attic. One night Patrick Duncan awoke, and found that little Ichabod was shaking his shoulder, and shaking it and shaking it.

Says Patrick Duncan: "What is it, child? What ails you?"

"Oh! Patrick Duncan," says the little boy. "Wake up! There is a great beast running about in the yard!"

"What is it you say?" says Patrick Duncan. "A great beast? Pooh! pooh! child; you have been dreaming. Go to sleep again."



"Oh, Patrick Duncan!" says the little boy. "Wake up, for I am not dreaming! There is indeed a great beast out in the yard. For first I heard it, and then I looked out of the window and saw it with my very eyes, and it is there running about in the moonlight."

Then Patrick Duncan got up and went to the window of the attic and looked out, and there he saw that what little Ichabod had said was true. For there was the wolf, and it was running around and around the yard in the snow, and he could see it in the moonlight as plainly as though it were upon a sheet of white paper.

The wolf ran around and around in a circle as though it were at play, and every now and then it would snap up a mouthful of snow and cast it into the air. And every now and then it would run its muzzle into the snow and plough through the crust as though in playful sport.



Patrick Duncan said, "Is the musket in the kitchen loaded?" And little Ichabod said: "Yes; for I saw father load it and prime it fresh a week ago come Sabbath evening. For there was fresh talk of the wolf just then." "Then bide you here," says Patrick Duncan, "and I'll go fetch it." So by and by he came, bringing the musket from the kitchen.

There was a broken pane in the attic window and an old stocking in the broken place. Patrick Duncan drew out the stocking very softly, and all the while the great beast played around and around in the snow in the yard below. Patrick Duncan put the musket out through the broken place in the window pane. He took long aim and then he fired. The musket bellowed like thunder, and the air was all full of gunpowder smoke. Patrick Duncan felt sure that he had killed the wolf, but when the gunpowder smoke cleared away, there lay the yard as bare and as empty as the palm of the hand.

The whole house was awakened by the sound of the musket. They all came into the kitchen, except Miriam, who did not come out of her room. They stood about the hearth listening to what Patrick Duncan and little Ichabod had to tell them about the wolf. Patrick Duncan said: "I took a sure and certain aim, and I don't see how I could have missed my shot. I could see the sight of the gun as plain as daylight, and it was pointed straight at the heart of the beast."

As they stood there talking about it all, the kitchen door opened of a sudden very softly and quietly. For a moment it stood ajar, and then some one came into the house as still as a ghost. It was Miriam, and she was clad only in her shift and petticoat. They all looked at her as though they had been turned to stone, but she did not appear to see them. She went straight across the kitchen and to her room, and they could hear the bedstead squeak as she got into bed.

Then Dame Graves began crying. "Alas!" says she, "Miriam walks in her sleep and we can't keep her abed. Suppose the wolf had caught her and killed her!"

The next day Miriam was churning in the kitchen. Patrick Duncan came in and found her there alone.

"I missed my aim last night, mistress," says he.

"So I hear tell," says she.

"I'll not miss it again," says he.



"Why not?" says she.

"Because," says he, "I am going to melt down this rix-dollar and cast it into a slug. I know this much," says he, "that sometimes a silver slug will go through a hide that will turn a lump of lead. So if ever you see the Salem wolf," says he, "just tell it that the next bullet I shoot at it will be made of silver."

Then the girl stopped churning, and said, "What concern is all this to me?"

"Well," says Patrick Duncan, "you know better than I do whether it concerns you or not."

After that, and for a while, no more was heard of the Salem wolf. It was said that Patrick Duncan's musket-shot had frightened the beast away, but Patrick knew better than that. He knew that it was the threat of the silver bullet that had driven it off.

Then after a while the wolf came back again, and more people saw it, and more sheep and pigs and some calves were found dead in the morning. Then came the worst of all, for one morning Ezra Doolittle was found dead in his own back yard, and his neck was all torn and rent by the savage wild beast.

That was the first that any one sus-





pected that this was no ordinary wolf, but a man-wolf that was running loose among them.

#### IV

Late one afternoon Abijah Butler came out from town. Deacon Graves was not at home, and so he went down to the barn where Patrick Duncan was milking. "Patrick Duncan," says he, "tell me, what do you think ails Miriam Graves?"

Patrick Duncan's cheek was lying close against the belly of the cow as he milked, and he did not lift his head. "Why do you ask me?" says he. "Go ask her father and her mother what ails her."

Abijah Butler says, "Her father is not at home."

"Well," says Patrick Duncan, "go ask her mother."

"So I will," says Abijah Butler, "but I want you to come with me."

"Well," says Patrick Duncan, "I will go with you when I finish milking the cow."

So after Patrick Duncan had finished his milking they went together to the house, and Dame Graves sat alone in the kitchen at her spinning. Abijah Butler went to her and began speaking, but Patrick Duncan stood by the bench at the window, where he had set the milk pail.

"Tell me," says Abijah Butler, "what is it ails Miriam?"

Dame Graves put her hand to the wheel and stopped it. "You know what ails her as well as I do," says she, "for you heard what the girl said to her father."

"I heard what she said," says he, "but I fear me that worse even than witch-

craft ails her. There are things said about her," says he, "that I can't bear to hear; so if I am to be her husband," says he, "I must know what ails her, or else I must break with her."

Then Dame Graves began crying, and says she, "Don't you be hard with us, Abijah Butler; nothing ails the girl, only that she walks in her sleep, and dreams she is awake."

Abijah Butler says, "Where is Miriam now?"

At that Dame Graves flung her apron over her head, and cried out: "God knows where she is! She ran away half an hour ago!"

After that nobody spoke for a little while; then Abijah Butler says, "Where is Deacon Graves?" And Dame Graves said, "He went to town with a load of potatoes; he'll be back by now, or in a little while."

Abijah Butler says, "Well, I'll wait for him."

Then up spoke old Patrick Duncan. "Best not wait till the night comes down," said he, "for the wolf will be out to-night."

Abijah Butler laughed, and he turned back his overcoat and showed that he had his axe hanging at his belt. He clapped his hand to the shining head of his axe, and, says he: "How now! Need I be afraid?"

Just then Patrick Duncan said of a sudden: "Yonder comes the sledge! Now you can talk to Deacon Graves himself." Then in a moment he cries out: "How is this! The sledge is empty and the horse is running away!"

Thereafter, in a moment or two, the horse came running through the gate





*Painting by Howard Pyle*

ONCE IT CHASED DOCTOR WILKINSON INTO THE VERY TOWN ITSELF







with the sledge behind it, and the sledge was empty and swung from this side to that. Thus the horse ran past the house with the empty sledge behind it, and so down to the barn. Abijah Butler and Patrick Duncan ran out of the house and down to the barnyard, and there they found the horse and the empty sledge. And the horse was all of a lather of sweat, and its eyes were starting, and it was trembling in every hair.

"God save us! The wolf!" cries Patrick Duncan. "Here is a bad business! Jump in quick, or we may be too late!"

So they both jumped into the sledge, and Patrick Duncan turned the horse about and drove away in a fury. And so they drove furiously down the road and toward the town.

Well, they had gone a little more than half a mile, when, all of a sudden, the

horse stopped stock-still with a jerk that near threw them both out of the sledge. The poor creature stood with all four feet planted, and it snorted and snorted. The evening was then falling pretty fast, and Abijah Butler stood up in the sledge and looked. Then he cried out: "God of Mercy! What is that!" Then he cried out again: "God of Mercy! 'Tis Deacon Graves, and the wolf is at him!" With that he leaped out of the sledge into the snow, and even as he jumped he plucked away the axe from his belt.

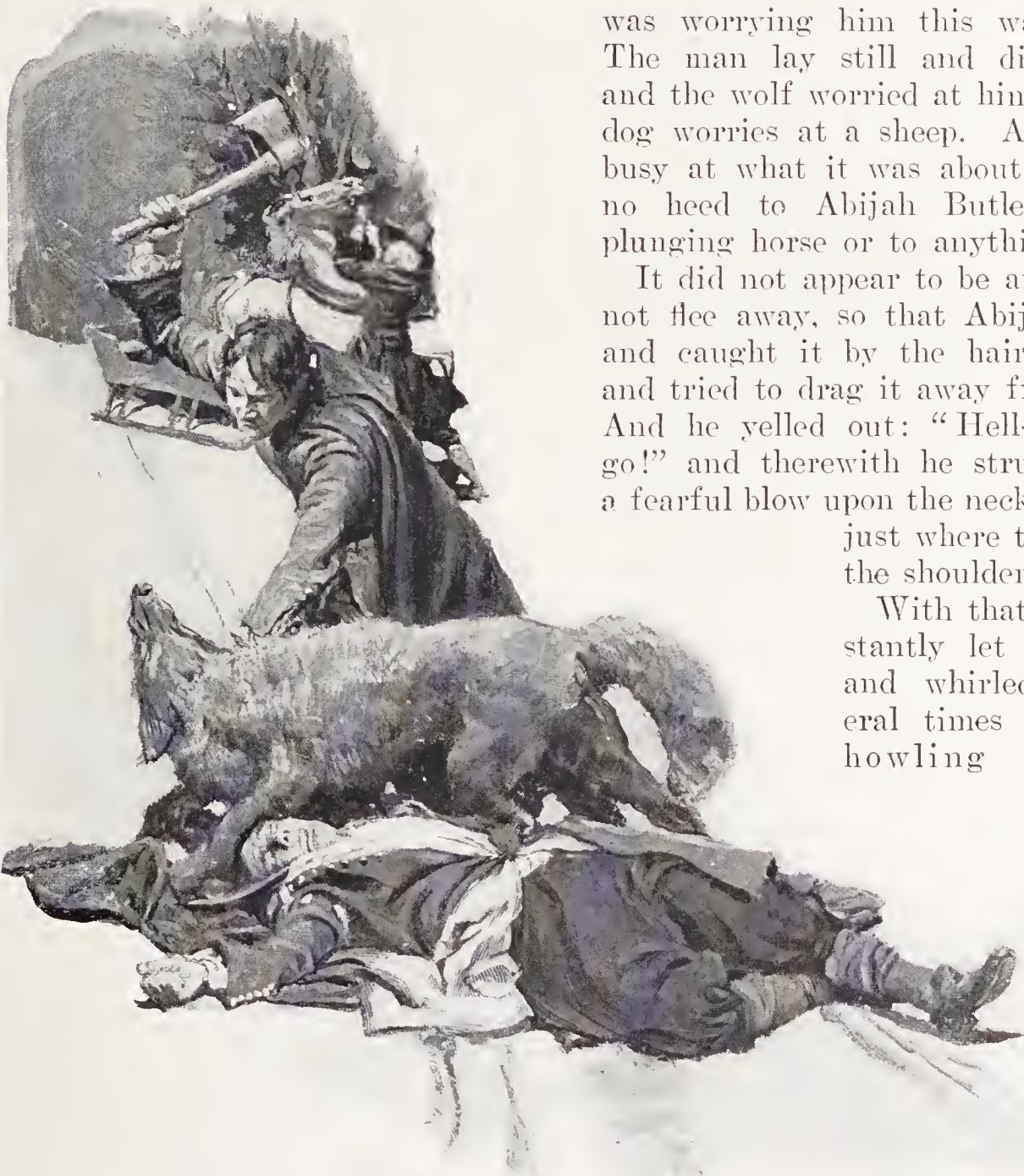
By now the horse was leaping and plunging as though it had gone mad and would dash both the sledge and itself to pieces, so that Patrick Duncan had all that he could do to hold it in check.

Abijah Butler ran through the snow as fast as he could to where the wolf was worrying the man in the middle of the road, and he yelled with all his might at the wolf as he ran.

The man lay in the snow and the wolf was worrying him this way and that. The man lay still and did not move, and the wolf worried at him as a wicked dog worries at a sheep. And it was so busy at what it was about that it paid no heed to Abijah Butler or to the plunging horse or to anything else.

It did not appear to be afraid and did not flee away, so that Abijah ran to it and caught it by the hair of its back and tried to drag it away from the man. And he yelled out: "Hell-hound! Let go!" and therewith he struck the beast a fearful blow upon the neck with his axe just where the neck joins the shoulder.

With that the wolf instantly let go the man, and whirled about several times in the road, howling and yelling.





Then it leaped, yelling, over the wall, and ran away in a great circle across the field beyond. And as it ran, Abijah Butler saw it shake its head now and then, and whenever it shook its head he saw that the blood would sprinkle over the snow. Then in a moment or two it stopped yelling and ran very silently—only every now and then it would shake its head and sprinkle more blood upon the snow. So it ran into the woods, and they could not see it any longer.

They lifted up the Deacon and looked at his hurts, for there was still some light, and by it they could see how much harm he had suffered. He was cut and torn in shoulder and neck, and about the ears and head, but he was in a swoon and not dead, for he wore a fur coat, and the collar of the coat had saved him when the wolf worried at him. Old Patrick Duncan stayed by the wounded man, and Abijah Butler ran across the fields to the Buckners' farmhouse. In a little while he came running back with old Simeon Buckner and his two sons. Deacon Graves had not yet come fully out of his swoon, so they lifted him and laid him in the sledge, covering him over with the sheep pelts that were there.

Simeon Buckner and his two sons drove the sledge home very slowly, and Abijah Butler and old Patrick Duncan went on ahead to tell what had happened. Neither said a word to the other, but each looked down at his feet and walked through the snow in silence.

## V

As they came near the house they saw that there were lights moving about within. As they kicked the snow off of their feet against the door-step, the door was flung open, and there was Dame Graves standing on the door-sill. "Oh, Abijah Butler!" cries she. "Oh, Patrick Duncan! Come in quick, for Miriam has come back home and is sore hurt!"

Abijah Butler and Patrick Duncan looked at each other. They came into the house. Patrick Duncan took the candle from Dame Graves, and they all went into the room where Miriam lay. She lay in bed with a sheet drawn up to her chin, and the sheet was all stained red with blood.

Patrick Duncan came to the bedside, and caught the sheet and pulled at it. Miriam tried to hold it, but he pulled it out of her hands and down over her shoulders. There was a great, terrible, deep wound in the girl's neck where the neck joins the shoulder, and the bed beneath her was all soaked red with blood.

Patrick Duncan cried out in a loud voice, "Where got you that hurt?"

Miriam said nothing, but only covered her face with both hands.

Patrick Duncan cries out in a still louder and more terrible voice, "Where got you that hurt?"

Upon that she began whimpering and whining just as a great dog would do, and she said, "Alas! I know not how I was hurt!"

Then Patrick Duncan cries out, "In God's name, I bid you tell me how you got that hurt!"

Upon that Miriam screamed out of a sudden very loud, and she cried: "Torment me not and I will tell you all! I walked in my sleep, I walked out into the barn, and I walked on the haymow, and all the while I was asleep. I slipped from the haymow, and I fell on the scythe blade and cut my neck."

That was what she said, and she had evidence for it; for the next day they found that there was blood in the barn where the scythe hung in the corner under the haymow. But the blood was there because she had put on her shift and petticoat at that place before she went into the house.

They have not hanged any more witches since they pressed old Giles Corey to death. But God knows how such things as this are to be prevented unless the world is rid of such devil's crew.

As for Miriam Graves, her wound festered and she caught a burning fever and died of it on the sixth day after she had been hurt, at three o'clock in the afternoon. But Deacon Graves got well of his hurts.

Abijah Butler went to Providence in Rhode Island, where he joined business with his uncle, Justification Butler; and old Patrick Duncan went to Deerfield to drill a militia company, and was shot by an Indian who had hid in a clearing.



# Some Reminiscences of Charles Darwin

BY JAMES BRYCE

British Ambassador to the United States

THE year 1809, the centenary of which is now closing, saw the birth into the world of a greater number of men destined to become famous than did any other year within the last two centuries. It was the natal year not only of Mendelssohn and Edgar Allan Poe and Oliver Wendell Holmes (not to speak of some less eminent persons), but also of four men likely to be remembered among the English-speaking races as long as English is spoken—two statesmen, Abraham Lincoln and William E. Gladstone; one poet, Alfred Tennyson; and one man of science, Charles Darwin. The last named of these was the one whose influence spread most widely over the whole of civilized mankind during his lifetime, and continues to be felt with undiminished force to-day. Yet, curiously enough, Darwin was the one among these four who was least known personally, for he lived in a profound retirement, wholly devoted to his studies. While men were in every country reading his books and discussing his theories, his personality remained unfamiliar to his countrymen. His life had been uneventful; or, to speak more exactly, there had been in it only one event. That event, five years long, was his voyage in the exploring ship *Beagle*, which was sent by the British Admiralty into the South Atlantic and Pacific oceans to survey the coasts and do other hydrographic work. He accompanied her as naturalist; and as the shores of South America and the Pacific islands were then little known, he had a wide, virgin field for his observations and an admirable opportunity for turning to account his inborn taste and gift for natural history.

Education had done little or nothing to plant or nurture that taste. His father was a physician at Shrewsbury, and he had received his earlier instruction in the ancient grammar-school of the

town—a school famous for turning out accomplished classical scholars especially skilful in the composition of Greek iambic verses. Darwin, however, had no turn for Greek iambs. Indeed, he says in his delightful little autobiography, a model of simplicity and candor, that he had no turn for languages, and found the study of them uninteresting and unstimulative. When his father became aware of this, he sent the youth to Edinburgh University, which had then a broader course of studies than Oxford or Cambridge. However, the Edinburgh professors took no hold upon young Darwin, and as he showed no inclination toward any one profession in particular, his family proposed to make a clergyman of him, and he was transferred to Cambridge University that he might graduate there and take orders in the Church of England. Up till this time he had displayed no exceptional talent, and no liking for any pursuit except shooting birds and collecting objects. He would collect anything, but preferred insects, and already had become expert in distinguishing the various species. At Cambridge he continued indifferent not only to the Greek and Latin classics, but also to mathematics, then the other chief subject of study in that university. But at last his true gifts revealed themselves. Professor Henslow, an accomplished botanist and geologist, took Darwin out with him on walks and excursions, and through him the youth became known to some other scientific men in Cambridge. He had not quite dropped the notion of taking orders when Professor Henslow told him that Captain Fitzroy, who was to command the *Beagle* on the voyage already referred to, was looking out for a naturalist to accompany the expedition. Henslow remembered his young friend, then twenty-two years of age. Darwin jumped at the proposal. Captain Fitzroy accepted him, though at first de-



tered by the shape of Darwin's nose, which he thought indicated a want of force of character!

The voyage lasted from 1831 till 1836. It was Darwin's education, and furnished the basis for his famous theory. The book in which he recorded his observations, and which established his reputation as a scientific student, is a delightful book, which any one, however scanty his knowledge of science, may read with pleasure even to-day, when we know so much more about the places and the subjects of which it treats. Never did five years yield a richer harvest to any man than those years to Darwin and to the world. But while they gave knowledge and brought fame, they took away health. He had been a strong man when he embarked. But the almost constant seasickness from which he suffered when the little vessel was tossing on the waves so told upon him that when he landed his nervous system was permanently weakened, and he was never thereafter the same man physically, never capable of such continuous hard mental work. In 1839 he married Miss Wedgwood, and in 1842, being in fairly easy circumstances, he bought the small estate of Down, nearly twenty miles from London, and settled himself there for the rest of his life, giving to his scientific observations and reflections all the time that his physical weakness permitted. He was tended with the most loving care by his wife and helped in his investigations by his sons, some of whom have themselves achieved high distinction in different branches of science.

It was there, at Down, that I saw him not long before his death. The house stands alone, in a hollow among the soft undulations of the chalk hills in a country that can hardly be called beautiful, yet is pleasing in a quiet way, with its scattered copses and tree clumps and its footpaths winding across the sloping fields and along the hedgerows, a country in which a man might feel at rest and give himself up to meditation. About two miles off there is a beautiful park called Holwood, noteworthy as the place where William Pitt made up his mind (as he himself recorded) to take steps to put an end to the slave trade.

Darwin chose Down for a residence be-

cause, as his autobiography tells us, he "was pleased with the diversified appearance of vegetation proper to a chalk district, and so unlike what I had been accustomed to in the Midland Counties, and still more pleased with the extreme quietness and rusticity of the place." The house was what people in England call a "country gentleman's house," though too small to be described as a "country seat," and had a pleasing old-fashioned air about it. There were several greenhouses, in which the investigator carried on his experiments with plants and with those sundews whose insectivorous habits he described in a well-known book.

He was nearly six feet high, but did not look his height, having in later years contracted a slight stoop. Every one has seen engravings or photographs of him. They give a very good idea of his face, for its features were well marked; and in elderly men the expression seems to become a part of the features. The form of the head, high and dome-shaped, was characteristic, and it showed all the more because nearly bare in front. A long and snow-white beard gave him a venerable aspect. The nose, which had nearly caused him to lose the voyage on the *Beagle*, was rather blunt, more like that of Socrates than that of Julius Cæsar. But the feature which struck one most was the projecting brow with its bushy eyebrows, and deep beneath it the large gray-blue eyes with their clear and steady look. It was an alert look, as of one accustomed to observe keenly, yet it was also calm and reflective. There was a pleasant smile which came and passed readily, but the chief impression made by the face was that of tranquil, patient thoughtfulness, as of one whose mind had long been accustomed to fix itself upon serious problems. With this there was also a benignity and serenity which reassured the visitor, and put him, however deep his reverence, at his ease in the great man's presence. One could not feel constrained or timorous, because his manner was perfectly simple and natural, with nothing to indicate any consciousness of exceptional powers.

It was my good fortune to know two other illustrious men of science, and per-



haps the most eminent among his contemporaries, the German Helmholtz and the Scotch-Irish William Thomson, afterward known as Lord Kelvin, both of them mathematicians and physicists. Helmholtz was a smaller man than Darwin, but had an equally noble head, with a sedate and friendly expression. He had an air of solidity and concentration, as if he were occupied in thinking out some long mathematical calculation with fixed persistency. William Thomson's face was much more mobile. It was full of activity, alertness, versatility, as of one wont to play quickly over a range of subjects, seeking always to discover something fresh. There was in it the look both of the man of the world and of the inventor; and his manner had the same touch of vivacity. Darwin's expression, if it had less animation than Thomson's, and was rather that of the sequestered student, had also the keenness and sensitiveness of a mind which nothing escaped, which pierced below the surface, and was not content until it found the underlying cause. People who have in more recent years talked of the so-called "doctrine of Evolution" as if it was a system of philosophy applicable to history and economics and ethics as well as to plants and animals, have formed the habit of speaking of Darwin as if he had been a speculative philosopher. He did not consider himself to be that. He was a naturalist "first, last, and all the time."

The weakness of his health reduced his writing time to little more than three hours each day, sometimes, indeed, compelling an intermission of all work. Accordingly his interviews with visitors had to be short. Among the topics on which conversation turned was that of malaria in tropical countries. He had asked me some questions about the United States, which I had recently visited, and the alleged existence of malaria along the Hudson River and in Long Island Sound. It was, I think, more frequent in those districts in 1881 than it is now. He said that it was by no means necessary there should be marshy ground to produce malarial fevers. When in the Cape Verde Islands he had observed that when a heavy shower fell, such fevers might appear within two or three days afterward.

These islands, he remarked, are of dry volcanic rock, and in spots where there were no swamps, but only rock or sandy and gravelly soil, heavy rains falling would be followed by an outbreak of intermittent fever. We are now able to explain such a fact. But in those days the part played by mosquitoes in carrying these fevers had not become known. People supposed the poison was in the air, or might be some sort of fungoid. Mr. Darwin observed that if any one could discover a method of inoculation which would render man immune against malarial fever, he would render an unspeakable service to the world, entailing immense commercial and political consequences. Many parts of the earth, as for instance nearly all of tropical Africa, would become available for permanent settlement by white races. The prevalence of disease, rather than the mere heat of climate, was what retarded the growth of a country.

He referred with great pleasure to a visit which Mr. Gladstone had paid him not long before. The Prime Minister—it was the time of Mr. Gladstone's second administration—had been staying a few miles off, I think at the house of Sir John Lubbock, and had walked over to call upon him. I doubt if they had ever met before, for though they were born in the same year, Darwin had studied at Cambridge and Gladstone at Oxford; their walks of life had lain wide apart, and Gladstone had given to natural science and natural history even less attention than Darwin had given to politics. However, they had enjoyed each other's company, and Darwin dwelt upon the interest of the talk, adding, "He was so perfectly natural and simple, just like any one else: he seemed to be quite unaware that he was a great man, and talked to us as if he had been an ordinary person like ourselves." The friend who was with me and I could not but look at each other, and exchange covert smiles. We were feeling toward Darwin just as he had felt toward Gladstone. To us he was quite as great a man, and no less delightfully unconscious of his greatness.

His simplicity and modesty were indeed among the chief charms of his character. He did not think of himself



as different from other people, and considered his own abilities to lie not in any exceptional gifts, but, as he says in his autobiography, "in the power of noticing things which easily escape attention and in observing them carefully." "My success as a man of science, whatever this may have amounted to, has been chiefly determined by the love of science, unbounded patience in long reflecting over any subject, industry in observing and collecting facts, and a fair share of invention as well as of common sense. With such moderate abilities as I possess, it is truly surprising that I should have influenced to a considerable extent the belief of scientific men on some important points."

Darwin once laughingly quoted to a friend of his and mine (from whom I have the anecdote) Sydney Smith's dictum, "Modesty has no more to do with merit than the fact that they both begin with an M." That there is truth in this appears not only from the fact that there have been many instances of powerful and brilliant men who were vain and arrogant, but also from a consideration of what modesty really is. It does not consist in a low estimate of one's own abilities nor in a disparagement of one's own achievements, but rather in a perception of how little each man knows or how little he can do compared to the mass of things he does not know and cannot do. In particular it implies, and this is what makes it an attractive quality, a freedom from jealousy and an appreciation of what others are and what they have accomplished. It is the absence of assumption or hauteur, the disposition to meet others on the common human level, which is winning and beautiful when one finds it in a great man, and which then becomes a crown of his greatness. Such forgetfulness is rightly taken to mean that he is working for the discovery of truth, if he be a man of learning or of science, or working for some public worthy cause, if he be a statesman or otherwise engaged in practical effort. This kind of modesty Darwin had in the amplest measure. It is one of the best foundations for friendship. For friendship he had a genius. There is nothing more charming in the record of his life than his devotion to his

friends and his ardent appreciation of their gifts. One of them to whom he most often referred was Dr. Asa Gray, one of the brightest luminaries in the sky of American science. Another, even dearer to him, was that illustrious patriarch of British science, who happily still survives to receive the reverence of two generations of his juniors, Sir Joseph Hooker. As I have mentioned Mr. Gladstone, I may add that he, in many respects most unlike Darwin, had a like modesty and loftiness of mind. He could not help knowing that he possessed exceptional gifts. But he never showed either in public or in private any disposition to assume airs of superiority, and was, like Darwin, as natural, simple, easy, and self-forgetful at the height of his fame as he had been when a freshman at college.

After some twenty or twenty-five minutes of conversation, one of his sons came in and carried him to lie down and rest. Talking fatigued him, and it had become necessary to save every moment of strength that he possessed for his scientific studies. Each hour was apportioned, whether to exercise or to rest. Exercise was taken by pacing alone, in the long cloak familiar to us from his pictures, along a circular walk which ran round the grounds adjoining the house. Rest and distraction from scientific thinking were found in listening to the reading aloud of novels. This gave him constant pleasure, provided that the story ended happily. A tragic ending gave him positive pain.

When Darwin referred, in the words I have quoted, to his "unbounded patience in long reflecting upon any subject," he touched the chief cause of his success in investigation. He had the faculty of concentration, of keeping his mind constantly and steadily fixed upon a problem until he had thought out all the conditions, squeezed their instruction out of all the facts, tried and weighed and rejected all the hypotheses which explained some of the phenomena but failed to explain others. In an age of showy performances and quick returns people are apt to forget what may be achieved by this intense and unceasing application of the whole energy of the intellect to one subject. Quickness in inventing hypotheses



and, still more, facility in expression, though they win attention and applause, may be positive drawbacks to the comprehension of the whole of a large or difficult subject, and to the discovery of fundamental principles and laws. Darwin, while regretting his comparative slowness of apprehension, thought that in some ways it had benefited him. He has recorded a singular result of the exclusive devotion he had given to his studies in natural history, which at the same time shows how much besides a naturalist nature made him.

“Up to the age of thirty or beyond it poetry of many kinds gave me great pleasure, and even as a schoolboy I took intense delight in Shakespeare, especially in the historical plays. Formerly pictures gave me considerable and music very great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me. I have also almost lost my taste for pictures or music. I retain some taste for fine scenery, but it does not cause me the exquisite delight which it formerly did. . . . My mind seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone on which the higher tastes depend I cannot conceive. A man with a mind more highly organized or better constituted than mine would not, I suppose, have thus suffered. . . . The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect, and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature.”

Their loss, if they were so lost, had not injured Darwin's character or enfeebled his emotions, for his character was one of the most upright as well as unselfish and amiable that were ever revealed by letters, or shone out in the conduct of life through manhood into age. He was a kind and helpful neighbor to the humble folk who lived round him at Down, loyal and affectionate to the friends of his youth, always enjoying a friend's successes at least as much as he did his own. The one thing which roused him to a sort of passion was his hatred

of cruelty or oppression. He had conceived, on his visit to Brazil during the voyage of the *Beagle*, a loathing for slavery and for the ill treatment of a less advanced race by a higher or more vigorous one. No one recognized more fully the enormous difference between the various families of mankind: *vide* his account of the Fuegians. But he had always a kind word for the negroes, and felt so strongly for them that when, in 1866, efforts were being made by J. S. Mill, John Bright, and others to bring Governor Eyre to trial for his conduct at the time of the Jamaica troubles that had occurred shortly before, Darwin felt bound, to the surprise of most of his friends, to join the committee formed to prosecute Eyre. He scarcely ever took part in public affairs, and to join in this prosecution was a very unpopular thing to do; but popularity was the last thing he would think of.

It is pleasant to remember the noble and benign aspect of the old man as he appeared at seventy-three. His face worthily expressed the candor and gentleness and serenity of his character. Long-continued physical suffering which, though seldom acute, was never absent for any long period, had given no touch of gloom or moroseness to his manners. He must sometimes have felt weary of life; and it may indeed be gathered from his biography that he did so feel. But strength of character made him patient; and his intensely affectionate nature resting upon the love of his family and his friends, had enabled him to retain his geniality and even a sort of cheerful contentment. In his letters there is hardly a word of bitterness, though he was often attacked by those who knew his books only, or perhaps not even his books, but what other people said about them. The world has changed much in the fifty years that have elapsed since the publication of the *Origin of Species*, and few now recall, as those who read it in those days can do, the immense sensation which it produced. Its effect in the field of humanistic learning, in history, and in the historical sciences generally, has, I venture to think, been exaggerated. The idea of what are commonly called evolutionary processes was in those sciences no new



idea; and though they, like every branch of study, were being affected by the progress of the sciences of nature, they had already for a long time before 1859 been pursued in a critical spirit and by critical and exact methods of investigation. But in all the branches of natural history and biology the effect was tremendous. Everybody who read anything serious read the *Origin*; everybody talked about natural selection. I was at the time an undergraduate at Oxford, and well remember how at breakfast-parties and wine-parties and on country walks we discussed the theory with the greatest ardor, and indeed with a positiveness that was often in inverse ratio to our knowledge. It was the same all over England. There was a good deal of alarm created by the book, especially in religious circles. The minds of thinking people had of course been long occupied by what used to be called "the conflict between Geology and Religion," so that the bearings of the new doctrine on the account of the Creation given in the Book of Genesis did not find them unprepared. Nevertheless the shock on the ecclesiastical world at large was severe, and much of the debate that followed at scientific gatherings as well as in the press was hot, too hot for courtesy or for fairness. The most striking and dramatic combat between an ecclesiastic and a naturalist occurred at the Oxford meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in 1860. Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, having been well primed with facts and arguments against the doctrine of Natural Selection and Darwin's theory generally, came down to the battle. He was a man of remarkable oratorical powers, with a swift and flexible mind, witty as well as acute and persuasive. He attacked Darwin's views with even more than his usual rhetorical skill, ridiculing them and their author, and specially ridiculing Professor Huxley, whose ardent championship of the Darwinian views was then raising him into fame. Turning to Huxley at the end of his speech, the Bishop asked whether it was on his grandfather's or his grandmother's side that the professor was descended from an ape. A burst of laughter and applause from his friends followed. Then

Huxley rose to reply. After setting forth with all his energy and of course with ample knowledge the serious part of his argument, he observed that the Bishop had quizzed him on his supposed descent from an ape. For his own part, if he were obliged to choose between having for his ancestor an ape, or having for ancestor a man who, enjoying a high position and a great reputation, possessing brilliant rhetorical gifts and a fund of sarcastic wit, were to use that position and those powers for the purpose of obstructing the investigation of truth, and pouring ridicule upon those who were patiently trying to discover it, "then, indeed," he proceeded, "if I were obliged to make that choice, I would—" At this he paused, and added, "But perhaps I had better go no further."

The turmoil broke out afresh in 1871, when Darwin's book entitled *The Descent of Man* was published. But by this time people had recovered from their first alarm: and Darwin's wisdom in taking no part in the controversy had helped to carry it into the region of general argument and quite away from him personally. Only once, I think, did he answer an opponent in print. Though he was eagerly interested in the doctrine of Selection, and anxious it should prevail, because he was convinced that it was sound, and though he was ardently grateful to those who espoused and defended it, there was no pugnacity in his temper, little personal sensitiveness, and still less vanity. What he cared for was truth. Ample recognition was at last accorded to him by a host of scientific societies and learned bodies all over the world. In 1870 the University of Oxford, the traditional stronghold of orthodoxy and conservatism, offered him, along with Helmholz, the honorary degree of D.C.L., which the weak state of his health prevented him from coming to receive. During the last twenty years of his life he was the acknowledged leader of British science, honored and venerated as perhaps no English man of science since Newton had ever been. That honor and that veneration are now accorded to his illustrious memory; and they are accorded by none with a warmer feeling than by those who were privileged to see and know him as he lived.



# The Three Experiences of Le Vieux

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

## I

THERE frequently exists in a community some individual who, justly or unjustly, is the object of suspicion and aversion, of whom children are instinctively afraid, and about whose life gathers a legend of mystery and evil. Souls being governed by the same inexorable laws of action and reaction which reign in the world of atoms, such an individual usually repays suspicion with suspicion and aversion with aversion, until mutual distrust becomes a fear on the one hand and is returned with hatred on the other.

One evening of early summer such a man shuffled into the glare of the Café de la Régence, disappearing as quickly into the darkness which encircled this one brilliant spot of the great square of Freyr. At one of the tables which crowded the passer-by into the street, this black shadow, traversing the lighted space like a night-bird, provided a subject for discussion. A young lieutenant of the garrison declared him a harmless fool. The lieutenant had a frank, open face, admirably matching the light blue of his cavalry jacket. His neighbor, the linen-draper, who willingly sipped a glass of absinthe every evening at the lieutenant's expense, and whose closely buttoned coat suggested the shutters which every night guarded his little shop, was of another opinion. He pronounced the man a dangerous character.

"Gentlemen," said M. Surbeck, the Commissary of Police, as he laid down a double-six on the adjoining table, "you are equally mistaken. He is both."

Meanwhile le Vieux, as he was commonly designated by mothers in Freyr, who utilized him for disciplinary purposes when children were refractory, indifferent to the interest he had excited, having placed his sou on the counter of the bakery in the Rue de la Cité, and possessed himself of the black loaf for

which he had come, was shuffling back through the deserted streets to the lane which wound between the vineyard walls to the river.

A man without human attachments is an enigma. To be comprehended, one must have a past, either respectable or disreputable. To descend upon a community without social passports, from nowhere, to have no sponsor, no visible means of existence, to possess nothing, even a name, is to set curiosity in motion and justify suspicion. A man must have had a father, a mother. Who were they? There must be a beginning to everything. What was the beginning of this existence which, like a comet without antecedents, had silently installed itself in the orderly system of Freyr? The social astronomers of the *basse-ville* had in vain calculated its orbit. Some fault even had been found with the Countess Anne for permitting the intruder to occupy the ruined hut which vaguely recalled to the oldest inhabitant the ferry existing before the stone bridge connected Freyr with the opposite shore. Originally a mere shelter for passengers awaiting transfer across the river, its present master had converted it into a home. With complete disregard for the necessity of any legal forms of acquisition, when occasion arose to mention it, he referred to it as *chez moi*. Close under the cliff, at the end of the now disused ferry lane, hidden by a wild growth of overhanging trees and vines, it formed an excellent retreat for one in whom the consciousness that he was avoided had fostered a corresponding repugnance to society.

Except for his daily visit to the bakery in the Rue de la Cité, and an occasional détour to the red lantern which marked the spot where Madame Euphrasie dispensed tobacco, his presence in Freyr itself was rare. These visits, however, being always made after nightfall, added



to his sinister reputation. During the day he might be discerned from the parapet of the bridge, a black spot under the château rock, in a curious boat of his own construction; and, later in the day, Dr. Leroux or the Abbé d'Arlot, descending the path through the château wood, occasionally encountered him with the basket of fish destined for the Countess's table. These fish were the only known source of the sous which found their way across the counter of Madame Euphrasie. Sometimes the Countess herself, sitting under the oaks on the terrace, wished to examine the contents of his basket. Certainly some ancestor in his mysterious past had entertained faint conceptions of the distinctions which society had established between thine and mine, for frequently on these occasions a well-nigh uncontrollable desire seized him to wrench from its fragile chain the glittering thing which hung just below the Countess's throat. Perhaps it was that same ancestor who also implanted in his soul the deadly fear which restrained his hand—a fear, instinctive as that of the wild animal for fire, of something incomprehensible but real, a ubiquitous power which, like an inveterate enemy, dogged his footsteps, and which was visibly imaged in his mind under the form of the Commissary of Police.

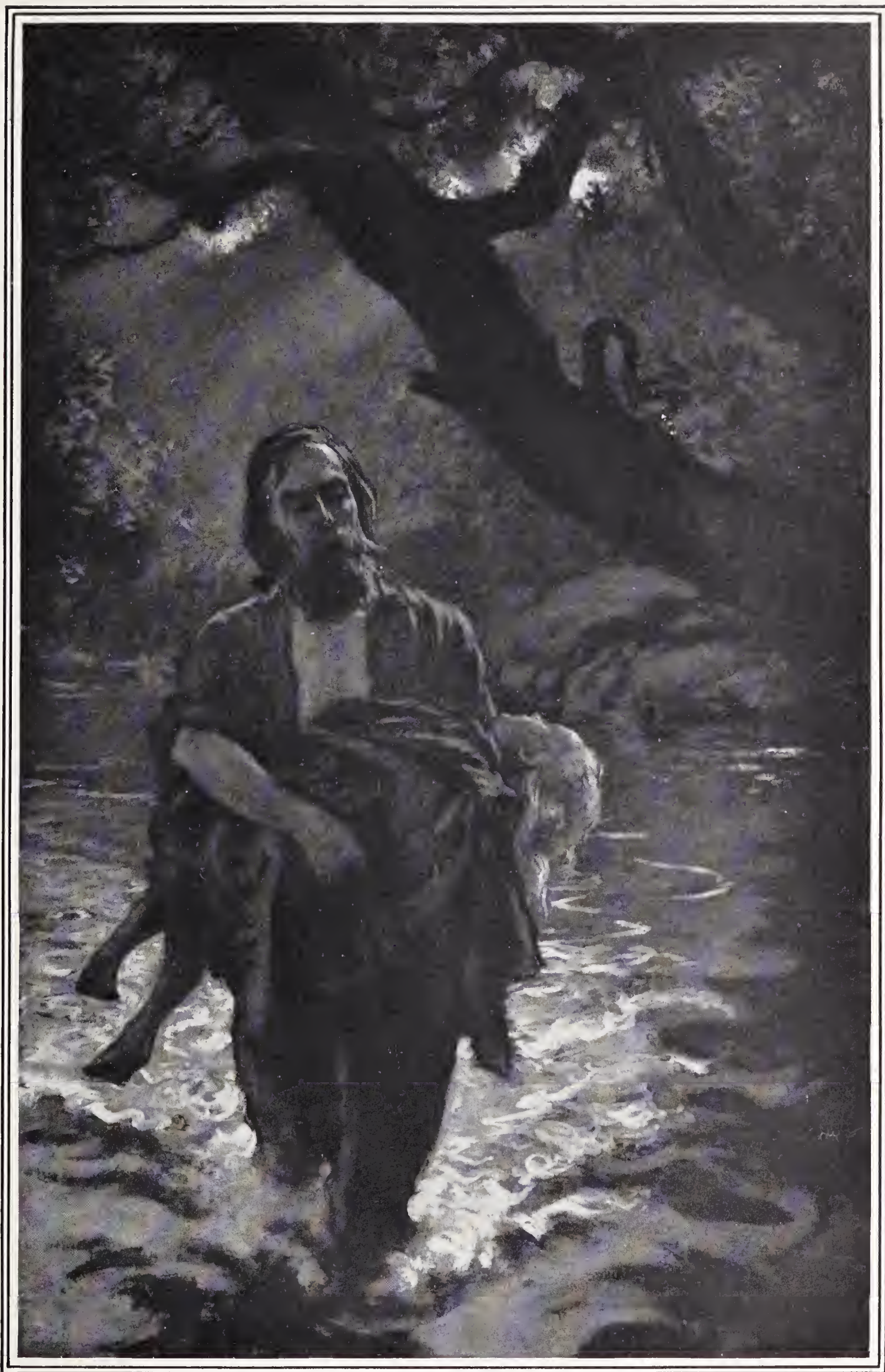
It would have surprised the Countess Anne to know that the fires in the jewel, the mere weight of which on her bosom brought happy recollections, had kindled another fire which belied the opinion of the young lieutenant of chasseurs. Solitude and imagination, which nearly proved the ruin of St. Anthony, also conspired with the Countess's diamond. In the long hours devoted to watching the cork floating from his line on the surface of the river, le Vieux saw this diamond shining in the blue depths below. Doubtless within those vast stone walls frowning from the rock above were countless such, as well as bits of blue-tinted paper like the thousand-franc notes in the banker's window in Freyr. At a distance the attraction of these things was insignificant. Their proximity obsessed him. Once in his dreams a whole shower of these notes fluttered down on the thatch of his hut

from the windows above the tree-tops, like autumn leaves. What wore into his brain, as the dripping water from the cliff into the rocks at its base, was the damnable iteration of these thoughts. Obviously either a diamond or a thousand-franc note would be of dubious value to him. To hold them in his hand for his own, to know them hidden under his roof, was the sum of his desire. The difficulty of converting them into any pleasure greater than their possession was so enormous that he did not even think of it. Moreover, in the background loomed the shadow of that dread power called the Law, invoked by the inhabitants of Freyr as a blessing, but known to him only as the Commissary of Police. A plan, at first vague, began slowly to shape itself in his thoughts.

It was while evolving this plan one late afternoon, as he sat smoking in the doorway of his cabin, that an extraordinary incident occurred. A piercing cry, followed by a heavy splash in the water at the foot of the cliff, brought him to his feet. In an instant he had loosened the moorings of his boat and was sweeping under the gray wall of rock in the boiling waters of the eddy known as the Cauldron of the Devil. A dark object before him disappeared and reappeared again. A few powerful strokes of the oar brought him within its reach. With a decision not to be suspected of a mind whose action was ordinarily so sluggish, he plunged overboard. Below, the river widened, curving along a low reach of meadow. Here, in the quiet backwater, he appeared presently, swimming strongly and evenly, and, on gaining footing in the shallows, the dark object was clearly in his arms. Two small white hands were locked so tightly about his neck that he loosened their hold with difficulty. Stripping off the wet outer garment, he wrapped what he now observed was a little girl in his blouse and began to pick his way along the shore.

On account of the cliff he was obliged to make the circuit of the château through the forest. As he proceeded he felt with satisfaction the beating of a heart beneath the blouse—with satisfaction, because it would be difficult to explain what he was doing with a dead child in his





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

HE GAINED THE SHALLOWS AND BEGAN TO PICK HIS WAY ALONG THE SHORE







arms. No one is more suspicious or more difficult to convince than the Commissary of Police. It was with increased satisfaction that, after reaching his hut, he saw in the bundle gently deposited on his bed renewed evidences of life. Stimulated by a few drops from a black bottle, by the warmth of a ragged covering heated before a quickly improvised fire, the child's eyes opened. It did not occur to him that the image of sudden death, so recently present, was the cause of their terror. Had he not himself always been a cause of terror to every child in Freyr? It was necessary to efface himself, to divert attention, to assume his best manner. He began to talk rapidly, incoherently, spreading the wet garments with nervous unconcern before the fire.

"The river is cold—naturally—even in summer—but a drop of brandy—that feels good in the stomach, eh? When I have dried this frock—what a pretty blue color it has!—and these shoes—ah, there is nothing so bad as shoes—they fill with water—and that pulls one down like a weight—it is true I am good for nothing—but have no fear—"

The terror had gone out of the child's eyes. "I am not afraid," she said.

He looked up, his blinking eyes filled with a dull surprise and wonder.

"You are not afraid!"

"Why should I be afraid? But for you I should have remained down there."

His face lighted up slowly. "Nom de Dieu! that is true. But for me"—he laughed aloud—"you would have remained down there. And you thought of that!"

"Why should I not think of that, Monsieur?"

The question plunged him in still deeper bewilderment. Holding the soaked clothing to the blaze, he gazed into the fire as if slowly digesting some incredible statement.

"Monsieur, now will you please take me home?"

Since when had any one called him Monsieur? He roused himself instantly.

"This moment—of what am I thinking?—your mother—"

"I have no mother, Monsieur."

"Ah!" He paused. He had committed an error. "No—naturally—that is—but your father—"

"Oh yes, I have a father."

"So much the better. There!" wrapping her in his warm blouse and taking her in his arms. "Forward! Where does he live—this good father?"

"In the Place de la République."

"The Place de la République? That is easy to find."

"Yes, at the Prefecture."

"The Prefecture?" He repeated the word as one who is in doubt whether he has heard aright.

"Yes, Monsieur. My father"—this a little proudly—"is Monsieur Surbeck."

He stood still as if stunned by a blow.

"You are the child of Monsieur Surbeck?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

Closing the door mechanically behind him, he stumbled along the uneven path between the enclosing walls of the vineyards. The Commissary of Police! The full import of this revelation did not at first disclose itself. It began to grow like a distant and approaching light. Suddenly he muttered aloud, "What luck!" He did not reason this out clearly—perhaps the logic was faulty—he felt it—that he held his enemy in the hollow of his hand.

Thereafter he did not speak. It was now late. Lamps were lighted in Freyr. The Prefecture was quite dark. The child pointed out a little door in the moss-grown court. Unwrapping his blouse from about her, he stood her gently on the door-step, reaching for the long wire dangling beside the door. It was at this instant that the child, lifting up her face, said, "Monsieur, I would like to kiss you."

A servant answered the summons. M. Surbeck was not at home. Then arose exclamations, cries, the clatter of hurrying footsteps. In the confusion he escaped.

Bareheaded, his blouse over his arm, the imprint of a kiss still on his forehead, he came before realizing it into the glare of the Café de la Régence. His clothes were still drenched with the slime and water of the river. A woman's voice was heard from one of the tables, saying, "It is an outrage to public morality to permit such things." He drew back quickly, but not before a heavy hand rested on his shoulder.



"In what hole have you been digging, you sewer-rat?"

"Monsieur le Commissaire," he said, humbly, "I have just pulled your child out of the Devil's Cauldron. You will find her on your door-step."

## II

The rescue of "the little Surbeck" provided Freyr with ample material for gossip. The child herself was made to repeat every detail for the hundredth time. It was admitted that a good-for-nothing had for once been good for something. But what a fool, to reject the good money which M. Surbeck had pressed upon him; to refuse even the new boat ordered by the mayor! The verdict of the *basse-ville* was unanimous: le Vieux was "an original." The Abbé d'Arlot, on the other hand, saw in this conduct a proof of his contention that in every soul there existed a seed planted by God. In all Freyr M. Surbeck was the only person who was not astonished. Enemies do not accept favors from each other. To be under obligations to such a man annoyed him. Should occasion arise, the occasion always present to his mind, he would no longer be free. That a personal obligation should interfere with an official duty was inconceivable.

Hardly a week elapsed, however, before the inconceivable confronted him. It arrived in the mail from Paris. Every employee in the Prefecture observed that morning that the Commissary, always so methodical, so impassive, appeared agitated. At ten o'clock he closed his desk and left the Prefecture without explanation—an unheard-of proceeding. The *bonne* of the Abbé d'Arlot was no less surprised, on answering the bell at the garden gate, to see the Commissary before her. Never before had he called upon the Abbé. As for that matter, he had never even been seen within the doors of Our Lady of Mercy. The truth was that, while a good friend and neighbor, he had never personally felt the need for the restraints or consolations of Religion, which, in his opinion, like the Law, existed for the benefit of that portion of society which came also under his supervision. For the Abbé he entertained the respect due to the servant and administrator of a co-ordinate branch of the

public service. It was in that capacity that he announced himself as the Abbé offered him a seat under the linden of his garden. So far into the morning was the interview prolonged that the Abbé's *bonne* began to be concerned for the soup simmering on the fire. She had almost made up her mind to interfere, and had ventured to the fountain on the pretence of washing the lettuce. From this point of observation she saw with amazement that neither her master nor his visitor was speaking. Upon both these servants of society a silence had fallen. Then she heard the Abbé say:

"Let us consult the Countess Anne."

Curiosity now banished anxiety for the soup, and while still under its influence the two men rose.

"After you, Monsieur," said the Abbé—and the creaking gate closed behind them.

If the Commissaire assented at once to the Abbé's proposal, it was not solely because of his desire to share with some one his responsibility. The Countess Anne occupied a peculiar position in the social organism of Freyr. Her ministry possessed the authority neither of the Law nor of the Church, yet was scarcely less honored; for, as Dr. Leroux once sarcastically observed to the Abbé, her justice was finer than that of the one and her charity wider than that of the other. In certain perplexities, moreover, a man turns instinctively to that other court of appeal, whose procedures are of a different order, since they are presided over by a woman.

Seated in the high-backed chair in the little room which the Countess called her *bureau*, the Abbé stated the case. "M. le Commissaire," he began, "was confronted with a painful necessity"—the Abbé pronounced the word with great gentleness. "In the discharge of his duty to society he had investigated the civil status of the man known as le Vieux. This man was now identified. He had committed a crime—the Abbé omitted to mention its nature—for which he had been sentenced to a term of years. He had escaped. A complete *dossier* had been received from the Prefecture of Paris."

The Commissary nodded affirmation. "I have the documents here," he said, tapping his breast pocket.



"Give them to me," said the Countess. Evidently she wished to examine them. The Abbé had not been very explicit. "I accept full responsibility for them," she continued, opening the desk before which she was seated and depositing them carefully in one of its numerous pigeonholes.

"But, Madame," exclaimed the astonished Commissary, "I have my report to make. There are also my instructions."

"Make it, my friend, make it—in strict conformity with the truth. As for your instructions, that is another matter. I also will make a report to the Prefect. Consider your duty ended."

"Madame la Comtesse is right," interjected the Abbé.

"I promise also," she added, "to restore you these papers whenever in the discharge of your duty you require them of me."

In fulfilment of her promise the Countess wrote to Paris. The reply of the Prefect was a model of politeness. He presented his compliments to the Comtesse de Salignac. Her kindness of heart had been imposed upon. The criminal in question was a most dangerous character. He also appreciated fully the feelings of the local functionary. They were most creditable. To arrest a man who had risked life to save an only child was a delicate mission which he would on no account impose upon a public servant whose record was irreproachable. An Inspector was therefore leaving Paris that very day to take charge of the affair. And again he had the honor to beg Madame la Comtesse to accept the assurance of his most distinguished consideration.

On reading this letter the Countess went at once to her desk and wrote another. It was addressed to General Texier, Paris. After relating the details of the case, she continued:

"Of what clay, my dear General, is your Prefect of Paris made that he imagines that our friend the Commissary can hide his head like an ostrich in the sand while another is doing the work which he shrinks from himself? You or I would certainly warn our protégé, and when the agent arrived the bird would have flown. This is what I am

resolved to do if I do not receive from you the telegram you will send me. In that case, if I ever have the pleasure of seeing you again it will be from behind the bars of the prison which I see now from my window—for I believe there is a provision in the penal code for those who have the effrontery to thwart the majesty of Justice. But I count upon your influence at the Elysée.

"Do you remember that autumn in the Vosges which I passed so happily with you? We were young in those days; you were thinking of the advancement which you have won and I of the happiness which I have lost. For the sake of those dear hours under your roof and of an old woman who remembers them, hurry, my dear friend, that *petit-bleu* which to-morrow afternoon I shall be hourly expecting.

ANNE DE LA MOTTE-SALIGNAC."

Having despatched this letter, the Countess's thoughts reverted to the Inspector who doubtless was already on his way to Freyr. What could she do to divert him in the interval? The bells of Our Lady of Mercy were striking four. It was the hour at which she usually visited the hospital. Her donkey Balafre, in charge of the gardener, was already picking his way down the steep path with his paniers of sweets and flowers. Well, to-day she would not go. She would examine those documents of M. Surbeck. They were not pleasant reading. Crime has its sorrowful as well as its sordid aspects. No, they were not pleasant reading. Lost in reflection, the sinister seals of these incriminating witnesses spread before her on her knees, on her desk, the sound of a gently opened door startled her. There is a way of opening a door which sends a shudder through one who hears it. Looking up, she saw a man with a knotted stick in his hand.

Had the Abbé been able to look into that soul in which he thought to find the seed of the good God, his optimism would have been sorely disconcerted. A bitter anger against self reigned there. At every step le Vieux had taken that night, on his way home, this rage had increased. Why had he answered so humbly? Why had he cringed? Because



habit had been too strong for him. Because, hatless, besmirched with mud, in the glare of those lights, in the presence of those people, courage had deserted him. And now this man thought to be quits with him for a few bits of blue-tinted paper! *Ah, non! Nom de Dieu, non!*

The hand on his shoulder had effaced the kiss on his forehead.

Slowly the plan which for a time had lain dormant began to take shape again. Nothing certainly could be more foolish than to reject the freely offered francs of the Commissary and to risk liberty for those locked in the strong-box of the Countess. One bird in the cage is worth two in the air. Was it a sullen rage against society which prompted him? The desire to defy at all hazards, in a kind of despair, that which crushed him? To explain the complex motives which lie behind certain human actions is impossible, reason so often reasons irrationally. In all the confusion of this sodden brain one conviction, however, stood out boldly. The hands of the Commissary were tied. It was inconceivable that the man who had seized him so roughly before the Café de la Régence should ever again lay his hand on the shoulder of the savior of his child. This also was illogical. But it proved that the sewer-rat of M. Surbeck had a heart, since of the stoicism of Brutus he had no conception.

He had not chosen the hour of four o'clock without due premeditation. It was the hour when the Countess, accompanied by the gardener, was in town. He chose the daytime because the great Danes on the terrace knew him well. After nightfall they were less respectful. From his place of concealment he had heard the voice of the gardener expostulating with Balafre, who was wont to pause at the angles of the steep descent. The way was clear. He had also noted the little stairway which led from the service corridor. He had seen the Countess herself sometimes make use of this stairway when he came with his basket of fish. Evidently, then, it led to her apartments. At its head several doorways confronted him. He chose the first one. One must trust something to luck. But first he listened. He heard no sound but his own breathing. On opening the

door, therefore, he was astounded to meet the eyes of the Countess fixed upon him. His hand tightened on his stick and a scowl gathered on his face—the scowl of a man trapped, who finds more work cut out for him than he contemplated.

"Come in," said the Countess; "you are the man I wished to see."

There was no terror in the voice that addressed him. The same astonishment he had experienced at the fearlessness of the little Surbeck possessed him again. He stood irresolute.

"Come in, Monsieur Garat; I have something to say to you."

Garat! his name. He felt the clutch of the Commissary on his shoulder.

"You were born at Rheims on the 5th of February, 1847—here is your birth certificate. On the 24th of December, 1876, in the village of Vigny, you murdered the agent of M. de Sèze, who came to collect the rent. There were extenuating circumstances. It seems that you were a good workman, that your wife—but we will pass over these details, whose recital will afflict you. You were sentenced to twenty years of hard labor—here is the sentence of the Tribunal of Rheims—and you escaped."

A spasm of anger shook the man from head to foot. "Give me those papers," he commanded, advancing threateningly upon her.

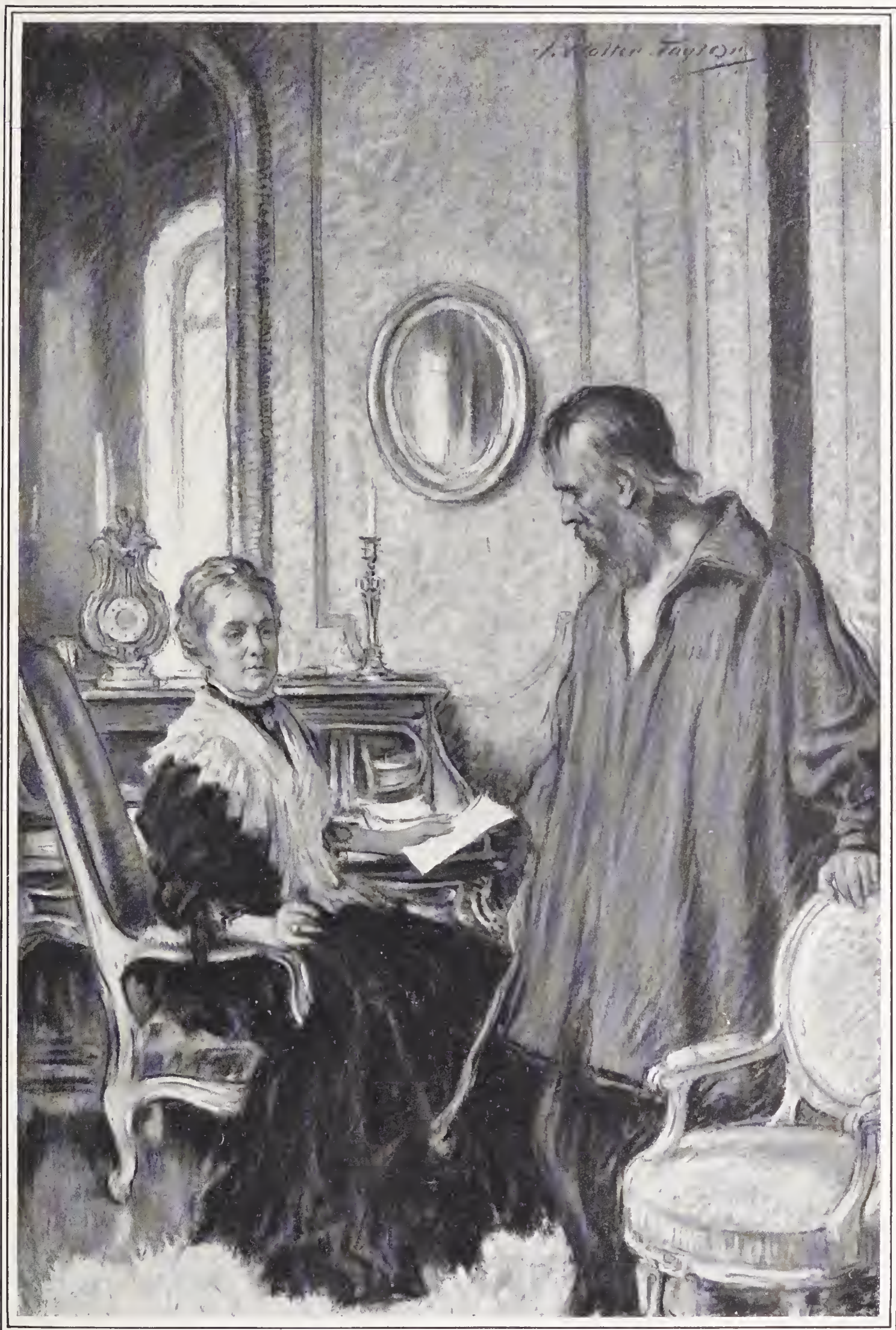
"But, my good man," said the Countess, "you are mistaken—these are only copies—take them—I give them to you willingly. They are of no consequence. It is with me, not with them, that you have to deal. And, I assure you, I am your friend."

"Ah," said the Countess, relating this incident afterward to the Abbé, "how terrified I was at that instant!"

But in le Vieux this quiet, even voice had worked a transformation. His aspect, before terrible, became pitiable. He was again the accused, standing at the bar before his judges, awaiting sentence. And this woman had said, "I am your friend."

"We will arrange all this to-morrow," pursued the Countess, seizing her advantage and reaching at the same time for the silken tassel hanging beside her desk. "See no one, do nothing—above all





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

HE WAS AGAIN THE ACCUSED, STANDING AT THE BAR BEFORE HIS JUDGES







things, do not fly. If you trust me I will protect you. Thérèse," she said to the maid who had answered her summons, "give Monsieur Garat a glass of sherry—and—bring me one also—I feel a little indisposed."

### III

The following morning Inspector Joly, arriving from Paris by the night express, drove over the bridge from the neighboring station, and at precisely eight o'clock, having finished his coffee at the Café de la Régence, strolled leisurely across the square to the Prefecture. Clean-shaven, with round rosy cheeks, he was taken by the solitary waiter, who pocketed the three sous left on the table, for a commercial traveller awaiting the hour when the shopkeepers removed their shutters. After pausing to admire the fountain by Girardon, M. Joly entered the archway of the Prefecture. There he found a note to the effect that it was absolutely essential to the success of his mission that he should first consult the Countess de Salignac. The word "consult" annoyed him. It implied something derogatory to him in his professional capacity. Furthermore, interference of any kind was distasteful to him. But from long experience he knew the danger of neglecting anything. Having, then, made what he termed his "little dispositions," he set out for the château plainly visible from the door of the Prefecture.

It was one of his cardinal principles not to form an opinion prematurely. But from the manner in which he said to himself, "Let us see now this Countess," it was clear that he did not attach any particular importance to his visit. His reception agreeably surprised him. A little assumption of authority on the part of one belonging to the old régime might have been expected. But there was nothing officious in this interference. He was prepared also for possible flattery, a weapon he had frequently encountered in women having ends to gain. The recital to which he listened was so frank, so direct and natural, that before it was finished he experienced the pleasure of flattery without knowing it. For this woman took him into her confidence, the confidence of her loving heart, without tears, without pleadings, as though he

were of the same nobility. He admitted that he saw no objection to awaiting the reply of General Texier.

"Nor I," said the Countess. "This man will not think of escaping—"

"That would be useless," remarked M. Joly, a little dryly; "I have taken my precautions."

"He is under surveillance, then?"

"It is better in such cases, Madame."

"But it was not necessary, I assure you. I myself told him on no account to attempt flight."

The Inspector restrained a gesture with difficulty.

"You see, he came last night in this room to rob me. He stood there, at that door behind you, with a villainous stick in his hand. Fortunately, I was armed with the documents of M. Surbeck. 'Monsieur Garat,' I said, 'I know you. You murdered the agent of M. de Sèze in Vigny on the 24th of December, 1876. Go back to your home and remain there; I will protect you.'"

"And you imagine that he is still there?"

Between admiration for such courage and astonishment at such credulity M. Joly was nearly speechless.

"I think so. Naturally you are not inclined to agree with me. But I believe I can convince you. Every morning I observe the smoke which rises from his chimney. I observed it to-day."

The Inspector smiled. She would make an excellent agent, he thought.

"You see, Monsieur, I am not thinking of this man's body. I wish, if possible, to save his soul. No one in Freyr but Monsieur Surbeck and the Abbé d'Arlot knows what we know. What will a pardon avail him if all Freyr knows that he has committed a murder? Nothing. That is why I ask you to wait a few hours."

"I see," said the Inspector.

"There is another request I would make of you," she pursued. "When walking in the forest I observe how, at the rustle of a branch, all its inhabitants take alarm. What will he do, this man to whom I have said, 'Remain; I will protect you,' if he should hear the branch of a tree broken by your agent? Remove this agent at once, I beg of you; and since, in fact, it is I who guarantee you



your—" the Countess was about to say prey—"I will take his place."

"It shall be as you desire, Madame," said the Inspector, rising; and as he crossed the terrace he remarked to himself, "Either I have been altogether a fool or very nearly an angel."

A few minutes later the Countess Anne herself followed him down the path. Seeing that she wore her hat, the big Danes began barking joyfully.

"Not to-day," she said, as they tugged at their chains. "To-day I have need of another sort of protector."

After stopping for a moment at the Bureau des Postes et Télégraphes, she rang the bell which dangled in the inner court of the Prefecture.

"Would you like to spend the day with me in the woods?" was the proposal she made to the little Surbeck.

"I would dearly," replied the child.

"And would you like to take something to that poor man who saved your life?" she asked, as they passed before the shops of the Grande Rue.

The child's eyes glistened with pleasure.

"Come, then," said the Countess, entering the Maison Duval, above whose door were the imposing words *Produits Coloniales*.

A man without work, whose wife is awaiting motherhood, whose cupboard is empty, in a fit of despair and anger seizes a knife from the table and buries it in the body of his tormentor. The learned doctor who performed the autopsy testified that the blade penetrated the heart. "He had no heart!" cried out the accused. This outburst, promptly repressed, emphasized in a dramatic manner the extenuating circumstances. Returning at the peril of his life after fifteen years of captivity, this man discovers no trace of child or mother. The only footprints left behind him are those on the pages of the criminal records. To interrogate too closely is dangerous. He therefore disappears beneath the surface of society as a drowning man disappears. Thereafter he is a dead man, alive only to his own consciousness. For him there is no To-morrow—only a Yesterday. And now that Yesterday rose up, menacing. And in the face of this spectre a woman

had said, "Above all, do not fly; I will protect you."

Through the long hours of the night the waters of the Meuse at the base of the cliff repeated these words incessantly. When morning came he heated a little coffee mechanically, as a man eats in the presence of death. As the hours wore on, the reassuring words which from time to time he repeated began to lose their power. He began to reason, and with reason came terror. "Your name is Garat. On the 24th of December, 1876, you murdered the agent of M. de Sèze at Vigny." That was true. And since everything was known, everything was decided. He would be arrested.

As yet he had not opened the door. At every sound he trembled. Yes, it was surely better to fly, while there was yet time—to escape suspense if not justice. Having reached this resolution, he lifted the stone under which his hoardings were hidden, concealed them in the lining of his trousers, and opened the door. Should he trust himself to the Meuse or make the circuit through the forest? Either course was perilous. Or was it better to wait for nightfall?

Just then a little girl appeared, running from between the high walls of the lane.

"Monsieur, Monsieur," she cried, "we have come to pass the day with you."

"I cannot tell you how those hours passed," said the Countess to the Abbé d'Arlot, as they sat one evening on the terrace. "What diversions I invented, what terrible silences occurred, what glances were avoided. But for that child it would have been impossible—impossible. But in the afternoon they brought me my *petit-bleu* from the Minister of Justice. It contained only two words: Garat—pardoned. 'Can you read?' I said to him. 'A little, Madame.' 'Take this to Monsieur, my child,' I said; 'it is your present to your savior.' After that—well, truly, I remember nothing. It was a kind of delirium."

"And you are not afraid to have a murderer for your head gardener?" smiled the Abbé.

"Really, my friend," said the Countess, "I think more of him than of my two Danes."



# Young

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

*This article is the fourth in Mr. Beymer's historical series dealing with the work of the scouts, spies, and men of the secret service in the Civil War*

WHEN the pages of this memoir have been read, and laid aside, and then in the course of time have been all but quite forgotten, there shall yet linger a memory that will stir when chance brings some passing mention of his name, or maybe at mere reference to the Secret Service. A confused memory perhaps, a memory of countless desperate chances, of services that weigh heavy in the balance scale of Victory; remembrance of his youth and courage, and, at the last, an ever-questioning memory, vague as in the telling, of that final unrecorded battle; but outlasting all other recollections of the man there shall be this one concrete impression—Admiration.

Who can quite forget such tributes as were paid him by his generals?—Sheridan's "I want him!" and the reply of General Edwards, "I would rather you would take my right arm than to have you take him from me." Best of all, the splendid profanity of one among his soldiers—a tribute rugged and imperishable as rough-hewn granite, "We think God A'mighty of him."

It is like a picture—that first story that begins before he was a soldier: the dusty chaise in which there stands the boy Young—he was scarcely more than a boy even when he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel four years later—and at his side the solemn-eyed little girl of ten, breathlessly watching brother Henry as he talks, watching him to the forgetting of the horse she holds, and the place her finger marks for him in the book of *Military Tactics*, forgetful of the very crowd that hems them in and that stands with upturned, troubled

faces. For background to the picture the street of a New England village—elms, and white houses, flecks of sunlight on the dusty road, and the unclouded May sky; but none of these must be seen very plainly, for they do not count in the picture.

The nation is at war and must have men—must have men. And the crowd presses closer about the chaise and restlessly listens, until its occupants drive away without looking back, for the boy is already deep in *Tactics* and the little girl is driving. So, through the Blackstone Valley; in every village the boy calls a crowd about him, and at the end of one day's haranguing sixty-three men have volunteered to enlist with him.

But Rhode Island's quota had been already filled when he took the list to Colonel Slocum; and so he went back to his work in Providence, with God knows what of disappointment, and settled down again at the high stool and the ledgers in Lippitt & Martin's. But already he had left behind him that unforgettable impression—Admiration. Colonel Slocum sent for him, and on June 6, 1861, he was mustered in with the regiment as Company B's second lieutenant—so pale, so office-stamped, such a slender little lieutenant, that Wright, his robust captain, growled: "He will be flat on his back after the first march! What does that young man expect to do in the army?" Yet it was the second lieutenant that very night who silenced the angry, mutinous men in the bare, empty barracks of the Dexter Grounds. He might have stayed in the comfortable quarters of his brother officers, but instead, grasping the situation at a glance, he shouted, "It's about time to turn in,



boys," and he spread a blanket, wrapped himself in his coat, and lay down on the hard floor among them. "Lie right down," he called, cheerfully; and the men, abashed, yet pleased and touched withal, lay down good-humoredly about him. That was the beginning, and it was like that till the very end—always, where he led, men followed with implicit confidence.

Six weeks later, at Bull Run, they—the men of Company B—followed like veterans where he led them—he, the second lieutenant, who was to have been flat on his back; it was Captain Wright, the prophet, who occupied the cot bed in the hospital, ill; the first lieutenant was absent. The acting captain of Company B did not escape notice that July Sunday. One eye-witness says, "I can remember how small he looked, his sword trailing on the ground, his slight figure so full of fire and energy." And it is said that fighting soldiers of other regiments paused and turned to look again at "such a boy in command of a company." Had he been a great strapping fellow, the fewness of his years might have passed unnoticed, but he was not five feet five in height, and very slender; it seemed that a child had come out to lead them. That he led them well is shown by a first lieutenant's commission, dated July 22d.

In a letter to his mother a short time after this he wrote:

You say you should think it [the suffering] would discourage any one from going to the war. The fact is, no one knows what fighting is till they have seen it; and they that have, after it is over and they think about it, would like to see it over again. There is an excitement about it, there is a longing for it again that no one knows who has not experienced it.

Much of his character will be understood that could never be understood without those pregnant sentences. Read them again, for they contain that sentiment which was to be the lodestar, the north toward which the needle of his life was to point unswervingly till the end—the love of fighting and of danger.

General Oliver Edwards—and no one knew Young better—has written:

It was very rare to find a man who found in the most deadly peril his greatest pleasure, and who sought out danger, not only in the line of duty, but because he revelled in it. Colonel Henry H. Young and General Phil Kearny possessed this trait of character. . . .

Perhaps his crossing of the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg had something to do with his first staff appointment—Fredericksburg, where Captain Young led Company B—since November 13, '61, his own company—over the pontoon bridge in the face of the fire of the sharpshooters. And with this appointment, which detached him from his regiment, there ended his relations with the men of his old company. What the men thought of him one of them had told unwittingly to the mother of his captain. It was in the hospital at Portsmouth Grove, where Mrs. Young and her little daughter—the little girl who drove that day in the Blackstone Valley—had gone to carry comforts to the men of the Second Rhode Island. She had shown to her the cot where lay a man of Company B—*his* company. To the man, who had never before seen her, the question, "Do you like your captain?" must have seemed an idle one, but it roused him as could no other.

"*Like* him, ma'am?" he cried, vehemently. "We think God A'mighty of him! There never was any one like him; the men would lay down their lives for him any day." It was admiration—idolatry—like that that he had left behind him.

It may be that in the staff appointment he foresaw the opportunity to commence the work that Sheridan has called "invaluable"; or perhaps, once on the staff, he merely drifted into it; but however it was, he began then his self-taught, self-sought apprenticeship to the Secret Service. Camp life grew irksome, and he went out between the lines to quicken it.

Once he saved a supply train from certain capture by raiders whose plans he had discovered. Discovered how?—at what personal hazard? If ever he told, it was in some such unsatisfying manner as the story of fighting his way out of a guerrilla ambush is told in a letter to his mother:





*Drawn by Howard Pyle*

THE NATION IS AT WAR AND MUST HAVE MEN







I went out the other day on a little expedition over the mountains—three of us, all mounted on mules. We went some six miles outside of our picket lines, and got in among the guerrillas after we had crossed what is called Carter's Run. We were fired on, but made out to get away. One of the boys lost his mule and equipments. The mule balked when they commenced firing, and would not stir a step, and they pressed the man so hard he had to take to the woods afoot. I think that I shall explore that section again at an early date.

And in another letter:

A scout's life is a dangerous one to a certain extent, but I don't know, after all, that it is more so than a great many other positions.

And all this time the duties of a staff officer continued, varied only by free-lance scoutings to gratify the longing for excitement; the other life was beyond him still, but he was reaching out to grasp it. Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor—he was of the brigade headquarters staff at all of them.

And then the Shenandoah, the valley in which the name of Major Harry Young was to be known and dreaded and respected in every household throughout the length and breadth of the valley: the place and the man were together; the time was almost upon them. After the battle of the Opequon—September 19, 1864—Colonel Oliver Edwards was left in command of Winchester, and Young was his Inspector-General. It was part of his staff duty to familiarize himself with all the roads round about Winchester, and he was almost daily in Confederate uniform scouting through the Valley; he was now on that intangible border line which separates the army scouts from men of the Secret Service.

At this time there was in the Valley a body of scouts from General Crook's command—a hundred men on detached service commanded by one Captain Blazer—who were engaged in a war to the death with the partisan battalions of Gilmor, McNeill, and Mosby. Captain Young at every opportunity rode out at the side of Captain Blazer,

and from him learned much of the methods of such irregular warfare, much that must afterward have proved of incalculable value when he was head of Sheridan's Secret Service. Later on, Mosby all but wiped out Blazer's little command in a savage hand-to-hand battle, in which Captain Blazer's career was closed by his capture. After that, Captain Young adopted different methods. At one time he induced three of Colonel Edwards's men to apparently desert from the Union army and enlist with Mosby, to whom one of them got so close as to be even orderly at the partisan leader's headquarters; but they must have been the wrong men for their opportunity, for nothing seems to have come of it, and Young restlessly turned to other schemes. A well-planned trap was inadvertently sprung by a detachment of Federal cavalry not in Young's secret. Soon after this, Sheridan lifted Young up to so broad a field of endeavor that such work shrank to secondary importance. But that was not until he had outfaced Death in two desperate personal encounters. Once was on the Front Royal road in the late afternoon of a summer day—one of those hot, dusty, breathless days when the great pallid cumulus clouds heap up, mountain upon mountain, then flush, then dull and darken into presagers of the coming storm. Young, alone, miles outside the Federal outposts, was galloping back to Winchester from another of his lonely, restless scoutings—he seems always to have preferred to be alone; other scouts went out in pairs, he seemed fascinated by the desolation of unshared dangers. In the thick hush before the breaking of the storm, he should have heard—but perhaps the muttering thunder drowned the drum of the approaching hoofbeats; they turned in from a cross-road close behind him—a party of Confederate cavalry. In an instant the pursuit began. He tried to outdistance them, but the little gray—so often mentioned in his letters home—was tired, and Young knew it; he suddenly stopped, turned at right angles, and put him at the wall; with a supreme effort the gray cleared the ditch, cleared the wall, and began the struggle up the long slope to the dense woodland that crowned it. Two only, on the fleetest mounts,



took the wall, and followed; the rest refused it, and after a moment's confusion raced down the road to head him off should he come back to the road where it turned along the second side of the forest. The two, shouting, were overtaking him; he turned on them and charged furiously down upon them, shooting as he rode; they fled, yelling for their comrades. Then he rode into the shelter of the wood, and, but a few rods from its edge, he hid the trembling gray, and flung himself face down, burrowing into the leaf mould.

The storm broke; day was stripped of an hour by the darkness; the trees grew loud in the rush of the wind, and the earth trembled with the unusually violent thunder. The Confederates came back; he could hear them above the lash of the rain—calling to one another and crashing about in the thickets. He had stopped so near the point where he had entered the wood that they did not search there; but they passed perilously close, and once he was sure they would find him. They gave it up at last and went away; he learned afterward from a prisoner that the leader, blinded by the lightning's glare, had been dashed against a low bough and seriously injured.

After a while he led his horse out from the dripping trees, and rode unmolested back to the army.

The Valley was scourged with a plague of bushwhackers—robbers and murderers who had deserted from regular commands of both armies and had turned war to their own advantage. There were verbal orders from General Sheridan to hang all those that were proved bushwhackers, and Young compiled a "blacklist" of all such in the vicinity of Winchester—their names and haunts and habits. On days when no other duties were pressing he would go out with one or two men and hunt down some of the blacklisted. The record of one such day's hunting is still remembered—as much, perhaps, for the personality of the hunted as for the unusual courage of the hunter. It was known of the hunted that he had been a member of a Virginia cavalry regiment, had had a sixty-day furlough in order to procure a body-servant, but that he had been absent from his command for more than nine months

and was a deserter and a bushwhacker—a murderer of prisoners; indeed, by his own boasts, known as the "Prisoner-Killer"; yet he could count on a score of houses in the Valley for help and shelter, for he was a tall, handsome fellow, cool and audacious. Captain Young in some way found out that day's hiding-place of the "Killer," and hurrying to headquarters, he asked of Colonel Edwards a detail of two men; with his men he galloped away up the Valley. The "Killer" in some way escaped, barely escaped, and they followed, rapidly overtaking him. The "Killer" fired once, and a horse went down in a wild tangle of flying hoofs; the other riders leaped clear of their fallen comrade with never a look behind them. A bend in the road, and then out upon a mile-long straightaway; Young and the "Killer" fire almost together; the second soldier pitches backward, and the "Killer's" horse goes down in a heap in a ditch at the roadside; the "Killer" is down, then up again, and in a second is into the thicket. . . . When consciousness came to the wounded soldier he found himself alone; the faint sounds from the distant thicket told of a terrible struggle, and he stared stupidly at the point nearest the fallen horse of the "Killer." After a long time, when there had been a protracted silence, the bushes parted, and there came forth the "Killer," white-faced and bruised and bound, with Captain Young, carrying two heavy revolvers, grimly urging him forward. Neither had been able to use his weapons, but they had fought it out there in the underbrush, and by some marvel of fighting the fierce little New-Englander had conquered a man over six feet tall, and heavy in proportion. Somehow he got his prisoner and his two wounded men back to headquarters, and there the trial of the "Killer" was a short one; perhaps it had been better for him had he been killed there in the bushes! There were papers found on him that proved him beyond doubt to be the murderer of prisoners. Colonel Edwards sternly told him that he might live just so long as it took to dig his grave, and asked him if he did not want to see a chaplain.

"I do not want to see a chaplain," he answered, with as little concern as



though the matter in no way affected him. "Every man has to die once, and it makes but little difference to me when my time comes." He was so wonderfully cool and brave about it that Young impetuously interceded for his life, as did the other staff officers. And just here the story told by General Oliver Edwards—for it is General Edwards who tells the story—comes to an abrupt end, to leave one with an ever-haunting question that is to be never answered.

And now the years of preparation were at an end, and the long, gradual upgrade lay behind him; in front rose a mountain of labor—a mountain perpendicular with hardship and danger; its peak a pinnacle, to which he climbed and carved his name there.

The Northern Presidential election of 1864 was watched eagerly. The success or defeat of the Democratic party with its platform "The war is a failure" meant life or death to the Confederacy, and they did more than watch the election. Kenly's Maryland brigade, with Sheridan's army, had been permitted to vote in the field; to Colonel Mosby was given the order to capture the ballot-boxes and prevent the vote, *en route* to Martinsburg, from ever reaching Baltimore. The two companies of cavalry serving as escort were fiercely attacked by Mosby when but two miles out of Winchester and driven back; it required an entire regiment to carry the commissioners and the ballot safely through to the railroad.

At the same time a citizen rode into Winchester and excitedly told Colonel Edwards that Breckinridge was advancing on the town with an army, and was within twenty miles already. Edwards forwarded the report to Sheridan, and then sent out scouts and prepared for battle. Sheridan in reply sent the message:

I am aware of the movement, but do not know what it means. My scouts fail to bring me reliable information. If the enemy attacks Winchester, fight him if you feel strong enough; if not, start your trains for Harper's Ferry, put your back on your trains, and fight for them. Find out if possible what the movement means; the whole secret-service fund is at your disposal for this purpose.

Colonel Edwards answered that he did not believe Winchester to be the objective point, but if it were that he was ready. Then he waited. When his scouts came back with no definite information of the enemy's movements, it was then that Captain Young begged Colonel Edwards for permission to try to obtain this vital information, and Edwards reluctantly let him go. He asked only for three picked men and four Confederate cavalry uniforms—no horses, even, for he said that he preferred to mount himself and his men after leaving Winchester. Captain Young proposed to attempt one of the most desperate of all military necessities—to join the enemy's marching column and ride with them until he had gained the information. To pass pickets and enter an enemy's encampment is, so it is said, easy; to join a column on a march—and such a march!—has been found well-nigh impossible. Jack Sterry had tried it at the second Manassas, and Jack Sterry had been hanged for it. Henry Harrison Young tried the impossible and succeeded. How he did it would be told here, should be told here, with every detail of every danger met and overcome, for no achievement of the Secret Service is more worthy of record—only that the story is not known. He was one who reported results, not details, and if he ever related the hidden history of that journey it has died with them to whom he told it. But this is what he did—it shall be written simply, that every word may be remembered by all who love to honor American heroes: For two hours he rode with Lomax's cavalry or marched with the infantry of Breckinridge. Forty-five miles they rode—he and his three men, riding down three sets of horses, which they seized for reliefs as they needed them. Yet it was all done in the short space of six hours, and when he dismounted at Edwards's headquarters he bore full information of the plans of the enemy. There had been ample time to have frustrated these plans, but that Breckinridge's return was so threatened that even then he was in hurried retreat with an abandoned purpose. Winchester had been but a feint; Hancock, Maryland—there to destroy the vote or to break up the election—had been the real objective.



Colonel Edwards himself took the report to General Sheridan.

"That is true, every word of it, I believe," Sheridan cried, vehemently. "Now, where did you get it?"

Edwards told him how his own professional scouts had failed in the same degree as had his, and that his inspector-general, Young, had volunteered and had succeeded.

Sheridan became greatly excited: "I have been looking for that man for two years, and I want him."

Colonel Edwards spoke slowly: "I would rather you would take my right arm than to take him from me."

Sheridan's answer was quick, impetuous, eager: "I will make him a major and a personal aide-de-camp on my staff; I will let him pick a hundred men and arm them and command them as he likes, and report only to me. I will not take an officer of your staff from you without your consent, but—I want him!"

For a time there was silence, Edwards weighing the offer, Sheridan waiting.

Then, "I will urge him to accept the offer," Colonel Edwards answered. He had to urge him. For, though he loved the life held out to him, Captain Young refused decidedly to leave Edwards, until convinced that it was indeed a duty to accept a position offering greater opportunities for more valuable work for the Union.

The war was within five months of the end; but into that time there was crowded more work by the Secret Service than had been done in all the years that preceded. They say of him that Major Young never rested; to have done what he has done confirms it. It was as though there had been drawn a sword, keen, high-tempered, brilliant, that for the first time left its scabbard and for the first time discovered its mission.

Major Young at once commenced the organization of his new command; the men he carefully selected from those he knew best in Colonel Edwards's brigade; also, he retained the seven who had served as scouts for Sheridan. The corps never numbered the even hundred; the roll-book, which was kept by and is still in

the possession of Sergeant McCabe, shows but fifty-eight names all told. There were few enough to answer "present" when the five months were ended. That there were any at all is the wonder after service such as this, which must have been for the trying out of their courage; after such a test there could never again be doubt of it!

This expedition was made within a few days after the men had been selected, dressed in the gray uniform, and armed with two revolvers each—carried in the tops of the high boots—and the short, terrible Spencer carbines. Night had fallen when they left the camp, and for a long time the men rode without knowing where they were going or the work that lay before them; then Young halted and carefully instructed them and told them his purpose. Sixty men were to attack an entire brigade of Confederate cavalry! They rode on again in the darkness—perhaps blacker now to each man as he considered the desperate chances. After a time they halted and drew off into the edge of a forest bordering a road on which Major Young had learned the Confederate column would travel; and there followed a wait that must have seemed endless—the dreaded inaction just before battle. The well-trained horses stood with drooping heads, like statues; the raw November night wind chilled as though a corpse had suddenly risen and breathed upon them; and still the Confederates did not come; the strain must have been horrible. Then above the dry-bone knock and creak of the bare branches of the forest behind them there came a new sound—the sound of a distant cavalry column, trotting; the low rumble and jar of thousands of hoof-falls; the tiny jangles and tinklings of countless metal accoutrements. The advance passed in a shadowy flitting; the tired men riding in silence—only the noise of the now galloping horses.

Young gave a signal, and the men stole out from among the trees, leading the horses; at the roadside they mounted, and waited. The head of the column approached, and they fell in with it and jogged along, slouching in the saddles as did the worn, sleepy Confederates, to whom they seemed but a returned



scouting party, dully noted, instantly forgotten.

Major Young gave a shrill signal, whirled his horse about, and fired both barrels of his shotgun in the faces of the Confederate troopers. His men followed him; the shotguns roared like artillery; buckshot raked the column, down whose bloody lanes the Yankees rode at the charge, firing their revolvers on either side without mercy. The attack coming out of their midst was a blinding shock to the Confederates; it was mutiny, treason, murder. The rest is all told in one word—pandemonium. And all but one Union soldier came through that charge down the entire length of the column.

After that night, terror came to the Confederates in the Valley—not to the army, but to the army's soldiers: pickets rode to their stations, and were not there when their comrades rode to relieve them; guards fired at shadows; men about outlying camp-fires huddled together closer than the cold could have driven them; from nerve-racked videttes would come a "Halt—who-comes-there!"—and then an instant volley; Confederate patrols and scouting parties rode back to their own lines with more trepidation than up to the lines of the enemy. Yankees in gray were known to be hovering about the army always—were known to be in the lines, within the encampments; some were captured; there were always others who took their places. Most secret plans were found sooner or later to have a hole in them.

Back at Sheridan's headquarters there was one man doing it all—a boy. It can never be told, for it was never known—the details of organizing the Secret Service of Sheridan's army of the Shenandoah, for it was all done in the head of one man, who was ever tirelessly planning, quietly directing, inspiring. Of the work of the Service for the first two months, General Sheridan wrote in his Memoirs:

I now realized more than I had done hitherto how efficient my scouts had become since under the control of Colonel Young, for not only did they bring me almost every day intelligence from within Early's lines, but they also operated efficiently against the guerrillas infesting West Virginia.

He might have sat in a tent and from there merely directed—that in itself would have been work enough for any man; but instead, with every opportunity he was out with some party; fighting was his "leave of absence," his recreation. But there were other ways in which he was to the enemy more deadly. Woodbury (historian) says of him, "In the peculiar service in which he was engaged during the last year of the war he had no superior in the Northern armies." Most of all, that sentence meant the obtaining of information. At one time he lived for two weeks within the Confederate lines, boarding at a house near Winchester—as an invalid! Through acquaintances made there he obtained the information he was seeking, and one day rode quietly away with it.

Imperturbably cool, patient, shrewd, with a quiet, easy way about him, yet frank and ingenuous—it seemed that there was nothing he could not accomplish. It must be, too, that he had a mighty sense of humor; witness, the fate of the recruiting-office. He came upon it quite by accident, at a little hamlet, while on one of his restless, lonely scoutings. It was in full blast—doing a good business. He rode up, and dismounting, looked on in bucolic placidity.

"Come here!" called the sergeant. "You're a likely-lookin' young feller—how about enlistin'?" Young listened to the sergeant's pleadings—"didn't know but what he would some day—well, mebbe he would then." More argument: suddenly the sergeant had him—enlisted. He swore to show up at the appointed day, and there was great applause—for the sergeant. Did he disappoint the sergeant? Never! Brought him more recruits—Young's own men—who "enlisted" the sergeant and all the sergeant's soldiers and all the assembled, hard-earned recruits, and the entire contents of the office.

So often was he outside the lines that his disguises had to be changed and varied constantly; now it was one rôle, now another—private soldier, deserter, countryman, peddler, Confederate officer. Once, to test a disguise—that of a Confederate colonel—just before starting on a particularly dangerous mission, he allowed himself to be captured by men of his own old brigade, who marched their



great prize back to camp in triumph. He demanded an interview at headquarters, and they took him there; the rebel colonel never again was seen. For a long time it was a matter of much talk and speculation as to why the escape of so important a capture should go so unregarded by the General.

There was another side to him besides the fun-loving; a seldom-seen, terrible side of cold wrath and pitiless judgment.

A prisoner had been taken by Young and his men on one of the countless night incursions into the enemy's country; on the ride back the identity of the man was discovered by some of the men guarding him, and the whisper ran through the troop and grew into a deep, savage mutter as story after story of his cruelties and cowardice was repeated. One of the men spurred ahead to Major Young's side.

"Do you know who your prisoner is, Major?"

"No."

At the answer Young reined in his horse sharply.

"What's *that*! That man is—?"

The soldier repeated the name—the name of the leader of the most infamous guerrilla bands in all that valley; a man whose name brought to mind the memory of crimes unmentionable for their atrocity.

Major Young rode back through his ranks. . . . No execution, ponderous, formal, lawful, could have been more solemn, more awe-compelling than that swift blotting out, there in the night in the silence of the lonely country.

Was it only chance that, a short time later, Young was given the opportunity to snatch back from certain death unreckoned scores of Union soldiers, condemned that hour to lay down their lives for their flag? There would be given the name of the skirmish (which in any other war would be dignified by the name of battle), but the name is lost in the crowded memories of the few who knew the story. But perhaps there will be of those who wore the blue one who will read this story to whom there will come back the memory of a morning with the regiments that lay on their faces at the wood's edge, galled and torn by the shells constantly bursting among them, while

they awaited, restive, the order for the charge across the open and the attempt to scale the hillside from whose all but impregnable crest the battery thundered. Others there are, of the South, who will recall with heartburnings the loss of an all but won engagement. Here, perhaps, for the first time they will learn the reason. Some may now recollect having seen in the driving smoke a boyish, gray-clad officer, who in the name of their commanding general ordered the battery to take immediate position on the left flank—there to be utterly useless. Perhaps they recall the way he sat his horse, there amid the flying Federal bullets, until he saw the carrying out of his order, then that they had seen him gallop away—forever, leaving them, the dupes, to face their angered general.

Young had carried to the Federal regiment the order to take the battery—the key position of the engagement; he had seen the terrible slaughter which must be the price of success, and he had not given the order. Instead he had formed a plan and told it, then swiftly donning his gray uniform, and making a *détour*, had entered the Confederate lines—at no one knows what hazard—and had come up behind the battery, to whose captain he had given a false order. The astonished Federal soldiers rushed the abandoned hill crest before the Confederates could replace their guns; but as for Major Young, an unexpected shift in the position of the army compelled him to remain within the Confederate lines for hours in imminent danger of detection and capture—and death.

Capture and Death (they should be written as one word for the case of Harry Young) never had far to come, for he was always at least half-way to meet them. Once he reached too far and fell in their path, and it seemed that at last they had him; it was only the gallantry of his men which that day saved him—nothing that he himself did for himself, except that he had won the devotion of the men who saved him.

It was on one of those nights in January when the army was in quarters but *he* was not. There was a Confederate picket reserve at the Edinburg bridge, another at Columbia Furnace—isolated detachments far in advance of





*Drawn by Howard Pyle*

THEY AWAITED THE ORDER FOR THE CHARGE ACROSS THE OPEN

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark







their army. It is no story to tell of their capture; there was a dash out of the night, a few scattering shots, and they had surrendered—sixty-five men in all, and many horses. There were nearly as many prisoners as captors; for of the Federals there were but a score of the Secret Service men, some in Confederate gray, some in their blue uniforms, and a troop of fifty cavalry—on their first detached service and very nervous about it. The crest of Massanutten Mountain was black and sharp against the brightening sky before they turned for the long ride back to the Union lines near Kernstown. At a little village they stopped for breakfast; Young was jubilant over the capture—it had been so easy; he was merry at the breakfast, and joked with the men about him. Rowand, one of the scouts, finished his meal and restlessly wandered out to the street; a butcher named Kuhn passed close to Rowand and whispered, “Three hundred on the ‘Back Road,’ coming!” The scout hurried in with the tidings, but Major Harry Young that day was foolhardy. “I’ll not budge till I finish my breakfast,” he said, laughing. Campbell, one of Sheridan’s oldest scouts, added his unavailing protests; Young ate on placidly. When he finished he leisurely gave the order to mount, and then saw that he was indeed too late—that he had overtarried; the Confederate cavalry was sweeping into the upper end of the mile-long village street. At almost the first fire the raw Federal cavalrymen abandoned their prisoners, broke, and fled. The scouts galloped after them more slowly, fighting coolly for the safety of the whole party. Young was his old self again; the elation was gone with his once-prisoners; he was fighting recklessly to redeem himself for his blunder.

“Rowand,” he yelled, “for God’s sake stop the cavalry and bring them back.”

But they would not stop; Rowand rode among them and fiercely tried to turn them—he caught the sergeant’s bridle rein, and drawing his pistol, swore to kill him if he did not help to turn them; the sergeant was beyond further fear and paid no heed to him.

There was a shout from his partner, Campbell: “Rowand, come back; Young is down!” He looked and then spurred

his horse to a run. He saw Major Young beside his dead horse, on foot, fighting savagely; he saw Campbell and Jack Reily charging in the very faces of the yelling Confederates; Reily passed Young and swung his horse across the road and stood there behind it firing over its back with both revolvers; Campbell, without dismounting, caught Young up behind, turned, and rode bounding toward Rowand.

Rowand reached Campbell and Young just as the Confederates, checked for the moment, surged forward again and swept over Reily. There was no chance to save him, and Rowand turned in behind Campbell and fought for him and Young until the others reached them. It was all over like that—quick, confusing. After that it was just a race, and somehow part of the Federals won it. Reily that day was wearing a blue uniform instead of a gray: it was that alone which saved Jack Reily from hanging. With Young it would have been different if he had been captured; in his gray uniform there would never have been a chance for him.

So close a call might have shaken the nerve of some men, but if Young thought of it again at all he was not much affected by it, for within two weeks he was engaged on one of the most desperate of all his missions—not the taking of Gilmer, but that which almost immediately followed.

February 5th he and his scouts captured Major Harry Gilmer at Moorefield, West Virginia. The story of that terrible ride of sixty miles in the dead of winter, over the mountains and down into the South Branch Valley, and of the surprise and the capture of Gilmer, has been told in the story of “Rowand”; but it has not been told how Young saved his prisoner from the vindictive mob at Harper’s Ferry—how he held them off with his revolver, and whispered to Gilmer, “In case of attack, take one of my pistols and shoot right and left: they will have to walk over my dead body to get you!” And further along on their way to Boston and the prison of Fort Warren—when the warning came that the people of Baltimore were prepared for Harry Gilmer (he had at one time raided to within four miles



of Baltimore)—Young told him that he should have arms, and added laughingly, "I should enjoy a skirmish amazingly; I think you and I could whip a small crowd by ourselves."

They were much alike, those two Harrys, and they seem to have developed a great admiration for each other. Long after the war Gilmor wrote of the man who not only captured him, but who took him to the very doors of the prison that held him till the end of the rebellion:

He was a bold, fearless cavalry soldier, a man of remarkable talents for the duty he was selected to perform, possessing the qualities of quick discernment, good judgment, and great self-reliance, rapid execution of plans, made to suit circumstances

a sack of corn, as if on his way to mill, fool our pickets, and go out again without being suspected.

But it is not alone to give one on the other side the chance to pay tribute that Harry Gilmor has been mentioned; it was because his capture indirectly brought about the most audacious of all Major Young's adventures.

When he stood in the sleet that February night, alone—sixty miles from the Federal army—as sentry at the door of the headquarters of General Jubal Early, commander of the Confederate army in the Shenandoah, he was the master adventurer of the war.

In retaliation for the capture of Gilmor, Jesse McNeill, at the head of a

band of sixty-five rangers, had captured Generals Crook and Kelly from their beds in hotels in the heart of the large town of Cumberland. That, like Gilmor's capture, was done by an armed party of men—a performance all dash and excitement, and with the penalty, if taken, of merely an enemy's prison. When Major Young set out alone for Staunton a few days later to capture General Early from his headquarters in the midst of his army, it was a deed that was akin to madness. By every rule of war he was a spy, and nothing could have saved him. What a story could be told by the man who faced death each moment of those six days and nights! It could be told by that man and by him alone.

What a story—of the

difficulties met; the quick turns, both ways, of chance; of the unforeseen and the unexpected that leaped out and menaced him everywhere; of the moments of elation when success seemed certain, and the lonely times when it was pit-



HARRY YOUNG

From a Daguerreotype taken at the outbreak of the War

as they presented themselves. Those are the essential qualities of a good scout. We never knew when or where to look for him, and yet we knew that he or some of his best men were constantly inside our lines. I have known him to pass our pickets on an old farm horse with collar and hames and



blackness to be so very much alone with the dangers! There is little enough that he ever told. He could have taken Early; for two nights he stood sentry at his very door while the faithless Confederate guard—with whom he had changed places—went into the town sweethearting! But with nearly sixty miles to travel in an enemy's country, winter-bound, and hampered by a prisoner, he realized that sometime in the ensuing pursuit he must either free Early or kill him, and he would not wish to do either—once he had him. Young afterward said to General Edwards, "Had Early been guilty of murdering prisoners or of sanctioning it, I could and would have taken his life, but I did not consider it civilized warfare to kill him under the circumstances." Did General Jubal Early ever learn who had guarded him as he slept?—and ever after see in each sentry at his door a living sword of Damocles?

Young swung from plan to plan, but at last gave back the Confederate musket, and returned as quietly as he had come, empty-handed as to prisoners, but with much very valuable information.

The spring campaign began; the end of the war was almost at hand. Sheridan and his ten thousand cavalry commenced the Second James River Canal Raid. The war in the Shenandoah was ended. It was monotonous work for the army—the wrecking of railroads and the ruining of canals; the rain fell constantly, the roads were sloughs, the fields bogs; but all knew now that the end of the war was coming, and it gave them heart to endure anything. Though there were no battles for the army to fight, there was desperate work for the men of the Secret Service. Not in many pages could the stories be told, but in twoscore words Sheridan has written an imperishable record:

To Major H. H. Young, of my staff, chief of scouts, and the thirty or forty men of his command who took their lives in their hands, cheerfully going wherever ordered, to obtain that great essential of success, information, I tender my gratitude. Ten of these men were lost.

March 27th the cavalry joined Grant, and very soon there commenced a whirlwind of fighting; not a day without its battle, not an hour without a skirmish;

night-time and dawn and noonday, fighting, fighting. There was one chance for Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia—one chance to prolong the life of the Confederacy: to join Johnson in Carolina. And then Sheridan's ten thousand troopers at Dinwiddie Court House sud-



HARRY YOUNG

In his uniform as Captain

denly blocked the only way to the south; April 1st at Five Forks they drove them back, turned them west, ruined them. Petersburg fell on the 2d; the capital, Richmond, was next day evacuated; the Confederacy was down; Lee's army futilely struggled westward—a fugitive army. All the time there was fighting going on, every move meant fighting, there was always fighting. It was no rout; when the Confederates turned on their pursuers, and the forces were at all equal, the Federals were nearly always driven back until reinforcements—always the inevitable reinforcements—came up; then the pursuit would begin again.

Neither seemed to know exhaustion. One was nerved by desperation; the other, exultant, buoyed up by triumph. Troops that had marched all day marched again



nearly all night, and fought at dawn; and there were days of that. There were troops—night marching they were, too—rushing to the support of a single corps, that had been turned on and was being crushed by Lee's army, who made the night aglare with their improvised torches of straw and pine knots and great fires by the roadside; and as they marched they sang and cheered like mad, and the marching bands crashed and blared to their singing. God! Was there ever such a war with such an ending!

And here, if never before, Young and his men served the army. There were a dozen roads the Confederates might follow, a score of turns to take that might lead to no one knew what objective; but fast as the fugitives moved, there were on each road, at every turn, always the gray-clad Federal scouts, hidden, watchful; they all but lived with the Confederates; so close did they keep they might as well have marched with them, slept with them: for they returned to their own lines only to report newly discovered movements. They had ever been brave, these scouts; now they seemed the personification of courage. It was not because of any change in the Confederates—the peril was as great or greater than ever: witness—on the very morning of the surrender two of Young's men were condemned to be hanged, and only the surrender saved them.

Humorous incidents there were, too—comedy cheek by jowl with tragedy, because it was life, not a story. There was the capture of Barringer—Brigadier-General Rufus Barringer of the North Carolina Brigade—who was captured behind his own lines the day after Five Forks. Dignified General Barringer!—who drew himself up so haughtily and replied so coldly to Confederate-private Young's cheery, "Good afternoon, General," with a, "You have the advantage of *me*, sir."

"You're right I have, General!" laughed the Major, as he drew his revolver and demanded the astounded Confederate's surrender. The whole Southern army was between Young and the Union lines, yet he and his men led General Barringer and his staff to a Federal prison, although it took from two o'clock in the afternoon until dark to reach

safety. And the very next day Sergeant McCabe and party—the sergeant resplendent in the captured uniform of a Confederate colonel—met in the enemy's lines a colonel from North Carolina and his orderly, and, as was fitting for two officers of such high rank, he stopped to pass the time of day with him. The colonel from North Carolina told of General Barringer's capture by the Yankees—one of the staff had escaped and spread the tidings. He, the colonel, did not exactly bewail the fate of Barringer, "for," said he, "I am to command; I take his place."

"Oh no!" said Joseph McCabe. "You do not take his place; you go to the place where he is!" And, sure enough, they joined their general.

It is the last night of the war, but no one knows it. The countryside is full of aimlessly wandering soldiers, lost from their regiments by the rapid manœuvres, lost from their very armies. A small party of Federal officers struck the railroad—the great foot-path to the strayed Confederates—and in the dusk sat watching the passing groups of stragglers—wearied, dejected men without arms for the most part, who had flocked together for company; here and there were cavalymen, armed and mounted, yet they, too, rode as dejected and listless as any part of the procession. The officers drew nearer; the cavalymen eyed them with uneasiness, and finally in the growing darkness one of them stole up to the officers.

"Get back a little—you might spoil it," he said. "We're some of Major Young's men, and we're leadin' these Johnnies down the road a piece to where the Major's got a whole corral of 'em." The staff party, hugely amused, circled into the woods and soon came upon Major Young and some twenty of his men with cocked carbines—holding passive and silent several hundred prisoners, to which the decoys constantly added.

Farther down that very railroad—at Appomattox Station—others of Young's scouts had discovered the Confederates' four lost supply trains. Men of the Secret Service found them—that is repeated, because it is usual only to remember that Custer fought for the trains and took them. Sergeant McCabe was



in charge of the detachment that found them; he sent Jim White to report the find, and White has had the credit! Perhaps White saw the supply trains first, and so claimed the honor of reporting them. But Sergeant McCabe was in charge of the detachment, and this is written that he may read it, and in it see an attempt to induce history to give him the place that, forty-five years, he has grieved for.

It has been said that Lee surrendered because of the capture of those supply trains—that their capture fixed the day of the surrender. General Lee did not know of their capture until after he had written and signed that last letter. To General Grant he then said:

" . . . I have, indeed, nothing for my own men. . . . I telegraphed to Lynchburg, directing several train-loads of rations to be sent on by rail from there, and when they arrive I should be glad to have the present wants of my men supplied from them." At this remark all eyes turned toward Sheridan, for he had captured these trains with his cavalry the night before. . . .—General Horace Porter, in *Battles and Leaders*.

Presently, at about four o'clock of that April Sunday, General Lee rode away from the McLean House; rode back to his men after signing the letter in which he surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia, from signing away the existence of the Confederate States of America.

Thus was the end of the Civil War; and as an end to Major Henry Harrison Young's Civil War service there stands this record—no, not as an end, but framing it; just as a simple frame of dull gold completes and focuses a picture, so with these words of Sheridan's:

CAVALRY HEADQUARTERS,  
PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA, April 19, 1865.

To Honorable E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.*

SIR:— . . . I desire to make special mention of the valuable services of Major H. H. Young, Second Rhode Island Infantry, chief of my scouts during the cavalry expedition from Winchester, Virginia, to the James River. His personal gallantry and numerous conflicts with the enemy won the admiration of the whole command. In the late campaign from Petersburg to Appomattox Court House he kept me constantly informed of the movements of the enemy and brought in prisoners,

from brigadier-generals down. The information obtained through him was invaluable. I earnestly request that he be made a lieutenant-colonel by brevet. . . .

Very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,  
Major-General, Commanding.

What remains to be told is all too brief. He did not go back to Providence with the men of the Second Rhode Island; there came the chance to prolong for a few months the life of adventure, and he hailed it gladly.

With the end of the Civil War, the administration turned its attention to the French in Mexico. The Liberals—defeated at nearly every point, impoverished, split into factions—were in a desperate plight; Maximilian and the Imperialists were everywhere in the ascendant.

Sheridan at the head of an army of observation was sent to Brownsville at the mouth of the Rio Grande; and Colonel Young, taking four of his most trusty men, went with him.

In Brownsville, Sheridan met Caravajal, wily and subtle and old, then leader of the Liberals, and to him he recommended Young "as a confidential man, whom he could rely upon as a 'go-between' for communicating with our people at Brownsville, and whom he could trust to keep him informed of the affairs in his own country as well." Caravajal saw Young, and, first assuring him that his plan had the concurrence of General Sheridan, proposed a scheme, which, God knows why, won him; it was that Young should raise, equip, and command a band of picked men to act as body-guard for Caravajal. Perhaps the plan awoke in him the sleeping spirit of a soldier of fortune; perhaps it was a nobler, more Quixotic desire to aid the struggling Mexican patriots. But he took the \$7,000 furnished him and hurried to New Orleans, where he quickly raised and equipped his company.

Then Sheridan, who for a fortnight had been in the interior of Texas, came back to New Orleans. Of their interview Sheridan writes in his *Memoirs*:

I at once condemned the whole business, but . . . [he] was so deeply involved in the transaction, he said, that he could



not withdraw without dishonor, and with tears in his eyes he besought me to help him. He told me he had entered upon the adventure in the firm belief that I would countenance it; that the men and their equipment were on his hands; that he must make good his word at all hazards; and that while I need not approve, yet I must go far enough to consent to the departure of the men, and to loan him the money necessary to provision his party and hire a schooner to carry them to Brazos. It was hard indeed to resist the appeals of this man, who had served me so long and so well, and the result of his pleading was that I gave him permission to sail and also loaned him the sum asked for; but I have never ceased to regret my consent, for misfortune fell upon the enterprise almost from its inception.

At Brownsville, over across the Gulf, Young and his men, about fifty in number, were met by the first hot breath of disaster. Caravajal had been deposed, and his successor, Canales, refused to accept their services. After that all is confusion to the very end. Young was without money to take his men back to New Orleans, without money to buy even food for them. He and his men pushed on desperately to reach the camp of General Escobedo, leader of another faction; they kept on the American side of the Rio Grande, proposing to cross into Mexico near Ringgold Barracks.

Far in advance there had been spread their story—who they were and what they did there, and where and why they were coming. They stood absolutely alone; the law of neutrality cut them off from all succor from their countrymen as completely as though they were outcasts; for the time they were men who had no country.

Renegade Mexican rancheros, ex-Confederates, mercenaries, bandits—all swarmed down to the river to head off the desperate little band. From the battle there came back—rumor, only rumor. Whether they were at last attacked and turned on their pursuers, whether in despair they tried to cross to cut their way through—it is told one way, it is told the other.

The little girl who drove that day in the Blackstone Valley has written of the

years that she and the mother waited for tidings. They had seen the report first in a newspaper—had read it together; neither would believe it, and for years each buoyed up the other.

It was a sad time indeed when his letters ceased coming, and when all efforts to find him proved unavailing. . . . Although I know that no tidings of him have cheered us in thirteen years, still I cannot conscientiously say that I believe him dead. I have no foundation on which to build hope, indeed, unless it be the private conviction of General Sheridan.

Sheridan, indeed, seems to have been as stubborn as they in his belief that Young had in some way crossed the river. He had immediately contradicted the first report that he had been killed: Young had been seen in Monterey. To General Edwards he wrote, "I cannot bear to think of him as dead, and yet hope to see him."

And even after more than two years, in a letter to the mother, he said: "Still . . . I am inclined to the belief that he is living. I merely state that as my conviction." But as the years passed and brought no definite tidings he gave up, and in his *Memoirs*, written some twenty years later, he sets down the siftings of rumor:

They were attacked . . . Being on American soil Young forbade his men to return the fire and bent all his efforts to getting them over the river; but in this attempt they were broken up and became completely demoralized. A number of the men were drowned while swimming the river. Young himself was shot and killed, a few were captured, and those who escaped—about twenty in all—finally joined Escobedo, but in such a plight as to be of little use.

But there are other versions equally positive as Sheridan's—only different. And thus it must remain, perhaps till the end of time—like an unfinished picture, abandoned, forgotten by the artist. There is the hot, glaring sand; and the hot, empty sky; between, the cruel and sparkling river; but of the figures that were to have peopled the painting and given it life and told its story, there is but a blur of meaningless paint and raw uncovered canvas.





# The Knife and the Naked Chalk\*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

THE children went to the seaside for a month, and lived in a flint village on the bare windy chalk Downs, quite thirty miles away from home. They made friends with an old shepherd, called Mr. Dudeney, who had known their father when their father was little. He did not talk like their own people in the Weald of Sussex, and he used different names for farm things, but he understood how they felt, and let them go with him. He had a tiny cottage about half a mile from the village, where his wife made mead from thyme honey, and nursed sick lambs in front of a coal fire, while Old Jim, who was Mr. Dudeney's sheep-dog's father, lay at the door. They brought up beef bones for Old Jim (you must never give a sheep-dog mutton bones), and if Mr. Dudeney happened to be far in the Downs, Mrs. Dudeney would tell the dog to take them to him, and he did.

One August afternoon, when the village water-cart had made the street smell specially townified, they went to look for their shepherd as usual, and, as usual, Old Jim crawled over the door-step and took them in charge. The sun was hot, the dry grass was very slippery, and the distances were very distant.

"It's just like the sea," said Una, when Old Jim halted in the shade of a lonely flint barn on a bare rise. "You see where you're going, and—you go there, and there's nothing between."

Dan slipped off his shoes. "When we get home I shall sit in the woods all day," he said.

"Wuff!" said Old Jim, to show he was ready, and struck across a long rolling stretch of turf. Presently he asked for his beef bone.

"Not yet," said Dan. "Where's Mr. Dudeney? Where's master?"

Old Jim looked as if he thought they were mad, and asked again.

"Don't you give it him," Una cried. "I'm not going to be left howling in a desert."

"Show, boy! Show!" said Dan, for the Downs seemed as bare as the palm of your hand.

Old Jim sighed—and trotted forward. Soon they spied the blob of Mr. Dudeney's hat against the sky a long way off.

"Right! All right!" said Dan. Old Jim wheeled round, took his bone carefully between his blunted teeth, and returned to the shadow of the old barn, looking just like a wolf. The children went on. Two kestrels hung bivvering and squealing above them. A gull flapped



lazily along the white edge of the cliffs. The curves of the Downs shook a little in the heat, and so did Mr. Dudeney's distant head.

They walked toward it very slowly and found themselves staring into a horse-shoe-shaped hollow a hundred feet deep, whose steep sides were laced with tangled sheep-tracks. The flock grazed on the flat at the bottom, under charge of Young Jim. Mr. Dudeney sat comfortably knitting on the edge of the slope, his crook between his knees. They told him what Old Jim had done.

"Ah, he thought you could see my head as soon as he did. The closer you be to the turf the more you see things. You look warm-like," said Mr. Dudeney.

"We be," said Una, flopping down. "And tired."

"Set beside o' me here. The shadow 'll begin to stretch out in a little while, and a heat-shake o' wind will come up with it that 'll overlay your eyes like so much wool."

"We don't want to sleep," said Una, indignantly; but she settled herself as she spoke, in the first strip of early afternoon shade.

"O' course not. You come to talk with me same as your father used. *He* didn't need no dog to guide him to Norton Pit."

"Well, he belonged here," said Dan, and laid himself down at length on the turf.

"He did. And what beats me is why he went off to live among them messy trees in the Weald, when he might ha' stayed here and looked all about him. There's no profit to trees. They draw the lightning, and sheep shelter under 'em, and so, like as not, you'll lose half a score ewes struck dead in one storm. Tek! Your father knew that."

"Trees aren't messy." Una rose on her elbow. "And what about fire-wood? I don't like coal."

"Eh? You lie a piece more up-hill, and you'll lie more natural," said Mr. Dudeney, with his provoking deaf smile. "Now press your face down and smell to the turf. That's Southdown thyme which makes our Southdown mutton beyond compare, and, my mother told me, 'twill cure anything except broken necks, or hearts. I forget which."

They sniffed, and somehow forgot to lift their cheeks from the soft thymy cushions.

"You don't get nothing like that in the Weald. Watercress, maybe?" said Mr. Dudeney.

"But we've water—brooks full of it—where you paddle in hot weather," Una replied, watching a yellow-and-violet-banded snail-shell close to her eye.

"Brooks flood. Then you must shift



MR. DUDENEY SAT COMFORTABLY KNITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE SLOPE





"HE LEARNED TO RUN IN UNDER THE STROKE OF THE HAMMER"

your sheep—let alone foot-rot afterward. I put more dependence on a dew-pond any day."

"How's a dew-pond made?" said Dan, and tilted his hat over his eyes. Mr. Dudeney explained.

The air trembled a little as though it could not make up its mind whether to slide into the Pit or move across the open. But it seemed easiest to go down-hill, and the children felt one soft puff after another slip and sidle down the slope in fragrant breaths that baffled on their eyelids. The little whisper of the sea by the cliffs joined with the whisper of the wind over the grass, the hum of insects in the thyme, the ruffle and rustle of the flock below and a thickish mutter deep in the very chalk beneath them. Mr. Dudeney stopped explaining, and went on with his knitting.

They were roused by voices. The shadow had crept half-way down the steep side of Norton's Pit, and on the edge of it, his back to them, Puck sat

beside a half-naked man who seemed busy at some work. The wind had dropped, and in that funnel of ground every least noise and movement reached them like whispers up a water-pipe.

"That is clever," said Puck, leaning over. "How truly you shape it!"

"Yes, but what does The Beast care for a brittle flint tip? Bah!" The man flicked something contemptuously over his shoulder. It fell between Dan and Una—a beautiful dark-blue flint arrow-head still hot from the maker's hand.

The man reached for another stone, and worked away like a thrush with a snail-shell.

"Flint work is fool's work," he said at last. "One does it because one always did it, but when it comes to dealing with The Beast—no good!" He shook his shaggy head.

"The Beast was dealt with long ago. He has gone," said Puck.

"He'll be back at lambing-time. I know him." He chipped very carefully, and the flints squeaked.



"Not he. Children can lie out on the Chalk now all day through and go home safe."

"Can they? Well, call The Beast by his True Name, and I'll believe it," the man replied.

"Sure-ly!" Puck leaped to his feet, curved his hands round his mouth and shouted: "Wolf! Wolf!"

Norton's Pit threw back the echo from its dry sides—"Wuff! Wuff!" like Young Jim's bark.

"You see? You hear?" said Puck. "Nobody answers. Grey Shepherd is gone. Feet-in-the-Night has run off. There are no more wolves."

"Wonderful!" The man wiped his forehead as though he were hot. "Who drove him away? You?"

"Many men through many years, each working in his own country. Were you one of them?" Puck answered.

The man slid his sheepskin cloak to his waist, and without a word pointed to his side, which was all seamed and blotched with scars. His arms too were dimpled from shoulder to elbow with horrible white dimples.

"I see," said Puck. "It is The Beast's mark. What did you use against him?"

"Hand, hammer, and spear, as our fathers did before us."

"So? Then how"—Puck twitched aside the man's dark-brown cloak—"how did a Flint-worker care for *that*? Show, man, show!" He held out his little hand.

The man slipped a long dark iron knife, almost a short sword, from his belt, and after breathing on it, handed it hilt-first to Puck, who took it with his head on one side, as you should when you look at the works of a watch, squinted down the dark blade, and very delicately rubbed his forefinger from the point to the hilt.

"Good!" said he, in a surprised tone.

"It should be. The Children of the Night made it," the man answered.

"So I see by the iron. What might it have cost you?"

"This!" The man raised his hand to his cheek. Puck whistled like a starling.

"By the Great Rings of the Chalk!" he cried. "Was *that* your price? Turn sunward that I may see better, and shut your eye."

He slipped his hand beneath the man's

chin and swung him till he faced the children up the slope. They saw that his right eye was gone, and the eyelid lay shrunk. Quickly Puck turned him round again, and the two sat down.

"It was for the sheep. The sheep are the people," said the man, in an ashamed voice. "What else could I have done? *You* know, Old One."

Puck sighed a little fluttering sigh. "Take the knife. I listen."

The man bowed his head, drove the knife into the turf, and while it still quivered said: "This is witness between us that I speak the thing that has been. Before my Knife and the Naked Chalk I speak. Touch!"

Puck laid a hand on the hilt. It stopped shaking. The children wriggled a little nearer.

"I am of the People of the Worked Flint. I am the one son of the Priestess who sells the Winds to the Men of the Sea. I am the Buyer of the Knife—the Keeper of the People," the man began, in a sort of singing shout. "These are my names in this country of the Naked Chalk, between the Trees and the Sea."

"Yours was a great country. Your names are great too," said Puck.

"One cannot feed some things on names and songs," the man hit himself on the chest. "It is better—always better—to count one's children safe round the fire, their Mother among them."

"Ahai!" said Puck. "I think this will be a very old tale."

"I warm myself and eat at any fire that I choose, but there is no *one* to light me a fire or cook my meat. I sold all that when I bought the Magic Knife for my people. It was not fit that The Beast should master man. What else could I have done?"

"I hear. I know. I listen," said Puck.

"When I was old enough to take my place in the Sheepguard, The Beast gnawed all our country like a bone between his teeth. He came in behind the flocks at watering-time, and watched them round the Dew-ponds; he leaped into the folds between our knees at the shearing; he walked out alongside the grazing flocks, and chose his meat on the hoof while our boys threw flints at him; he crept by night into the huts, and licked the babe from between the mother's hands; he





*Painting by Elisabeth Shippen Green*

THE MAN HANDED THE KNIFE HILT FIRST TO PUCK







called his companions and pulled down men in broad daylight on the Naked Chalk. No—not always did he do so! *This* was his cunning! He would go away for a while to let us forget him. A year—two years perhaps—we neither smelt nor heard, nor saw him. When our flocks had increased; when our men did not always look behind them; when children strayed from the huts; when our women walked alone to draw water—back, back, back came the Curse of the Chalk, Grey Shepherd, Feet-in-the-Night—The Beast, The Beast, The Beast!

“He laughed at our little brittle arrows and our poor blunt spears. He learned to run in under the stroke of the hammer. I think he knew when there was a flaw in the flint. Often it does not show till you bring it down on his snout. Then—*Pouf!*—the false flint falls all to flinders, and you are left with the hammer-handle in your fist, and his teeth in your flank! I have felt them. At evening, too, in the dew, or when it has misted and rained, your spear-head lashings slack off, though you have kept them beneath your cloak all day. You are alone—but so close to the home ponds that you stop to tighten the sinews with hands, teeth, and a piece of driftwood. You bend over and pull—so! *That* is the minute for which he has followed you since the stars went out. ‘Aarh!’ he says. ‘Wuff!’ he says.” (Norton’s Pit gave back the growl like a pack of real wolves.) “Then he is on your right shoulder feeling for the vein in your neck, and—perhaps your sheep run on without you. To fight The Beast is nothing, but to be despised by The Beast when he fights you—that is like his teeth in the heart! Old One, why is it that men desire so greatly, and can do so little?”

“I do not know. Did you desire so much?” said Puck.

“I desired to master The Beast. It is not fit that The Beast should master man. But my people were afraid. Even my Mother, the Priestess, was afraid when I told her what I desired. We were accustomed to be afraid of The Beast. When I was made a man, and a maiden—she was a Priestess—waited for me at the Dew-ponds, The Beast flitted from off the Chalk. Perhaps it was a sickness; perhaps he had gone to his Gods to learn

how to do us new harm. But he went, and we breathed more freely. The women sang again; the children were not so much guarded; our flocks grazed far out. I took mine yonder”—he pointed inland to the hazy line of the Weald—“where the new grass was best. They grazed north. I followed till we were close to the Trees”—he lowered his voice—“close *there* where the Children of the Night live.” He pointed north again.

“Ah, now I remember a thing,” said Puck. “Tell me; why did your people fear the Trees so extremely?”

“Because the Gods hate the Trees and strike them with lightning. We can see them burning for days all along the Chalk’s edge. Besides, all the Chalk knows that the Children of the Night, though they worship our Gods, are magicians. When a man goes into their country, they change his spirit; they put words into his mouth; they make him like talking water. But a voice in my heart told me to go toward the north. While I watched my sheep there I saw three Beasts chasing a man, who ran toward the Trees. By this I knew he was a Child of the Night. We Flint-workers fear the Trees more than we fear The Beast. He had no hammer; he carried a knife like this one. A Beast leaped at him. He stretched out his knife. The Beast fell dead. The other Beasts ran away howling, which they would never have done from a Flint-worker. The man went in among the Trees. I looked for the dead Beast. He had been killed in a new way—by a single deep, clean cut, without bruise or tear, which had split his bad heart. Wonderful! So I saw that the man’s knife was magic, and I thought how to get it. Thought strongly how to get it.

“When I brought the flocks to the shearing, my Mother the Priestess asked me, ‘What is the new thing which you have seen and I see in your face?’ I said, ‘It is a sorrow to me,’ and she answered: ‘All new things are sorrow. Sit in my place, and eat sorrow.’ I sat down in her place by the fire, where she talks to the ghosts in winter, and two voices spoke in my heart. One voice said: ‘Ask the Children of the Night for the Magic Knife. It is not fit that The Beast should master man.’ I listened to that voice.



"One voice said: 'If you go among the Trees, the Children of the Night will change your spirit. Eat and sleep here.' The other voice said, 'Ask for the Knife.' I listened to that voice.

"I said to my Mother in the morning, 'I go away to find a thing for the people, but I do not know whether I shall return in my own shape.' She answered, 'Whether you live or die, or are made different, I am your Mother.'"

"True," said Puck. "The Old Ones themselves cannot change men's mothers even if they would."

"Let us thank the Old Ones! I spoke to my maiden, the Priestess who waited for me at the Dew-ponds. She promised fine things too." The man laughed. "I went away to that place where I had seen the magician with the knife. I lay out two days on the short grass before I ventured among the Trees. I felt my way before me with a stick. I was afraid of the terrible talking Trees. I was afraid of the ghosts in the branches; of the soft ground underfoot; of the red

and black waters. I was afraid, above all, of the Change. It came!"

They saw him wipe his forehead once again, and his strong back muscles quivered till he laid his hand on the knife-hilt.

"A fire without a flame burned in my head; an evil taste grew in my mouth; my eyelids shut hot over my eyes; my breath was hot between my teeth, and my hands were like the hands of a stranger. I was made to sing songs and to mock the Trees, though I was afraid of them. At the same time I saw myself laughing, and I was very sad for this fine young man, who was myself. Ah! The Children of the Night know magic."

"I think that is done by the Spirits of the Mist. They change a man if he sleeps among them," said Puck. "Had you slept in any mists?"

"Yes—but I know it was the Children of the Night. After three days I saw a red light behind the Trees, and I heard a heavy noise. I saw the Children of the Night dig red stones from a hole, and lay them in fires. The stones melted like



"A MAIDEN WAITED FOR ME AT THE DEW-PONDS "





"I WAS AFRAID OF THE TERRIBLE TALKING TREES"

tallow, and the men beat the soft stuff with hammers. I wished to speak to these men, but the words were changed in my mouth, and all I could say was: 'Do not make that noise. It hurts my head.' By this I knew that I was bewitched, and I clung to the Trees, and prayed the Children of the Night to take off their spells. They were cruel. They asked me many questions which they would never allow me to answer. They changed my words between my teeth till I wept. Then they led me into a hut and covered the floor with hot stones and dashed water on the stones, and sang charms till the sweat poured off me like water. I slept. When I waked, my own spirit—not the strange, shouting thing—was back in my body, and I was like a cool bright stone on the shingle between the sea and the sunshine. The magicians came to hear me—women and men—each wearing a magic knife. Their Priestess was their Ears and their Mouth.

"I spoke. I spoke many words that went smoothly along like sheep in order when their shepherd, standing on a mound, can count those coming, and those far off getting ready to come. I asked for Magic Knives for my people. I said that my people would bring meat, and milk, and wool, and lay them in the short grass outside the Trees, if the Children of the Night would leave Magic Knives for our

people to take away. They were pleased. Their Priestess said, 'For whose sake have you come?' I answered: 'The sheep are the people. If The Beast kills our sheep, our people die. So I come for a Magic Knife to kill The Beast.'

"She said: 'We do not know if our God will let us trade with the people of the Naked Chalk. Wait till we have asked.'

"When they came back from the Question place (their Gods are our Gods), their Priestess said, 'The God needs a proof that your words are true.' I said, 'What is the proof?' She said: 'The God says that if you have come for the sake of your people you will give him your right eye to be put out; but if you have come for any other reason you will not give it. This proof is between you and the God. We ourselves are sorry.'

"I said: 'This is a hard proof. Is there no other road?'

"She said: 'Yes. You can go back to your people with your two eyes in your head if you choose. But then you will not get any Magic Knives for your people.'

"I said, 'It would be easier if I knew that I were to be killed.'

"She said: 'Perhaps the God knew this too. See! I have made my knife hot.'

"I said, 'Be quick, then!' With her





"SHE ASKED THAT I SHOULD BLESS THEIR CHILDREN"

knife heated in the flame she put out my right eye. She herself did it. I am the son of a Priestess. She was a Priestess. It was not work for any common man."

"True! Most true," said Puck. "No common man's work, that. And, afterwards?"

"Afterwards I did not see out of that eye any more. I found also that a one eye does not tell you truly where things are. Try it!"

At this Dan put his hand over one eye, and reached for the flint arrow-head on the grass. He missed it by inches. "It's true," he whispered to Una. "You can't judge distances a bit with only one eye."

Puck was evidently making the same experiment, for the man laughed at him.

"I know it is so," said he. "Even now I am not always sure of my blow. I stayed with the Children of the Night till my eye healed. They said I was the son of Tyr, the God who put his right hand in a Beast's mouth. They showed me how they melted their red stone and made the Magic Knives of it. They told me the charms they sang over the fires and at the beatings. I can sing many charms." Then he began to laugh like a boy.

"I was thinking of my journey home," he said, "and of the surprised Beast. He had come back to the Chalk. I saw him—I smelt his lairs as soon as ever I left the Trees. He did not know I had

the Magic Knife—I hid it under my cloak—the Knife that the Priestess gave me. Ho! Ho! That happy day was too short! See! A Beast would wind me. 'Wow!' he would say, 'here is my Flint-worker!' He would come leaping, tail in air; he would roll; he would lay his head between his paws out of merriness of heart at his warm, waiting meal. He would leap—and, oh, his eye in mid-leap when he saw—when he saw the knife held ready for him! It pierced his hide as a rush pierces curdled milk. Often he had no time to howl. I did not trouble to flay any Beasts I killed. Sometimes I missed my blow. Then I took my little flint hammer and beat out his brains as he cowered. He made no fight. He knew the knife! But The Beast is very cunning. Before evening all The Beasts had smelt the blood on my knife, and were running from me like hares. *They* knew! Then I walked as a Man should—the Master of The Beast!

"So came I back to my Mother's house. There was a lamb to be killed. I cut it in two halves with my knife, and I told her all my tale. She said, 'This is the work of a God.' I kissed her and laughed. I went to my maiden who waited for me at the Dew-ponds. There was a lamb to be killed. I cut it in two halves with my knife, and told her all my tale. She said, 'It is the work of a God.' I laughed, but she pushed me away, and being on my blind side, ran off





*Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

"SEE! I HAVE MADE MY KNIFE HOT"







before I could kiss her. I went to the Men of the Sheepguard at watering-time. There was a sheep to be killed for their meat. I cut it in two halves with my knife, and told them all my tale. They said, 'It is the work of a God.' I said: 'We talk too much about Gods. Let us eat and be happy, and to-morrow I will take you to the People of the Trees, and each man will find a Magic Knife.'

"I was glad to smell our sheep again; to see the broad sky from edge to edge, and to see the sea. I slept beneath the stars in my cloak. The men talked among themselves.

"I led them, the next day, to the Trees, taking with me meat, wool, and curdled milk, as I had promised. We found the Magic Knives laid out on the grass, as the Children of the Night had promised. They watched us from among the Trees. Their Priestess called to me and said, 'How is it with your people?' I said: 'Their hearts are changed. I cannot see their hearts as I used to.' She said: 'That is because you have only one eye. Come to me and I will be both your eyes.' But I said, 'I must show my people how to use their knives against The Beast, as you showed me how to use my knife.' I said this because the Magic Knife does not balance like the flint. She said, 'What you have done, you have done for the sake of a woman, and not for the sake of your people.' I asked of her, 'Then why did your God accept my right eye, and why are you so angry?' She answered: 'Because any man can lie to a God, but no man can lie to a woman. And I am not angry with you. I am only very sorrowful for you. Wait a little, and you will see out of your one eye why I am sorry.' So she hid herself.

"I went back with my people, each one carrying his knife, and making it sing in the air—*tssee-sssse*. The flint never sings. It mutters—*ump-ump*. The Beast heard. The Beast saw. *He* knew! Everywhere he ran away from us. We all laughed. As we walked over the grass my Mother's brother—the Chief on the Man's side—he took off his Chief's neck-lace of yellow sea-stones."

"How? Eh? Oh, I remember! Amber," said Puck.

"And would have put them on my neck. I said: 'No, I am content. What

does my one eye matter if my other eye sees fat sheep and fat children running about safely?' My Mother's brother said to them, 'I told you he would never take such things.' Then they began to sing a song in the Old Tongue—*The Song of the Hand*, which is the song of Tyr, who gave his right hand to conquer a Beast. I sang with them, but my Mother's brother said: 'This is *your* song, oh, Buyer of the Knife. Let *us* sing it, Tyr.'

"Even then I did not understand, till I saw that—that no man stepped on my shadow; and I knew that they thought me to be a God, like the God Tyr, who gave his right hand to conquer a Great Beast."

"By the Fire in the Belly of the Flint, was that so?" Puck rapped out.

"By my Knife and the Naked Chalk, so it was! They made way for my shadow as though it had been a priestess walking to the Barrows of the Dead. I was afraid. I said to myself, 'My Mother and my Maiden will know I am not Tyr.' But *still* I was afraid with the fear of a man who falls into a steep flint pit while he runs, and feels that it will be hard to climb out.

"When we came to the Dew-ponds all our people were there. The men showed their knives and told their tale. The sheepguards also had seen The Beast flying from us. The Beast went west across the river in packs—howling! He knew the Knife had come to the Naked Chalk at last—at last! *He* knew! So my work was done. I looked for my Maiden among the Priestesses. She looked at me, but she did not smile. She made the sign to me that our Priestesses must make when they sacrifice to the Old Dead in the Barrows. I would have spoken, but my Mother's brother made himself my Mouth, as though I had been one of the Old Dead in the Barrows for whom our Priests speak to the people on Midsummer mornings."

"I remember. Well I remember those midsummer mornings," said Puck.

"Then I went away angrily to my Mother's house. She would have knelt before me. Then I was more angry, but she said: 'Only a God would have spoken to me thus, a Priestess. A man would have feared the punishment of the Gods.' I looked at her and I laughed. I





PUCK AND THE CHILDREN

could not stop my unhappy laughing. They called me from the door by the name of Tyr himself. A young man with whom I had watched my first flocks, and chipped my first arrow, and fought my first Beast, called me by that name in the Old Tongue. He asked my leave to take my Maiden. His eyes were lowered, his hands were on his forehead. He was full of the fear of a God, but of *me*, a man, he had no fear when he asked. I did not kill him. I said, 'Call the maiden.' She came also without fear—this very one that had waited for me, that had talked with me by our Dew-ponds. Being a Priestess, she lifted her eyes to me. As I look on a hill or a cloud, so she looked at me. She spoke in the Old Tongue which Priestesses use when they make prayers to the Old Dead in the Barrows. She asked leave that she might light the fire in my companion's house—and that I should bless their children. I did not kill her. I heard my own voice, little and cold, say, 'Let it be as you desire,' and they went away hand in hand. My heart grew little and cold; a wind shouted in my ears; my eye darkened. I said to my Mother, 'Can a God die?' I heard her say: 'What is it? What is it, my son?' and I fell into darkness full of hammer-noises. I was not."

"Oh, poor—poor God!" said Puck. "And your wise Mother?"

"*She* knew. As soon as I dropped she knew. When my spirit came back I heard her whisper on my ear, 'Whether you live or die, or are made different, I

am your Mother.' That was good—better even than the water she gave me and the going away of the sickness. Though I was ashamed to have fallen down, yet I was very glad. She was glad too. Neither of us wished to lose the other. There is only the one Mother for the one man. I heaped the fire for her, and barred the doors, and sat at her feet as before I went away, and she combed my hair, and sang.

I said at last, 'What is to be done to the people who say that I am Tyr?'

"She said: 'He who has done a God-like thing must bear himself like a God. I see no way out of it. The people are now your sheep till you die. You cannot drive them off.'

"I said, 'This is a heavier sheep than I can lift.' She said: 'In time it will grow easy. In time perhaps you will not lay it down for any maiden anywhere. Be wise—be very wise, my son, for nothing is left you except the words, and the songs, and the worship of a God.'

"Oh, poor God!" said Puck. "But those are not altogether bad things."

"I know they are not; but I would sell them all—all—all for one small child of my own, smearing himself with the ashes of our own house-fire."

He wrenched his knife from the turf, thrust it into his belt, and stood up.

"And yet, what else could I have done?" he said. "The sheep are the people."

"It is a very old tale," Puck answered. "I have heard the like of it not only on



the Naked Chalk, but also among the Trees—under Oak, and Ash, and Thorn."

The afternoon shadows filled all the quiet emptiness of Norton's Pit. The children heard the sheep bells and Young Jim's busy bark above them, and they scrambled up the slope to the level.

"We let you have your sleep out," said Mr. Dudeney, as the flock scattered before them. "It's making for tea-time now."

"Look what I've found," said Dan, and held up a little blue flint arrow-head as fresh as though it had been chipped that very day.

"Oh," said Mr. Dudeney, "the closer you be to the turf the more you're apt to see things. I've found 'em often. Some says the fairies made 'em, but I says they was made by folks like ourselves—only a goodish time back. They're

lucky to keep. Now, you couldn't ever have slept—not to any profit—among your father's trees same as you've laid out on Naked Chalk—could you?"

"One doesn't want to sleep in the woods," said Una.

"Then what's the good of 'em?" said Mr. Dudeney. "'Might as well set in the barn all day. Fetch 'em 'long, Jim boy!"

The Downs that looked so bare and hot when they came were full of delicious little shadow-dimples; the smell of the thyme and the salt mixed together on the southwest drift from the still sea; their eyes dazzled with the low sun, and the long grass under it looked golden. The sheep knew where the fold was, so Young Jim came back to his master, and they all four strolled home, the scabious-heads swishing about their ankles, and their shadows streaking behind them like the shadows of giants.

## "O Wind, A-Blowing All Day Long"

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

CLOUDS adrift in the wind-swept sky,  
Silver willows, and fields that flow  
With rippling grass when the wind and I  
Forth in the world of summer go!

The wind goes singing of roads that wind  
Like shining ribbons by hill and dale,  
Of meadow and woodland left behind,  
Of ruffled water and close-reefed sail.

Then its song grows wilder and sweeter yet,  
And it sings of a time that used to be,  
Till I half remember and half forget  
When I with the wind went wandering free.

Free from this prisoning house of clay,  
Swinging in tree-tops and chasing the rain;  
And my listening spirit longs for the day  
It shall roam the world with the wind again.



# The Energy of Radium

BY FREDERICK SODDY

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RADIUM, the element giving out perennially light and heat, has passed from being a nine-days' marvel into one of the permanent wonders of the world. The new property it exhibits, radioactivity, has in an incredibly short time given birth to a new science, which, sweeping all before it, now advances to a position from which it throws a flood of new light upon some of the most fundamental relations which exist between man and the environment by which his physical life is circumscribed. Its conclusions are of considerable general interest, and if they are to be reached at all in an article of this character and length it is necessary to deal only with the broader outlines of the subject and to leave the reader to obtain more detailed information from other sources. Missing links in the chain of reasoning in this narrative are unavoidable simply for reasons of space, but those lay readers who have the time and inclination to pursue the subject may be referred to a recent book by the writer, *Interpretation of Radium*, for a detailed account of the essentials of the subject. The scientific student may be referred to one of the standard treatises, such as, for example, Professor Rutherford's *Radioactivity*.

The whole phenomenon of radioactivity can be epitomized by the statement that the radioactive elements—in the case of radium quite obviously—are giving out energy continuously from themselves. At first sight they are in the true scientific sense perpetual-motion machines giving out an unceasing supply of energy, capable of performing mechanical work, without any external source or stimulus, and without apparently undergoing change. It is true that the constancy of the supply of energy and the unchanging character of the source are only apparent. Over very

long periods of time, far beyond the limits of a single life, the radioactive matter will become exhausted and the supply of energy will gradually diminish and ultimately cease. Nevertheless, over a single lifetime, or even over a long period of history, radium is for all intents and purposes a practical perpetual-motion machine. This qualification preserves the fundamental laws of energy, which state in effect that a perpetual-motion machine is an impossibility; but, for all that, the new discoveries have profoundly altered the significance of these laws in their applications—unconscious for the most part, but none the less effectual—to the problem of existence in its most general form. The property of radioactivity has revealed to us the existence within matter in general of a vast amount of energy previously quite unknown and unsuspected.

Of the importance of energy in the business of life there is little need to speak. Thus chemistry to-day synthesizes for us—that is to say, it puts together atom by atom, element by element, as a child builds a house of bricks—the particular molecular structures which make our dyes and our drugs. To-morrow there is no reason why our food itself will not be made “by machinery.” A native in the south of France, asked by a tourist what had become of all the madder plantations, replied that they made the dye now “by machinery.” At the present time the indigo-planter is making a desperate fight against a similar fate. The tourist had his question answered more truly than he knew. The chemist recognizes more clearly perhaps than any one that the commodities he synthesizes or manufactures from their primitive constituents are not made up only of materials. Each molecule represents a store of the fundamental commodity we call energy,



and that energy must be put into it somehow and must be derived from some source, such as fuel, which is consumed in the process. Indeed, a very considerable and interesting step forward toward the artificial production of food is even now in progress in the processes that are being developed for the utilization of atmospheric nitrogen, for the manufacture of artificial fertilizers. Nitrogen is an essential constituent of food, and four-fifths of the atmosphere is elementary nitrogen. Fertilizers contain combined nitrogen, and act by supplying to the plant in a combined form the nitrogen which it is unable to get from the air directly to any important extent. Why? Because the plant requires energy as well as nitrogen, and before nitrogen will enter into combination energy must be absorbed by it. The chemist gets the energy perhaps from a waterfall, converts it usually into electrical energy, and, with this energy at his disposal and control, in one way or another he converts the elementary nitrogen into compounds, possessing a store of energy, which are capable of being assimilated by the plant. True, he is only as yet making the work of the plant easy and causing it to bring forth more abundantly than it would provided it had to fend for its energy entirely for itself. But, for all that, the energy that before ran to waste over the waterfall is in part now moving the bodies of human beings. The illustration serves to show how much science can do provided energy is obtainable. Without it, on the other hand, all the wealth of dead material and all the science of the world can avail absolutely nothing. Physical death, uniform stagnation of motion and temperature, would be the necessary fate of any world from which the supply of energy were cut off.

What are the primary sources of natural energy? It sounds incredible, but nevertheless it is true, that science up to the close of the nineteenth century had no suspicion even of the existence of the original sources of natural energy. With a few exceptions of relatively little importance the source of all the energy employed in daily life was referred to the sun, the heat and light from which were either stored up in the earth as coal,

etc., through the agency of vegetation during bygone ages, or are being now received, producing waterfalls and winds. This led inevitably to calculations as to how long the sun might be expected to continue to supply us before it was exhausted. At once arose a sharp controversy between certain physicists who held that the sun could not possibly continue to supply the earth with energy at anything like its present rate for more than ten or fifteen millions of years at most, and the geologists, who held that they had indisputable evidence that the earth had in the past existed in much the same physical conditions as at present for many hundreds of millions of years.

It was not until radioactivity was discovered and the mysterious energy which flows out in an incessant stream from the radioactive elements was traced to its source that any real reconciliation between these rival views became possible. Then it became clear that the primary fountains of energy in the universe had till then remained hidden. Just as energy may be stored up in certain kinds of molecules and given out when these are changed into new kinds possessing less energy—as, for example, when coal is burned—so we have recently learned that energy is stored up, but on an almost infinitely grander scale, in the *atoms*—the foundation stones of the universe, as Clerk-Maxwell called them—the primary units of elementary matter which have resisted every attempt that has been made to change or transmute them. Although we cannot change them, these atoms in the case of certain elements—the radioactive elements—are changing spontaneously, usually with excessive slowness, and radioactivity is the result of these changes. In these new changes elements possessing a lesser store of internal energy are produced, and this accounts for the steady outpouring of fresh energy from radioactive matter.

In order to make it clear that the energy which is given out in these radioactive or transmutational changes of atoms is almost infinitely great compared with what is produced in the ordinary chemical changes of molecules, let us contrast the heat given out by radium with that given out by the burning of coal, since the latter process furnishes



the vast proportion of energy used in the world's work to-day. The heat generated every hour from radium, if not permitted to escape, would suffice to raise a mass of water equal to the mass of the radium from freezing-point to boiling-point. Now in the burning of coal the total heat evolved is sufficient to raise a mass of water about eighty times greater than the mass of the coal from the freezing-point to the boiling-point. Hence in eighty hours, or three and a third days, radium evolves the same amount of energy as can be obtained in the complete combustion of the same weight of coal. In a year, since the heat evolution from radium is practically constant and continuous, radium evolves more than a hundred times as much energy as can be obtained from coal. It would take us too far into details to consider the reasoning by which it has been determined how long radium will continue to evolve its energy, but this is known with tolerable accuracy. It has been determined that in a year only 1-2500th part of the radium changes, so that the total amount of energy that would be given out before the radium was exhausted is 2,500 times that given out in the course of a year, or about a quarter of a million times as much as is given out in the combustion of an equal weight of coal. Yet in the combustion of coal, taking also into account the oxygen used up, one obtains almost as much energy, weight for weight of matter involved, as in any other change previously known.

In this calculation we have altogether ignored one of the most remarkable features of the process. The heat evolved from radium is derived from the bombardment of itself and neighboring objects by the so-called "rays." Almost every detail of this new process has been made clear by numerous investigations. A small definite fraction of the total number of atoms of a radioactive element suddenly explodes. Certain fragments of the disrupted atom—constituting the so-called  $\alpha$ -rays—are projected outward, like the projectile from a gun, with all but a few per cent. of the total energy of the explosion. These particles have been proved to travel with a velocity which varies with different radio-elements from 6,000 to 12,000 miles

a second. That is to say, they travel with a velocity hundreds of times greater than that of the fastest moving material thing known in our whole experience of nature. It has been definitely proved by a long series of beautiful experiments, of which space forbids the mention of more than the final conclusion, that the  $\alpha$ -particles, from whatever radio-element derived, are atoms of the element helium, the second lightest element known. Since the velocity of the  $\alpha$ -particle is many hundreds of times greater than that of any other moving body known, mass for mass, its energy, which is measured by the square of its velocity, must be many tens of thousand times greater. Indeed, means have been devised by Rutherford whereby the expulsion of a single  $\alpha$ -particle—that is to say, the disintegration of a single atom of radium—can be made to record a clear indication on a suitable measuring instrument. It is this unique feature to which our whole knowledge of radio-activity is due. In the well-known spinthariscopes of Sir William Crookes an unweighable quantity of radium on a needle-point is placed near a suitable phosphorescent screen which can be examined by a lens in the dark. The whole screen then appears like nothing so much as a swarm of shooting stars. Bright momentary flashes of light fill the field of vision, and it has been proved that each of the flashes of light is due to the bombardment of the phosphorescent screen with the  $\alpha$ -particles projected from the radium. Each flash is the result of a single  $\alpha$ -particle striking the screen, and the instrument reveals to the eye for the first time the individual atom of matter.

Without these new methods of detecting infinitesimal quantities of radioactive matter it is safe to say we should know no more to-day than was known twenty years or, for that matter, twenty centuries ago. It is easy with a few well-chosen experiments, even with only a small fraction of a grain of radium, to demonstrate to an audience that it is a most wonderful kind of matter. But remember that a grain of radium represents in concentrated form the greater part of the radioactivity of nearly a ton of pitchblende, the mineral from which



it is derived, and nobody before Madame Curie in 1898 suspected the existence of any remarkable new element in pitchblende. Just as a swarm of meteors in the heavens might remain all unknown and unsuspected until a few found their way into our atmosphere, producing a brilliant display of shooting stars, their kinetic energy rather than themselves revealing their presence, so the kinetic energy of a single atom of a radioactive body actually disintegrating suffices to reveal its presence, although the total quantities of radioactive matter (as in the spinthariscopes) may be so small that it could be detected by none of the older tests. For many years past several workers, including the writer, have been engaged in measuring quantities of radium not exceeding a million-millionth of a grain distributed among several pounds' weight of other materials, to a degree of accuracy of perhaps the twentieth part of this small amount. This leaves the best that can be done with the spectroscope far behind. It is because radioactivity has such delicate and accurate methods of measurements that it has made such strides. The doctrines it teaches are novel, but so also are the field it explores and the quantities with which it habitually deals.

These discoveries have thus revealed a new and hitherto unsuspected store of energy in nature, resident in the structure of the elementary atoms themselves, which is many hundred thousand times greater than the stores contained in the most energetic kinds of matter previously known. The old laws of energy, which deemed a perpetual-motion machine an impossibility, have been upheld, for the new views trace the source of the energy of the radio-elements, not to the operation of a permanent and unchanging mechanism, but to a process of slow continuous change which involves the diminution in quantity and ultimately the complete disappearance of the radio-element and its transmutation into other elements, possessing less energy. It shifts the focus of interest from the superficially apparent features of radioactivity to the strangely novel underlying process of subatomic rearrangements and transmutations of which the emission of rays is but the consequence and mani-

festation. Transmutation of the elements, so far from being an impossibility, is going on continuously in nature, now our eyes have been opened to see, and the recognition of this has rolled back the boundaries of knowledge in many directions. In one important point, however, these naturally occurring transmutations bear out the orthodox views of chemists with reference to the subject. The chemist denied the possibility of transmutation because all his attempts to effect it, even with the most powerful engines of modern research, had met with failure. In this sense transmutation is still as far from accomplishment as ever it was. We believe that the radioactive elements are naturally and spontaneously undergoing transmutation, but this process and the rate at which it is going on are absolutely unaffected by the most powerful influences that can be brought to bear upon it. Numerous and varied as the attempts made have been, by no means known is it possible to affect the rate at which the radio-elements are disintegrating. Transmutation becomes more real than ever a feat impossible to accomplish at the present time, now that we can study actual examples of the process in radioactivity without being able to influence or affect in the slightest degree the natural course of the process. The practical significance of this feature of the subject will appear as we proceed.

It must not be supposed that radium, because it is, from the point of view of its radioactivity, a novel and almost unique form of matter, is abnormal in any other way. Viewed simply as chemical elements, radium, thorium, and uranium, the three best known of the radio-elements, are quite ordinary. Their entire properties are what would be anticipated from the values of their atomic weights. Both chemically and in the characteristics of its spectrum, radium is entirely analogous to the other members of the same family of elements in the Periodic System—barium, strontium, and calcium—but none of the latter shows the slightest detectable radioactivity. Thus barium, strontium, and calcium possess the not very common property of imparting brilliant colors to flames. The green and red fires of the pyrotechnist are compounded respectively of barium and



strontium salts. Radium, true to its group, imparts to a flame a magnificent carmine tint. Its spectrum lines bear a very close relation, of a regular mathematical kind, with the spectrum lines of the non-radioactive members of the same chemical family.

Radioactivity is the terminal event only, in the life of an atom, which otherwise is in no way whatever differentiated from an ordinary atom. For untold ages it may pursue its normal existence, giving no hint of its stored-up potentialities of energy until the final moment in its long life-history arrives, when this energy is revealed for the first time in a meteoric display of power and magnificence unequalled in the whole round of explored nature. We may now ask why some elements like radium are intensely radioactive, others like uranium and thorium very feebly so, and the remainder not radioactive at all. In the first place it depends obviously upon the period of average life of the atom, and this period is now known with considerable accuracy for all the different kinds of atoms that are radioactive. We have seen that for radium about 1-2500th part is known to suffer disintegration per year, and this is equivalent to saying that the period of average life of the radium atom is 2,500 years. If two different kinds of radioactive atoms each gave out similar quantities of energy on disintegration and the period of average life of one was ten times greater than that of the other, then for similar quantities the shorter-lived body would be ten times as intensely radioactive as the longer-lived body, but its radioactivity would only last a tenth as long. Uranium and thorium, although their radioactivity is less than a millionth as great as that of radium, are not on this account any less wonderful. It is all a question of period. The period of average life of uranium is known with very fair accuracy. It is the enormous time of 7,500,000,000 years. The radioactivity of uranium is many million times less than that of radium, but it will last many million times as long. As for the vast majority of elements which are not appreciably radioactive, their periods, if they disintegrate at all, must be vastly longer than uranium, and, in fact, so long that for prac-

tical purposes they may be regarded as stable elements, or elements with an infinite period of life. When, however, we contemplate the entire similarity of nature, as revealed by spectroscopic and chemical behavior that exists between the elements which are radioactive and those which are not, we can hardly believe that this immense store of internal energy associated with the internal structure of the atom is the sole possession of radioactive matter. It is no leap into the dark, but a sober deduction from the broad-based principles of physical science that this new and startling aspect of the elements, as reservoirs of tremendous amounts of energy, is true to greater or less extent of all matter, radioactive or not. The radioactivity or instability of the atom merely reveals the existence of this energy which is probably the common possession of all atoms to greater or less degree. This is the strangest and most significant feature of the whole development. At first radium appears to us as something altogether transcending in nature common matter, but as we proceed in its examination we are forced to ascribe the whole of its remarkable nature to the particular rate at which this element happens to be disintegrating. The power concealed in radium is certainly present also in the comparatively common elements uranium and thorium, and may well be also in elements which are not radioactive at all. It would be unwise, if only because it is quite unnecessary, to labor this point in the argument. We may leave the non-radioactive elements out of consideration altogether. Is it not sufficiently significant that in uranium and thorium, elements the compounds of which are manufactured commercially by the ton at the present day, there is imprisoned energy many hundred thousand times greater than is obtainable from the same weight of coal? One could carry in a pint bottle enough to drive a *Mauretania* round the world. Yet so slowly is this energy being evolved—little more than one ten-thousand-millionth part per year—and so powerless are we at the present time artificially to accelerate this natural rate of evolution, that even the glow-worm furnishes a more practically useful source of energy at the present day.



In the case of radium, the energy is given out sufficiently rapidly to produce very remarkable effects quite capable of being turned to useful account, provided we could obtain it in considerable quantities. But here we touch another fundamental aspect of the recent developments. Radium is an excessively rare substance *because* it is changing relatively rapidly. Indeed, it is changing so rapidly that, however great a quantity there might originally have been in the earth, in the course of a few tens of thousands of years practically none of it would remain. It would all have disintegrated. That any remains at all at the present time is due to the fact that it is being continuously reproduced as fast as it disintegrates, being formed as one of the products in the disintegration of the element uranium. Recently, after six years' continuous work, direct experiments have demonstrated the production of radium from uranium. On this fact, since uranium changes into radium, expelling several  $\alpha$ -particles with their tremendous energy in doing so, is based one of the arguments that uranium must contain all the energy contained in radium, and more. One of the consequences of the parental relation between uranium and radium is that there must always exist the same ratio between the quantities of uranium and radium in the world as there is between their periods of average life—or, in other words, for every grain of radium that exists there must exist about four hundred pounds of the parent element uranium. So that any hope one might entertain ever to find radium in any large quantity, sufficient to furnish a practical source of energy, is doomed to disappointment.

Do not, however, suppose that because the new sources of energy are barred to us at present on all sides that they are on that account of no practical importance. Nature, as we know, does all her grandest works by slow, imperceptible processes operating continuously over endless periods of time. Radioactivity is essentially one of the processes after Nature's own heart. One of the most significant applications of radioactivity has been in the science of geology. It has been shown that radium, in spite of

its excessive rarity, is a very widely distributed element, and it, together with the necessary quantity of its parent uranium, is a constituent to an almost infinitesimal extent in all the common igneous and sedimentary rocks which go to make up the earth's crust.\* The quantities of radium are, it is true, only to be expressed in million-millionths of the whole. But, for all that, on a world-scale the energy given out by it is sufficient to render necessary a complete reconsideration of all the questions connected with the age of the earth, its past and future history, and the temperature of its interior.

A most interesting example may be cited of the intense practical importance of radioactivity in some of the problems of modern engineering. It will be recalled that at one period the success of the Simplon Tunnel operations was jeopardized by the unexpectedly high temperatures met with by the workers in their progress into the mountain. From a careful examination Joly concluded that the high temperatures were probably connected with the fact that the rocks encountered in some parts contained an unusually high percentage of radium. Thus, if this view be well founded, the presence of a few million-millionths of radium in the rock came near to wrecking a mighty engineering project otherwise faultlessly planned and superbly executed.

If the whole earth contains throughout the same average proportion of radium as is contained in the surface-rocks, the heat given out from the radium is more than enough to balance the whole loss of heat from the earth by radiation into outer space. It follows, if this be so, that this planet must actually be growing hotter rather than colder by virtue of its own internal stores of energy resident in the elementary atoms of which it is composed. We may quote an interesting conclusion from Professor Joly's book, based upon the assumption that there are two parts per 1,000,000,000,000 of radium distributed throughout the entire earth—a proportion much below what he himself found as the

\* Compare *Radioactivity and Geology*, by Professor J. Joly. (Constable & Co., London, 1909.)



average for a large number of representative rocks he analyzed. "Before the hundred million years had run their course the world with such a constitution must become once again a heated mass throughout. We possess really no assurance that such a consummation does not await the future, nor evidence that such has not more than once been an event of the past." Truly it may be said that only in the present century have we become cognizant of the major forces of the universe which rejuvenate it perennially and which guide and control its destiny and ours.

The vista which has been opened out by these new discoveries admittedly is without parallel in the whole history of science. The struggle for existence is recognized in the first instance as a struggle for fresh energy. Provided only that this energy is forthcoming in unlimited amount, science has advanced far enough to be able largely to ameliorate the more brutal aspect of the struggle and more and more to wrest from Nature the control she still exerts over the conditions of our existence. But the world's demand for energy is ever increasing and will continue to increase, while the available supply of fuel is ever diminishing and must continue to diminish. There is only one conclusion. Sooner or later man must gain command of the newly recognized internal stores of energy in matter and control them for his own purposes, or he must lose so much of dominance as he has already attained. On the other hand, if he succeeded in tapping these primary sources of energy, the future would bear as little relation to the past as the life of a dragon-fly does to that of its aquatic prototype. It is clear at once that this problem which faces the future is but in a new guise the oldest scientific problem which has attracted the imagination of man from the earliest times. It is simply the transmutation of the elements. Radioactivity is the manifestation of a slow natural process of transmutation which we cannot as yet accelerate or influence in any way. To draw upon the internal energy of uranium, for example, and make it evolve in a reasonably short time the energy which naturally it spreads over thousands of millions of years, we

must be able to transmute it artificially and at will. We must be able to do for it quickly what it is doing for itself so leisurely and imperturbably. Put in this way the problem appears far from insoluble, but it is dangerous in such a new field to draw any analogy. We are accustomed to consider the powers we already control as sufficiently formidable, but here we are one step nearer to the fundamental entities, and what a difference it makes! These primal processes of radioactivity are as little affected by the most formidable forces known to us as a telegraphic message is by the howling of a tempest round the wire. In radioactivity we have crossed the boundary, and for the first time have passed *within* the atom—a very great step and one which hitherto has been attempted in vain. Possibly it is the most difficult step of the journey. But by so doing we have left behind the old sciences as though they no longer existed. Heat, light, gravitation, thermo-dynamics, chemistry, possibly even electricity, play no part and have no meaning in the new world that has opened out inside the atom. Science has now to begin all over again right at the alphabet.

The very simplicity of the process of atomic disintegration is one of the chief difficulties in the way of further advance. Given any number of radioactive atoms of one kind, independently of their previous history or present environment, a certain definite fraction of the whole disintegrates in each unit of time. It does not make any difference whether the particular atoms chosen form the remainder which have survived disintegration out of a much larger number originally in existence, and, therefore, which have all already existed a considerable period, or whether they have all just been formed from their parent element and therefore are all newly born. The fraction disintegrating per second is the same for each. This is perhaps the first letter of the new alphabet, for it shows clearly that the period of past existence of the atom can have nothing to do with its disintegration. The latter is not the culmination of a gradual process of evolutionary change which is at work in the atom all the time. Chemistry on the whole is also against any gradual



evolution of the elements in this sense. Each atom carries within itself some sort of independent clock which explodes it at the appointed time. Indeed, it has been suggested that the period of average life of a radio-element furnishes a means for the absolute measurement of time free from the secular variations which vitiate the existing methods based upon the sequence of astronomical events. In the course of, say, a thousand million years uranium, for all we know, will still be disintegrating at its present rate. By then the astronomical day and year—that is to say, the periods of rotation and revolution of the earth from which we derive those units of time—might conceivably, as is now the case with the moon, have become identical.

If we are to escape the fate that the future holds for our successors, when the increasing demands for energy can no longer be supplied from existing sources, we must be able to get at these internal atomic clocks and regulate their movements to suit ourselves. At present the keys are securely hidden. In the treasure-house of the future, if one may quote the beautiful conception of Maeterlinck, they may be the plaything of some as yet unborn child of discovery, destined to bring them with him when he comes. Till then the struggle for existence will increase in keenness, while all around, in the common materials of the earth's crust, sleep the potentialities of life and sustenance in inexhaustible abundance, beyond our reach.

## Villanelle of City and Country

BY ZOE AKINS

BENEATH the arches of the leaves I lie  
And watch the lovers wander—Song and Spring,—  
But oh, the towers set in Gotham's sky!

The great triangle shaft that lifts on high  
A columned shrine, wherein the presses sing!  
Beneath the arches of the leaves I lie.

With flocks of clouds the Shepherd-Wind goes by,  
White poppies mid the waving grasses swing—  
But oh, the towers set in Gotham's sky!

As to a fairy castle we draw nigh  
When home the ferries bear us, marvelling;  
Beneath the arches of the leaves I lie.

Across the empty fields the trumpets die  
That meadow-larks unto the morning fling—  
But oh, the towers set in Gotham's sky!

Far off I hear the city's aching cry,  
Where Life and Death are lovers wandering;  
Beneath the arches of the leaves I lie—  
But oh, the towers set in Gotham's sky!



# Home

BY KEENE ABBOTT

WITH smiling composure the Sunday editor was saying: "Any capable man should know how to give us something good about the most insignificant of trifles: a straw, a tin can in an alley, a broken bit of pottery, anything at all."

Politely and frozenly Marlow replied: "Very well."

Only it was not in him to riot with enthusiasm about a straw, or a tin can in an alley. His instructions were to write a Christmas story which should not be the usual sort of thing about holiday shopping, Santa Claus, Christmas trees, Christmas dinners, and the like. In other words, children and toys were placed under the ban. And yet write a Christmas story! Marlow smoked, fussed with the typewriter keys, got to his feet, and began to walk irritably back and forth.

"Straw," he muttered, "tin can!"

During this interval of perplexity he chanced to see a bit of broom straw caught by a splinter of the rough floor. He picked up that stiff, yellow wisp and sadly examined it as though that had been the cause of all his trouble. Presently, however, he did not feel nearly so solemn. Laying the bit of straw on a sheet of paper under the hard, white brilliance of the drop-light, he seated himself at the desk; but instead of thumping his typewriter with the rigorous haste common to newspaper men, he worked with studious deliberation, lingering over his composition and carefully putting phrases together; for the truth is, he loved what he was writing.

The following day, after Marlow had turned in his copy, the Sunday editor leisurely read the story over and straightway shattered his reputation. He was known as a man whose most ardent praise never went higher than that mummified expression, "Not half bad." This time he said, "Bully!"

Such a reward should have been sufficient, but Marlow wanted something more. He asked for a week's leave of absence, and within the half-hour after the request had been granted he was being whisked away on a long journey by force of the broom straw he had picked up from the splintered floor of the newspaper office.

A day and a night in a railway train brought him to his destination, the little country town of his boyhood. He had not been back there for five years, and yet his grandparents, the only parents he had ever known, were still living in the old home.

In getting off the train Marlow had a feeling that he had left this little town but yesterday. Everything was the same as it had always been: the red station that seemed to shiver with the cold; the rusty hack and weather-beaten omnibus, with a dejected passenger in each; the unkempt teams at the hitching-rack in front of the corner grocery; all sorts of dusty conveyances from the country lodged in the street beside the livery-barn—buggies, hay-racks, wagons, buck-boards, and road-carts. Some of the vehicles had their thills upraised like a pair of arms, as if in supplication for an old-fashioned snow-storm to make this time of year seem more like the merry, white season of the winter holidays.

Before the bakeshop and confectioner's a stack of Christmas trees lay sprawling upon the board walk, with some wind-blown rags of newspaper caught among the branches, and near the door stood a box full of jag-leaved holly with berries of bright scarlet. Windows everywhere were crusted thick with frost and sparkling under the thin, pensive sunshine of the winter day.

In contrast with the clangorous and throbbing city Marlow had left, the town seemed inordinately quiet. To be sure, a hand-bell was ringing with cold regu-



larity of beat, and pausing from time to time while a boy cried in a sing-song voice about an auction sale to be held on Main Street, his breath rising from his mouth in whiffs of pale vapor. Presently the bell was heard in a neighboring thoroughfare, and then from a distance remoter still.

Apparently the same auction sale had been in progress for five years, and the same boy, with the same irritating bell and the same shrill voice, had forever been making the rounds of the little town. Save for that frigid and dreary bit of animation, nearly all the streets and most of the houses were wrapped in a frosty hush.

Near the I. O. O. F. Hall, in a small yard with leafless trees, stood the little gray house, with its familiar green shutters wide open to the anæmic sunshine. Over the palings of the fence Marlow vaulted—the same palings that used to tear his dresses in that wistful era before he had reached the season of knickerbockers.

Having left his suit-case at the railway station, he approached the kitchen, but first gave himself a touch or two of disguise by pulling his hat down over his eyes and by turning up the collar of his overcoat. Then he knocked humbly, like a tramp.

A slow tapping of carpet slippers, and the door opened, emitting a warm, steamy odor of baking pies. A little old woman gave him greeting—a very timid old woman with steel-bowed spectacles resting upon her white hair, and her wrinkled face all pink from the heat of the kitchen range.

Assuming a whining huskiness of voice, Marlow asked whether she would please give a poor man a bite to eat.

"Well, yes; that is . . . Come in," she said, and drew the gray woollen sock off her left hand after stitching the darning-needle into the cloth. "But you must understand, now," she added, as she put the half-mended sock into the work-basket on the table, "that I am not in the habit of feeding strangers—not strangers as well dressed as you are." She must have considered her voice outrageously harsh, for straightway she was saying in a repentant tone: "Of course it wouldn't be right to turn a

hungry man away. So when they come here I make them promise not to tell anybody. And they are always nice about that; they always promise."

She gave Marlow a seat in the kitchen and spread a snowy cloth in front of him. Then, as she brought a plate, knife, fork, and spoon from the cupboard, she said to him:

"Young man, you remind me of my grandson. You favor him quite a lot, all but the mustache."

She drew down her spectacles from the top of her head, adjusted them, and began to make a critical examination.

"That so?" Marlow asked, and turned away his face. In the hush that now made itself felt the iron teakettle on the stove began to hum and sputter with choking mirth, and the lid grew so jolly that it clattered a little clog-dance, and the old clock on the shelf, beside the oil-lamps, grew so excited about striking the hour that it whirled a wheezy little grind and then jerkily knocked out ten spasmodic strokes, each one of which quite jarred the glass door with the blue roses painted on it.

The woman gasped, breathed deep, and then, before the young man completely realized how her finger was armed with a steel thimble, he felt a few sounding thumps on the head.

"Play smart tricks on me, will you?" the frail old voice shrilly demanded. "Oh, I'll teach you, you mean harum-scarum! You ought to be ashamed to tease a body so! I've a mind to . . . to comb you good!"

And Marlow gleefully chortled:

"All right; all right; do it!"

By this time he had her in his arms, and she had his boyish face snuggled tight between her wrinkled hands; but sometimes, in the kissing of him, she paused to give him another thump with the thimble or to give his hair a vixenish little pull.

"Just as impish," she cried, "and mean and mischievous and ornery as ever you were! . . ." (More kisses.) "And, oh, oh, but I am glad to see my boy!" (More thumpings with the thimble.)

Then came a volcanic eruption of questions, with a handful of brown-checked apron going into use every now



and again to wipe away the tears. When did he come? How long could he stay? Where was his satchel? Why didn't he write of his home-coming? Was he dressed warm enough? Did he have on his flannels?

In her turmoil of eager questioning the aged woman suddenly stopped short. With unwonted nimbleness she trudged away and cautiously opened the door into the front room.

"Quick! go in there!" she whispered, and then, as Marlow obeyed, she stood quaking with excitement to see what was going to happen.

In an uncomfortable, stiff-backed rocker, an old man sat there asleep, with the light of the glowing base-burner giving a rosy tinge to his round wrinkled face and to his fluffy white hair.

"Well, Gran'pap!" Marlow called out, and the sleeper started up, quite alarmed, as though the house were on fire. "Don't you know me?" the visitor inquired.

With both hands the old man wiped his eyes, stared in helpless bewilderment, and then suddenly got to his feet with amazing facility for legs so stiff and crippled with rheumatism. With arms outstretched, with face all aglow, he toddled forward, shook hands, hugged—and (astounding thing!) actually kissed his grandson as though Marlow were still a little boy. Words of greeting could not be found. The old man went hobbling about and kept gurgling almost inarticulate syllables of joy.

"You, Tom . . . you . . . What? Come home. eh? Land sakes! Great Scott! . . . Nancy! oh, Nancy!"

And a voice from the kitchen quavered shrilly:

"Yes, Robert, yes—in a minute! As soon as I take the pies out of the oven!" Then, when she appeared in breathless excitement, with her hands dizzily wrapping themselves up in her apron and then unwrapping themselves, it was: "Quick, Robert, a chair; fetch a chair to the fire! No, not that—the big one from the parlor!"

In fumbling haste the old man pushed away the strip of rag carpet which stopped the crack under the white folding doors, but his wife went bustling before him into that room which was forever kept primly in order. A shut-

in odor of coldness crept out, and Marlow caught a glimpse of the old piano which was never opened, of the gray slab of the marble-topped centre-table, upon which, at equal distances apart, still reposed the big photograph album and the family Bible. The Brussels carpet was as red and green as ever, and on the wall were the two outrageous crayon pictures, alleged portraits of his father and mother.

The heavy thing which the aged couple came dragging out of that room had once been a piece of haircloth furniture, but in some recent year it had been re-upholstered in virulent green plush. No one could possibly want to sit in such a chair, it was so rigidly uncomfortable; but in it Marlow sat, and was penetrated to the bone by its stored-up iciness.

"You must be half frozen," Grandmother insisted. "Put your feet up there on the hearth—so."

The old couple sat down, the white-haired man to the right of Marlow, and the white-haired woman to the left of him, and she artfully drew up a leg of his trousers to make sure about the flannels.

Then the questioning began again. He had to talk, talk, keep talking, about himself. Hadn't he been working too hard? Was he well? Did he like it in the city?

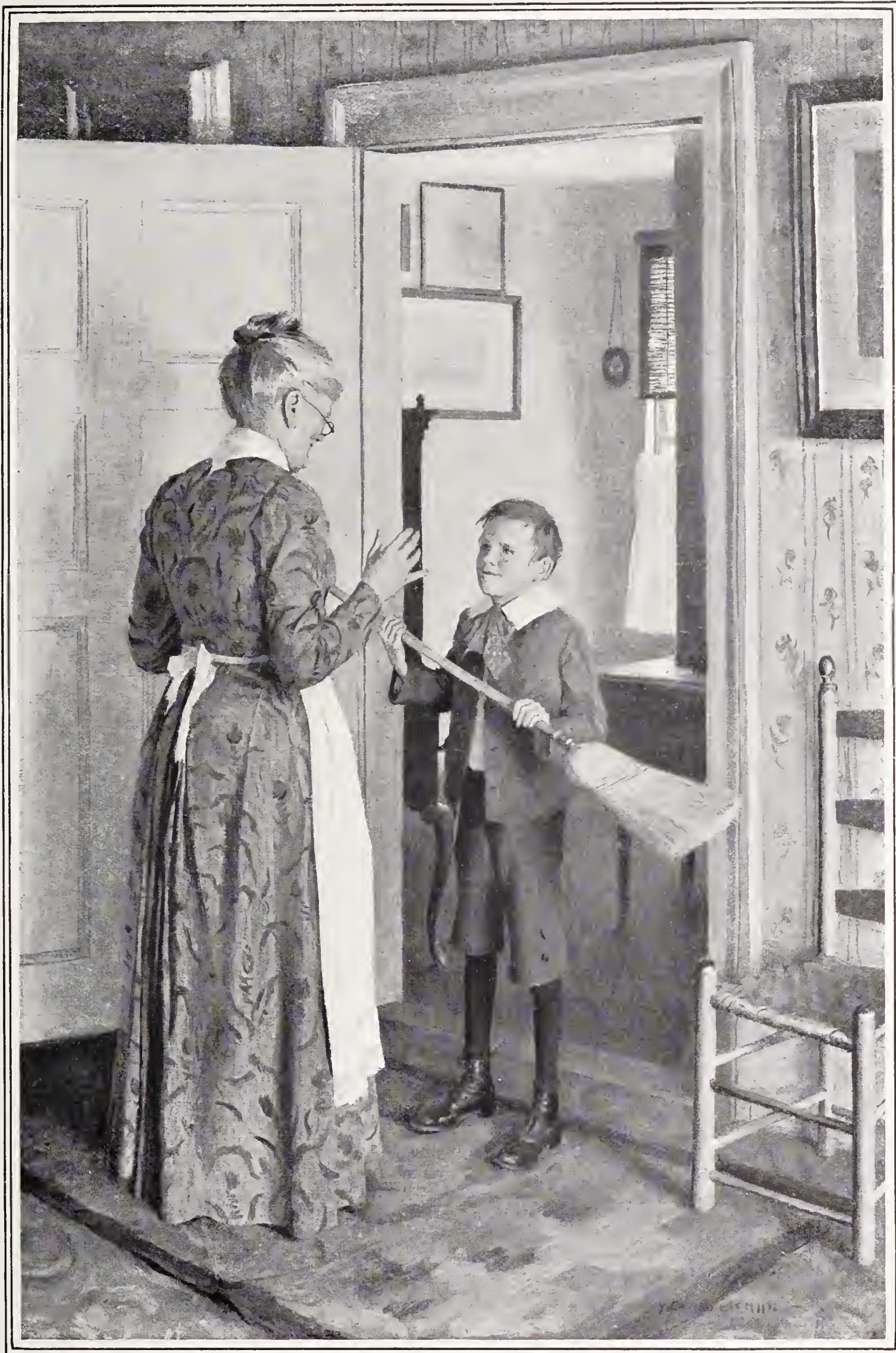
For two hours he did nothing but answer interrogations of every sort, tell how he lived, what he ate, explain all about his work.

"What! really, do you play on a typewriter?" Grandmother asked, with eyes opening wide with astonishment, and then she nodded proudly to her husband as if to say, "Oh, but isn't he smart!"

When the kitchen clock presently struck twelve, what a commotion because dinner was not ready! The dear woman hastened to her cookery, and by and by called her husband away for a private conference with him, after which he came strutting back, as though he had just accomplished something very remarkable.

"She wants to know," he said, with a jerk of the thumb toward the kitchen door, "do I think it would be right to open a bottle of our elderberry wine? Know what I told her? 'A man grown,' says I, 'yes, Nancy, a man grown is





*Drawn by Howard E. Smith*

"HOW PROUD YOU WERE OF WHAT YOU HAD GOT FOR GRANDMA!"



'Tom, and a little wine won't hurt.' I did—I told her that." The old man chuckled and nudged Marlow with his elbow. "Shouldn't wonder," he added, by way of showing that he knew a prodigious lot about the life of gay young fellows—"I shouldn't wonder, now, if you had even tasted one of those drinks they call 'rooster tails.'"

Quaking with delight, Marlow exclaimed:

"What! I drink a cocktail?"

"That's it—cocktail!" said Gran'pap. He winked roguishly as he confessed in a confidential undertone that once, years ago, he really drank one of them—yes, sir, drank it all down! And, ugh! how it did burn his insides!

"Why, Gran'pap!" Marlow's tone was gloriously solemn with reproof, but the old man wagged his head as though monstrous proud of that shocking adventure. Even in the recollection of it there was something so tipsy that at dinner he almost forgot to ask the blessing—one of those famous blessings of his which expressed thanks for everything, beginning with high antiquity and extending to remote futurity.

What a meal it was! Roast pork, baked potatoes, cranberries, peach preserves, watermelon pickles, chili sauce, mince pie, coffee; yes, and atop of all, a small glass of elderberry wine!

"Do you mind the time—long, long ago, Tommy, when you got me a broom for a Christmas present?" Grandmother asked, and then smilingly added: "What a cute little tyke you were to go and buy me a broom! It had colored rings on the handle—blue, green, red—and was varnished ever so fine. And how mighty proud you were of what you had got for Grandma!"

"But it wasn't any good, was it?" Marlow inquired.

"Oh yes—yes, it was!"

"Ever use it?"

"Well, I—of course—"

Grandfather began to laugh, and his hand shook so much that he spilled his coffee.

"Of course she never did!" he exclaimed. "She's got it yet, shut up in the hall closet. Only last fall I found it there, and I wanted to give it away to a family of poor folks (goodness knows

they *need* a broom!), but would she let me? Yes, she would—*not*! I never saw such a woman for silly foolishness."

Marlow eyed his grandfather with amusement, and then asked:

"How about the Noah's ark and the jack-in-the-box I gave *you* when I was little?"

"Gone long ago. Some poor children got them," the old man promptly replied, and straightway his wife shook an accusing finger at him.

"Now, Robert!"

"Yes, I did—gave 'em away; I swan I did!"

"Quite certain of it, are you?" Marlow questioned, and the round, gleeful face of the old man flushed guiltily.

"Why should I want to keep such stuff?" he asked, argumentatively.

"Quite right," said Marlow.

Grandmother looked scornfully at her husband.

"He says that, and him a deacon!" she exclaimed.

"Well, now, as to giving the things away," said the old man, "maybe I didn't—*quite*, but I meant to do it; yes, I did. I was going to do it this very Christmas. Cross my heart and hope to die if I wasn't."

Grandmother fairly sniffed at the shamelessness of his falsifying. "Story-teller!" she muttered, with infinite disdain. Then, turning to her grandson, she added: "Every Christmas, Tommy, he has the toys out to look at them. Afterward he locks them up again in the bottom drawer of the bureau where he keeps all the letters you write him."

Mention of those brief, greatly treasured, and rather infrequent communications brought a sudden question to the old man's lips.

"Has she brought back the last one?" he inquired.

"And who is *she*?" Marlow asked.

"Why, Jane, of course—Jane Berkeley."

"Oh!" said the young man, and apparently he had no further interest in the matter; but by and by he interrupted the table-talk with another inquiry: "Borrows my letters, does she?" Then, a short time afterward, with a great show of indifference, "What did you say her husband's name was?"



"Husband? Why, Jane isn't married! Whatever put that into your head?"

Marlow coolly asked for more gravy, and then drowsily answered:

"Strange, isn't it?—that she should be left an old maid. She always seemed a nice enough girl, but of course, with such a disposition—"

With sharp emphasis Grandmother cut him short.

"Humph! I reckon she's had offers enough."

Looking at his grandson, the old man laughed teasingly, laughed one of those dry little chuckles of his, which instantly brought color into Marlow's face.

"Kinder thought it would be Jim Hawkins's boy, didn't you, Tommy?"

Marlow smiled shamefacedly as he slowly admitted.

"That's about it, Gran'pap. I thought she would be Mrs. Kenneth Hawkins by this time."

The old couple were covertly observing their grandson, indulging in all sorts of fond speculation and doing their best to find him out, but they did not succeed; he was too easy in manner and too jocular to make it possible for them to decide whether he was still at all interested in Jane, and the truth is he quite offended their tender regard for the young woman when he asked indifferently why she didn't do something to get rid of her freckles.

"Freckles? The idea!" Grandmother exclaimed. "She hasn't a one, and never does have any, except a few in summer."

"So?" Marlow asked, with exasperating composure. But after dinner, when he left the house to "stretch his legs in a stroll about town," as he expressed it, he was conscious that those worthy people at home would be looking to see which way he went. And indeed he was quite right about that. The aged woman, having rubbed a space clear in the frost of the pane, suddenly began to clap her hands when she noted in what direction he was bound.

"He'll be going to call on Jane!" she gayly declared.

But Grandfather solemnly shook his head.

"Can't you see, Nancy, that he's not going the right way at all?"

"But, Robert, man, don't you know

it's just like him to start in the opposite direction, go round the block, and then wind up at Jane's house?"

Grandfather boyishly whistled his admiration for such cleverness, and then exclaimed:

"Was there ever the beat of this woman?"

While the two were still peering out through the frost-dimmed window they thought the kitchen door had opened, and then of a sudden they heard a fresh, richly modulated voice calling out:

"Anybody home? May I come in?"

With dismay the worthy people looked at each other.

"Jane!" they gasped, almost at the same moment, and an instant later a young woman came stepping breezily into the room, an old-fashioned paisley shawl over her head, and her smooth cheeks all rosy with the cold. Flourishing the magazine supplement of a city newspaper, she said:

"I just had to run over with this. You haven't seen it, I hope."

No, they hadn't, but as they remained unresponsive and continued to look strangely at her, she asked in sudden alarm:

"What's wrong? Anything happened?"

Oh, no—no, indeed; everything was all right. Wouldn't she sit down?

"Something is wrong," Jane declared. "What is it?—Your side again?"

"No, not that," assured Grandmother.

"Rheumatism gone worse?"

"Lively as a cricket," Grandfather declared.

"Then it's bad news?" said Jane.

"No, no, no!" Grandmother protested, and having had time to recover her sense of hospitality, she asked politely: "What is it, Jane? What's in the paper?"

Chairs were placed before the base-burner, the girl with the paper sitting on a hassock between them. Then the reading began, the reading of a Christmas story which told all about a broom that a little boy had once bought for his grandmother, and about some toys he had bought for his grandfather. Everything was described as though the writer, now grown to manhood, had come home for a visit to those dear people whose very lives were centred in him and in his achievements.





*Drawn by Howard E. Smith*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

SHE APPEARED IN A CREAMY WHITE GOWN



At first the aged couple listened uneasily; they were in such a hurry for Jane to go—go right back home, lest a certain young man should be disappointed by her absence; but as the reading continued they harkened more attentively. Then came astonished nods, flushed faces, sly winks, and little exclamations of surprise.

“Why, I did—I said that, almost word for word, the way it’s set down in the newspaper.”

“I never hugged him. I never kissed him; no, I didn’t!” Grandfather hotly declared, with his usual perverse impulse to deny everything.

Jane laughed; the fire laughed; the sheets of clear mica in the stove doors popped cheerily with the heat as though they were trying to laugh; and the sunshine, sparkling in the frost of the window panes, was laughing too. But Jane’s mirth as she looked at those two aged people suddenly stopped short. A possibility, an incredible possibility, had sent the redness out of her lips and then let it come back again. Once more she laughed, but faintly and self-consciously, and with such estrangement in her voice that it did not seem to belong to her.

“He is home, then?—Tom?” she asked. “When did he come? Where is he?”

The old couple paid no heed to her. They were earnestly disputing what they *had* done and what they *hadn’t* done when Tom came home to them. And they were perplexed, amazed, and almost angry about all that which was printed there in the newspaper.

“You old dears!” Jane suddenly cried, and springing up, she gave each of them a great hug and a kiss, so that if by any chance they had heard her questioning, they might now forget all about it. “Maybe it’s wrong, some of this he’s written,” she said, “but only think of the love that is in it! People will read all that, and feel glad for having read it, for only see how he has told of the sweetness and kindness and gentleness of your lives, and of the reverence you have had for each other these many, many happy years!”

The old people did not speak; they did not know how to speak of this that they

were feeling, for in truth it had never occurred to them that their way of life was different from that of other people, or that they were especially happy; but now they saw that this little commonplace home of theirs lay in the sweet Kingdom of Content, and that the freshness of love had been with them all their days.

As they clasped hands, and looked with abashed gentleness into each other’s eyes, the young woman stole away, leaving them there alone together, with the soft glow of the firelight resting lovingly upon their wrinkled faces.

She, in truth, was hardly less happy than they. She hastened home, and at the end of an hour appeared in a creamy-white gown, with a sprig of holly in her braided yellow hair, green Christmas leaves with berries not half so freshly red as the glow of joy in her cheeks.

Now she was ready. But the afternoon waned; her father came home to supper, ate, and went away again; evening fell, and still the old familiar footstep did not sound upon the walk.

It was growing late. On the mantelshelf solemnly ticked the clock, and the candles she had lighted to make festival were guttering, slowly wasting away, and sometimes wagging their thin long flames until her shadow danced in grotesque proportions upon the wall.

The wind was rising, the cold wind from the black, frozen wastes of night. Strong gusts jarred the sash and dolorously wheezed in through cracks of the casement.

Never since her mother died had Jane so ached with loneliness; but finally, out there in front of the house, the latch of the gate clicked loud, and she started up, but almost instantly sank back again into her rocking-chair. It was only her father coming home after his nightly game of whist at a neighboring house.

But wait! Was not some one coming with him? Voices were heard, a deep resonant tone replying to words spoken by her father as he came tap-tapping with his cane along the front walk. Presently the door opened, and from the hallway he was saying:

“Jane, my girl, only guess who’s here.” During the exchange of quiet greetings



he added: "We've been over to Robertson's all the evening. I captured Tom on the street after supper, and made him play with us. The rascal tried to beg off, but I wouldn't have it."

"They lacked one to fill out the hand," said Marlow, "but at the start they promised devoutly it was to be but a single rubber."

After an interval of small talk the father withdrew to stoke the furnace fire and to bank it for the night. And now that the two were left to themselves they looked at each other with constraint, as though they had not been talking easily for a quarter of an hour. It was a period of awkward, exaggerated silence, one of those times when a man feels that his clothes do not fit and that he is made up chiefly of hands and feet.

Jane, for her part, either could not or would not trust herself to speak. He was here at last—yes, but tardy, very tardy! Why? With his resourcefulness, why hadn't he found some way to be with her before this belated hour? Evidently he had not wanted to come; that must be it, and therefore how humiliating if he should divine that this white gown of hers had been put on in expectation of him! In her distress she brushed her hand across her hair, and she was given a tingling recollection of the holly sprig; the sharp leaves pricked her fingers and—her pride. How foolish, she thought, that she should have decked herself out with such an adornment! She longed to pluck away that bit of greenery, but through fear of attracting more attention to it she dared not.

In an effort to push aside the pressure of his self-consciousness, Marlow began to talk of something which certainly was near his heart, although it was not the subject which they both knew was trembling between them until the very air of the room seemed all a-pulse with it.

"Those grandparents of mine," he began, as he dug his hands into his pockets in the old familiar way and began to stride up and down the room—"well, whew! but I have been having a terrible row with them!"

Jane smiled at the grandiose notion of anybody rowing with those old people.

"Think it's going to be funny, do you?" he asked, stopping in front of her

with pretence of a challenge, but really for the purpose of having a good, square look at her. Was she quite the same as she had always been? No; for the girl he had known had been winsomely pretty, and this Jane, this woman, was more than that, and although she was undeniably smiling, it was such a gently sympathetic quivering of red lips that he confided his annoyance quite as he used to do.

"At home this morning," Marlow went on, and in what followed a certain effort was noticeable in his talk, as though he were not sure of speaking consecutively and as though he were over-anxious to speak well—"I noticed at home this morning that there wasn't a single comfortable chair in the whole house; so I spent the better part of my afternoon at the furniture-dealers' in looking up the sort of thing I wanted the folks to have. Well, I found a high-backed, capacious armchair for Grandfather, and a low-seated rocker for Grandmother—something about right for her to curl up in and have a nap. Squdgy leather cushions, you understand, and all that—two intelligently built resting-places for the human anatomy. I got Hank Rogers to haul them home, and then—Guess what? Oh, of course they were delighted; they were overjoyed, but let me tell you: the chairs had been in the house not more than ten minutes before I saw that those nice, big, friendly, comfortable things to sit in were to be chucked away, entombed, locked up tight in that sepulchral front parlor, behind the white folding doors.

"But I did manage to have them try the chairs, and how they did hold on to the oaken arms, as though the cushions would be sure to explode unless they were sat upon politely, gently, and discreetly."

"I can see them at it," said Jane.

"Be sure you can. But what next?—tell me that."

"Why, next," Jane speculated, "they would be choosing the exact spot in the parlor where the chairs were to be placed—one to the right, one to the left, of the front window. Was that it?"

"Exactly!" Marlow exclaimed. He had been talking against time, greatly prolonging his whimsical grievance, and although really disappointed that his



Christmas plans had gone askew, a deeper anxiety was all the while obtruding itself. Hence it was something of a relief to him when Jane presently said, as she indicated a rocker:

"Come here, Tom; sit down by me."

Yet she did not make his task any the easier for him. She went on talking on the subject which he had hoped would now be put aside.

"Look here," she added; "do you think those two dear people won't take great comfort in those chairs? Whether they do or do not use that furniture, it will be ever and ever so comfortable to them. They'll be so proud, so happy over it! All the neighbors will be shown what Tommy gave them—Tommy, their grandson, he who is a newspaper man, away off there in the city!"

With honest self-scorn in his voice Marlow exclaimed:

"And a precious lot he amounts to, that newspaper man, for all their great ado over him! Jane" (he was leaning forward, and his tone was less sure than it had been), "I know I hadn't the right to come back, but now, you see . . . that is . . . well, I simply couldn't stand it any longer. When you sent me away you said I had to do something in the world, something big, but I haven't, though; I haven't done that. I'm about the same old chicken . . . just about the same, only not quite so conceited, perhaps, not quite so positive of setting rivers on fire as I used to be. But no, none of those great things, Jane, and I don't expect to do any of them."

"Even yet, Tom, I don't believe you quite understand the reason I sent you away. I simply couldn't have you living out your life in this cramped, empty, gossipy little town. It wouldn't do. You had to rough it; it was necessary for you to go out among men and do your work. To stay here and be coddled to death by those doting grandparents of yours—no, I say again, it wouldn't do."

"Which means, I suppose, that my present state might be worse."

"Your mother would have wanted you to live briskly; I am right sure of that," said Jane. "A sense of values was necessary to you, and that, I believe, a man learns only by living. Sometimes a woman learns by loving."

Marlow looked up at her quickly, but she went calmly on, yet with a throb of deeper feeling in her voice:

"Your mother, Tom, would have been proud of you."

It was then that he lifted her hand from the arm of the chair and knitted his fingers into hers.

"You mean—?" he asked. "Do you mean. . . . Jane, *did* I have a right to come back to you?"

No word spoke Jane. There was a silence in the dim-lit room, and one of the gleeful candle flames gave so jolly a wobble it quite fell down and could never get up again; another did the same—still another, until by and by only a single point of fire was left. But it, as Marlow took his leave of Jane, could plainly see that some one had stolen the sprig of holly from her braided, yellow hair.





# A Fable

BY MARK TWAIN

ONCE upon a time an artist who had painted a small and very beautiful picture placed it so that he could see it in the mirror. He said, "This doubles the distance and softens it, and it is twice as lovely as it was before."

The animals out in the woods heard of this through the housecat, who was greatly admired by them because he was so learned, and so refined and civilized, and so polite and high-bred, and could tell them so much which they didn't know before, and were not certain about afterward. They were much excited about this new piece of gossip, and they asked questions, so as to get at a full understanding of it. They asked what a picture was, and the cat explained.

"It is a flat thing," he said; "wonderfully flat, marvellously flat, enchantingly flat and elegant. And, oh, so beautiful!"

That excited them almost to a frenzy, and they said they would give the world to see it. Then the bear asked:

"What is it that makes it so beautiful?"

"It is the looks of it," said the cat.

This filled them with admiration and uncertainty, and they were more excited than ever. Then the cow asked:

"What is a mirror?"

"It is a hole in the wall," said the cat. "You look in it, and there you see the picture, and it is so dainty and charming and ethereal and inspiring in its unimaginable beauty that your head turns round and round, and you almost swoon with ecstasy."

The ass had not said anything as yet; he now began to throw doubts. He said there had never been anything as beautiful as this before, and probably wasn't now. He said that when it took a whole basketful of sesquipedalian adjectives to whoop up a thing of beauty, it was time for suspicion.

It was easy to see that these doubts were having an effect upon the animals, so the cat went off offended. The subject was dropped for a couple of days, but in the mean time curiosity was taking a fresh start, and there was a revival of interest perceptible. Then the animals assailed the ass for spoiling what could possibly have been a pleasure to them, on a mere suspicion that the picture was not beautiful, without any evidence that such was the case. The ass was not troubled; he was calm, and said there was one way to find out who was in the right, himself or the cat: he would go and look in that hole, and come back and tell what he found there. The animals felt relieved and grateful, and asked him to go at once—which he did.

But he did not know where he ought to stand; and so, through error, he stood between the picture and the mirror. The result was that the picture had no chance, and didn't show up. He returned home and said:

"The cat lied. There was nothing in that hole but an ass. There wasn't a sign of a flat thing visible. It was a handsome ass, and friendly, but just an ass, and nothing more."

The elephant asked:

"Did you see it good and clear? Were you close to it?"

"I saw it good and clear, O Hathi, King of Beasts. I was so close that I touched noses with it."

"This is very strange," said the elephant; "the cat was always truthful before—as far as we could make out. Let another witness try. Go, Baloo, look in the hole, and come and report."

So the bear went. When he came back, he said:

"Both the cat and the ass have lied; there was nothing in the hole but a bear."

Great was the surprise and puzzlement of the animals. Each was now anxious to make the test himself and get at the



straight truth. The elephant sent them one at a time.

First, the cow. She found nothing in the hole but a cow.

The tiger found nothing in it but a tiger.

The lion found nothing in it but a lion.

The leopard found nothing in it but a leopard.

The camel found a camel, and nothing more.

Then Hathi was wroth, and said he would have the truth, if he had to go and

fetch it himself. When he returned, he abused his whole subjectry for liars, and was in an unappeasable fury with the moral and mental blindness of the cat. He said that anybody but a near-sighted fool could see that there was nothing in the hole but an elephant.

MORAL, BY THE CAT

You can find in a text whatever you bring, if you will stand between it and the mirror of your imagination. You may not see your ears, but they will be there.

## A Certain Day

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

THE day that you were born, I know  
 The roses straight began to blow,  
 Or would have done so had they wist  
 The thing their fragrances had kist.  
 A bluebird's wing had flashed you by  
 Between the sunshine and the sky,  
 Leaves had been rustling, brooks been flowing,  
 Singing winds been softly blowing;  
 The hum of bees, each pleasant sound  
 Of summer mornings' happy round,  
 The bubbling tune, the wave's long roll,  
 Had spilled their music in your soul,  
 The wells of Castaly had flowed,  
 All Arcady had taken road,  
 The intimate and ancient spell  
 That weaves the weird of beauty well,  
 The whole of loveliness at play,  
 Had to your being gone that day.

But what the day, or what the weather,  
 When you and Fate went on together,  
 On that sweet time I think, the while,  
 Fell the full glow of Heaven's own smile,  
 And on your brow the stainless light  
 Cast from some unascended height,  
 And gave you, as by holy rood,  
 The innocence of simple good,  
 The broad beneficence that fills  
 Your spirit with its tender thrills  
 Of gladness, and of heavenly fire,  
 Infinite pity, and desire  
 Of all men's blessing, so to be  
 The perfect thing you seem to me!



# A Hilltop in Paris

BY BESSIE DEAN COOPER

GLANCING through the table of contents of a recent magazine, I found the title of a bit of French travel. I turned to it with that eagerness which the mere names of places in France move in me, and was greeted in the opening paragraph with words to this effect: "Paris, happily, is in no way typical of France; it is only a huge, pretentious, gilded hostelry for foreigners and visitors from the provinces to take their pleasure and their vice in." I read no further. A kind of indignation troubled me; a loyalty to the beauty, the ideals, and the memories of which Paris is the epitome stirred for expression. The French capital is probably the most cosmopolitan city in the world to-day; she sees each year more men, from more lands, of more races, than any other spot on earth, not forgetting Rome. And except for Rome, no other Occidental city can rival her in the length and splendor of her past. Between them lies this difference: the significance of Rome is classical and medieval; of Paris, classical, medieval, and modern. London—that vast, heaped-up accumulation of ugliness, of which I am always uneasily asking myself if it is indeed the concentrated expression of my race—London was a mere handful of mud huts on its river bank when Paris was a Roman city where the Emperor was proclaimed and lived. The interest of Florence and Venice is wholly medieval. Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg are modern and prosaic. Of Constantinople I do not speak; it lies on the border of that dim East which we of the West are learning only within a decade to approach from the other side.

A day later I could call what had seemed like treachery to a great past and present by the cooler name of ignorance. There are, I suppose, hundreds of thousands of travellers annually who visit Paris, stop at a hotel on the Rive

Droite, drive in the Champs Elysées, go shopping in the Boulevard des Capucines or the Boulevard des Italiens, sip an ice at the Café de la Paix and watch the world go by, make a visit "personally conducted" to Notre Dame and the Invalides, spend a few hours at the Louvre (finding that vast museum very tiring), pass several evenings at notorious concert-halls, and go away believing that they know Paris. I am even myself acquainted—I say it shamefacedly—with a not unintelligent American who "did" Paris in three days. For such, Paris conjures up no visions, thrills with no memories. My hilltop in the heart of the Latin Quarter would doubtless seem to them quite a shabby spot. Yet if there be sacred ground in the world, Paris shares it with Rome.

Even I myself, with my American "standard of living," had misgivings when I visited the hilltop for the first time, and debated whether I could keep a full measure of self-respect while living in a house whose *porte cochère* was flanked on the one hand by a cook-shop and on the other by a curious little market where snails were for sale at twelve sous the dozen. Later, I learned to appreciate snails; and in the dusk of winter afternoons, when the huge blazing fireplace of the tiny open cook-shop glowed into the narrow street, I would loiter in to buy and eat a joint of the chicken roasting on the spit (contrast that with the oven of a gas-range!), thus to ease my appetite until the late Parisian dinner and taste the flavor of the Old World. Besides, might not this be the direct descendant of that delectable "Rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque" which Anatole France tells us was situated in the Rue St.-Jacques, and in this very fireplace might not Monsieur d'Astarac have seen the salamanders?

This short stretch of the Rue St.-Jacques has a character of its own, nar-



row and mean if you will, as all streets were two hundred years ago, but wholly different from the respectable thoroughfare into which it widens farther on and also from the stately street which, passing between the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, leads one down the hill to Notre Dame. The very names that bound it are eloquent. At one end is the Rue de l'Abbé de l'Épée—the Street of the Abbot of the Sword—so called for that priest who, with superb faith, was the first to devise and prove a system for the instruction of deaf-mutes in an age when persons so afflicted were believed to be, for some mysterious reason, the victims of the wrath of God. De Musset has described, in that poignant little story, "Pierre et Camille," the intensity of the hope and fear which centred in the Abbé's work. Whether he lived in the street named for him I do not know; I have liked to believe that he did.

At the other end, close by our house, was the Rue des Fossés St.-Jacques, marking the line of the wall with which Philip Augustus enclosed his Paris at the opening of the thirteenth century. Over the crest of the hill, behind the Panthéon, you may see fragments of the wall, so massive that they may last a thousand years yet, like the work of their builder. The memory of Philip Augustus is forever bound up with that of Richard, Cœur de Lion: the mother of the one was the divorced wife of the other's father; as boys they shared the same bed and ate from the same dish, so great was their devotion; as men and kings they crusaded together in the Holy Land, and as kings also they waged war against each other, in the midst of which Richard died. His romantic fame, so widespread in the Anglo-Saxon world, shrinks and cheapens the longer one lives in France and compares it with that of his rival. For to Philip Augustus the threads of all later French history seem to run back as to the centre of a vast web.

The sound of chimes and bells has always a peculiar charm for me, and here it offered compensation for sleepless nights. Whatever the night life may be in other parts of Paris, the Latin Quarter falls toward twelve into a deep

stillness. Even echoes from the street rarely disturbed the silence of the wide courtyard around which, as is usual in Paris, our house was built. Only upon this quiet there broke quarter-hourly the chimes of the Church of the Sorbonne, completing, at the hour, a bar of music. And I could never quite get rid of the idea, fantastic as things of the night are, that Richelieu heard it too, lying in his marble tomb under the dome of the Church of the Sorbonne. I fancied how content he must be to pass the years there, in the midst of the university to which he gave a second birth and whose care occupied him to his death. I know of no more troubled career than his and of few figures in history more *sympathique*, as the French say, when considered closely. He lived enmeshed in a network of intrigue, forced to depend for support upon a broken reed of a king, and even after his death he was not left in peace. During the Revolution a mob broke open his tomb, seized the skull, and paraded it on the end of a pike through all the Quarter; it was not replaced in the tomb until well into the nineteenth century. By day a suave custodian sells you picture postals of all the famous persons in French history and even of the desecrated skull, neatly arranged on tables beside the sarcophagus, or summarizes the Cardinal's career to shoals of bread-and-butter misses accompanied by their chaperone and insipid as only young French girls can be; outside, in the great courtyard of the Sorbonne, its fifteen thousand students pass to and fro until dark. Since the recent separation law the great dead can no longer, like the "Bishop at St.-Praxed's,"

". . . lie through centuries  
And hear the blessed mutter of the mass  
And see God made and eaten all day long,"

but for compensation there are the chimes in the night and the stillness.

Another figure, far older than Richelieu's but not less vivid, often filled my nocturnal musings. For there, on that very spot where I lived, had stood, toward the close of the thirteenth century—the Rue St.-Jacques existed already then—the house and gardens of Jean de Meung, more rightly called Jean Clopinel. You may not know his name, but you are sure



to have heard of his *Roman de la Rose*, the famous medieval romance in which the Lover seeks the Beloved in the Garden of Love. This Jean Clopinel came up to Paris from the vineyard country of Touraine and was a grave and prosperous gentleman, but also a kind of universal genius, comparable in kind if not in degree to Aristotle and Roger Bacon. The *Roman de la Rose* is far more than an allegory of love. Dip into it where you may, you will find its maker considering the most varied subjects and the most modern—or should one call them the eternal?—problems. Pauperism, the inequality of property, justice and the origin of the state, the nature of royal power, marriage, poverty-stricken students, art, liberty and predestination, the incessant flow of destruction and creation in nature, the origin of evil and sin, rainbows, mirrors, optics, visions, hallucinations, sorcery, and even—note it, psychologists—the phenomena of dual personality,—these are the problems, our problems, which Jean Clopinel was seeking to sound toward the year 1300. And so I went back in spirit to greet him, my host of six centuries ago in the Rue St.-Jacques, until, if it were Lent, the tremendous booming bells of St.-Sulpice, half a mile away, filled the air and announced the earliest mass; or close at hand, in the gray dawn, the snail merchant rattled up the iron shutters which had covered the front of his little shop all night; and I fell asleep, perhaps, not to wake until roused in broad daylight by the songs of the street peddlers—for in France they sing, not shout, their wares, with little strains of a few notes, each grown both sweet and monotonous through long iteration.

But this spot is rich also in memories of greater men than Jean Clopinel. The Lycée Louis le Grand is on the upper slope of the hill, and I never passed its lovely garden, surrounded by a cloister, without remembering that there two of the great actors in the greatest event of modern times spent their youth. Robespierre, a dry, colorless, solitary boy, was sent to this lycée from his home in Arras, and after eight years went back again to the North, to wait there until his hour struck. Danton, too, was a student here. Michelet, picturing his face and by im-

plication his career, calls it blind. If you have seen his portrait or his bust you will remember that the two eyes are so small and deep set that they seem hardly to see or be seen, leaving unrelieved the rough lump of brutal flesh.

A hundred yards farther up stands the Collège de Ste.-Barbe, a spot made forever precious by the presence of Erasmus. I am not sure that it *was* the Collège de Ste.-Barbe in his day, but precisely here, in this college or its predecessor, he lived. What this period of his life was one may learn from his vivid, petulant letters. Or, if you will go down the hill instead of up, you will meet soon a very short, broad street—a mere scrap of a street, indeed—the Rue de la Fouarre; but its fame is secure, for Dante sang of it in the *Divina Commedia*. He must have known it well, for here, in his day, when he studied at the University of Paris, the students gathered in the open air to hear their masters' lectures. They sat upon heaps of straw. The name of the street, Fouarre, commemorates these primitive seats, and has come down to us through all the vicissitudes of the centuries like a little intimate anecdote. From his straw pile Dante could surely look across the river to that southern rose of Notre Dame whose supreme beauty is thought to have suggested to him his gates of Paradise. Long before his day, however, the University of Paris had been chartered by Philip Augustus (here is the chief thread in the intellectual life of France winding back to him as to its origin), and Robert de Sorbon, the King's confessor, had founded a dormitory for poor students where the northern portion of the vast modern Sorbonne now stands. Richelieu tore down the old buildings and erected larger, but always on the same site. And now, within the memory of men yet living and not old, his Sorbonne, too, has been replaced by a greater. Only his church, where he lies, remains as he built it, imbedded midway between the Faculté des Lettres and the Faculté des Sciences. For him who loves the things of the mind, who knows the student's passion, this Sorbonne must, I think, be the ultimate place of pilgrimage. Oxford has its roll of shining names and Berlin is a modern rival, but





APPROACHING THE HILLTOP  
Etched by C. H. White



of the Sorbonne, as I lingered in her halls, remembering her history for seven hundred years. I was often quoting to myself a line from Robert Bridges:

"Love her, for that the world is in her heart."

It was months before I found what most visitors to Paris seem never to find at all—the Roman amphitheatre which lies at the foot of the almost cliff-like eastern slope of the Mont Ste.-Geneviève. At what period, by what catastrophe, what sack or burning of the city, it was buried, no one knows. All trace and remembrance of it had been lost when sixty or seventy years ago the engineers who were cutting the new Rue Monge ran straight into it. Since then it has been entirely excavated and somewhat repaired. Its condition is as good as that of the amphitheatre at Verona, and it is larger than the one at Pompeii. As the Roman city of the Parisii centred upon the islands in the Seine, this must have been a suburban pleasure-ground. Together with the Palais des Thermes it stands as a last great, impressive fragment of Roman Paris. Passing in between the high walls which support the shelving tiers of seats, one sees on either hand the niches, some shallow, some deep as caves, in which slaves, wild animals, and perhaps Christian martyrs were confined before their struggle came. On November mornings, when the bleak, empty seats are strewn with rain-drenched leaves, the place is haunted by melancholy, and the passage across the arena of an occasional child with his nursemaid—the only living beings I ever saw there—only deepens the impression.

Climbing up the steep escarpment of the hill again, beside the house where Pascal died, one comes upon a maze of tortuous streets. They are a bit of that old Paris which crumbles away daily before one's regretful eyes. Parisians tell you that it is not safe to walk here on week-days even in broad daylight, for this labyrinth is the home of the "Apaches" who are the terror of Paris by night. On this point, however, I remained obstinately incredulous, perhaps because the very word "Apaches" had a home-like sound. Were not the original possessors of this fierce name

my countrymen? And besides, had not a French friend of catholic tastes chummed with an "Apache" when they were in the army together the year before and shown him to me one afternoon?—a mild creature, selling flowers by day beside the fountain in the "Boul' Miche." But whether week-days be dangerous or not, Sunday morning is the time to visit this remnant of old Paris. Then, for some hours, is held a kind of fair, for which I can find no name and whose like I have never seen except once, on a fête-day, at Reims. On the pavements of the narrow streets is spread for sale an inconceivable number of old, odd, quaint, mis-mated and unmated things—a hand's breadth of silk, odd beads, single shoes patched and polished, fractions of window panes, and all the rusty and broken keys in the world. And in the midst there swarms a population whose existence the visitor who frequents the boulevards and the Etoile never suspects. This is not a slum (the Parisian dryly remarks that slums appear to be an Anglo-Saxon specialty), and though these people are dirty they are not wretched, but rather thriftily eking out their infinitesimal means with scraps that suit their needs. One reads this in their faces, hard beaten by the stress of life, and in the patchwork of their clothes. Here is their bargain-counter, and neither it nor they are less genuinely French, I venture to think, than the Bon Marché beloved of foreigners.

Yet another landmark of my hilltop is the church of St.-Etienne du Mont, to the spell of whose strange beauty critics yield even in the act of pointing out that it is neither Gothic nor Renaissance nor neo-classic. The truth is, it has an original beauty of its own. The tower of Clovis's monastery beside it reminds one that the original basilica on this spot was a burial-place of Merovingian royalty, and the chief relic of the church is from an even earlier time. It is the shrine of Ste.-Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris. The story of her life is pictured upon the walls of the Panthéon close by. Even in childhood she was marked out for saintship by pious observers, and her mother, unless my memory deceives me, was punished by Heaven for slapping her. But ac-





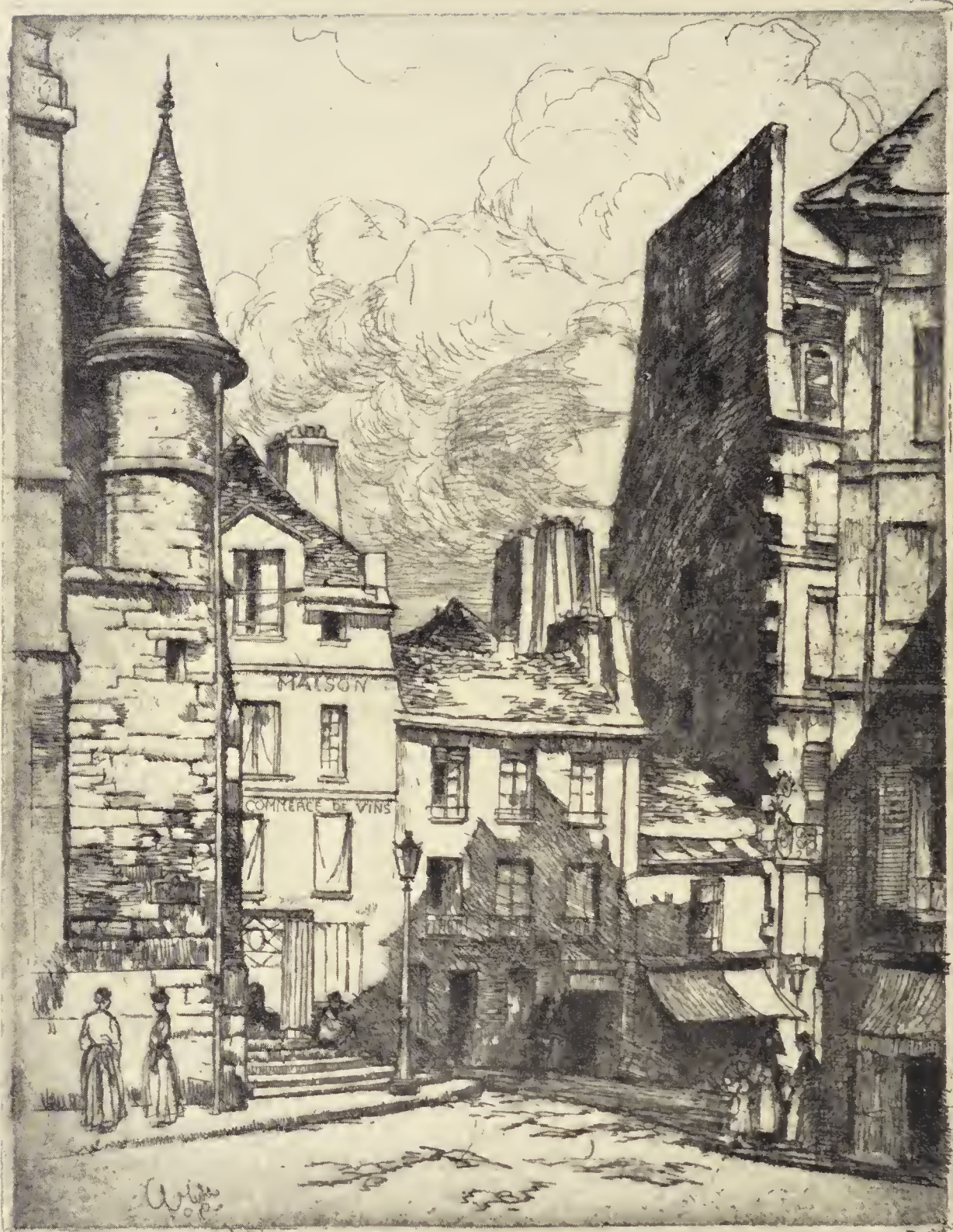
THIS STRETCH OF THE RUE ST.-JACQUES HAS A CHARACTER OF ITS OWN

Etched by C. H. White

According to the non-hero-worshipping school of history, Geneviève, like Cromwell and Napoleon, owed her greatness to circumstance. In the middle of the fifth century all Europe was terror-stricken by the inrush of a wild Tartar tribe which burst by thousands from the steppes of Asia. This horde of Huns moved westward like a train of demons, preceded by panic and leaving in its track

burned fields and ruined towns. As it approached Paris the inhabitants proposed to abandon the city and seek safety where they might. This crisis was Geneviève's opportunity. She heartened her townsmen to endure a cruel siege, encouraged them to resistance in the midst of death and famine, and in the end the Huns drew off defeated. Puvis de Chavannes has painted among the frescos





A BIT OF ST.-ETIENNE DU MONT

Etched by C. H. White

of the Panthéon a moving and solemn picture of her, standing at night upon the ramparts, brooding over the starlit city. She lived to be almost a hundred, revered for her virtue and miraculous powers, and to this very year pilgrims still crowd to her shrine the first week in January. The original coffin of rough stone is enclosed in a sarcophagus of jewelled and gilded bronze, set round at all seasons by lighted tapers. The devout are in the habit of having their

rosaries blessed by being laid for a moment upon the saint's bones. This office is performed by the old woman in charge, who rapidly unlocks the bronze case, sticks her hand with the rosary into the stone coffin, and ten seconds later withdraws both, the one consecrated, the other ready for a *pourboire*. Having watched this process repeated fifty times, I was touched with curiosity to see the bones themselves. My request was accompanied by a two-franc piece, which



moved the old woman to confidence. "There aren't any bones in there," she said; "it's empty. There's only a little dust, and it's kept in a niche in the wall. I'll show it to you if you'll come back after the others are gone." "Ah, Erasmus," thought I the next time I passed the Collège de Ste.-Barbe, "if you had your Lady of Walsingham I have had my Ste.-Geneviève."

A step beyond the shrine is the high altar which saw the assassination of Monseigneur Sibour fifty years ago, and where Pius VII. celebrated mass when he came to Paris to crown Napoleon and be so cleverly tricked by the latter at the supreme moment in Notre Dame. Having seen his portrait, one is haunted for days by the sensitive and melancholy face. Not made for comedy, one thinks, least of all for the Napoleonic comedy.

Behind the altar, in the Lady Chapel, is another shrine whose uncanonized saints have served the glory of France. Within ten paces of each other are the graves of Racine and Pascal. This is not where they wished to lie. Both of them chose Port Royal for their last sleep, but when that famous convent, in its deep valley, was wiped clean off the face of the earth by Louis XIV. their bones were brought to this church. One wonders why they were not taken rather to St.-Jacques du Haut Pas, in the Rue St.-Jacques, where other Port-Royalists are buried, by their own request, in nameless graves. Just because Racine and Pascal lie here, this Lady Chapel of St.-Etienne du Mont renews one's sense of the riddle of life and of genius. Racine, brought up in the austere but exquisite piety of Port Royal, ran the gamut of



RUE DE LA MONTAGNE DE STE.-GENEVIÈVE

Etched by C. H. White



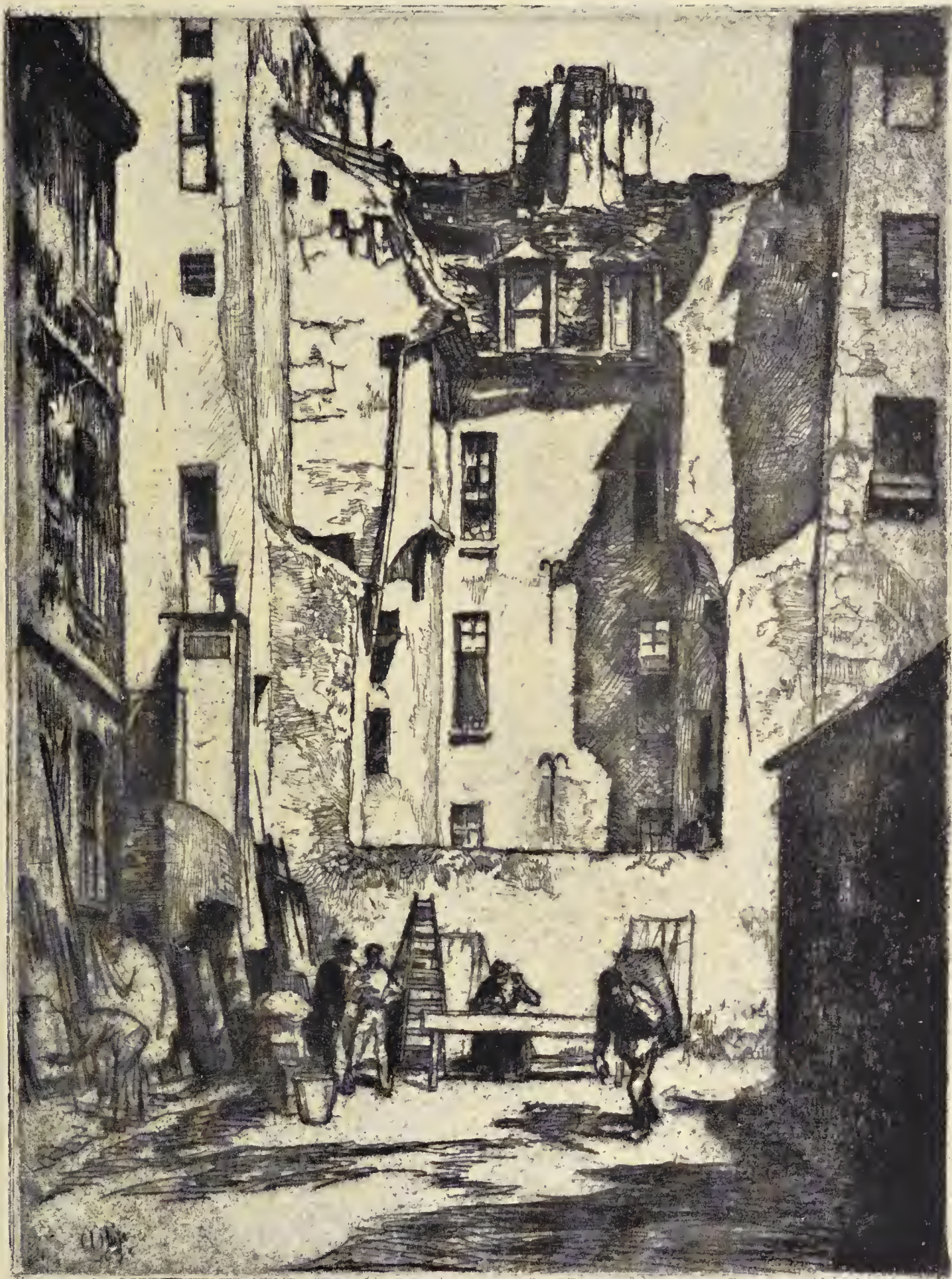
worldliness at the court of Louis XIV. and then suddenly, before there came any hint of old age or defeat, gave up his literary activity, retired, married prosaically, and, after long years, died in the odor of sanctity. His life, like a circle, ends where it began, in the mystic piety of Port Royal. For the enigma of its middle course various solutions are offered. The malignant criticism with which his enemies greeted each of his tragedies may have poisoned his success and determined him to withdraw beyond the reach of applause and jeers. Or his own explanation may be true: his trained and scrupulous conscience accused him of ministering to a godless world, and he renounced his poet's gifts for twenty years, only to resume them momentarily to write two more tragedies—his best perhaps—for Madame de Maintenon.

Racine wrote tragedy; Pascal lived it. The mark of genius was upon him from the first. His sister tells us that when he was still a small child his father, perceiving that he had a natural bent for mathematics and wishing him to be broadly educated, forbade him for the present to ask questions or read books concerning arithmetic or geometry. The boy, however, was irresistibly attracted by lines, shapes and proportions, observed the forms of symmetrical objects, and secretly worked out for himself his own independent system of geometry. When his father accidentally discovered it the child had already duplicated the first twenty propositions of Euclid. At fifteen he had distinguished himself by original discoveries in mathematics, and there followed a brief, brilliant career as mathematician, physicist, and man of the world. Tradition says that he first weighed the air in the tower of St.-Jacques du Haut Pas, but I am afraid that in truth he performed that epoch-making experiment far from Paris, on the Puy-de-Dôme. Upon all this success lay the shadow of an incurable and mysterious disease from which he suffered acutely from childhood. This period of his life was closed by an accident beside the Seine at Neuilly, which is believed to have given him an unforgettable vision of death. Or, aristocrat as he was, he may have been moved, as Walter Pater suggests, by a fastidious desire to differentiate

himself from the common herd and choose a different lot from theirs. He had already written the *Lettres Provinciales*, riddling the Jesuits, who were engaged in a life-and-death struggle with the Jansenists of Port Royal. He now retired to that convent, which lay deep in the peaceful valley of the Chevreuse, twenty miles from Paris. A company of the elect had gathered there, the elect of the spirit and of this world, men and women of high intellectual gifts and noble blood, drawn by one of those recurring tides of mysticism which we see rising again in our own day after the scientific reaction of the nineteenth century. Here Pascal passed the last years of his life, dying at thirty-nine, ever allured by the passion for the things of the mind and ever renouncing them; tormented by disease and self-inflicted pain and by increasing weakness. Two relics of these years are left—one the celebrated "*Pensées*," in which one sees (I quote again from Pater) "the mental seed-sowing of the next two centuries," the other a girdle studded on the inner side with small sharp-pointed goads worn against his flesh and taken after his death from his emaciated body.

To the scholars, poets, statesmen, saints of the Mont Ste.-Geneviève one must add the lovers. The Rue St.-Jacques still keeps the convent door through which Louise de la Vallière fled from her sins and the King; the Luxembourg is linked with the tragi-comic adventures of La Grande Mademoiselle; and this hilltop knew the lover in a deathless romance which is the epic of passion. It has been told a thousand times and will be told over yet a thousand times again, because the love of men and women is endlessly repeated. I mean the story of Abelard and Héloïse. Their "*Letters*" are to-day for sale in every Parisian bookshop, although it is eight hundred years since the two met down there by Notre Dame in Canon Fulbert's house beside the Seine. Abelard had chosen early the career of a scholar, and had come to Paris to study under the greatest masters then living. It was the period when religion—the supreme interest of the Middle Ages—had fallen into the hands of the Schoolmen, who were attempting to reconcile reason and revela-





AN OLD COURTYARD—A BIT OF THE OLD PARIS WHICH CRUMBLES AWAY DAILY  
Etched by C. H. White



tion and to make of Christianity a hard and fast system of logic. The subject, "How many angels can dance at once on the point of a spear," is the classic, though unfair, example of their barren debates. Into this world of infinite subtleties and reasonings minute and impalpable as dust came Abelard, defeated his masters with their own weapons, poured new wine into the old bottles (the first of that ferment which was to burst them at the Renaissance and Reformation), and irresistibly drew to himself the thousands of students who crowded to Paris. Such success entailed an aftermath of hatred. He withdrew from the regular schools down by the Seine and settled upon the Mont Ste.-Geneviève, then outside the city. Students followed him and the older teachers were deserted. His reputation echoed through Europe. He had the highest intellectual gifts, beauty, a singularly winning personality, ambition, and the minor vice of vanity, but when he was past thirty he had not yet loved any woman.

There was at this time in Paris a girl of eighteen, Héloïse, whose extraordinary promise was common talk among the learned. Probably she was not beautiful. Abelard heard of her, wished to know her, offered to become her tutor. Her flattered uncle, with whom she lived, accepted. Months of intimate companionship followed; the two loved each other. Abelard was so transformed that his students and rivals remarked the change. The rumor of his sin was hinted about. Threats were made and old malignity saw a chance for revenge. Abelard hesitated to marry, a step which would have ruined his prestige; and Héloïse likewise, for his sake, refused this reparation, counting no sacrifice of hers too great. Then came a night when masked men entered Abelard's house and inflicted upon him the punishment which suited his offence. He fled from Paris. The height from which he fell measures his humiliation. The long years that followed make a story which is black and pitiful and mean. Their child was born. Abelard married Héloïse, against his will and hers. At his desire, since he must go into exile, she, too, renounced life for mere existence and went straight

from her marriage to a convent. The Church persecuted Abelard for heretical teachings; he was hounded from place to place—the bleak coast of Brittany, a hermit's cave in Burgundy, finally the monastery of Cluny. It would be a journey worth making to follow in his track across France. One perceives that he grew dulled, embittered, indifferent, blunted by misery. The mere physical hardships he endured were deadening. Hope was burnt out in him, and passion. But Héloïse loved him to the end. Her yearning devotion had the maternal as well as the wifely quality. Only once again, for a little while, she had him with her at her convent near his hermitage in the Burgundian wilderness. Her letters to him, through twenty years, are the epitome of love; and his to her of cruelty. The only dénouement of their story is death, which came to Abelard first. For centuries now they have lain side by side. It was on All Saints' Day that I went to their tombs in Père Lachaise. Some one had laid violets at the feet of their dimmed marble effigies.

Early in the French Revolution the imposing domed church which crowns the Mont Ste.-Geneviève was set apart by the National Assembly as a mausoleum for those who should serve France supremely, and it was named the Panthéon. Although since then France has passed through other revolutions and changing dynasties—empire, monarchy, republic—the Panthéon still fulfils the early purpose, and the frieze of the porch bears the words, "Aux grands hommes, la Patrie reconnaissante." The first scene and the last which it has witnessed are equally dramatic, and one could scarcely choose between them for significance. Fortune was kind to me for once and let me happen to read in the Bibliothèque Ste.-Geneviève, a stone's throw from the Panthéon, the story of Mirabeau's burial on the very night in early April which is its anniversary. He had died, poisoned as men believed, in the house which still stands in the Chaussée d'Antin, and with him had ended the possibility that France, and through her Europe, might work out her destiny by evolution and not revolution. Mirabeau's words to Marie Antoinette at their secret meeting and reconciliation at St.-Cloud, "Ma-



dame, the monarchy is saved," could now never be realized. It seems to have been with some foreboding sense of the future that on the second night after his death they bore him by torchlight, between silent multitudes, up the hill to the Panthéon. He was the first of her sons whom the country honored thus. The last is Zola. His famous "J'accuse" letter was written in love of justice and of France at the imminent risk of losing most of what men hold dear. No one who remembers this and knows that at that time France was a whirlpool in which friends were forever parted, families disrupted, and where some of the basest of human hatreds fought for domination, can despair of heroism in our own day. The cause that Zola served was that which won by the moral upheaval of a whole nation. In June, 1908, by order of the present Ministry, whose members had

been his supporters, Zola's remains were brought from Montmartre to the Panthéon. Dreyfus was in the procession which followed them. As he entered the Panthéon there occurred the latest—is it the last?—scene of the "affaire" which has shaken France. A well-known journalist from one of the opposition papers shot him twice. Nevertheless, in token that she has righted herself, France has placed Zola in her Panthéon, among the sons who have served her greatly.

Outside the bronze doors of the Panthéon sits Rodin's "Penseur," forever plunged in thought. Far before him lie the gardens of the Luxembourg, and beyond them soars the Eiffel Tower, veiled in the delicate Parisian haze or outlined against sunset skies. Yet he will never lift his head to see them. Memory and meditation absorb him utterly; and that is as it should be, here on this hilltop.

## Drawn Blinds

BY *ETHEL M. HEWITT*

IT is (if I picture it rightly) as though  
 I sat in my room with the blinds drawn fast;  
 Hating to think of the passionate rain  
 Pressing, petulant, against the pane,  
 Wishing winter's first day were its last.

But what, if I drew the blinds aside,  
 And, peering into the murky street,  
 Found, as one might, in a dream's conceit,  
 No dark at all, but the day outside,  
 And the Face of a Friend looking in?

And that is how Death (if I take it aright)  
 Will flash through a rift in the dark one day—  
 While I wait, with a fear, in the dark of my bed,  
 With the thought, they will talk of me soon as The Dead—  
 With a wish that the worst were away.

All of a sudden the blinds divide,  
 And, before I can know if I still am afraid,  
 I shall slip, at a stroke that was never delayed,  
 Into no dark, but the broad day outside,  
 With the Face of a Friend coming in!



# A Local Colorist

BY ANNIE TRUMBULL SLOSSON

WHEN I was a mite of a child I was always sayin' that I'd be a book-writer when I grewed up. I rec'lect lots of times folks askin' me—as they're always doin' with young ones, you know—what I was goin' to be when I got a woman grown, and my sayin' every time I should be a great author. Sometimes I'd make it more partic'lar and say a poet or a story-writer, or again I'd have it a editor or some kind of newspaper-maker, but most gen'rally 'twas just a plain author, no partic'lar sort. So, feelin' that way from the very beginnin', 'twas queer that I never did write for print as the years went by. I was forever thinkin' about it, plannin' for it, surmisin' just how 'twould feel when my own makin's-up was printed out and read all over the airth, and I never for one single minute give up bein' certain sure that before I died—and long afterwards, too—I should be known and spoke of as a great, a dreadful great, authoress. But I never seemed to get at it. You see, I was so busy. I never had to work for my livin', but I was oldest of five and had lots to do helpin' ma with the little ones and the housework.

Then there was school and lessons till I was nigh seventeen, and after that beaux, and pretty soon one beau in partic'lar—Mr. Kidder, you know. You can't write much in courtin' days, nor in marryin'-time neither, and 'course when little Nathan come and then Fanny Ann and Prudence, my hands were too full for authorin'. But I kep' on lottin' on doin' it some day, knowin' I should manage it somehow.

It wa'n't till I was left all alone by myself two year ago that I felt I could really begin. I set the day quite a spell aforehand. It was to be the 28th of May. The spring cleanin' would be through by that time, and the preservin' and cannin' and puttin' up jell and pickles not begun. Only a few summer boarders gen'rally

come as early as that, so there wouldn't be much goin' on outside to watch from the windows and take off my mind. Altogether it seemed just the right time. Of course there had to be a set day in case my writin's turned out pop'lar and talked about, and I was pretty certain they would. Folks always want to know all about great writers, and I kep' sayin' over to myself words from the newspaper accounts: "It was only a few years ago, on the 28th of May, that this interestin'"—or "thrillin'," or "beautiful," or something, as the case might be—"authoress begun her first and perchance her greatest book."

I laid in my writin' things, a new bottle of ink, some pens, and a quire of paper, and fixed my table in a good light. That was in March, for I was always forehanded. I was beginnin' to be a mite impatient, wantin' to have the worst over, when one day a new idee come into my head. Up to that cold March mornin', if you'll believe it, I never once thought what kind of writin' I should begin with; verses or prose pieces, narr'tives or what-all, I hadn't decided on any of 'em. It didn't take very long, though. I was dreadful fond of story-books, and I never cared no great for poetry or lives of folks or travellin' adventur's. I'd write stories, just one first off, and then a lot of 'em "by the authoress of ——" My! I hadn't fixed on a name. But that could come later when I knew what kind of a story it was. Then come the hardest of all—what it should be about. I couldn't make up my mind about that. I won't go over all the different plans I had; to write about lords and earls or lay it in heathen lands or in *Mayflower* days among the Pilgrims, or in the Civil War, or among pirates and Captain Kidd, or early Christian martyrs. I went over all them and lots more, but wasn't a bit nearer decidin', when Mary Dowd passed through





*Drawn by S. M. Chase*

"AND BE SURE YOU PUT IN LOTS OF LOCAL COLOR"



here on her way to Hall. She'd writ me aforehand, and I went over to the depot to see her. There was only about half an hour between trains, and we had a great deal to say. She is real smart, you know—had the Dayville School three terms, and is a great book-reader, so I wanted her advice. But she was all for my tellin' her first how my rhubarb pies was made; then she branched off into pie crust gen'rally, and how hers never had that light shortness mine always had, and it was only a few minutes before train-time that I got a chance to put my case. She was real interested, and she says right off quick, without havin' to think it over, "Oh," she says, "write a dialect story; that's the only thing that takes these days." "What in creation's that?" I says, and she looked most sorry for me. But she's real kind-hearted, and she begun to explain. Before I could get much idee of the thing the train whistled and she started to pick up her bag. Near as I could understand, dialect—I didn't know just how to spell it or speak it then, but I got it right afterward—dialect was any kind of queer, outlandish talk folks in any deestriect use, the queerer the better. The more you put in your story and the worse 't was spelt and the harder to understand, why, as I gathered from what she said as she climbed up the steps—bag in one hand and umbrella in the other and a book under each arm, so't she couldn't help steppin' on her skirt in front every step—why, the better your story was and the bigger pay it fetched. "But where'll I get this derelect talk?" I says, not gettin' the right word first off, and knowin' the other from Captain Gates, who'd followed the sea. "Go 'round till you find it," she says, as she went into the car, and tripped on the sill so's she most fell over, "and then write it out." "How'll I know how to spell it?" I calls out as she settles into her seat and begins to fix her things. "You don't have to know," says she through the window; "don't make any difference how it's spelt; that's why it's so easy." Just as the train started she put her face down to the open part of the window—it was only up a little way and was wedged there as they always be in cars—and called out, "And be sure you put in lots of local color." "What col-

or?" I hollered out as loud as I could. I see her mouth open, but I couldn't for the life of me catch a word, and in a jiffy she was out of sight. Well, I wrote to her for more partic'lars, and she sent me a whole sheetful of explainin's. She said dialect was most everywhere, but different in different places. I'd find it nigh me or further away. But when I'd got it I mustn't only take it down lit'ral, but I must put in the color she'd spoke of, which meant the sort of folks that talked the dialect, how they looked and acted, and all about the place and the scenery, and partic'lar the weather. There must be dark, lowerin' clouds, or an azure sky or wailin' winds or lurid sunsets or something similar. That was all called local color, she said, and it was a most important—in fact, a necessary ingredjent. "Like lard in pie crust," I says to myself, for that word ingredjent sounded like receipt-book talk, and the last part of her letter was about my rhubarb pies again.

Well, 'course I had to begin now, first thing, to hunt up folks that talked dialects, and it wasn't any easy job I tell you. Mary'd said it might be found right 'round you or further away. 'Twas certain sure it couldn't be 'round me, for I lived then, just as I do now, here in the mountains, though it was in Francovy those days instead of here in Lisbon, and there wasn't a thing of the kind in the whole place. I knew every single soul for miles 'round, and they all talked good, plain, sensible talk like everybody else, nothin' queer or what you might call dialectic. But I was set on bein' fair and correct, and not leavin' any stone unturned, as the sayin' is, without turnin' it up. So I went over in my mind all the folks there and what languages they used. I didn't seem to find anything sing'lar, but thinks I, I'll go 'round amongst the people a little and talk with 'em and take partic'lar notice of what they say. It didn't come to anything. Even the old aged folks that might have fetched down from past generations some strange lingo or other, they talked the right kind of talk we all of us use. I didn't tell 'em what I was at, but sort of drawed 'em out on different subjects and watched sharp for any dialects. But not a sign of 'em turned up. Even



Gran'sir Peckham, more'n eighty year old, didn't show a mite of it. I talked about the weather with him as he stood at the gate one time; asked him if he thought 'twould be a nice day, and so on. He said just what anybody anywheres that had took notice of the clouds would say, that it was goin' to be catchin' weather like the day afore, when he got soppin' wet over to the medder lot, and he cal'lated 'twould keep on thataway till the moon full. "'T any rate," he says, "it's growthy weather for grass." Nobody could have talked sensibler nor more like other folks nor with scurser dialect. And Aunt Drusilly Bowles, born and raised right there on the Butter Hill road, she was just the same. A mite of a body she is, you know, lookin' as if you could blow her over with one breath, but tough and rugged. She was carryin' two pails of water, one in each hand, as I went by, and I called out to her, "Ain't they heavy?" I says. "Not a mite—that is, for me," says she. "I could heft twice as much." She come out to the road, still a-carryin' the pails, and went on talkin'. "I don't see," says she, "but I'm jest as spry and up-and-doin' as I was twenty year back. The Priests, our branch—mother's side, ye know—they're a long-lived tribe and peart and chirky to the last. Ma herself was dreadful poor, never weighed ninety pound in all her born days, but she was powerful strong, all bone and sinner to the last. There wa'n't never a peakid or pindlin' Priest I ever heerd tell on," she says, straightenin' up, sort o' proud like. And it was all like that, plain, nat'ral language like anybody's, not a sign of dialection, as you might call it. So I traipsed 'round that town till my feet ached lookin' for what I knowed aforehand wasn't there. I wouldn't go anywheres else till I'd tried every chance to home.

When I was sure there wasn't a speck of real dialect in Francony nor for miles 'round there, I took the cars for Haverhill, where my niece's son, Eben Reynolds, lived. Ridin' in the stage over to Bethlehem for the mornin' train, I couldn't get this thing out o' my head. You're something of a writer yourself, ma'am, and must know how it kind o' spiles things havin' to think how they'd look in print. I know I heerd Leonard Colby

say once—he used to write pieces for the paper, you know—that he couldn't even say good night to his girl when he was keepin' company with Ellen Peabody without thinkin' to himself how 'twould be called in print "a yearnin' embrace" or something; said it took part of the int'rest out of it. So 'twas with me that time. 'Twas a real nice mornin', a spring feelin' in the air, the trees not exactly budded out, but showin' they were goin' to be pretty soon, a kind of live purplish gray all over 'em, and the sky a pictur'. But I couldn't just set still and let it all soak into me without act'ally thinkin' about it, as I used to, no more'n these new folks that call themselves natur'-lovers can really love natur'. They're after book names for what they see, examples of amazin' smartness in birds or creatur's like what Professor Thingamy or Doctor Thisorthat writ about. And I was huntin' for the dialect way of tellin' what I see that day. I looked up to the sky, such a pretty blue, and the little soft white woolly clouds strimmered all over it, and I wondered if there was any dialectic word that answered to strimmer. Seem's if there couldn't be one that pictur'd out the real thing so good. For them clouds was strimmered and nothin' else. I thought as I see the apple trees with their spranglin', crooked, knotty branches showin' a'ready signs of the spring life, thinks I, "They'll be pink with blowth afore we know it." And then 'stead of just being comfortable and pleased over that idee I went and begun guessin' if there was any other word in any part of the world that stood for "blowth." Certain sure there couldn't be a word that described things so plain. Why, you can't only see the posies as you're sayin' it, but you can act'ally smell 'em. "Oh, how glad I be," I says to myself, "that I don't have to talk dialect or any other outlandish languages started, I dare say, in Babel times when folks got so mixed up and confused." 'Course I'm always kind to foreigners and make allowances for 'em. Look at it one way, it ain't their fault their talkin' that way. But I feel to rejoice, as they say in prayer-meetin', that I wasn't born or raised one. Sometimes seem's if, even if I had been, I'd have broke away when



I growed up and sensed things. I can't pictur' anybody with a drop of Spooner blood in 'em talkin' such lingo as Dutch Peter over to Lisbon or Mary Bodoë on Wallace Hill keep jabberin' all the time. However and wherewithal, as Deacon Lamb used to say in meetin's, thankful as I might be that I talked good New Hampshire, I was bound to find the other kind afore May 28th, when my book was to begin.

But I hadn't any more luck Haverhill way than 'round home. It made me feel real mean, too, visitin' as I was and folks showin' me so much attention, and me spyin' on 'em, as you might say, and prickin' up my ears in hopes of hearin' some queer dialecty talk to use in my writin's. Served me right that I didn't hear a speck. Eben's folks come from our way, and o' course they talked good Francony-American, and their neighbors done the same. When I went over the river to Bradford I was in Vermont, you know. I thought mebbe they'd speak different over there, but they didn't. They conversed jest our way, only more so, if anything. For some of the old folks kep' up words I had 'most forgot, but good, sensible, straight-meanin' words, with nothin' outlandish or dialectical about 'em. Grandma Quimby, raised in Whitefield, but marryin' a Bradford man and livin' there thirty year, she says when I asked her how her little granddaughter Dorry was, "Little?" says she. "Why, you'd ought to see her; she's a great big gormin' girl now." That "gormin'" did bring back old times and pa. He always applied that term to me when I was growin' up, and it's a scrumtious word. I do lot on words that pictur' things out like that. And her daughter, Aunt Meeny Tucker, she puts in: "And Cyrus 's gettin' a big boy too. It's all his pa can do to manage him. He's got the Dodge grit, and he's real masterful, runs all over the town without leave, the kitin'est boy." Exactly what ma used to say about Dan'l. Oh, I do so set by the good, plain, meanin' talk! By this time I see I must go further away if I expected to get hold of anything to use in my writin's, and I decided to go to Nashaway to Jane Webster's, and if I didn't get it there to keep on as fur as Brown's Corners, 'cross the Massachu-

setts line. "If I don't find it there," I says to myself, "I'll give up. I can't go to Injy's coral strands, not even to find ingredjents for my book-writin'."

'Twas the same story at Nashaway, no dialects at all, not the least taste, though I visited 'round, in all classes, as they say. Then I went to Massachusetts. But, dear land! Brown's Corners wasn't a mite different from Francony or Lisbon, Haverhill or Bradford. Common talk full o' common sense, both of 'em common to all New England, f'r aught I know. I didn't know anybody at the Corners but Mis' Harris Spooner, own cousin to Mr. Kidder's first wife, and I put up with her. She'd always lived in Massachusetts, born there, and I sort of hoped I could pick up something sing'lar in her conversation worth puttin' into my story. But 'twas no good; seems even there so nigh to Boston their languages is same as ourn. She didn't talk of anything scursely but about Viletty—Mr. Kidder's first, you know, my predecessor. 's they say—and how pious and sickly she was. Told me all about her last days, how white and meechiu' she looked, and how dreadful poor and skinny, and yet how she hung on, hung on till seemed 's if she never'd pass away. And she dwelt on Mr. Kidder's sorrer and how he kind o' clung to Viletty 's if he couldn't part with her, and how mebbe that was the reason she hung on, hung on so long. She said some folks think if you hold on too tight to them you set by when they're sick and ready to go, they can't break loose, somethin' seems to draw 'em back and pin 'em down. And she told how she says to him frequent, "Reuben, Reuben," says she, "let her go home, loose your hold and let her depart." Well, seems he did. 'T any rate she did depart, or else o' course I wouldn't have been Mis' Reuben Kidder now. 'Twas real interestin' and nigh about all news to me, for Mr. Kidder wasn't no great of a talker. Anyway, men folks never seem to talk about things as well as women, do they? Leave out the little trimmin's that set it off so and stick to main facts, the last thing we care about. He'd never once mentioned all the time we lived together how Viletty had hung on, hung on, and it's bein' thought likely 'twas because of his tight hold on her.



You'd think he'd a-known it would be entertainin' to me, takin' Viletty's place as I had. The whole narr'tive was spoke in as good plain talk as any I could have put it in myself, down to the very end, Viletty's dyin' words, the layin' out, the wreaths and crowns and pillars from the neighbors, and the funeral exercises. She said she'd take me out to the buryin'-ground afore I left, a dreadful sightly place on Dodd's Hill, to see the grave. I'd have admired to go, but it rained the whole endurin' time, and I didn't get a chance.

Well, here 'twas the 24th of May, and no dialections to put into that story that was to be started on the 28th. I was dreadful upset and put out. Seemed certain sure that I couldn't do the kind of book that was most in the fashion that time, and so must set to work at something different. As for the local color, if that only meant sceneries and weather and actin's and doin's, why, I could fix them all right, but, as I understood Mary Dowd to say, that wasn't no use without a lot o' this dialect, and that I couldn't find high nor low. Up to that time I hadn't told a single creatur' what I was at. But that day, as I was goin' along in the train, who should get in at Greenfield station but Abby Matthews on her way home from visitin' with Ephraim's folks. I was so glad to see her, and so filled up with all I'd been through and wanted to go through, that I spilled over and emptied out my whole heart. I told her every single thing, how I'd always been set on bein' an authoress and what Mary Dowd said and how I'd traipsed all over the airth lookin' for dialects and couldn't find a speck, and me only four days from the date I'd set for beginnin' my great, prob'ly my greatest, work. She was real interested and pleased too, said 'twould be a great thing for Francony and for Grafton County—in fact, for the whole State o' New Hampshire—to have an authoress of their own. As for this dialect, she said she'd heerd of it as bein' all the go nowadays in story-book writin', but to the best of her rememberin' she hadn't never seen a case of it herself. It was some kind of queer-soundin' talk when you heerd it, and queerer-lookin' when you read it, and the spellin' was every which way, no reg'lar

rule. As for her, says she, she never conceited folks did talk just that way in any deestriect on the airth; she'd always held that the story-writers made it up as they went along, and she'd advise me to do so myself. As for "local color," she never'd heerd of such a thing, and I'd better not have anything to do with it. "Tell your story plain and straight, and put everything down in black and white and steer clear o' any other colors, local or be-they-who-they-be," she says. "But I can't make up a thing I don't know anything about," says I. "If I enly could see a sample of this dialectical talk or hear somebody speak a mite of it, I'd see where I was standin', but I can't make a start afore I know more about it; that's the thing of it. I'm every bit as sot as you can be, Abby Matthews, on beginnin' this great work. All is, I must have a mite of a hint or a help to start me, and then I can go on like a house afire." She see the sense of that, and just then the train slowed up comin' into Bath, where she was goin' to get out, and in a minute I was left by myself again.

"Well, Abby ain't been of much use in one way," thinks I, "but she gave me sympathy, and 'twas a sight of comfort to talk things over with her. And, after all, I guess sympathy's worth more'n dialect in the long run, and sometimes seems 's if 'twas nigh about as seurse." I just gave up hope that night, yet 'twas only next day that I found what I was lookin' for—dialect and plenty of it.

I'm afraid you won't hardly understand, and mebbe 'll think it dreadful when I tell you 'twas in answer to prayer. I've always been in the habit of askin' the Lord for what I wanted, even if I wasn't sure 'twas a right thing to want. I left it to Him to decide that and to show me if I'd made a mistake. He give the gift of tongues one time, you know, and He promises to put the very words into your mouth that you'd ought to speak in tryin' times, so why'd this thing be so dreadful different? Anyway, I tried it, and I told Him the whole story that night. And I says if there wasn't any harm in my bein' an authoress—and lots of real Christians followed that business, as He well knew—and if I couldn't be a real fav'rite without puttin' in this





*Drawn by S. M. Chase*

I TOLD HER AGAIN 'T WAS ONLY A CROCK'RY POSY-HOLDER



thing, would He p'int out to me where to find it and how I'd ought to make use of it and, if 'twas possible, to do good with it. I got up real comforted and went to bed easier in my mind than I had for a long spell. I was 'round the house next forenoon doin' the work, and I stepped to the window to shake out my dust-cloth. I see some one goin' along the road; a stranger I knew 'twas right off. 'Twas a young lady, real nice-lookin', and I guessed she must be an early summer boarder. I didn't want to be seen starin' at her, and was just goin' to step back out o' sight, when she looked up and smiled in a real pretty, friendly way. 'Course I smiled back, and she come closer and says "Good morning." I slat the dust-cloth down and come 'round to the front door, and in five minutes we was talkin' away like old cronies. Seems she was stayin' over to Mis' Nichols's—I'd heerd they was expectin' a boarder—only come night before, and she was lookin' 'round the place. Well, I hadn't heerd her say a dozen words 'fore I see she talked different from the folks 'round there, different from anybody I'd heerd anywheres. Now I can't show you just how 'twas different. I never could act out things and show how folks did 'em, copyin' their talk and ways. I always broke down and sp'iled the dialogues at school exhibition if they give me a part. But I can tell you some of the things that made this talk so dreadful queer and give me, right at the very beginnin', what they call in prayer-meetin' a tremblin' hope that I was findin' what I'd looked for so long.

First place, everything she said sounded like readin' out of a book. Now you know 'most everybody has two kinds of talk, one for speakin' and the other for writin' and readin'. Talk-talk and book-talk, as you might put it. But my! you couldn't see any difference here; any of it might have been read off from a book or a paper. And then such queer, long stretched-out words, some of 'em span new to me and some I'd seen in books or heerd in sermons or lectur's. She had a way of stoppin' short 'twixt her words that I couldn't make out or get used to, like this: When she wanted to say she didn't like winter 's well as summer she said she "did not like it at," then a kind

of stop before she put in "all." First off I thought it was an accident and she'd stopped to swaller or get her breath or something. But she done it again and kep' doin' it, and I see 'twas a habit—part of her dialects. "At—all" says she every single time 'stead of "atall," as everybody else says. Then the most musical thing—I almost laughed every time she said it—when she asked me if I'd ever been somewheres or done something partic'lar she'd say "Did—you" this or that, with a stop between the words long enough for a swaller, or a stutter, or a gap, or a hiccup. "Did—you" she'd always say, 'stead of "did-ger," as other folks say. And when she wanted to put in "ever" she'd stop the same way 'twixt you and ever. "Did-you-ever" she says, 'stead of the right way, "Didjever," like other folks. She was int'rested in all I said and real friendly, wanted to keep me talkin', and hoped she wasn't inconveniencin' me, and so on. And when I said I wasn't partic'lar busy, only just potterin' 'round, she says, "Potterin'! Such a delightful term!" she says; "it reminds me of Keerammix" whoever he was—"and the plastic art. Potterin'!" she says over again, laughin', as if 'twas some uncommon, foreignish word or other. Where *did* she come from? Why, that word's used all over the airth, far's I know. I did hear a woman one time from down Connecticut way say putterin' 'stead of potterin', but I guess that was only her way of pronouncin' it. When I says of Joel Butts, settin' on his door-step 'cross the street, that he was "shif'less as a cow blackbird," she claspt her hands and says, "Delicious! and shows such a fa-mil-i-ar-i-ty with nature and a certain knowledge of orni—something." (I writ that down as quick as she went away.) 'Course I didn't let her see I was usin' her for a copy; she didn't suspicion it. She ast lots of questions and listened sharp to what I said. But I guess she see pretty quick there wa'n't nothin' queer about my languages. The commonest things, the talk used by all sensible folks the world over, seemed to strike her most and stir her all up. Times I thought she wasn't exactly polite, what we'd call, for she'd repeat over somethin' I'd said and laugh, but



as she always ended by praisin' it up I didn't mind. And I was so tickled at findin' a case of genuin' dialects. There was a chiny posy-holder in my window with some dried grass in it from last year, just a common one, had belonged to ma. She didn't seem to know what 'twas 'tall; asked if it was an "antic" or a "airloom"; and again she spoke of it as a "varze." When I told her over again and louder, conceitin' she might be a mite hard o' hearin', that 'twas only a old crock'ry posy-holder, she hollered out, "Posy-holder—how dear!" And I hadn't said a word about the price. I didn't want to sell it, anyway. "Posy," says she, "the quaint old word of the poets, Old English," she says. But I told her no, 'twas Chineese, I guessed, fetched over by ma's brother, Uncle Elam, who foltered the sea.

That started her off again, and she says it after me: "Foltered the sea! How expressive and vivid, suggestin' the call of the ocean to its lovers," and such queer crazy-soundin' talk. I had to write it down quick, makin' an excuse to go into the other room. Another thing queer was her 'pologisin' the whole 'durin' time for goodness knows what and beggin' me to forgive her for somethin' or 'nother. If she didn't sense what I said and wanted to hear it over again, she'd ask me to excuse her dumbness by sayin' "Beg pardon." Time and again she says that when she hadn't done a thing, and when I answered polite every time, "Don't mention it." I see she was still expectin' somethin' and waitin' for me to say over again what I'd said afore. Then I see 'twas dialect for "What say?" and I put it down on my list. She had lots of those dialectics. When she was surprised at anything I'd tell her, she'd say, kind o' drawlin' like, "Fancy!" the fan part sort o' spread out, and I found that meant "Do tell" or "You don't say." And over 'n' over when I fetched in some common sayin', a weather sign about thunder in the mornin', farmers take warnin', or how turnin' back some o' your clothes you'd put on wrong side afore was bad luck, or any such well-known things, she'd say a real queer word, "Focllore," most 's if she was swearin', as Uncle Ben Knapp used to say "C'rin-thians!" when he got excited.

One time I fetched her out a glass of milk and some hot gingerbread I'd just baked, and I fixed her in the rocker under the big ellum. She was real tickled, and give me to understand that it made her think of somebody named Al Fresscoe. I s'pose he most gen'rally et outdoors. She always had some queer remark to make about everything. When Si Little's ox team was standin' out in the road one day she went out and looked right into the creatur's' faces, and she says over some lingo about Juno and oxides; or mebbe 'twas ox-hides. And when I was tellin' her about Elbert Hill and how climbin' he was, how he'd come up from a poor boy, and now took in partner with Knight Brothers and aimin' to be a selectman some day, she was real struck and says, "Excelsior!" I think 'twas that; 'twas some kind o' stuffin' material, anyway. Even the commonest things like sayin' Jabez Goss was the well-to-doist man in Littleton, which everybody knows he is, she'd appear so struck or tickled over. I'd wonder every minute what fur-off ign'rant country she come from. Once I was tellin' her about Jesse Baker to Sugar Hill and how he could make verses on anything in the heavens or airth or the waters under the airth, f'r aught I know. I said nobody ever learnt him how to do it, he just took to it soon's he could speak; 'twas natur', I guessed. And she says some of her queer outlandish jabber about poets bein' nasty and not fit. She didn't say for what. Wonder if she'd say that about Watts and the rest o' the hymn-makers. 'Course this I'm tellin' you didn't all take place in that first meetin'. It wanted four days then to the 28th, the time I was to become an authoress, and I contrived to see Miss Mandeville (I'd found out her name) lots. I'd run out in the front yard whenever I see her comin' by, and I'd happen into the store if she went in. She was more'n willin' to talk with me, and I got together a whole mess of dialects and writ 'em down careful, though I didn't worry about the spellin', as I'd heerd that wasn't no great matter. She come into my house two or three times and was real int'rested in my things and talked dialect about 'em like a streak all the time. She looked at my old clock on the mantle-shelf that



was grandma's and asked about it. It had stopped, as it had a way of doin' frequent, and I told her it didn't keep reg'lar time like my new one in the kitchen, but I said I liked it better than that one because it had been in our family so long and I'd seen it since I was a speck of a young one, and she says, "That goes without sayin'," says she. I hadn't an idee what she meant, for it don't go at all most times whether you say anything or not.

She was lookin' over my photograph album and she come to a likeness of Timothy Banks that used to keep store to Whitefield and moved down East. She turned it over to look on the back for his name, I s'pose, and she says, "Oh, Parree!" 'Twas one of her by-words, I guess, for there wa'n't any name there, only the man that took the pictur' down in Paris, Maine, where the Bankses live. Oh, she had some outlandish word for everything under the sun. What do you think she called goin' anywheres to stay over Sabbath day? You'd never guess. Wee Kend! 'Pears to be dialect for visitin' from Saturday to Monday—bakin'-day to wash-day, you know. But I can't tell you half; 'twould take a month o' Sundays.

She had out-o'-the-wayest words for everything. Speakin' o' Lyman Waters and how he'd fell away from his religion and now didn't even believe there was any God at all, what do you think she called him? An agg nostick! That was her dialection for a plain, common infidel that says in his heart there is no God. The Bible just calls him a fool, you know. And them different ways folks get into by spells, catchin' ways, you know, that runs through a deestrick, she spoke of as fads. Asked me one time if I'd took up this new fad of mas-ti-catin' my food a long time as recommended by Whitcher, or Belcher, or some one or other. But I told her no. I just chewed my victuals before swallowin', 's I always had.

I was so tickled by findin' all these dialects for my story that I 'most forgot I hadn't got a mite of local color to spread over 'em. How could I get it, not knowin' anything of the kind of local'ty she come from, her folks, and her bringin' up? Mebbe, thinks

I, that will come out after a spell, and I can put it on last thing, like the third coat o' paint Lias Davis is puttin' on his house 'cross the road there. Sing'lar, I says to myself, to speak o' writin' 's if 'twas different colors. Though, come to think of it, I've heerd of blue laws and blue books and yellow newspapers, red letters and black lists. But I never knew anything till lately of this local colorin' matter to stories, and I haven't got an idee how to put it on, just plain and thick all over, or strimmered about and different in spots. 'Course I could describe Miss Mandeville and all her colors—reddish hair, and indiger blue eyes, and pale-complected, and all. I could put in the weather, too; there's more in Francony than most deestricks, and it's all colors, too, probably local 's well as the rest, though I hadn't got yet a real clear idee what that was. But that way-off, sing'lar land she come from, where her folks lived, and everybody talked dialect talk, why, I hadn't no more idee how to paint it out than—than anything.

Well, come May 28th, I waked up 'fore sunrise full o' my story. I got breakfast out o' the way and washed up the dishes bright and early and done the house-work so's to be all ready to set down to my writin'. My list o' dialections, all took from this queer boarder's talk, was real lengthy now, plenty to begin with, anyway. As for the colorin', I could put in some weather and scenery—Mary Dowd said that was part of it—and touch it up bime-by with another shade or so as I got some more information. I'm sot on havin' lots of that color 'tany rate, thinks I, so if it runs or fades there'll be enough left to show. I'd tried my pen and found it went all right, and took a clean sheet o' paper to begin, when all of a sudden I rec'lected that I hadn't said my prayers that mornin'. I was dreadful ashamed. But it's bein' the great anniversary I'd looked ahead to so long and me so excited and nerved up and all, I'd clean forgot my duty and my religion. Land's sake, how small I felt! Down went my pen and I shoved back my chair and went up-chamber 's quick as I could go.

It's well I done it. And yet it fetched me the biggest disapp'intment of my



whole life long and as good as changed all my futur', my line o' business, my hopes, my everything. I was kneelin' by my bed, dreadful ashamed and just beginnin' to tell the Lord about it, when—before you could say Jack Robinson—a queer feelin' come all over me, and I was seein' things in a terrible different light. What had I been doin' these last few days? What was I lookin' ahead to doin' the days to come? I most heerd them questions asked out loud by some one, and I hid my face in the patch-work quilt and wished it could cover me up soul and body I was that ashamed. A poor young creatur', a stranger within our gates, had come to my door, come friendly and well-meanin'. And how had I acted to her? I had drawed her out, spied on her, took notice of her mistakes, set down on paper her dialections, rejoicin' over her stumblin' speech that I might set it out in print for the world to laugh over. And all that I, Abigail Jane Kidder, might be a great authoress. Do you wonder I was so ashamed I could a-crawled under that bed if 'twould a-hid me from every human bein'. That poor young creetur'! I thinks. Was it her fault she used that form o' speech, that "lispin', stammerin' tongue," as the hymn says? Didn't most likely her own folks use it, or similar, in that fur-off land from whence she come? Mightn't I, raised 's I'd been in a civilized c'mmunity, amongst plain-speakin' folks, have got into that kind o' dialectics if my relations and neighbors had all talked it in my comp'ny? Likely enough, for language is dreadful catchin'.

Well, never mind about that next hour. That's between me and some One else. But when I got up off my knees, brushed off my skirt, and smoothed out the quilt, I knew as well as I know it this very minute that I wasn't ever goin' to be a dialectical story-writer. I'd

left off that habit afore 'twas too strong to break.

I won't deny I was disappointed. I own 'twas kind o' hard, one way, to think that the 28th of May, looked ahead to so long as the day of my beginnin' to be a great authoress, was, after all, the day of my leavin' off bein' one. But I knew my duty and I meant to do it. You might think I could a-took up some other kind of writin' that wouldn't ask me to draw out sing'lar folks and make fun of 'em. But somehow the sad turnin' out of this experiment kind o' set me agin' literary things, and I couldn't scursely look at that new pen and the clean white foolscap without feelin' qualmy. So I ain't an authoress, after all, and I guess I never will be now.

It come out after Miss Mandeville went away—I forgot to say she'd gone that very day afore I see her again, called home sudden—it come out she was from Boston way, not so dreadful fur off, after all, and was some kind of a writin' person. Some folks had it she was lookin' up dialectics herself to make pieces out of, but that couldn't be, I guess, or she wouldn't a-come here. Though mebbe she'd been misinformed, and so, after she met me and the other folks and heerd us talk, she found out she'd come to the wrong local'ty and went off. But I think of her frequent, and sometimes I find myself hopin' that though she wa'n't here long she may a-profitd a mite by what she heerd, and left off some of her own talk and took on some o' ourn. As I said afore, language is real catchin', and we never know what little word o' ourn, dropped in season, as they say, may spring up and bear fruit—yea, a hundredfold. And mebbe even dialect, if it ain't been too long standin', may be broke up and helped, or mebbe clean cured, take it in time and afore you're too old and sot in your ways.





# Jemima of the Seventh Floor

BY RUTH McENERY STUART

TALL, spare, angular, gaunt, her scant gray hair lightly lifted by the breeze as she stood at the end of the corridor looking out upon the sea, Jemima seemed more wraith than woman. She was chambermaid of the seventh floor of Seafair Sanitarium, but notwithstanding this limited jurisdiction and the meagreness of her deprived person, Jemima's personality was all-pervading.

Whenever she was off duty, her favorite diversion seemed to be standing at the south bay-window, looking out upon the sea. Indeed, she had often been observed to walk the entire length of the corridor to shake her dust-cloth out the ocean window. And when chance afforded she would wave the rag as a handkerchief to any passing sail, occasionally getting an answering signal from a friendly or playful passenger, when she would return chuckling to her work, the rest of the day brightened for her.

Jemima had come from the poor hill-country "up-State," thirty years before, a raw, faded girl of fifteen, and what she knew or dreamed of life in the great world had come to her here, in the sanitarium by the sea.

Those who remembered her in the early days declared that she had scarcely changed in all the years, even her gray hairs being hardly noticeable in a sparse community of mole-colored strands which seemed meeting them half-way in the bleaching process. Not that Jemima looked young. She was rather of those who seem never to have had any youth, and even as a girl she had taken life as an observer, never appearing to think of appropriating it to herself.

Her people were obscure and very poor, and so the bulk of Jemima's wages had from the first gone back to the farm in the hills. After her parents had passed away, there had been a brief period when

she had spent her wages for clothes for herself. The long coat she had worn for twenty years, trimmed with monkey fur, with its rather close-fitting short waist and full skirt, the quaint wrap which characterized her in the minds of so many, was bought during this time; also the imitation ermine muff which it was her pride to carry whenever the sun was not too mockingly hot, even when the dogwood trees were white and full of song.

But Jemima's easy purse had been of short duration. The death of an only brother soon followed that of the old people, whereupon an indigent semi-invalid sister-in-law whom she had never seen became her heritage, and the wages of Jemima reverted, without a murmur, to the old route—and she continued to wear the coat with the monkey fur and the ermine muff with no diminution of a sense of splendor or awakening to their incongruity.

But Jemima rarely went anywhere, excepting on her "second Thursday afternoons off," when she would saunter to the beach or the pier at the end of the wharf. What need to go through the town, when there was always the best of society at the sanitarium?

Seafair itself was a straggling village back a mile or more from the beach, and depended for much of its support upon the patronage of the sanitarium; this and, of course, the turpentine-stills, which were two miles farther inland, among the pitch-pine hills.

Many of the maids employed at the sanitarium had beaux among the turpentine men, but life was merely pictorial to Jemima. Youth and campfires and jollity on her own social plane had slight attraction for her.

She was still a young woman when on one occasion she declined to join a 'bus-load of girls who were going out to the camp for a dance and candy-pull,



loftily remarking with a shrug: "No, thank you. My taste runs to the cultured folks!" Not a particularly gracious form of regret, surely. No doubt the word itself had come to her from the "cultured," and she adopted it without question as she did other perquisites of her office—as, for instance, the half-used medicine-bottles which she found in the rooms vacated by patients. These she appropriated with pathetic greed and partook of them freely, thus securing for herself without cost "the highest medical attention." It was true that in all the years of her service Jemima had never lost a day through illness—a fact which she freely attributed to the "scientific treatment" which, she boasted, she had "the good sense to know how to take secon' hand."

Occasionally she took liberties with the bottles, as when, feeling herself generally ailing, with no special "symptoms," she emptied them all into one, shook this well, and then calmly took "a reasonable dose" of the mixture. Of possible dangers through chemical affiliations she took no account, and, strange to tell, the composite medicines seemed to work well, and she often declared that if she could get enough active things to go in it, she could put up as good bitter tonic or spring physic as the next one, and they "always brought her through."

But a little learning is a dangerous thing, in medicine as elsewhere, and Jemima once slipped and floundered, through a very simple mistake. Moved by an exceptional assortment of remnants, she decided upon another "course of general treatment"—the term is her own—and she had got her compound well mixed and shaken and was just preparing to swallow a dose, when she realized that she had taken no account of the large bottle into which she had been pouring, which had been little less than half full. To her consternation she found this to have been a "hair restorative." But her dismay was not for long. "External use" would have to be the key-note now, and the directions were simple and direct. "Use freely and rub in well." Jemima's hair had ever been a source of trial to her in its limp inadequacy, and this would be a chance to "tone it up."

Even as she read, she began throwing out her hairpins, and, after first giving the bottle an extra shake for thoroughness, she filled one palm and then the other, and, turning them upon her scalp, began to rub. At the end of a half-hour of this strenuous treatment things were pretty serious. Quite a large jar of "balsam-fir" had entered into the mixture, a generous dash of several compound syrups, with a small quantity of *capsicum*—this last inconsequent in amount, but of insistent potency. She didn't mind the burning. In fact, she rather liked it. Medicine that is any good must get its legitimate revenges. That was not the trouble. There was something else. There had been little hair to begin with, and it was of the flat and fine variety, and the balsam-fir had been unfriendly.

It was really hard for Jemima, who was the soul of honor, to be obliged to tie her head up and to feign headache while she went from room to room at her evening tasks, but for the life of her she could not get comb or brush through the sticky strands.

When her chores were finally done and she was able to retreat from observation, she bore to her room a number of lotions which she had gleaned for the purpose, and set about freeing her head from the tyranny of the pine.

It was an all-night job, and the dawn was showing in the east, oversea, when she finally escaped from the toils of experiment and took an hour's exhausted sleep before the rising summons.

But she was a "good sport," was Jemima, and when all was said and done and the bottle of "Restorative" thrown where all poor restoratives should go, she held her head high and declared that "she didn't know when she had had so much feelin' in her scalp," and that, "like as not, it would start a new growth." Such was her invincible optimism.

Jemima was never more delighted than when new people came in, and her knowledge of social matters in America's best cities, taken in all, was not inconsiderable, in view of the limited advantages which her "seventh floor" afforded. But she was a keen observer, and one need not ask questions to learn what the fashions are when society's best from



New York and Boston and Philadelphia and Baltimore and Washington—especially from Washington—familiarily paraded her domain. For a long time Jemima had been uncertain as to her favorite American city, but finally, out of all the samplings of the years, she evolved an unequivocal preference for the national capital—as second choice, that is, her first allegiance having been long before irrevocably given to Seafair.

“Gimme first Seafair and then Washington,” she was wont to remark.

Washington, with its glamour of court life, and the newspaper notoriety of several of its citizens who as patients had for longer or shorter periods distinguished the seventh floor, had made a strong pictorial appeal to the pageant-loving woman of stolid bearing who humbly passed among them with dust-pan and brush.

Her first devotion to Seafair was natural enough, for was it not here that she had first met the world? Here was her vantage-ground. Here came, when they had need of coddling, mayors and Senators; men of letters and lettered women from over the land; tired actresses with wilted wardrobes and jaded tempers; short-haired women who were weary in their strivings for *causes* and suffering from *effects*; long-haired poets with short tempers and bank accounts, one of these even whom a few of the most exclusive, for reasons of their own, had refused to speak to, and who in consequence had been obliged to “talk with God,” upon the roof.

Jemima had seen more than one such, jotting down upon any old scrap of paper the things which God had told them, and which in one memorable instance she saw with her own eyes afterward printed in one of the expensive magazines for sale at the news-stand in the lobby down-stairs. She was sure, for she had the first draft of it, scribbled upon an old telegram blank. She had once seen a beautiful youth, with taper fingers and tapering habits, a moment before he jumped out of the window one night, and had heard him “using language,” and had gathered ninety-nine cigarette stumps from his floor; and a few months afterward, at one of the literary entertainments in the chapel, some one had

recited a Christmas poem by his hand—a poem all tenderness and reverence, a single inspired line of which was said to be carved upon his tombstone. She had even learned to pick an occasional cigarette stump out of a lady’s waste-basket and to still regard her as a lady and to know her as generous and beautiful.

Indeed, there was much that was illuminating in Jemima’s apparently narrow existence, much to broaden her views of life, as it was presented to her along her narrow corridor. And she was distinctly a woman of her own mind, and had ever been incredulous of many things, as, for instance, the popular theory of germs, the favorite bugaboo of the sanitarium.

“Talk to me about germs!” she exclaimed one day, as she skirted my floor with wisp and dust-pan. “I been sweep-in’ these rooms for thirty year an’ over, an’ I ain’t never seen no germ yet!” And as she sat back upon her heels while she pulled the carpet wool from the wisps, she added: “You’ve got to give these nervous folks something to worry over, an’ I s’pose a belief in germs is about as innocent as anything else. Up home, when I was young, it used to be hell-fire, but I reckon that would be too excitin’ for sanitarium use;” and then she added with a sniff, as she rose, “though I have seen a few here that I b’lieve would ‘a’ been helped by it—hell-fire or a cold shower-bath, one.”

I had noticed Jemima’s close observation of me some days before I first bridged the distance between us by a friendly word, unrelated to her service. It was one afternoon when I had dressed for dinner—or for supper, I should say, this being the evening meal at Seafair. I had put the finishing touches to my toilet and was slipping on my rings, when I caught a strange gleam in her pale eyes—a hungry gleam, if I may say the word; and yet not hungry as the eyes of a thief coveting my jewels. It was rather like the infantile glance of a child outreaching for a toy. It held an appeal, and as I looked at the woman there was something in the contrast between us as we stood together there which touched me, and I said, lightly:

“Do you like jewelry, Jemima?”

She did not answer at once, and when



I turned for a reply there was no animation in her face while she said, evenly, and without apparent feeling:

"I've always wanted a diamond ring." And as I turned to go, she added in the same quiet voice, "An' some day I intend to have it."

"I hope you will, Jemima," I smiled back at her, "if you really want it." And as I walked down the corridor, the image of the gaunt woman stayed with me. I seemed still to see her long, freckled hands, her ungainly figure as she had towered above me, buttoning up my back, her homespun bosom as flat as a slate, her shoulders as square.

And this woman wanted a diamond ring! The pathos of it seems inadequate as I write it now, but for the time something had got into my throat, so that I was glad to be going away from her. That evening as I came up in the elevator I saw Jemima standing in her favorite place at the sea window, and I went and stood beside her. She did not turn toward me. I had not expected that she would. It was not her way. We both looked out upon the sea for a while, and then I said, gently enough, meaning only to be kind:

"Tell me why you want a diamond ring, Jemima—will you, sometime?"

Although she did not turn, there loomed sudden retort in the answer which she told to the winds:

"Same reason you wanted yours, I reckon. Same reason any woman wants one."

Perhaps I should have been sufficiently rebuffed to go my way, but my overture was entirely friendly, and so I determined to try again.

"You seem to like to look at the sea," I submitted, timidly, after a time.

"I don't care nothin' about the sea," she replied, still away from me. "It's the boats I watch for. There's something *to* a ship."

"Have you ever been aboard one?" I pursued.

Now she turned.

"Who? Me? Good gracious, no!" And presently she added, while a queer and far-away look overspread her face, so that as I stood beside her I thought of Bastien-Lepage's Joan of Arc listening to the voices: "That is, not in the

flesh, I haven't. There's many a sail, comin' an' goin', though, that takes my mind along. Some days, on a windy day like this, when you see me turnin' your mattress or dustin' your tea-things, I'm really out there in the squall like that slim schooner yonder, liable any minute to dash against the point." And then, with a comical suggestion of a shrug, she added as she turned away, "An' I ain't alone, neither!"

This last reached me over the woman's shoulder as she went her way.

The care of my little tea-table and of my potted plants was a slight source of income to the ever-willing Jemima, to whom I was only too glad of an excuse in "extra service" to make up for the tip which was really burning holes in my New York pockets.

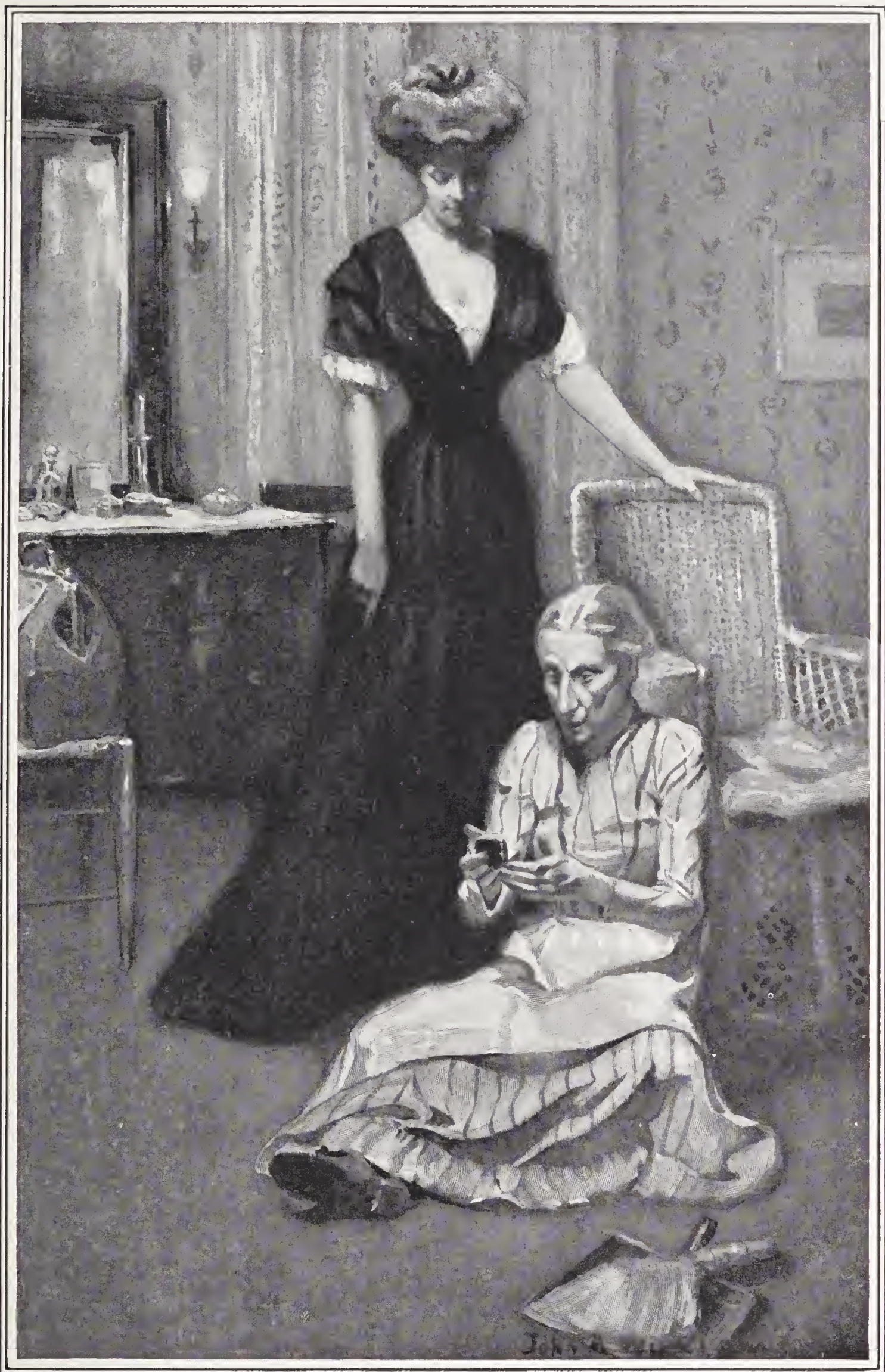
I was in no wise ill, and had come, as many others, to escape from the manifold tyrannies of Gotham's social demands, to be rubbed and smoothed for a while, tranquillized a bit during the Lenten season, for a possible urban resurrection at Easter-time, and so I should have been quite willing to take her into my cognizance and sympathy (the two are inseparable) as a sort of Lenten penance, but she had already begun to interest me too much for that. She was too tempting an enigma for a penance account.

Indeed, I found myself taking her as an indulgence, and was only glad of the rare moments when I found her affable enough to let me into her thoughts. With only so limited a perspective as her life seemed to afford, she would yet sometimes exhibit observations so keen and discerning that I could scarcely credit their source. One notable occasion I vividly recall.

As she came in for her work one forenoon, my physician, who was really an attractive man, happened to be leaving. She had brought in the spray for the plants, and as she turned it on the red begonia she said to that animated listener:

"Oh yes. They put him on most of the society cases. He does the social. He's popular with all the ladies, an' the older they are the more solid he is with 'em." She had stopped to pick off a lady-bug from the rose-geranium, and would





*Drawn by John A. Williams*

"WELL!" SHE GASPED, "I'M JUST TEETOTALLY RELAXED!"



have hurled it from the window but for my intervention.

"Please don't, Jemima," I cried. "Don't throw it away. It is so pretty, with its orange coat and dark spots." I had broken a leaf, upon which I carried the little thing back to its fragrant feeding-grounds. "See how beautiful he is!" I showed it to her. "He looks as if he belonged with the tiger-lilies. See his brown spots."

But Jemima had little patience with my sentiment.

"I'd look for a case of yaller jaundice from such as that, if I was afraid of ketchin' anything from a germ, which I ain't, thank God. The only thing I ever caught was a bad cold an'—"

"Tell me, of whom were you speaking just now?" I interrupted. "Who is it that you say 'does the social'?"

"Why, I should think you ought to know your own doctor, Doctor Welborn! He's your sort. But we-all like him, too. He's mighty kind. The only thing I ever had against him was the one time I was feelin' awful poorly, an' I ast him to feel of my pulse an' perscribe for me. Well, he felt of it, an' says he, 'Jemima,' says he, 'you're tired out, an' what you need is *rest*!' Just that way he said it, same as if I was one o' these leisure people that gets all petered out—an' I ain't never forgave 'im.

"From all I can make out, most o' them that come here have been doin' nothin' so hard that they're all wore to a frazzle. Why, I've seen lovely ladies here work so relentless all day over their trunk trays, just classifyin' things, that they'd have cryin' spells an' have to take valerian cocktails an' sleepin'-powders. Of course I don't say who—that's one thing I never do—say who. Now that young poet that swore to beat the band the night he wrote the Christmas poem an' jumped out the winder, an' I gethered up my lapful o' cigarette stumps off his floor next mornin'—I ain't never breathed it to nobody."

"But you are telling me now, Jemima?" I interrupted, reproachfully.

"Yes, but you don't know his *name*. To them as know his name I hold back the language and the cigarettes, an' just say he was 'talented,' if I say anything. Poor young man! I often think of him.

Nobody but God to commune with, but I tell you he was on familiar terms with *Him*, get him started! I suspicion that he didn't never fully pay up at the desk down-stairs—but he'd often hand me out a dollar just casual, for goodwill. The old doctor, he shore did love him dearly. He says he overpaid for all he ever got here, but I don't reckon he referred to money. He grieved over 'im something fierce."

It was about a week or more after this when, one day as I put her small honorarium into her hand, she said:

"I've got the price of the ring now, an'"—she paused and took me in, eying me acutely from head to foot—"an' I've got to get somebody to pick it out for me. I know just what I want. I want a A-one solitaire, with any number of little diamonds around it. That's what I want—an' I've got a hundred an' fifty dollars to buy it with—an' I ain't told nobody but you—an' I'm not goin' to till I get ready. Ever since that time you got up and upset your cologne to save that lady-bug, I've known I'd get you to select my ring—if you'd do it. An' I want to tell you now that I didn't kill the measurin'-worm for meanness. I was afraid he'd measure you—not that I believe in such as that, but there ain't no use in takin' risks."

I was never in my life more taken aback than at this most matter-of-fact avowal of confidence.

"It's all my gift-money," she went on, "an' I've been savin' for it for twenty year. There ain't a dollar or a dime of it that ain't the very same that was give to me. There's one ten-dollar gold piece. It would 'a' been worth all the years I've worked here just to know the lady that give me that. She's in the better country now, if there is any. Of course this money, seem like I was in a way entitled to keep it for myself. If I'd 'a' sent it home, my sist'-in-law she wouldn't never 've discriminated—an' it would 'a' went for common things, same as common wages.

"But I've been wantin' a diamond ring all my life, an' ever since I accidentally heard say that diamonds was a good investment I've felt free to invest it that way. . . . They say they even



grow in value, so if I was ever in need I could sell it—an' I'd 'a' had the pleasure of it."

It was a delicate responsibility, this, and yet how could I refuse the woman when I knew in my heart that I could do particularly well by her, having bought a good many jewels and knowing the best men who handled them?

Indeed, I was so much interested in the picturesque episode that I could not help passing it along to the merchant whose business is to him an art, and who knows the quality of the gems he handles as he knows his friends. He was so touched by the story that he was pleased to sell me for the price a ring of greater value; one, indeed, which would have dazzled more experienced eyes than those of Jemima.

I could have sent it to her from the city, but I could not forego the pleasure of witnessing her reception of it. So I ran down to Seafair for a week-end, ostensibly for a turn at the "beauty baths" and an indoor dip into the winter sea water.

I had selected a showy satin box for the ring, and when I put it into Jemima's hand I noticed that her fingers were shaking.

I hastened to have the ordeal over, as there came a look into her old face when she knew I had brought the ring—a look which made me uneasy. I almost dreaded the effect of the surprise, and, indeed, I was far from certain that she would be pleased. One may never know what another's idea is.

We stood under the electric light when I opened the box in her hand, and if the jewels seemed a blaze of brilliancy, their radiance was as naught to that which illumined and transfigured the face of Jemima when her eyes fell upon them. But she was as still as the sea in one of the hot calms of summer, when its very stillness is a portent. And when finally she looked into my face, apprehension looming pitifully, what she said was:

"You ain't givin' me, be you?"

"Guying you! Why, Jemima, surely not! Why do you speak so? Don't you like it?"

At this she seemed suddenly to let herself go, and she came down upon the floor, loose-jointedly, softly as a bag

of feathers—the box in her hand open before her.

"Well!" she gasped, catching her breath, "*I'm just teetotally relaxed!*" and presently, again, "*just teetotally relaxed*—an' that's all there is to it!" And now she began to giggle as a girl might giggle over a joke—or a beau—or a new bit of finery. But presently she straightened herself and handed me the box.

"Here," she said, "you try it on first—not on that finger—on your thumb, so as it won't turn over. That's it! *Jerushy!*"

Rising, she put forth her hand.

"Now help me on with it," she said. "I been washin' my hands extry all week, but takin' up all them pine-fire ashes—That's it! Third finger, left hand. That's the regular engagement finger. A bone felon blunted it that way, but when I shut my fist it don't show. A finger disfigured like that needs some ornament.

"Jerooshy, flinders! One, two, three—eight mejum-sized diamonds an' the solitaire! Well, I never! I was all fixed for disappointment. I didn't dast not to be. Ef I'd had my choice o' the number o' the little ones, I'd 'a' said, gimme eight, for I was just a-countin' yesterday, an' they was precizely eight ladies of the lot that I shore did love special—an' here's a diamond for every blessed one that I craved to memorize!"

"And what about the solitaire?" I could not help interjecting.

"Oh, *he's* all right!" And then, realizing perhaps that she had said more than she had intended to say, she hugged the ring to her bosom and ran, laughing, out of the room. But she was back in a moment, for she had forgotten the box, which lay upon my dressing-table.

With infinite care and particularity she fitted the ring within it—and held out her hand to me.

"I never was learned much politeness," she stammered, while she gripped my fingers, "an' I don't know what to say—but I'll say this, that you've been the means of givin' me a new least on life. I started a big bottle o' compound yesterday, an' I'm not goin' to swaller another drop of it. This is tonic enough for me—I don't care what comes now!" And she was out the door.



Next day she was much more tranquil, but her step was as that of a younger woman. She had run the carpet-sweeper over the floor several times, when she stopped, and leaning on its handle, she said—looking into space as was her wont:

"Don't never tell me after this that dreams don't come true—not them dream-book dreams, maybe. I've done give them up long ago—but reel straight Christian dreams. Why, I've seen this ring in my sleep for over nine year—but, of course, I thought it was sort of exaggerated."

"You say 'this ring,' Jemima—you are not wearing it. Where do you keep it?"

For answer she laid her hand over her bosom.

"I did try to put it away in the box, but it wasn't no go. An' the string is long enough to pull it out any time an' lemme look at it."

"So you take it out and look at it—"

"Well, I said that, but it ain't to look at it so much as to *reelize*. Sometimes I just feel of it, an' then I begin to doubt the size o' the diamonds, or the pattron o' the settin'—an' 'tain't no trouble to pull it out—an' drop it back. It's somethin' for me to do."

The low crooning which I had often heard while she worked had taken to itself new notes in these days, and I feel sure that only the decorum of the place prevented her thin voice from rising into song. It was like the chirping of a bird after a long winter. She did not sing. She did not know that she chirped, and who would have wished to stop her? Would one stop the Æolian sighing of the April breeze coming through wet pines, or the cheery trickle of the narrow ribbon of water down the hillside when it breaks into fringe and tinkles against the face of the pool?

I did not return to Seafair for a year, but I am told that Jemima took even a greater interest in the sea after the coming of joy with the ring, and on every day off she would stroll alone to the end of the great pier and, finding a retired seat, would sit and gaze across the water and at the crowds of young merrymakers until it was time to come in and turn down her beds. Three years of unalloyed delight she had in the cherished pos-

session before the cloud of failing health fell upon her.

She was really an old woman now, and when the father-doctor himself examined her, and, after gently admonishing her that she "was no longer so young as she once had been," ended by telling her, in all tenderness and good faith, that "what she needed was rest," sudden wrath flared in the soul of her. It was the last indignity, and she rose in her might, appealing, denouncing, demanding all things. When the tender old man tried to tell me of it tears of mirth overcame him, and he wiped his eyes while he confessed defeat.

The upshot of this stormy interview was that Jemima had not only "Latin prescriptions" galore, but formal "treatments" at stated intervals, "salt-rubs," "alcohol-sponges," and the like, until such a time as it seemed well for her to take to her bed, which she did under protest, although she was somewhat consoled when a white-capped nurse was assigned to her and she found herself listed as a "case."

The crowning joy of her failing came, however, when a small room facing the sea was fitted for her, and she could even look out and wave to the distant ships.

It was my privilege in these days to arrange that a blooming plant should be kept beside her and a tea-table—the latter "just for grandeur," for she never drank tea, but an occasional guest would brew a cup at her bidding, giving her the novel delight of playing hostess.

She seemed to have all things possible in material comfort in these days, and yet a sadness pervaded her so at times that I was finally emboldened to seek the cause of her distress. I think my asking her was a relief, for she seemed glad to confide in me.

"Oh, it ain't anything but the ring," she said. "Of course I know I ain't goin' to get better—an' if I thought that, after waitin' so long for it, it would be classed as an 'effect' an' sold like common property, seem like I couldn't rest good in my grave. If I could only—"

I felt almost afraid of this responsibility. I was going home the next day, and would probably not see her again. Making a sudden and strenuous demand



upon myself for wisdom—one of those quick calls of the soul which do not go unanswered—I took her old hand in mine.

“I’ll tell you what to do, Jemima,” I said. “Send for the old doctor and tell him exactly what is in your mind—and all will be well.”

And so she did—when I had gone.

When I came again, in another year, I was one of a merry if somewhat fagged party, all needing that which poor Jemima had so despised. We were assigned to rooms in the new annex, and it was several days before I learned that she had died several months before. When the days grew mild she wanted to be out, and so she had persuaded the nurse to take her to the pier’s end, dressed in her coat with the monkey fur and carrying the ermine muff. After they had stayed a while she asked to be left alone. She wished to sleep. And here it was, in her chosen place, that her spirit passed. When the nurse returned in an hour to take her home, she had gone—a smile upon her old face and the diamond ring upon her engagement finger.

When I heard the story I could not help recalling our conversation of a year and more before, and I was pleased to fancy that perhaps, while her body rested ashore, her adventurous spirit had made its first journey with the sails into the sunset.

The sequel—what became of the ring—is brief enough, but perhaps it is this which, after all, makes the story worth the telling. I shall try to give it simply, as it was told to me by the old doctor—“Père Jacques,” some of us like to call him, the gentle, the tender, the all-wise *pater* spirit which dominates the kindly roof at Seafair.

After I had left there the season before, Jemima became suddenly worse, some days finding her so distraught that the father-doctor was finally called in again—and then it was that she and he had the final heart-to-heart talk.

It seems that a solution of her perplexity had come to her as an inspiration in the night a long time before. When he sat beside her she took the ring from under her pillow.

“A ring like this wasn’t intended to hide its light under a bushel in any old

woman’s trunk, doctor”—so she began. And, turning it to better catch the light:

“Seem like it was made for joy an’ love—an’ happiness—an’ I intend to have it come into its own—if I can. An’ so, when I’m gone—I’ve got a-plenty laid by for the funeral an’ everything—an’ so I want you to take charge of it an’ don’t say nothin’ to nobody until such a time as one of our young workin’-girls here gets married.

“I know it’s an engagement ring by rights, but, you see, they might get engaged an’ take the ring an’ break it off—so, just keep it till the weddin’—an’ then give it to ’em for the engagement, just held back a little. An’ I don’t want no settled sensible couple to get it, much less a sedate old woman like me. No; I intend for it to go to a pretty young girl who’s *dead in love with her feller!*”

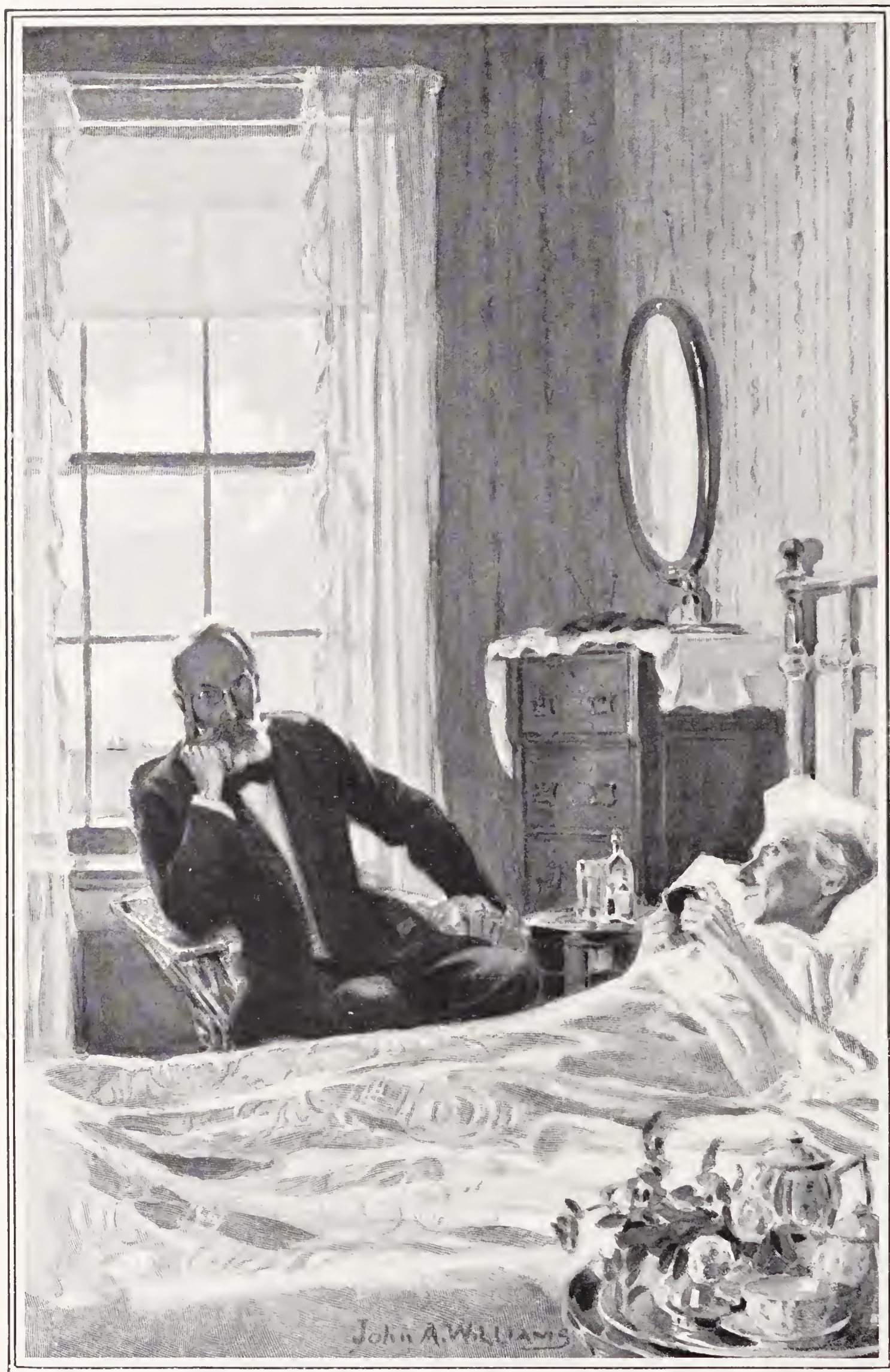
“I had hoped,” she added presently—“I had hoped to live to leave money enough for ’em to take a weddin’-trip on one o’ the boats, down to Nassau or Bermudy, or maybe just one o’ the near fishin’-islands—but somehow I don’t seem to have stren’t’h to no more’n relax these days—an’ so just give *him* the ring for *her*—an’ let him bestow it in durin’ the ceremony, if possible—any way you see fit about that, so they’re young an’ in love—”

The old doctor took off his glasses and wiped his eyes when he came to this.

“And I said to her”—he formally assumed the recital now—“I said to her: ‘Don’t you worry, now. I’ll do just as you say. Be satisfied that I’ll see that your ring goes to some girl that’s sweet an’ young an’ *good*—’

“At this she raised her hand and waved me silent. ‘Stop, doctor!’ she cried, ‘don’t say *good*! I ain’t so particular about her bein’ so terrible *good*. I’d be just as satisfied if she was a little foolish, or reckless—just so she’s young an’ happy. ‘Most any sweet young girl in love is *good enough*. I never had any temptation to be foolish in my life, an’ if I had—well, I don’t know. The way I’ve sometimes felt when I’d see the boat-loads of young folks come and go, an’ hear ’em laughin’ out on the water an’ maybe somebody singin’ to the accordeon, when the stars was out an’ the moon shyin’ off under a cloud—





*Drawn by John A. Williams*

"NO, I INTEND FOR IT TO GO TO A PRETTY YOUNG GIRL"



“‘Like as not, if such as that had ever come to me, I might ‘a’ been foolish—an’ lost anchor—an’ there’s been days when I seemed to take a sort of depraved pleasure in believin’ I would have.’

“She hesitated here for just a minute, and then, seeming to feel that she owed me some apology, she said, nervously:

“‘Not that I haven’t had a happy an’ contented life, doctor, on my seventh floor. which, many a patient ‘ll tell you, I often called my seventh heaven—an’ tell the truth, I wouldn’t leave it of my own accord now.

“‘Some of the finest quality in the world has walked beside me down my corridor. You recollect the pretty New York Senator’s wife, how she used to lock arms with me—when she was a little queer—an’ I’ve waited on a President an’ even a Rough-rider in my time, an’ whilst I never said much, there couldn’t nobody have appreciated it more’n what I have.

“‘When I was a girl, up in the hills, I never went to but one reely ball, but it was a big one, an’ it lasted till sunup—an’ it wasn’t no mean affair, neither. I ricollect they was ten pails of swill toted away next day—an’ three arrests—but, of course, that was in the moon-shiner’s distric’. If I’d stayed there, I’d likely been mixed up in things an’ died teetotally ignorant.

“‘An’ as it is, I’m layin’ here like a lady, hothouse flowers that I ain’t got a speck o’ use for an’ never had, but I couldn’t say a word when *she* sent ‘em in, after her gettin’ me the ring—an’ bein’ so human-kind to me—conservatory flowers, an’ a tea-table rigged out reckless—an’ the one man on earth that I know by my own vision to have a halo, for I’ve seen it myself—don’t say a word! I was born with a caul—an’ I’ve always seen more’n I’d tell—to have *that man* settin’ beside me, an’ listenin’ to my last will an’ testament—

“‘An’ talkin’ about testaments, doctor, I ain’t never been very Bible-religious, an’ I don’t intend to ketch on to religion’s skirts an’ whine now, but there’s a few chapters that have delighted me all my life, an’ I wonder if you would mind readin’ me one—out loud—that one about many mansions.

“‘I may be disappointed, but I’m

a-fixin’ to bequeath my jewels on earth, only to pass on to a mansion—an’ one not made with hands, at that. Of course I’ll know my place in it. I ain’t no fool. I know what my life here has qualified me for.

“‘If I’d stayed in the hills, I wouldn’t care so much what sort o’ heaven I went to, maybe—so it *was* heaven—but you’ve done got me used to so much luxury here that a golden street wouldn’t faze me a bit, particularly as I’ll likely be put to sweepin’—the job I’m most used to. Think what a dust-pan I’ll have!’

“Well, she had got started, and Jemima was always voluble when once she got going. Our interview from first to last had none of the sadness of last words or a death-bed scene.

“I took the Bible presently and read for her the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and when I closed the book, she held out her hand, smiling.

“‘What d’you reckon the people in the chapel would think, doctor, if they knew you’d read that whole mansion chapter *for me?*’ And then she exclaimed:

“‘Oh. I do feel so contented—an’ so *relaxed!* I don’t care *when*, now! Everything is serene—an’ the ring is comin’ to its own—good-by!’”

And so did the beautiful ring within the year “come into its own,” when one of the blushing maids of the diet-kitchen, an exquisite creature with cheeks like red apples, was married in the chapel at Seafair to the tall youth who “worked the statical” all day and read the scientific journals at sunrise, his evenings having been pre-empted by the apple-cheeks.

And only then was it that the story of the legacy came out. The old doctor told it simply, midway of the ceremony—told it gently and with sympathy so delicate that, through the inimitable alchemy of his own sunny heart, it became a tale of joy and high romance, and if there were a few covert tears surprised from their hiding by those who remembered old Jemima and had even laughed at her vagaries in the old days, they were smilingly wiped away, for they were tears of tenderness not ill becoming a wedding feast.



# The Water-Life Around Singapore

BY WILLIAM J. AYLWARD

PERCHED upon a carved wooden stand on the upper veranda of the Singapore Club there rests a big telescope. Like a three-pounder, it faces seaward and covers the Roads as it swings on its pivot. Sometimes, ten thousand miles away, my mind harks back to that cool, shaded retreat, and I hear the drowsy creak of the punkahs overhead, the lap of the water against the wall below, the murmur of soft-footed crowds on Johnson Pier, and the call of coolies deftly handling their crowded craft—"Sampan, sampan?"

And if, like me, you are still excited with the fragrance of the Orient fresh in your nostrils and every living thing about you of intense interest, even the seductive comfort of a wicker reclining-chair fails to hold you from the spell of the telescope and the things beyond the veil of drawn blinds. A barefooted East-Indian at a sign raises the curtain upon the greatest romance of all time, the Romance of Trade, where the East sits down and waits for his brother of the West to come and barter.

Spread out upon the broad flat stage of Singapore Roads the play goes on; and sometimes, here in a more rigorous clime, when the dark easterly washes the straining window-panes, and the sharp click of metallic hoofs and splashing wheels comes in from the street below, I hear above the insistent howl of the gale the gentle call of the East, and with it comes a longing for a magic carpet, or an air-ship, to bring me back to Singapore, where once more I can watch the play—for truly "the play's the thing!"

Upon waters shimmering under the heat of an equatorial sun, from quick dawn to sudden dark the continuous show goes on, and every nation on the globe takes part. Great lordly ships play the leading rôles, a thousand junks the mob, while myriads of little sampans flit about and go and come like so many pages on

errands bent. Huge tongkangs bear their precious freights piled high on clumsy hulls out to impatient, smoking steamers rearing white and black from a huddle of brown-sailed junks.

The skin of wild, half-nude figures glistens in the dazzling light, their clumsy craft lumbering over an oily sea as they toil with oar and sweep to carry feed to those insatiable ships. A lighter crowded with frightened cattle passes another piled high with cocoanuts or breadfruit; a sampan deep with Chinese passengers is overtaken by another carrying a tailor beneath a sunshade, his samples tucked under his arm; brassy little launches with harbor officials, pilots, naval officers, compradores, and water clerks dart about, leaving troubled streaks on the glassy water.

Here and there, off near the wings of wooded islands, grim gray battleships fly a blood-red flag and stand guard to see that the game is square. In those shaded cocoa-groves, from which bungalows innocently peep, are still more watchful guardians of the peace. For England is jealous of this great outlet so strategically placed, and inquisitive foreigners are treated much like tramps should they stroll too near the fortifications guarded with a secrecy to which Gibraltar is as the open day.

But who cares to bother with guns and forts when there is so much more interesting matter all about? The latest arrival may be from New Zealand, Peru, Timbuctoo, or even New York; the little paddle-wheel steamer with great Chinese characters on its side may be owned by the King of Siam, and loading for Bangkok. And you look in a book and find that the yellow and black crossed ensign on the one with the green funnel is Rajah Brook of Sarawak; the one beyond, the Dutch East India Company; while the yellow dragon of China, the rising sun of Japan, the star and cres-





*Painting by William J Aylward*

A SINGAPORE JUNK AT SEA







cent of the Ottoman Empire, and a hundred house-flags of as many different shipping concerns make a colorful jumble to which a Fourth of July regatta is as nothing.

One cannot but rejoice that here progress has not yet brushed this all aside, and with dredges and labor-saving machinery enabled the ships to dock at covered wharves with a suspicious wharfinger to watch lest you come and peep unbidden. Each cargo is picked out piecemeal by eager cranes from a hundred smaller cargoes in slab-sided, snub-nosed lighters, each with a great eye painted on either bow. "No gottee eye no can look see, allee samee blind man." And they need eyes in the jumble of incoming and outward-bound craft that meet and pass at the narrow entrance to the river.

One who knows the ways of a ship cannot but admire the wonderful deftness in handling these lumbering craft. They come rushing like fierce dragons before a fresh breeze from all directions toward a common point. Behind the stone-revetted wall that protects an entrance not over a couple of hundred feet across, and behind the angle of which, unseen, are as many craft coming out, they lower their sails and wriggle through somehow, grazing but seldom touching craft on all sides. Immediately they are transformed from a thing of life under a ragged patched sail, bellying out from straining bamboo spars, to a dull lifeless thing that is poled or sculled with infinite labor up to where it unloads and loads again. Even junks bundle masts and gear on deck, scrape under the arched bridges, and crawl in to where the river widens and forms the market-place. Here, with their kind, they form a city afloat, a city of high, carved sterns, under canopied decks on which chattering coolies in squatting groups eat rice eternally.

Up the river in a sampan one gets the life intimately; and my coolie, in an umbrella hat and running trousers, was a most voluble guide, who, if he could not make himself understood, at least explained to the river people that here in his boat was something worth seeing. And lustily he called for the right of way.

Under the first bridge and around the bend you plump right into China. Above

the thick fringe of sampans, tongkangs, and junks, the pink arcaded fronts, red-tiled roofs, flower-pots, streaming banners, and enormous hanging lanterns will hear of nothing else. Here the white man does not seem to exist, and it is only now and then in the passing show that a dirty coal-lighter carrying a dirtier Malay drifts by, lazily bored by the ceaseless activity about him. Over the tightly packed boats peddlers call their wares, slung in baskets from poles across their shoulders; sweating coolies stream shoreward with sacks of rice, bales of silk, mats, or tiny bundles of fire-wood; water-boats peddle their precious commodity from great stone jars; tinsmiths and shoemakers ply their trades. The alluring sound of tom-tom and gong, the scream of fiddle, the smells, and things to see, are all of the unchanging Orient.

In under a bridge like an arched gateway, we enter a narrow water-lane, reflecting in broken fragments great stone godowns, as warehouses are called in these parts, with tongkangs drawn before their yawning doors, from which one sniffs the very essence of the tropics.

In and out, with rhythmic chant, the coolies keep step in an unending procession of strange-looking crates and bales, baskets and cartons. Each open door tells the contents of a dim interior in a fragrance all its own: cassia root and pepper from the Celebes and Spice Islands here await the ship's pleasure, coffee and raw rubber from Borneo, Sumatra, and Java; gamboge and tin in slabs from the mines in these the Straits Settlements. Tea and silk, of course, from China, and things we prize at home, were heaped about in profusion in the granaries on the flanks of this water street.

The big buildings become few and scattered. Mok hesitates and says, "*Allee samee no more.*" and wonders as I point still farther up. There on the edge of commerce, overhanging trees shelter small timber yards whence comes the sound of maul and calking-iron. Carpenters whipsaw great logs into heavy planks and frames to roughly patch the hulks careened in the mud, and bore holes for fastenings as a man plays the 'cello. Past sweet-smelling workshops where the ubiquitous sampan is hatched,



we drift into the haunts of black, untamed fishermen who roost in basket-huts perched high on stilts over the slime in which soiled ducks hold caucus; in through a maze of tarred nets hanging on poles, while on either bank acres of fish dry in the sun. Above the heavy foliage that covers the sloping bank the smooth masonry back of the fort lifts in silent dignity against the sky. We are at the end of navigation, and reluctantly I sign to return.

On the way down we paused in the shade of a bridge, and, grateful for the rest, the coolie exhibited his tiny household gods. One has to respect the loving care he spends on his little boat, at once his home and livelihood. In outline it resembles an elongated pumpkin seed, with a low pointed bow and high transom



A SAMPAN

like an inverted horseshoe, on the points of which he hangs everything, from a spare shirt, if he has one, to his basket of rice and dried fish. Here he stands facing forward so he can see over your head, and with crossed oars spins his craft along with remarkable ease.

With the ingenuity of a Chinese cabinet, the stern-sheets are full of queer little nooks and lockers. From these, squatting in the bottom of the boat, one by one he extracted his belongings.

His commissariat is of the simplest. A little earthen fire-pot on which to boil his rice and make his tea; a water-jar, combination bailer and drinking-cup fashioned from a cocoanut shell; a bootjack-shaped stone for a pillow when he takes his watch below and stows himself on his grass "calking-mat," which serves also as a mackintosh when it rains; a ditty-box with hook and line, a fragment of a mirror, a few pieces of joss with which to propitiate the gods, a pinch of tobacco and a packet of papers which remind him that he needs a smoke. With thin, sharp-pointed fingers he rolled a cigarette, moistened it on his lips, and with simple courtesy offered it to me. I declined and offered him a "tailor-made" one, which he accepted and carefully stowed away for Sunday—if he has a Sunday.

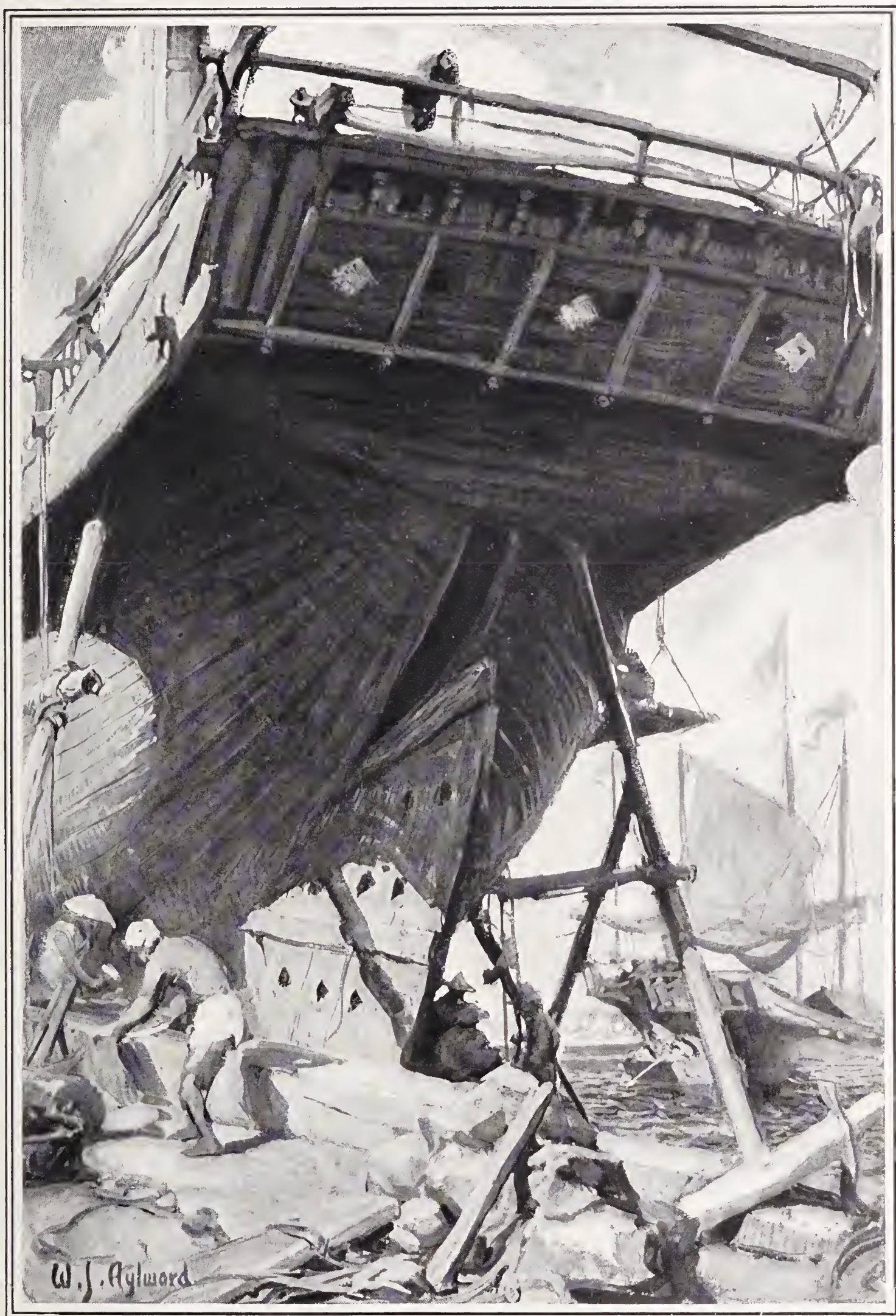
From an innermost recess he produced his treasure, a battered, nickel-plated watch of Connecticut make, which ticked for a few moments when he shook it hard enough. He held it to his ear with a grin which showed his betel-stained teeth, and carefully replaced it.

Besides his household furniture there is the usual equipment of oars, rudder, mast, and sail, a stool for the passenger and, as a mark of great distinction, a scrap of linoleum on which to place his feet; an oiled-paper umbrella with which to protect him from the heat and wet. And all snuggled away in a little fourteen-foot boat that

can go off to a ship in the rough water of a sumatra and stay right side up.

The method of shipping the oars, at first so strange, is well-nigh perfect, for, lashed with a bamboo strap to short wooden outriggers, the coolie has perfect freedom and control of them at any





*Drawn by William J. Aylward*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

A CHINESE SHIPYARD



angle, and can get through a tangled mess of craft, big and little, where you would declare he could not, with a nicety that comes from being born in a boat. One of his minor accomplishments is to hold an umbrella over his head with both hands on the oars. I've never been able

scowling countenance and scraggly wire-growth on his chin worthy of a demon-god, squatted on the raised deck of his junk and watched with a fierce eye lest his crew should shirk for a moment at their inhuman toil. Along the running-board on the side near us a strapping youth moved with the strength and grace of a tiger. He was but a few feet away when, straining at his pole, he saw the camera pointed at him, and smiled, stumbled, lost his hold, and reaching frantically for the pole that dropped just out of reach, where it stuck in the mud, he crawled aft in a vain endeavor to recover it. But slowly it sank from sight. The old pirate let out a shriek and screamed shrill imprecations upon his careless head. It needed no interpreter to translate his words.

"After it! Over you go, you rice-eating, lazy son of a water-devil! Don't stand there like a lunkhead—bad enough to eat your head off without throwing away ship's gear. Over, I say!"

The poor fellow, thoroughly abashed, threw off his hat, took a turn or two in his queue as he located the spot, and prepared for a plunge in the muddy river. With the softness of an eel he took the water, and came up blowing, without the pole. This

brought a torrent of screamed curses upon his dripping head; he tucked the end of his loin-cloth in his teeth and disappeared: still no success, and still that old devil on the junk to face.

My coolie and the interested crowd that gathered laughed at the old reprobate, who danced up and down, shrieking in his rage. His skimpy queue sizzled like a live wire as he poured curse upon curse on our heads and showed his contempt by striking his mouth.



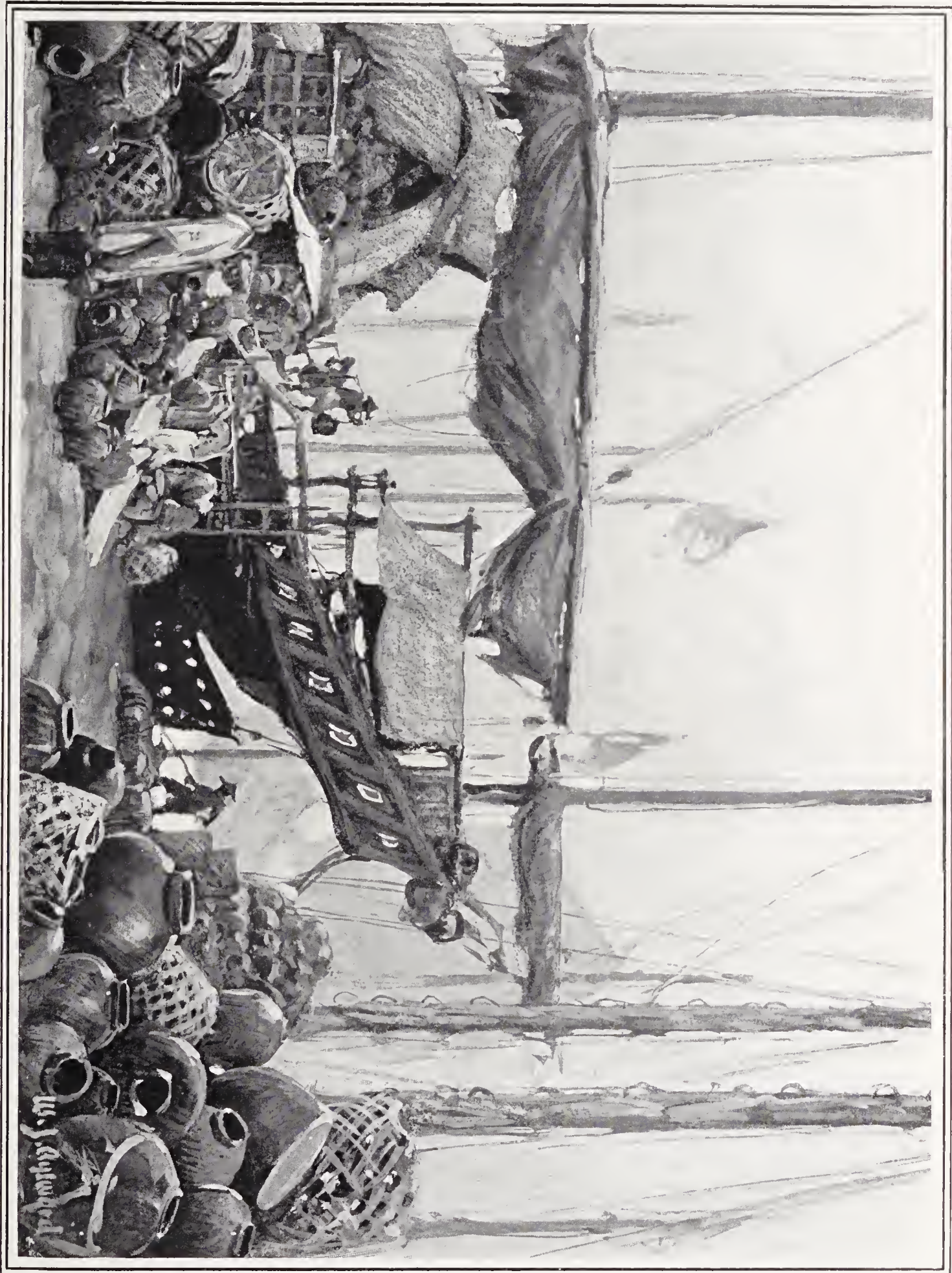
COALING IN THE ROADS

to understand how it is done, much less to carry one with my chin.

It was cool and pleasant under the bridge, and I felt quite intimate with the river people, as my coolie knew them all, and explained, no doubt, that I was harmless, if a bit locoed. They talked and laughed as they looked me over, and strained at long poles sunk cruelly in their shoulders, as almost prone they crept astern, forging their heavy burdens on.

An unclean old scarecrow, with a





*Drawn by William J. Asplund*

THE POTTERS WHARF



After three or four attempts, despite the conflicting advice of the onlookers in locating the spot, the pole, worth a few cents, was abandoned, and the poor culprit crawled aboard to help with a substitute to get way on the junk, still under fire from the poop. We waved the skipper an ironical farewell and received a salute of another sort. Till he rounded the bend his screaming tirade was in our ears.

When the jam was broken and the air cleared there came a sampan piled with household furniture, on top of which sat a grave Chinese holding a prized possession, while scattered about their mother were various sizes of rice-stuffed Chinese children, who hung their little pig-tailed heads over the side and dragged their hands in the water, much as children the world over.

With fierce shout came, like a war-canoe, a flying fisherman, its eight standing oarsmen keeping swinging time to the tap of the little image on the long

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the mouth of the river, the hour when everybody that is anybody is out driving on the Esplanade, and every one who is not is there to see. Along the broad, tree-shaded river the fascinating show trots by, and one cannot but admire the genius of the people who made it possible in this little peninsula for which John Bull gave the whole island of Java to the Dutch, and where but a generation or two ago Lord Cavenagh found but a few pirate huts.

Across the road, with your back to the sea, you can easily imagine yourself at a large week-end party in England. On a broad smooth lawn which years of experiment coaxed to grow in alien soil, scant-clad figures work hard at socker, cricket, and rounders. Women in fluffy white and Paris hats sit languidly in wicker chairs, attended by native servants who keep guard over blond babies, while their mistresses watch the game. Through a rich, dark curtain of heavy foliage a pocket edition of an English cathedral peers and raises its delicate spire against a flaming sky. To the extreme right is Raffles Hotel, spoken of by Kipling in a book—a fact which they casually mention at every meal.

Beyond a line ill defined but rigidly observed, natives with less skill but more enthusiasm play the games of the white man, and between the two a row of spectators watch their kind, grunt at a good play, and hugely enjoy the bad ones.

Under the tree-shaded road, between the lawn and water, a parade of nations goes on—brown men, black men, yellow men, and white; Hindoo, Malay, Ja-

vanese, and Kling, awheel or afoot, with here and there in the motley, gaudily costumed throng the snowy garb of the helmeted master mind. Next to him in importance are the Chinese men of wealth, the real merchant princes of Singapore, who give a fairly good idea



A SNAKE-CHARMER

overhang astern. Naked black devils of fierce mien, they make one shudder as he thinks of how in early days they murderously attacked merchant ships, often within sight of a becalmed man-of-war, and made off with their booty, for these are the Malay pirates of old.





*Painting by William J. Aylward*

WHERE THE EAST SITS DOWN AND WAITS FOR THE WEST TO COME AND BARTER







of how a Chinese can rise if given a chance. On the seat of the most fashionable dog-cart one goes by, behind a high-stepping, docked sorrel driven by a Bengali lad in livery, with a duplicate as footman behind. In his serene dignity he gravely enjoys his daily drive and chats with his son just home from Oxford.

Following him, a sober equipage contains an English mother with three marriageable daughters; then a high-caste Hindoo in his low carriage reclines on rich cushions, his crinkly white frock and silver buttons setting off magnificently his dark, bearded face, crowned with fathoms and fathoms of soft, white stuff in a carefully laid turban; a skittish horse, with an officer in the Lincoln-green uniform of the Sherwood Foresters at the ribbons, his bull pup beside him and a little baboon in barefooted livery sitting astern; a shabby gharri and a Portuguese priest; a rickshaw with a Chinese woman in flowing blue, surrounded by her little brood; a barouche full of French girls—all pass through a chattering throng of Tamils in skirts, with little velvet, embroidered skull-caps on their heads; turbaned Klings in loin-cloths; savage-looking Javanese; a Manchu lady in yellow silk limps pitifully on hobbled feet after the musical clink of her lord and master's wooden clogs; Bengalese, Mohammedan and Parsees.

You are neighbor to the jungle in Singapore, and hear with mixed emotions one morning of how a small tiger—about five feet long!—was disturbed from a nap under the billiard-table in the hotel.

An hour on a tiny railroad brings you to Johore, where the Rajah lives in tarnished splendor on a million a year Mexican, and in a great throne-room sits in a gold-leafed chair carved with the star and crescent; that is, when he is not in Paris. Above him hang full-length portraits of the King and Queen of Britain, lest he forget who pays the bills. There are some magnificent specimens of Bengal tigers in his gardens, with the date of recent capture on each cage. They do not like captivity, do not like you, and voice their feelings in the matter when you venture near. Below in the village are the "Johore Gamboge

and Pepper Societies," so exclusive they wot not of the foreigner.

A tap on your watch means "by the hour" to the rickshaw coolie, and off you trot in the handiest of all vehicles, not knowing whither, but quickly on the way. The smooth road is shut in almost immediately by a tropical forest, rich in imagination, and heavy with the soap-scented fragrance of ylang-ylang. A few stray huts now and then mark a straggling village, while here and there a cocoanut grove makes a big break in the heavy growth.

From a leafy vaulted roof, down long rows of pillar-like trunks, drips a soft-green light that falls to smooth sanded aisles stretching away to infinity in the dim, bosky interior, and one almost expects to discover a stone altar and Druid rite in this temple perfect.

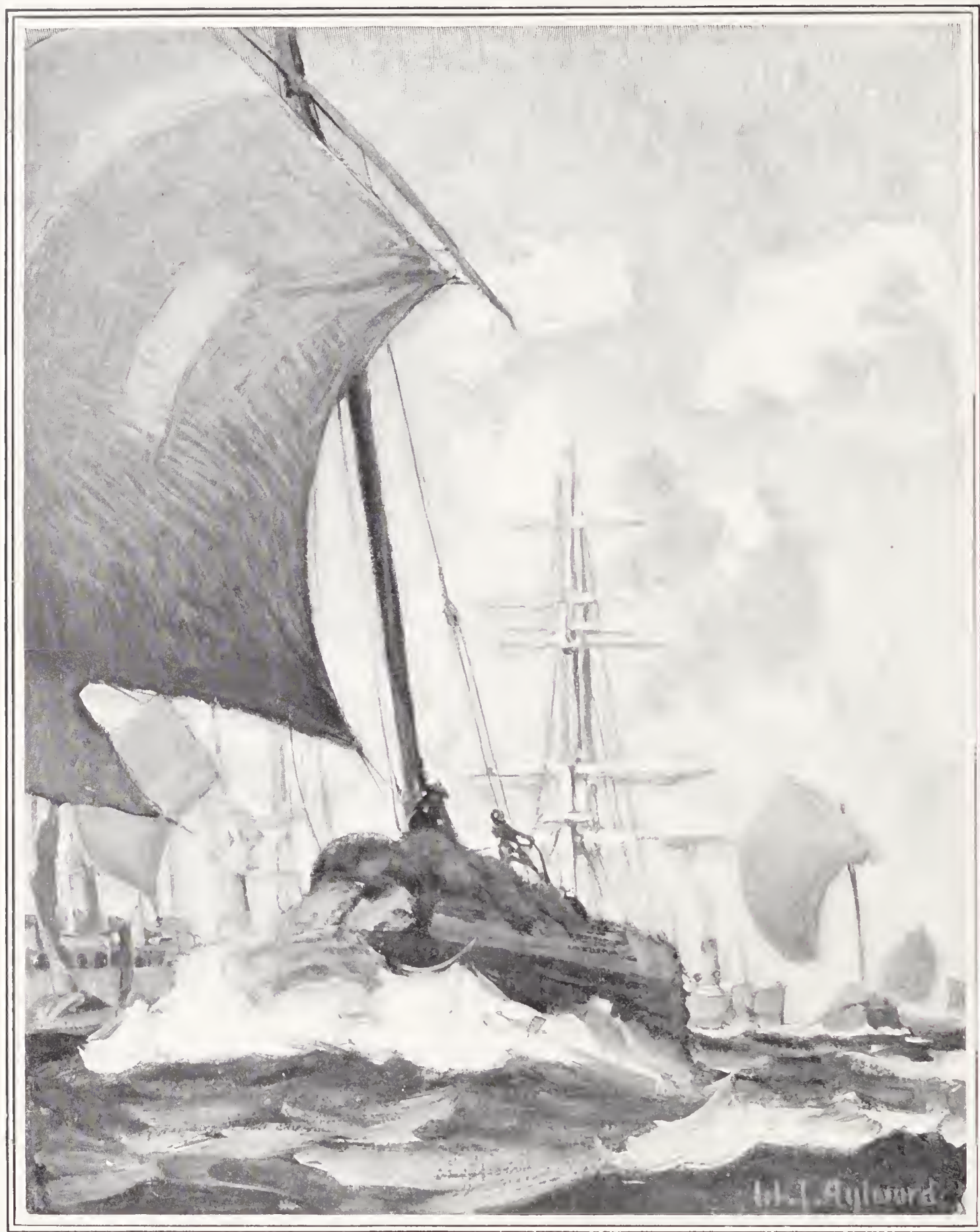
From the crest of a hill the bare masts of a junk rising above the thatched roof of a warehouse tell of a river. With a spurt down-hill, to leave a good impression, the coolie rushed through a campong out on a flimsy wharf and stood panting, waiting for his fare.

The lazy Malays and reflective Chinamen sitting about on sacks of rice spoke not a word, but produced a canoe from the bamboo piling beneath, and with a man and a boy we paddled away from their stares, up a twisting stream, the stillness of which seemed but emphasized by the dip of the paddle or an occasional simian gibbering, subdued by the heavy leafage whence it came.

Farther on the solitude was broken by a large canoe that emerged from the shade of an enormous tree that guarded a bend. It approached and passed us solemnly, carrying a Chinese merchant returning from the hunt, standing erect in the bow with gun at rest. In the stern, with the kill thrown across his shoulders, also standing, was his understudy, and between the two, crouching Malays plied their paddles. There are tracks of strange animals on the bank, and you think of how fine it would be should a tigress and her cubs come to drink, and then perhaps that it wouldn't.

The day was done when I reached Singapore, and the lanterns beginning to glow softly as we rattled through the dis-





A TONGKANG

tricts where Bengali merchants await their prey. Drums beating in a neighboring temple softened into the dusky twilight, and the tread of bare feet and murmur of soft-voiced people.

The tide is out and the hard-working junks asleep on their sides in a bed of mud. In the gloom of an arched canopy of mat on his quarter-deck squats a solitary Chinese, smoking with the inscrutable calm of an Oriental before his

tiny fire. The rest are ashore where flaring theatres raise their gaudy fronts and gambling-farms are in full swing. The show is on and the game in progress. Let us hope the play is a good one and the god of chance kind to that patient beast of burden, the coolie; that the grateful coolness of the night makes up in a measure for the weary grind of a blinding day of unremitting toil. Poor dog! he earns it.



# The Enemy

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

I FOLLOWED the doctor into the reception-room and closed the door behind me.

"Doctor Dietrich, who is to take the responsibility in this case?"

"You and I."

I gasped.

"I'm afraid it's rather a high-handed performance on my part"—I was surprised to see what a boyish smile he had—"but there was no time to be lost. I found when I got a square look at her last night—I forgot to tell you that she came to my office at eleven—alone—begging for a morphine hypodermic—with one of the usual stories, of course—that I had seen her before. I know her husband, Lieutenant Campbell, a fine fellow—"

"You didn't give it to her!"

"Oh yes, I gave her a hypodermic—of water—coward, of course—didn't want a scene. But she was too habituated to be put off that way, so I had my scene, after all." He shrugged his shoulders so as to make himself look brutal. But I was beginning to know Doctor Dietrich too well to be deceived by his brusque mannerisms.

"And then?" I prompted him.

"Oh—I talked with her while I was getting her home—got hold of her a little. It won't last, you know; maybe it didn't ten minutes after I left her. But I just put the thing to her—played she was a reasoning human being for a few minutes. You know, just what any one would have done." He almost stammered in his haste to get himself out of the conversation.

"You needn't be afraid of me, Doctor Dietrich," I laughed. "Honestly, I am not going to praise you. You have convinced me. I know it is less than nothing to get hold of a morphine victim when she is frantic for the drug, send her away without it, and get her to consent to undergo treatment. Having settled

this point, I must say that I don't like to nurse Mrs. Campbell without consulting some of her relatives."

"But she hasn't any people that can be counted on," he said, irritably. "Campbell cruising around the Pacific somewhere—doesn't know anything about the morphine, she says. Nothing but a stepmother on Campbell's side and a brother on hers. And he's out on the Pacific coast somewhere. She's in Washington only because Campbell's last station was Annapolis; they know only a few of the navy people here, and those only slightly. Some one had to take hold."

I felt as if a two-hundred-pound weight had settled down on my shoulders. But it would never occur to you to refuse a case if Doctor Dietrich wanted you to take it.

"But," I said, in depression, "I'm afraid she wasn't sincere in her desire to reform—"

"'Reform'!" he interrupted me, laughing. "Dear me, how moral you are! You surely wouldn't expect her to stay in the same mind all this time. That's one of the features of the disease."

I felt as if he were taking me too much for granted. And that made me want to say something unpleasant.

"I think it very probable," I remarked, stiffly, "that she put herself under your charge in order to get the morphine you would allow her in addition to what she had managed to hide. Sometime between the hour when you left her and ten this morning when I arrived she must have bought a quantity of the powder—"

"Oh yes, there are always druggists that pander to anything with a profit—'my poverty and not my will consents'—that sort of thing. Did you discover where she put it?"

"Yes; in the brass knobs of one of the bedsteads."

"Clever hiding-place," nodded the doctor, approvingly. "She probably has an-



other; they usually count on discovery. You'll watch her closely, of course. If she has another store, she won't stay long from her base of supplies"—he was looking absent-mindedly for his gloves.

"But, doctor! What am I to do if she won't try to do better? It's dreadful to think any one is trying to deceive you all the time."

Doctor Dietrich looked me over in his dispassionate way.

"You're a good deal of a little girl, after all, aren't you?" he demanded. Then his face grew stern. "Now, see here, I will not have Mrs. Campbell treated as if she were a criminal. This cunning, this apparent destruction of the moral nature, is as much a feature of the disease as the contraction of the pupil of the eye. As for the beginnings of these things—that's all beyond you or me. I think it very probable that, under the same circumstances, I'd be five times worse than she is. Enough physicians are," he threw in grimly. "I asked you to take the case because I thought that, even though you are a nurse, you might manage to be a little human—and then, there was the question of class. If you nurse Mrs. Campbell—are you going to do it?"

"Yes," I replied, meekly.

"Well, then, you can't sleep or breathe without the load of this woman's sick body on your conscience. You've got to realize that it's your *conscience* and her *body*—you mustn't dare to judge her. You've got to be nurse and keeper and entertainer and sister. And you've even got to take it on trust that she is worth saving. For you didn't see her as she was when she married Campbell. Poor little bride!" he turned to say under his breath.

I felt ashamed of myself.

"I'm sorry," I said, in the silliest way. "And I won't judge her. Honestly, I won't."

His face cleared.

"That's better," he said, briskly. "Now, just now, the only thing you can do is to try to find out how much she has been in the habit of taking during the twenty-four hours; of course you can't trust what she says—probably she doesn't know. Get her down to five grains at two fixed hours as soon as you can.

Wish I knew who prescribed morphine for her in the first place—it was for some slight neuralgic trouble, I believe. But I suppose I have no business to know. There are enough of us who never think beyond 'relieving' the immediate pain," he added, sadly.

He took up his hat.

"If you could contrive to feel some real fondness for her," he said, his hand on the knob of the hall door, "that would be the best thing yet—"

"Oh, Doctor Dietrich!" said a sweet, husky voice from the head of the stairs. "Vulnerable, after all?"

We both turned and looked where Mrs. Campbell stood, one nervous, delicate hand on the balustrade. Her brown eyes gazed deliberately from the doctor to me. Their brilliant gaze would have been arch had they not been suffused with a restful languor. When I had seen her the moment before, she had been tense and restlessly irritable.

"Vulnerable—oh yes," assented the doctor, absently. Then, as he telegraphed, "She has had it!" to me, he straightened himself and said gallantly, "But where weapons are irresistible, what man is not?" with a magnificent sweep of his hat, which served the double purpose of announcing his departure and conveying another warning to me.

Mrs. Campbell laughed, a low, infinitely contented laugh.

"Funny, square man, Doctor Dietrich is, isn't he?" she said, lightly. "And so clever, so terrifyingly clever!" She darted a side glance at me, full of the playful cunning of a child, and the first thing I knew I was laughing with her. That seemed to clear the atmosphere—she had bit her lip when I first appeared in my nurse's uniform. But now she gave me a soft, caressing pat on the hand.

"What shall we do with ourselves this April day?" she asked. "I think I want something different."

"The country?" I suggested.

"Yes, that's it. I want to see the spring beauties and anemones. I'd like to be where they are when—when I usually take—it. I know it will be better for me!" She was on fire with enthusiasm. "Come!" She turned her head as she preceded me up the stairs to say,



"I wasn't very nice to you when you came, but I think it is very good of you to stay with me and help me get well." There was something appealing in the confident little smile she threw me.

"How would it do to take a house in the country for these weeks?" I began, knowing that it was a good plan to break up associations connected with the drug.

Her face fell.

"Oh no, I couldn't—it wouldn't do—Lex wouldn't like it not to find me here when he returns. I—like this house!" She was trembling with fear and excitement, and it took some moments to reassure her.

I delayed only long enough in my room to pick up my hat before I followed her into her own exquisitely fresh and simple bedroom. It's a humiliating thing to have to act as keeper; but Mrs. Campbell gave no sign of resentment. She was changing her house gown for a tailored white linen walking-dress—in which there was less difference to be observed from my uniform. And both were suitable enough for the warm day. She looked so slender and girlish as she stood, with arms upraised pinning on her hat, that compassion filled me. Whether or not she saw something of it as my eyes met hers in the mirror I don't know. But she lifted her chin proudly and said to my reflection:

"Of course you understand I require assistance only for the baths and massage and things like that while I reduce the amount of morphine I have been forced to take." She turned around and faced me. "I have quite enough will-power to drop it any moment I choose," she said, haughtily.

My heart sank. It would be so much more difficult to deal with her in that mood. She so needed to realize her danger. And I thought the doctor had convinced her the night before.

For the first half-hour of our walk Mrs. Campbell's enthusiasm hurried her forward at a pace I found it difficult to equal. As soon as her interest slackened and she began to drag I hailed a car, which took us within a short distance of Piney Branch and spring flowers. There for a time she was happy. She darted here and there, by the side of

the road, half-way across a field, greeting with joyous and caressing cries each new patch of purple pansy-violets or delicate bloodroot. But in the midst of pursuit interest left her as freakishly as it had been evoked. She dropped the already faded flowers and stood locking and unlocking her emptied hands, eyes turned broodingly toward the city we had left.

"Mrs. Campbell," I said, thinking that this might be the time to find out the quantity of the drug she had been accustomed to use, "do you feel that you must have a hypodermic? What have you been accustomed to take? And at what intervals? I have brought the medicine with me."

Her lips parted eagerly and she turned feverish eyes to me. The next moment the instinct of secrecy prevailed.

"No, no. I shall get along very nicely until this evening. Then—just a grain or so—to make me sleep. But only if the neuralgia troubles me. You mustn't think I am addicted to it." She spoke with a fine air of candor and a gracious smile.

But, with the words, the spirit of restlessness seized her, and she was as eager to get back home as she had been to leave it. In spite of hurry and the help of a passing taxicab she was exhausted before we reached shelter. When I had made her comfortable in bed she still protested that she did not want the morphine. So I went for a glass of milk to bridge over the hour before dinner-time, but found that she had fallen asleep. I listened to her quiet breathing for a few minutes, covered her up, and left her, delighted that she was having natural slumber. It all looked encouraging.

I utilized the unexpected freedom by making a systematic search for possible hiding-places for morphine. Mrs. Campbell's was one of the usual small houses on the outskirts of a fashionable quarter that represent the eternal compromise between the purses and the position of the navy. Both the maids denied having ever bought the drug for Mrs. Campbell, and, when I had explained the circumstances, promised that they never would. The elder woman followed me into the butler's pantry.

"Indade, I wudn't do annything to hurt Mrs. Campbell for the wurruld," she



said, with a sudden softness in her hard face. "And I'm glad some one has come to take care of her, poor little lady. She's been that kind to me, nobody knows, takin' me and my boy in whin nobody else wud!"

The house was full of photographs of a naval officer in all sorts of settings, some of them Eastern enough. Mr. Campbell must have been a vain personage—or else he must have been responding to constant demands from home. I concluded, after a glance or so at the straightforward face, that the second was the explanation.

This had all taken but a short time; and yet, when I heard a slight noise from Mrs. Campbell's room and ran to her, she must have been up for many minutes, for the room was in the most amazing confusion. Sitting in the midst of a heap of scattered things, she explained casually that she had been hunting for "one of Lex's old letters."

I think I have never seen a being more pitifully changed by the ravages of a sorry half-hour than Mrs. Campbell had become during the time she had been left alone. The pupils of her eyes, contracted to mere points, were uncanny in the faded brown of the iris; "witch-eyed"—the old phrase occurred to me. The skin, whose pallor was a compound of blue-white and yellow-white and gray—all blanched and unwholesome tones—the haunted pallor that is the visible blight of morphine—stretched taut over an expressionless face, stranger still because of the disorder of hanging locks of dark hair, of stained and creased negligee and linen. She had evidently started to write, for letters were heaped upon the desk and ink smeared fingers and hanging sleeves. One disfiguring blotch was brushed across her cheek. How the dainty room could have harbored as much grime as made unrecognizable her graceful beauty and its once fresh and exquisite setting, and what quest had matched the disorder of tumbled possessions with the disorder of a wandering will, I could only guess. But it was all so tragically pitiful that for the moment I could only ache with sympathy.

Where she had obtained the morphine, whether it had been brought to her or concealed, I could only surmise—until I

caught a glimpse of a skirt with hem half ripped tossed carelessly upon the floor of a closet. A small heap of tablets and a needle were lying quite openly on the desk by the side of the letters. I remembered that I had heard of a hospital patient having carried the drug with her in the hem of a dressing-gown. But a more important question pressed. Was there any means by which I might make an impression that should last longer than the instant upon the diseased will?

I glanced around the room, saddened afresh by its testimony to the chaos in the soul of her who sat and smiled at me out of the depths of some drugged and mysterious peace. I raised the window-shade, and the austere sunlight pierced to every corner of the desecrated shrine. Its rays reached her—and she shrank and pressed her hands before her eyes. It reached one of the numberless photographs of her husband in its cathedral-like frame. In the white summer uniform of the navy he stood, miraculously trim and cleanly, suggesting in his grooming the taut readiness of a strung bow.

I took the wife's hand and led her before the dresser, determined that the narcotic that bound her mind should yield enough to let her see. I held her with my eyes, that something of the normal might penetrate. Then, when the immobility of her fixed and silly smile had given way to a childish dismay, I pointed to the dirt and disorder that she had wrought—the room, her clothes, her hair, the needle-punctures, dull wounds in the firm young flesh of her arms where the sleeves of her negligee had fallen away. And then I held before her the whiteness of the stern young figure.

For a space she followed my eyes to the room, herself in the glass, her husband, back and forth in a wondering round. Then at last her face quivered, and she burst into a storm of immoderate and hysterical weeping, hiding her face in her hair, throwing herself into my arms, clinging there, shaking, holding out the poor dishonored hands.

"Oh, Miss Alyson," she wailed, "make them clean, make them clean!" And, striking her hands fiercely against each other: "Help me! Make me clean! Make me clean!"

I held her for a long time, silently,



warmly—for there are moments when nothing can heal but the insistence of human nearness; and she clung to me, the storm ebbing away in broken words, sobs, long indrawn breaths. “I will do anything—I will tell you where it is—I have been so vain of my strength, but I am afraid—afraid. Let us go away—where nothing will remind me of it—the crazy hunger—the wicked peace of it. Let us go away. You will help me—never leave me alone—I am too weak to be alone—it finds me out when I think I am so strong. And Lex—my husband—Lex— You will *never* let him see me—like this!” And again the storm of weeping came, and she tried to pull herself from my arms to the floor.

But I held her strongly, no room for mere pity, nothing but the will that she should be helped in my heart. And by degrees this tempest ebbed as the first had done, and her poor head lay quietly on my breast. There came a moment when she raised calmed eyes to mine, saying, simply:

“You will help me? You will? I want to be cured. I will be good.”

“Let me see, how many days have we before Campbell turns up? To-day is Monday; he comes Thursday. Oh, I ought to have had the case a year ago!” It was four weeks later. Doctor Dietrich bent over to crank up his runabout with an impatient jerk.

“But she has gone through the month without a setback.”

“I never saw any one put up such a fight.” The doctor turned toward me. “That’s what I’m afraid of. A woman like that, all emotion and nerves, and possessed with a determination to be free— The question is whether her heart will hold out. I’ll tell you now that’s what I’m worried about. I tested it again to-day—and it doesn’t suit me!” He threw his little leather bag on the seat and jumped in.

“I’m sure her husband’s coming will help her.” I was thinking of her face when his telegram had come.

“Don’t know whether it will help or hinder,” said Doctor Dietrich, shortly. “She can’t stand any additional emotional strain. But we’ll all work together.” His hand was on the steering-wheel and

his voice had taken on its usual inspiring heartiness. “Programme is, to drop the evening half-grain to-day. The effects are going to be worse than at any stage we have gone through. Watch her heart. Have all the stimulants ready. You never can tell which one of them won’t work. I shall keep within telephone communication after seven—that’s the time you have been giving the dose, isn’t it? And I shall be here at eleven.” The runabout was already raising a cloud of dust along the driveway.

I found Mrs. Campbell so transported with joy that she laughed recklessly at the idea of any difficulty “now Lex is coming.” She darted in and out of the house inspecting the floors—we had made the change into Maryland, and fitting up the little country place had been a great resource. She came in to tell me excitedly that she was sure three of the roses would be in bloom by Thursday; she telephoned to the city for “some of the things that Lex likes.” She pulled muslin curtains down to have them done up; the blank that was usually filled by writing to her husband was spent over an utterly unintelligible pile of time-tables. Finally, fearing the reaction that was certain to come, I put her to bed, and lay down on a couch just outside her door to see if my example would make her feel drowsy. She was quiet for a short time, then began turning restlessly from side to side. I bent over her.

“I am so sorry, Miss Alyson,” she said, penitently. “But I can’t feel sleepy. I’m too happy. Do let me get up and dress for dinner. I feel all the time as if Lex might get here a few days earlier by mistake!” She laughed; but she was shutting and opening her slender hands feverishly.

“Take a long time, then, and make yourself look your prettiest—and let me brush your hair and do it low. Then we can see whether we like it before Lieutenant Campbell comes.”

When all was done there was still an hour and a half before seven. And into her voice had begun to come the edge that tells of strained nerves and a craving body.

We spent a forced half-hour in the garden, trying to revive the earlier enthusiasm about the roses. Then we used



up a few plates taking photographs of each other and Jimmie, the cook's little boy. I had brought my camera with me, thinking that a fad might be useful. At that point Mrs. Campbell was sure she was very hungry, but when we went in to a really tempting dinner she played with it and piteously said she couldn't eat. She began to look strained and gray under all her gayety, and I, trying to imagine in my own person the nervous unrest that was consuming her, braced myself for the conflict that was coming.

Seven o'clock was on us! Neither spoke of it, but the thought was between us. There was first a walk to be taken. This evening a steady pace was impossible to Mrs. Campbell; she either darted forward or lagged. And soon she lagged so persistently that I knew further fatigue in the close damp air would be dangerous, and got her home. Then I read to her for a time, but the warm country evening had brought forward its visitation of flying and creeping things which the ill-fitting screens were powerless to exclude. And the attention of the drooping figure opposite to me fluttered and lapsed with the dance of the moths and beetles around the light. There came a point where she jumped up with an impatient cry and began pacing up and down the room. I closed the book, put my arm through hers, and walked up and down and round the room with her. For a few rounds she said nothing. Then:

"You won't leave me alone?"—without turning her head.

"Not a minute," I said, holding her hand firmly.

"Because"—she spoke in a muffled voice and still without meeting my eyes—"I am afraid the time is coming when I won't be able to help—won't be able to think of anything—not even Lex—but—That!"

"I understand—I know—" I tried to make my voice commonplace and confident. "I will think for you—the doctor too. He will be here after a while—whenever you need him."

"Oh—" This was a long breath, half of relief, half of dismay.

"Eight o'clock!" I announced, cheerfully, as the tender chimes of a little clock down-stairs began the hour.

"Eight!" she cried, in dismay, and her voice was sharp and anguished. "Only one hour gone! And all the rest of the night! And all the rest of all time!"

"But it is only for a tiny fraction of time that it will be so hard," I soothed her. "And after a few days you will have your husband to make you forget everything else."

"Yes, yes," she assented, happily, and was quiet.

"Show me how to knit, won't you?" I asked, with spontaneous enthusiasm. "I have some white wool here, and some needles. I'd like to have the pattern of that sweater." That caught her attention. She had knit half of the neckband, when she began to lose stitches. Suddenly she threw the work down.

"I can't do anything," she half sobbed. "My hands are too unsteady." As I caught the needles from her I saw her hands twitch violently. While I was putting the things away she screamed out:

"I can't keep still— Oh, come here and keep me still!" Her feet were clattering on the floor in a jerking spasm. The rigors of the crisis were upon us.

I went to the frightened woman and put my arms around her.

"Mrs. Campbell, I know that you would rather know that we have a fight before us. We will have to expect all sorts of painful symptoms. But we will find something to ease each feature. You must trust to us."

"Have other people borne it?" she asked, frightened eyes on mine.

I nodded my head.

She made an effort to steady her quivering lips.

"Then I will do all I can. But it seems as if I would die or go mad with the hunger—and weakness—and I don't want to die—before Lex comes—"

"We will not let you suffer beyond your strength—the doctor will come whenever we call him—and each minute lived through is a gain. Now, first, you must promise me to eat something." She shook her head. "Then you must drink some hot milk."

I read out loud until Norah brought the milk. Mrs. Campbell did not listen, and I hardly knew what the book was, but the sound of my voice was a faint distraction. Mrs. Campbell tried valiantly



to drink the milk, but her throat contracted spasmodically, and it was a long and painful process. And the end of it was a violent nausea which left her weak and trembling. I half carried her to her bed, gave her a warm sponge and an alcohol rub and then tried to control the nervous spasms by an energetic massage—sedatives seemed to have no effect. She became somewhat more quiet under this. Although her face was set and gray and her eyes painfully open, she faced the night with more courage, knowing that she had met the enemy face to face.

It was in this mood that she met the recurring attacks that made of the heavy night a battle-ground. It was in a moment of comparative ease that the doctor came. She was lying with her cheek on her hand, in her face a gentle happiness that was born of the respite.

"Miss Alyson, I really believe I can sleep," she was saying.

There was delight on the doctor's face as he came forward and read the situation with his keen eyes. Under cover of a congratulatory hand-clasp he read her pulse and nodded thoughtfully to me. It was while Mrs. Campbell was laughing over his account of some medical meeting he had left in town that her hand went to her head.

"Oh—!" she shrieked—"I can't bear it!" And she clasped her head and rocked herself in the effort to endure.

Doctor Dietrich waited for her to be able to speak.

"Is it the old neuralgic trouble?" he asked, gently.

"Yes," she gasped, "only worse—worse than it has ever been— Oh, help me—if I must bear it. Give me something—or I am afraid—I am afraid—" She writhed with agony.

The doctor beckoned to me. "Keep your hand on her pulse," he muttered. "Let me know the instant it grows worse. She can bear very little more." Then he sought in his medicine-case for the thing that might soothe.

In the half-hour that followed we tried one expedient after another: hot applications, cold compresses, sedative after sedative. Nothing served. I had left her for an instant to hurry Norah with hot water, and the doctor was looking for another vial, when we both heard a sound.

Mrs. Campbell was at the door of the old-fashioned wardrobe in her room. Before I could reach her she had pulled down a skirt, had run her fingers desperately along the hem, and had put it in her mouth, sucking it as a famished baby sucks his milk.

"Mrs. Campbell!" I cried, snatching it away. I recognized the old skirt in which she had hidden the morphine when I came to her. She burst into tears.

"You won't give me anything—and I am dying—I must have it— Look! See how strong I am!" She picked up a pencil that lay on the desk and snapped it between her slender fingers. "I don't know what I'll do to you or to myself if you don't give it to me. You are cruel—cruel!" And she fell back on the bed, sobbing helplessly.

We brought her out of that state of half-delirium, but it left her in a state of alarming collapse. Sweat drenched her, and while the doctor waited in suspense the pulse under my hand gave a throb and began to leap forward with feeble but tumultuous speed. I looked at the doctor, and he understood. She was too weak to swallow either the coffee or the brandy that we plied her with. We gave her a grain of morphine, defeat in our souls. But when she lay back and slept, peace in her face at last, we loved the drug that we had fought. There lies the strength of the Enemy.

Mrs. Campbell's fresh morning face made me wonder if I had dreamed the scenes of the night before. An unexpected letter from Lieutenant Campbell, mailed in San Francisco after he had sent his telegram, added tonic to the calm of a long and refreshing sleep. She was confident, jubilant.

"Nothing can be as bad as last night," she said. "And, even then, I held out for four hours. To-night I will stand it just so much longer. And then—last night I hadn't had the letter. When the craving comes—even if the pain comes too—I shall look at this. And I won't want anything in the world but Lex. Then I will read it again and know he is coming!"

And the day and the evening did go better. When at last I got her to bed and she had dropped into what seemed to be a peaceful doze, my heart beat high with hope.



I was sitting by her, knitting, when a choking gasp brought me to my feet. When I bent over her she grasped my hand frantically.

"I was in a sort of a sleep," she said, "and in it seemed to know that I was asleep and was happy. But all at once something screamed at me in the din, 'Now it's time to wake and dance—and dance—and dance.' And a phantasmagoria of everything awful that could be imagined went before my eyes swiftly, blindingly. In every scene Lex and I were hunting each other, always longing, always missing; horrors and death came in between—sometimes Lex stumbled and fell—sometimes I. And everywhere people being wrecked and torn— Oh—it was horrible— Don't let me sleep again. Don't!" And she clung to me with hysterical sobbing.

I soothed her as best I could, with dismay in my heart. For with what could we fight this horror of sleep itself, when sleep was the one thing that could save her? And for this tumult of the mysterious physical there was nothing that could cure save the slow, discouraging, wonted physical methods that so mock the hunted soul! Over it all we went: walking up and down the room, bed when that had exhausted, sponging and rubbing and sponging again, then a cupful of hot broth, a glass of milk— And the constant appeal of the shattered human: "Can I bear it? Have others borne it and lived? No—not sleep—don't let me sleep. When I'm defenceless the dreadful things will crowd on me again. There's nothing that helps but the touch of your warm, pulsing hand. Don't let go of me—Nancy. Just be sorry for me—that helps—"

So we clung together, hands lax and slippery with sweat when exhaustion brought a pallid substitute for peace, hands wringing and grinding when the convulsions were upon her, but always together. When eleven brought Doctor Dietrich she lay upon her bed, hair streaming damp and tangled over the pillow, her pallor distinct from the mere whiteness of the pillow, her eyes desperately, hopelessly open. Even the doctor's cheerfulness, native and acquired, wavered for an instant and he bit his lip. He raised his eyebrows. My hand was

on her pulse at that moment and I nodded my head warningly—it was rapidly becoming alarming. He tested it himself.

"Brandy," he ordered, chafing her hands—I had hot water at her feet. We got a little of the brandy between the gray lips, but the little that she could swallow brought no response from the feeble and intermittent pulse. The doctor drew in his breath with a slight noise.

"Fill the needle," he ordered. "One grain."

She moved her head, a glimmer of inquiry in her eyes.

"Yes, it's necessary, Mrs. Campbell," he said, tenderly. He bent over her to say with cheerfulness, "Better luck next time."

Tears stood in her eyes and brimmed over. One hand outstretched for the needle, the doctor dried them on his big man's handkerchief, accurately using his surgeon's fingers, but with a gentleness greater than that of a woman.

It was at a later hour the next night, nearly midnight, that the hope that had again flared up because of a good day and a most heroic fight during the early hours of the night flickered out. When all had looked promising, and Mrs. Campbell, inspired by the habit of resisting, was beginning to be hopeful, the neuralgia began to encroach on the region about her heart. We three fought it grimly, desperately, until the too familiar danger signals warned us that we must fall back—warned two of us. For Mrs. Campbell, when she heard the doctor's low order to me, roused herself to say, "No!" The word fluttered out, breathed rather than spoken, but it was the most inflexible sound I have ever heard.

Doctor Dietrich bent over her. His voice trembled.

"We must, Mrs. Campbell," he said, a depth of reverence in his tone. She was too far spent to speak again; her body swayed itself toward the thing it craved; but one weak hand tried to grasp the mattress to hold herself away. And, even while they begged, her eyes denied.

The doctor hung over her tensely until he saw her eyes close, and rest descend upon her like the benediction of a false





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

IT WAS IN A MOMENT OF INSPIRATION THAT I PHOTOGRAPHED MRS. CAMPBELL







prophet. He threw the needle across the room and it shivered, delicately.

"Damn the man who gave it to her!" said the doctor, between his closed teeth. And I felt *honored* that he didn't feel it necessary to beg my pardon when he looked up and realized that I was there!

"Nancy," said Mrs. Campbell, while she was still in bed the next morning, "why did the doctor give it to me last night?"

I could not look in her face as I answered. "It was necessary."

"What could make it necessary? I thought you two were pledged to help me." She did not raise her voice, but I felt on the defensive.

"We are in honor bound to take every measure to save life."

"Life!" she said, under her breath. Her tone made me lift my head. It was so worse than contemptuous, impersonal, and remote. But as I looked she turned away from me with her cheek on her palm. "It would have been so much kinder not to." And her lip quivered.

"Now, now, you mustn't talk that way," I said, taking up the burden of impersonal cheerfulness. "The next time—"

She faced me.

"Did Doctor Dietrich say to you last night that there was still hope?" she demanded. Then, when I could not answer, "Do you think there is still hope?"

No one could have said the falsely reassuring thing to those expectant eyes.

"We think that—now—until your heart is stronger at least—you will have to take a very small amount."

"Will my heart ever be stronger?"

"We can't—"

"Has any one been known to recover from morphine whose heart was affected?"

"I—don't know."

"Does Doctor Dietrich think I can recover from the morphine?"

"He—thinks the best we can do is to keep it down."

"Oh—" this was a long-drawn breath. "Well, one can believe—him."

She turned her face away again; and I tried to lighten the weight on my heart by laying out the prettiest clothes I could find. At last, without looking at me, she said:

"Sit here by me, please. I am thinking—and I do not want to feel alone."

I took one hand between mine and smoothed it.

"I suppose," she said, meditatively, "there must have been some one moment when I was weak and could have resisted it—"

"It wasn't your—" I began, indignantly, but she silenced me by a pressure of her fingers.

"Let us think," she said. "I want to think."

Again there was silence before she went on, her face still turned away.

"Of course, when the doctor gave it to me first I didn't know what it was. I was crazy with the pain and he said he could help me. There was a prick—and then—Heaven!" Her voice had become joyous with the memory. "The next time, of course, I asked for the same medicine. It was a long time before I knew what it was. And then I saw the name, by chance, on a box. And I said, 'Isn't morphine a dangerous thing to use, doctor?' And he laughed and said: 'Not when it is used by a physician's order and for pain. I think *you* needn't worry, Mrs. Campbell.'"

She turned her wedding-ring around and around her finger.

"When Lex went away, four months after we were married, I was so miserable and so lonely. Night after night I lay and strained my arms out in the blank darkness and cried and begged Lex—or God; they meant just about the same thing to me—to let me know his poor body was not beating up against some shore—" She shuddered.

"My dear, you mustn't." I lay down on the bed beside her and took her in my arms. She brushed a grateful kiss against my cheek.

"Well, I won't. But I was at some seashore place and the glare of the sun on the sea nearly blinded me—I suppose crying had something to do with it. The pain came again. And I remembered the name of the medicine that had cured me the year before. So I got some. That must have been the time I was at fault!" Her tone was triumphant at the discovery.

"After that"—she hurried over this part—"somehow every time I took it I



seemed to have to have it. I suppose I really didn't—but it seemed so." The thing in Mrs. Campbell that made your heart go out to her—all hers—was the child that lay hidden somewhere back of the beautiful woman. "But then—there's—pain!" she said, in a startled tone. "I suppose God knows why He made pain so great and then made us weak—and let us know the thing that soothes and—kills!"

I had been glad that she could not see my face on the pillow beside hers, but now something in her tone made me seek her face. Her great eyes were wide open, and there was a calm strength in her face that I had never seen there before.

"I think you'd better get up," I said, in a business-like tone. "We have ever so much to do to-day."

"All right—in a minute. How much morphine am I to have this morning—"

"Oh, we have got it down to almost nothing—half a grain—and at night."

"Better give me a little more—now. I want just enough to make me normal—myself—as nearly myself as I can ever be—" Again the tone was too detached to be either contemptuous or despairing—and yet it made me feel desolate. "Can you imagine what it would be to have that always, between his face and mine—his heart and mine—and daily growing worse—Nancy! I want you to tell him about it!"

I was startled.

"But surely you would want to—" I began to stammer.

"No, I want you to tell him. You can make him understand better—better even than the doctor."

"If you wish, dear, after you have had your meeting."

"Oh—that!" Her face contracted.

"Neuralgia?" I asked, anxiously.

She shook her head indifferently.

"You know Lex will never be able to understand—really," she went on. "He is too strong—too master of himself to ever be a mere victim—" again the cutting, impersonal tone. "No, he will love me, but he will pity me—*pity!*" This time she lost control of herself and sobbed.

"It may be pity if you make your eyes red," I said, briskly.

For an hour we were busy with our morning programme. I never worked harder over any one than I did over Mrs. Campbell. I was as anxious as she could have been to have her her beautiful self. Hopeless as it all was, I couldn't help wanting her to have her one perfect moment. When I had finished her I gave her a hypodermic and anxiously watched the effect. She was in the still, cold mood, and white.

"I think it will take another grain to bring me up to normal," she said, coolly. "And I must be that to-day." So I gave it to her and saw the life come back into her face. After breakfast she said:

"I want to try on the gown that I will wear to-night." I brought it, glad that she could think of it; it made her seem more human. It was one of white crêpe that Lieutenant Campbell had had embroidered for her in China, and the frock was very well made. When she was dressed I looked at her. She scrutinized me.

"You think I am looking—myself?" she asked, simply.

"If yourself is a very beautiful woman," I replied, as baldly.

"You are sure that I am not excited or hysterical or anything that is not controlled?" Her eyes narrowed as she questioned me.

"I have never seen you calmer."

"I look like a normal, sane woman, not flawed—fit to be the mother of his children?"

Her eyes were still on me. But I couldn't bear it and turned away my head.

She waited until I had nodded.

"Then, I think I want you to take my photograph—as I am—right now—without waiting a moment!" For the first time it was evident that intense feeling was behind the whim.

We went out on the lawn and I posed her carefully with a good background of shrubbery. And it certainly was in a moment of inspiration that I snapped Mrs. Campbell just as you could fairly see the pride and the beauty and the love in her leap to her eyes to greet her husband. When she saw it she nodded, satisfied. We made a few prints. And after that she seemed to sag into a settled indifference.



So when she said she wanted to lie down after lunch I was only glad she felt drowsy. I stayed with her until she had fallen asleep; her breathing was regular, and when I spoke to her she did not answer, but stirred and sighed softly. I ran down-stairs to give the maids some orders about things. I must have been away half an hour telephoning and arranging things down-stairs.

When I ran up-stairs, anxious because there was scant time to get Mrs. Campbell ready for six o'clock, the shades were still drawn. I raised them and saw—her—I have never been able to speak of it. It is only God who can feel calm in the face of such things. But—the drained bottle of poison had fallen on the floor. And on the table, the paper seal unbroken, was a box, with enough morphine to have set her free—untouched.

Before I had time to more than catch at the bed on which she partly lay to keep myself from falling, Norah's voice, glad with Irish heartiness, rang from below, welcoming Lieutenant Campbell.

Something came back to me: There was the husband. To be told.

There were footsteps, coming up, two at a time—I was out in the hall, the door of her room locked and the key in my pocket, when he reached the landing.

He looked at me with a flicker of disappointment—evidently he thought I was some guest who would be a third in his home-coming. But in an instant he held out his hand, smiling. He was a big

Viking sort of a fellow, with light hair, so ash-colored that it looked gray, and strong straight brows that were slaty over the brilliant blue of his eyes. And his smile was as dazzling as the sun on snow-crust. I couldn't take his hand.

"Don't go in, Lieutenant Campbell—You mustn't go in!" I can see now the arrested smile.

"What's the matter? Is she ill?"

I told him—something—I have never known what I said. But after the first few words he whirled me away from the door and tried to force it. And—somehow—I held him aside and made him be still while I said:

"You mustn't see her. You must never see her—" all the while thinking. Then I remembered that in the pocket of the nurse's apron I had on was her picture—I had had it on to develop the plates—and I took it out.

"This is what she wants you to see. It is herself. That—in there—isn't. She made me take this to show it to you. I know she did." And—with his dazed eyes on it, not on me—I told him—the rest.

I had done some of the things that had to be gone through when I gave out. I managed to get to the telephone and ask Doctor Dietrich to come, without telling him anything. When I heard his good reassuring, "*All right!*" I hung the receiver up somehow and put my head on the table and cried and cried and cried.





# The Mother-Bird

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

SHE wore round the turned-up brim of her bolero-like toque a band of violets not so much in keeping with the gray of the austere November day as with the blue of her faded autumnal eyes. Her eyes were autumnal, but it was not from this, or from the lines of maturity graven on the passing prettiness of her little face, that the notion and the name of Mother-Bird suggested itself. She became known as the Mother-Bird to the tender ironic fancy of the earliest, if not the latest, of her friends, because she was slight and small, and like a bird in her eager movements, and because she spoke so instantly and so constantly of her children in Dresden: before you knew anything else of her you knew that she was going out to them.

She was quite alone, and she gave the sense of claiming their protection, and sheltering herself in the fact of them. When she mentioned her daughters she had the effect of feeling herself chaperoned by them. You could not go behind them and find her wanting in the social guaranties which women on steamers, if not men, exact of lonely birds of passage who are not mother-birds.

One must respect the convention by which she safeguarded herself and tried to make good her standing; yet it did not lastingly avail her with other birds of passage, so far as they were themselves mother-birds, or sometimes only maiden-birds. The day had not ended before they began to hold her off by slight liftings of their wings and rufflings of their feathers, by quick, evasive flutterings, by subtle ignorances of her approach, which convinced no one but themselves that they had not seen her. She sailed with the sort of acquaintance-in-common which every one shares on a ship leaving port, when people are confused by the kindness of friends coming to see them off after sending baskets of fruit and sheafs of flowers, and scarcely

know what they are doing or saying. But when the ship was abreast of Fire Island, and the pilot had gone over the side, these provisional intimacies of the parting hour began to restrict themselves. Then the Mother-Bird did not know half the women she had known at the pier, or quite all the men.

It was not that she did anything obvious to forfeit this knowledge. Her behavior was if anything too exemplary; it might be thought to form a reproach to others. Perhaps it was the unseasonable band of violets around her hat brim; perhaps it was the vernal gayety of her dress; perhaps it was the uncertainty of her anxious eyes, which presumed while they implored. A mother-bird must not hover too confidently, too appealingly, near coveys whose preoccupations she does not share. It might have been her looking and dressing younger than nature justified; at forty one must not look thirty; in November one must not, even involuntarily, wear the things of May if one would have others believe in one's devotion to one's children in Dresden; one alleges in vain one's impatience to join them as grounds for joining groups or detached persons who have begun to write home to their children in New York or Boston.

The very readiness of the Mother-Bird to give security by the mention of well-known names, to offer proof of her social solvency by the eager correctness of her behavior, created reluctance around her. Some would not have her at all from the first; others, who had partially or conditionally accepted her, returned her upon her hands and withdrew from the negotiation. More and more she found herself outside that hard woman-world, and trying less and less to beat her way into it.

The women may have known her better even than she knew herself, and it may have been through ignorance greater



than her own that the men were more acquiescent. But the men too were not so acquiescent, or not at all, as time passed.

It would be hard to fix the day, the hour, far harder the moment, when the Mother-Bird began to disappear from the drawing-room and to appear in the smoking-room, or say whether she passed from the one to the other in a voluntary exile or by the rigor of the women's unwritten law. Still, from time to time she was seen in their part of the ship, after she was also seen where the band of violets showed strange and sad through veils of smoke that were not dense enough to hide her poor, pretty little face, with its faded blue eyes and wistful mouth. There she passed by quick transition from the conversation of the graver elderly smokers to the loud laughter of two birds of prey who became her comrades, or such friends as birds like them can be to birds like her.

From anything she had said or done there was no reason for her lapse from the women and the better men to such men; for her transition from the better sort of women there was no reason except that it happened. Whether she attached herself to the birds of prey, or they to her, by that instinct which enables birds of all kinds to know themselves of a feather remained a touching question.

There remained to the end the question whether she was of a feather with them, or whether it was by some mischance, or by some such stress of the elements as drives birds of any feather to flock with birds of any other. To the end there remained a distracted and forsaken innocence in her looks. It was imaginable that she had made overtures to the birds of prey because she had made overtures to every one else; she was always seeking rather than sought, and her acceptance with them was as deplorable as her refusal by better birds. Often they were seen without her, when they had that look of having escaped, which others wore; but she was not often seen without them.

There is not much walking-weather on a November passage, and she was seen less with them in the early dark outdoors than in the late light within, by

which she wavered a small form through the haze of their cigars in the smoking-room, or in the grill-room, where she showed in faint eclipse through the fumes of the broiling and frying, or through the vapors of the hot whiskeys. The birds of prey were then heard laughing, but whether at her or with her it must have been equally sorrowful to learn.

Perhaps they were laughing at the maternal fondness which she had used for introduction to the general acquaintance lost almost in the moment of winning it. She seemed not to resent their laughter, though she seemed not to join in it. The worst of her was the company she kept; but since no better would allow her to keep it, you could not confidently say she would not have liked the best company on board. At the same time you could not have said she would; you could not have been sure it would not have bored her. Doubtless these results are not solely the sport of chance; they must be somewhat the event of choice if not of desert.

For anything you could have sworn, the Mother-Bird would have liked to be as good as the best. But since it was not possible for her to be good in the society of the best, she could only be good in that of the worst. It was to be hoped that the birds of prey were not cruel to her; that their mockery was never unkind if ever it was mockery. The cruelty which must come came when they began to be seen less and less with her, even at the late suppers, through the haze of their cigars and the smoke of the broiling and frying, and the vapors of the hot whiskeys. Then it was the sharpest pang of all to meet her wandering up and down the ship's promenades, or leaning on the rail and looking dimly out over the foam-whitened black sea. It is the necessity of birds of prey to get rid of other birds when they are tired of them, and it had doubtless come to that.

One night, the night before getting into port, when the curiosity which always followed her with grief failed of her in the heightened hilarity of the smoking-room, where the last bets on the ship's run were making, it found her alone beside a little iron table, of



those set in certain nooks outside the grill-room. There she sat with no one near, where the light from within fell palely upon her. The boon birds of prey, with whom she had been supping, had abandoned her, and she was supporting her cheek on the small hand of the arm that rested on the table. She leaned forward, and swayed with the swaying ship; the violets in her bolero-toque quivered with the vibrations of the machinery. She was asleep, poor Mother-Bird, and it would have been impossible not to wish her dreams were kind.

## The Ice of the North

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

WHITE, immaculate, storm-beaten beaches,  
 Lonely sea beyond seas, beyond ken,  
 From the ice of your farthest reaches,  
 Re-echoes your challenge to men!

They have sought you with worship and wonder;  
 In despair they have sent forth their breath—  
 And for answer—the crash of your thunder,  
 The shiver and silence of death!

You have wooed them, aroused them, and quelled them,  
 You have prisoned them fast in your floes,  
 You have drawn them, betrayed and repelled them,  
 And their bones lie a-bleach on your snows.

Is your diadem, gemmed with star-flowers  
 From those far-flaming fields of the sky,  
 But the sign of a Tyrant whose powers,  
 Overthrow, and destroy and defy?

Oh! imperious, pitiless regions—  
 Snow-panoplied hills that entice—  
 Are those silent impassable legions,  
 But guarding a bosom of ice?

Or is it the radiant duty  
 Of your rapturous heart of delight,  
 That crimson with currents of beauty,  
 The dark span of your desolate night?

Through the long voiceless twilights that darken  
 Your virginal, slumbering plain,  
 Do you dream of the sunlight, and harken  
 For the voice of the southwind again?—

Oh! mysteries never beholden  
 By the ages, we question and wait  
 For the ultimate answer withholden  
 In the mist-woven mantle of Fate.

By your star-vestured beauty still haunted,  
 In the wake of your moons, we set forth—  
 By your perilous silence undaunted,  
 We follow the call of the North!



# The Art of Harold Speed

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

ONCE upon a time there was a clock, a grandfather's clock, that stopped, "never to go again," when—and here the song which embodied the fact dropped into a lingering cadence—"when—the—old—man—died." I am often reminded of that antique time-piece when I read the special art news doled out to some of our newspapers by their correspondents in Europe, especially on the occasion of the annual Salon and Royal Academy exhibitions. Presumably these writers have had their enthusiasms, but they have outlived them. They once ticked to the time of the present; but their tick has stopped, and the wind moans through their motionless works. In the case of the Royal Academy it has shaped itself into an echo, indefinitely repeated, "Sargent only—only Sargent."

Time was when this artist's brilliant début startled the somnolence of the Royal Academicians. Their traditions being what they had become and he being what he was, it was much to their credit that they admitted work so revolutionary, and in addition honored it on the instant. That he was a foreigner counted nothing against him; actually, some will say, was in his favor. At any rate, in a truly British spirit of free trade, they made him free of the exhibitions and rapidly advanced him to full membership. For this the niggard pressmen still give him the full credit, withholding any from the Academy, and failing to observe how its generosity has redounded to its own benefit. For Sargent's influence has been twofold. Directly, he has influenced the work of some painters in England as in America; but has been of even more value indirectly, through the encouragement which his acceptance by the Academy gave to the younger generation of painters. On the part of the latter it has promoted independence and permitted individuality,

and this in turn has reacted on the appreciation of the public, causing it to be more on the alert for varieties of individual merit. Hence, to those who from time to time bring a fresh eye to the study of these exhibitions they have seemed to be steadily improving, and this year's, to my thinking, was a particularly satisfactory one. After making due allowance for the merely Academic which is an inevitable feature of any official show, and evading the saccharine and sentimental which also everywhere obtrude upon an exhibition that bids for popularity, one could discover a very satisfactory residue of interesting subjects, treated with personal distinction both of feeling and craftsmanship.

I see that Mr. William M. Chase is reported to have said that American painters are now recognized in Europe as holding the lead in technical accomplishment. In my own travels, however, I have discovered no such frank admission. Indeed, I should say it is scarcely to be expected, since, apart from those Americans who live abroad, the work of our painters is still but little known either in England or on the Continent. Certainly such a representation of it, as appeared in this year's International Exhibition in Venice, was not calculated to satisfy ourselves or to impress others very favorably. Further, I would set against Mr. Chase's conclusion the question put to me in London by an American painter, who had been visiting the metropolis for a year. He asked me how I would contrast the English work with that of our painters at home. I do not believe in generalizing, particularly from the necessarily inadequate observations of a short visit; but I told him I had received an impression, and I gave it to him, as I give it here, simply as a suggestion. It is, that in landscape our painters still lead, both in the personal character of their vision and in the quality of their craftsmanship;



but that in the variety and excellence of portraiture and figure-subjects the bias of interest is in favor of the English work. And this, my friend informed me, was precisely the impression he himself had received. Nor, may I add, is he a landscape-painter. He was measuring himself, as well as other Americans, alongside the English figure-painters.

As an example of one of the latter I here introduce the work of Harold Speed. He is a young man, still on the sunny side of forty, but has attracted attention in his own country for more than a dozen years, although he has not been elected to the Academy. Yet, as a painter, he is typical of the Academic system in its freest form, and it is for this reason that I have selected him as an example. He is a product of the Academy schools, illustrating the thoroughness of its instruction, and yet emancipated from its restrictive tendencies. As a child he had a definite desire to become an artist, and at fifteen years old entered the South Kensington School. Thence, after a few years' training, he passed to the schools of the Royal Academy, where he gained successive prizes, including the traveling scholarship. Throughout these preliminary years his efforts had been guided by foresight and regulated by a method that steadily and thoroughly pursued a definite object, and, when the opportunity of travel came, it found him prepared to make the most of it. He went by way of Antwerp and Brussels to Paris, thence for a stay of six weeks in Rome and a brief visit to Capri. This was followed by a walking tour through the cities of central Italy and another sojourn of six weeks in Venice. Having thus gained a multitude of general impressions, he sought the detachment of Switzerland for a space in which to digest them, meanwhile painting from nature in the open air. Then he settled for some months in Capri and devoted himself to assiduous study of landscape and of the human life with which it was animated. During this period he enjoyed the friendship of the American artists, Elihu Vedder and Charles Caryl Coleman, and of the American collector, Charles L. Freer. Under the stimulating influence of these experiences and of Capri's beauty he made no less than fifty studies and pictures,

which upon their exhibition in London attracted considerable attention, Sir Frederick Leighton, president of the Royal Academy, being among the purchasers. Meanwhile he had passed an examination which insured him another year of travel.

His own account of these experiences is that, while he worked a little in one or two of the schools in Paris, his chief occupation was the gathering of impressions at first hand. Specially from the drawings and paintings of the old masters he gleaned a conception of drawing, different from that which he had derived from the class-room with its prolonged study of the posed model. He began to realize that excellence of drawing does not consist merely in correct construction and presentation of form, but in the amount of expression imparted to the movement; that it is a product not only of eyesight but of feeling.

The remark interested me, for it was in line with a theory that I have grown to believe in. It is that a painter cannot be a good draughtsman unless he has something of the actor's instinct. The latter suits the action to the word; he has no sooner conceived an idea than his body begins to respond to it, and to adjust its movement to the interpretation of the thought in his mind. But this capacity to "feel his life in every limb," this consciousness that the muscular system of his own body is an instrument to be played upon, is rather an uncommon possession of the artist. Over and over again one sees a figure so represented that it is impossible to believe the draughtsman participated in the action which he sought to portray. He had merely observed the external appearance of his model's figure, or, at most, been only theoretically aware of the contracting process of the muscles involved. He had never felt the action in his own body. Again, one may frequently hear an artist exclaim in despair that such and such a model seems incapable of realizing the movement he requires. From my own observation it would seem that in most cases it is because he himself is incapable of explaining what he wants in the only way that really explains—namely, by physical demonstration. It is not only by vociferation that the competent stage-





PORTRAIT OF MISS JOHNSON



manager directs; he illustrates, at least in a rudimentary way, the movements and gestures which he wishes rendered. On the other hand, it may not be pressing the argument too far to apply it also to the public's appreciation of pictures. While this capacity to feel and express movement in one's own body may not be necessary to appreciation, it must certainly aid it, and it is not impossible that the absence of it may account for much of the indifference toward the finer qualities of drawing in a picture.

Closely associated with this capacity of muscular expression is the conscious feeling in the sense of touch. Here again Harold Speed declared himself with no uncertain voice. He believes that the sense of touch enters, almost as much as the sense of sight, both into the making and into the appreciation of a picture. This, of course, is the thesis so ably maintained by our American critic, Bernhard Berensen, for which he invented the term "tactile values," "the giving of tactile values to retinal impressions." The artist by his drawing must be able to arouse the tactile sense, for, he adds, "I must have the illusion of being able to touch a figure, I must have the illusion of varying muscular

sensations inside my palm and fingers, corresponding to the various projections of this figure, before I shall take it for granted as real, and let it affect me lastingly." If this be so, and one's own experience corroborates it, it follows that

the artist must himself have this keen consciousness of touch-value before he can stimulate it in others, and the latter must also possess it if they are to be capable of receiving the stimulus. This sense of touch, in fact, also plays a large part both in the achievement and in the appreciation of excellence in drawing.

These self-revelations prove how far Harold Speed has progressed beyond the Academic system under which he was trained. On the other hand, what is sound and invaluable in the system still abides with him. Although in the actual use of the brush his method is highly suggestive and has the appearance of improvisation, it is based upon most deliberate



CURTSEY O'SULLIVAN

and detailed study. Every part of the composition is pondered and wrought out definitively in black and white before he attempts to transfer it to his canvas. His preliminary drawings are admirable. They may be compared with the corresponding studies, invariably made by some of our own artists—Blash-





ROSALIND AND ORLANDO

ROSALIND.—He calls us back, my pride fell with my fortunes.

field, Cox, and Maynard, for example—men of an older generation, whose training abroad was equally thorough. But I doubt if many of our younger artists could show such evidences of preparation and preliminary study. Often, indeed, to see their work is to doubt if they have really acquired the art of drawing. It demanded too much discipline, too much “demnition grind”; they hurried over and scamped this period of groundwork; they were eager to get what they call “results,” and the results betray it. Unrestrained by their teachers—sometimes, one may fear, encouraged by them—they have rushed into painting before they have learned to draw. The result is that

they lean dependently on models; grope tentatively after effects beyond their reach; and, never acquiring facility, are debarred from the display of any inventiveness in their compositions. Their pictures may exhibit some qualities of brushwork, such as in the studio phrase are “painter-like”; but in all essentials of construction, drawing, and composition are pitifully feeble. They represent, in fact, the kind of work that explains and goes far to justify the impression that in figure-pictures American painters are behind the foreigners.

Now, you have not been long in the company of Harold Speed before you recognize that he has temperament, plenty



of it, and that it is forcible, alert, and qualified with *esprit*. Yet his pictures, apart from the preliminary studies, prove that he does not rely upon it. It is but the regulating impulse that vivifies the severe arduousness with which he step by step elaborates his more important pictures. And the value of this habitual conscientious thoroughness becomes apparent in some of his works of rapid improvisation, such as the portrait of Elihu Vedder, which was executed in a few hours during a later visit to Capri in 1906. If you know the original, you will recognize at once the extraordinary felicity of this presentation; how it in-

terprets the physical aspect, the bulk of form, and structure of the massive head, as well as one of the characteristic expressions of the mobile features. Vedder is a man of multiple personality, but this is undeniably a striking portrait of one phase of him, and not without its suggestion of the others.

The pictures illustrating this article represent the artist as a portrait-painter, though *Roses and Chintz*, one of the latest, shows his poetic interpretation of a *genre* subject. But they take no account of his studies of nature, either in the landscapes painted as a relief from figure-subjects or in the landscape ac-



PORTRAIT OF MISS AGATHAINIKE CRAIES



cessories that enrich many of the latter. Both are distinguished by a fine sense of decorative composition and outdoor feeling. Nor is he shown as a mural decorator, or in allegorical subjects such as *The Coming of Spring*, or in the imaginative treatment of a poetic incident like that of *Rosalind and Orlando*.

One of his earliest works is an *Autumn*, painted in fresco on the walls of the Refreshment Room of the Royal Academy. Executed about 1896, shortly after the painter's return from his first visit abroad, it is still in the nature of student-work. Already it reveals a marked instinct for decorative arrangement, but at the same time a conscious formality in the massing of the composition. It is the work of a well-trained man, who has mastered principles but not yet learned to apply them with the fluency of individual expression. It is still reminiscent in motive, and merely typical of a considerable amount of Academic output.

Compare, however, the *Morning*, painted in *tempera* for a white drawing-room. It is separated from the earlier decoration by nearly ten years, and in that interval the artist had progressed amazingly. By this time principles have been thoroughly assimilated. He can now give full rein to his invention, and the latter is as evident in the pleasant whimsical-



VIOLET

ness of the conception as in the easy and gracious effectiveness of the decorative "spotting." The panel eminently possesses those qualities of freshness of fancy and a vivacious elegance of treatment that a decoration, designed for a modern reception-room, demands.

If, personally, I care less for *The Coming of Spring*, it is because its decorative ensemble is more obviously built up on Academic lines, and with recourse to the paraphernalia of voluminous drapery and wings, which, for my own part, seem to smack of the property-room. Yet I do not overlook its skilfulness, comparative spontaneity, and the *esprit* discernible



in the particular twist of thought given to the subject. Still, it is a treatment of both subject and decorative spacing which seems to protest too much. It is otherwise with the earlier picture of *Rosalind and Orlando*, first exhibited in 1898. This very happily combines a certain decorative conventionality with naturalness, and, as an illustration of the moment chosen in the scene, when Rosalind exclaims, "He calls us back; my pride fell with my fortunes," it is sin-

young women. For in them he is permitted to exercise his faculties unhampered; whereas in the case of older subjects he, like other portrait-painters, is hindered by the susceptibilities of his sitters, who would have their features smoothed and softened down to an expressionless conventionality. Thus, if here and there you come across one of his portraits in which the costume is rendered with vivacious authority, while the face by comparison seems tame and la-

bored, he is not necessarily to be blamed; for the apparently nerveless, uninspired technique does but reflect the hindrances that the vanity of the original imposed upon him. And it is his experience that this vanity is most frequently exhibited by men sitters.

But when he is allowed full liberty his work is distinguished by ease, authority, and genuine feeling; for he has developed to the point of certainty a technique exactly suited to the expression of his temperament. For the purposes of this article it is sufficient to say that his method consists of first laying in the middle tones of the light and of the shadowed parts, and then adding

the high lights and the darks. The general importance of this fact is that it is an outcome of his lifelong habit of leaving nothing to haphazard, but of planning ahead, adapting with deliberation, and acting eventually upon well-assured conviction. It is this



EI I H U V E D D E R

gularly felicitous. It reflects as a whole the heyday spirit of the Shakespearian comedy, while the individual characterizations are distinguished by unusual insight and feeling.

These qualities reappear in his portraits; especially in those of children and





ROSES AND CHINTZ





THE GIRL WITH THE ROSE

habitual reliance upon method that has landed him while still a young man so high in his profession. That it has not resulted in a jejune repetition of some one manner is due to the alacrity of his temperament and the versatile invention of his imagination. He is continually experimenting with new motives. Thus, in the latest example, illustrated here, *Roses and Chintz*, he has devised a composition which relies as little as possible upon the arrangement of the forms and almost entirely upon the harmony, secured by the envelope of lighted atmosphere; and through the

latter has interpreted the sentiment of the subject.

Technically it is a very charming picture, painted with fluency and breadth, and with a subtle feeling for and discrimination of the delicacies of value. Moreover, in the very modesty of the subject and the intimacy with which it is rendered, there is evidence of a finer quality of artistic approach than some of the artist's other subjects suggest or perhaps permitted. The fragrance and sincerity of its expression prove that facility and success have not impaired the original freshness of his imagination.



# The Doubt

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS

**P**OVERTY! Culver, as he glanced around the small apartment in the moment vouchsafed him before his hostess should make her appearance, decided that it was that peculiarly opprobrious poverty which we by courtesy call genteel; every article in the room bore mute witness to the fact, seeming to shrink from the investigating eye with an almost human shame in the present and pride in the past.

The gray afternoon light revealed everywhere effort without completion; a straining for a pleasurable effect that displayed only too flagrantly the strength of the desire and the inadequacy of the means. If Culver had been asked to describe the little room he might truthfully have called it "a study in make-shifts." His brows contracted over his puzzled eyes. He had learned to quarrel with surprises; and those arbutus blooms tucked into a wide-necked bottle, around whose bulky and unlovely middle green tissue-paper had been wrapped, those rosy-faced harbingers of spring—surely his unknown hostess had not a predilection for anything so inoffensively simple? He smiled as the thought presented itself to his censorious consciousness; for he had drawn a mental picture of Mrs. Kessler, and he did not dream that she would in any way differ from his preconceived image. He had not even pictured her as a lady. The circumstances of the case precluded such a deduction, at least to his coldly legal mind. Pretty he had decided she probably would be, with that sort of cheap animal prettiness which befools and befuddles the most austere of men and is a tawdry extenuation for all reasonless extravagances. In thirty years of legal practice he had grown familiar with the type. It had a way of getting into court and dragging victims with it; Culver was always surprised at the number of the victims.

A woman's hand pushed aside the curtain that hung before the inner room, and with a half-satirical shrug of his shoulders he arose to his feet.

There was a moment of stunned silence; and then Mrs. Kessler came slowly forward. She was pale and very slender, and, like autumn sunlight, cold and sweet. Culver stared at her, fascinated. There was no warmth or color about her anywhere, unless it lay in her eyes, for her hair was ashen yellow, and sea foam could not have been whiter than the skin on her temples and brows. This whiteness was divided from the soft splendor of her eyes by arched black brows, and it was so intensified by the contrast that the oddity of her coloring (or lack of coloring) seemed at first the most salient and tangible thing about her. Later, one was struck by a certain separateness that seemed to exclude intimacy. Culver, a quick student of human nature, decided that she was cold and passionless; certainly calculating, and perhaps cruel. He took a step forward, and she advanced to meet him with a little gracious hesitancy in her manner, but no embarrassment or confusion, though she had evidently just come from the kitchen, and in deference to his presence had removed an apron. There was something so superbly well-bred about her every movement, that to imagine her as apologizing for any situation in which she might find herself was presumptuous.

"Mr. Culver?" she inquired, glancing, as she spoke, at a letter which she held in her hand, and which Culver recognized instantly as his own. "It is Mr. Culver, isn't it?"

As he bowed acquiescence, she added, simply, "I am Mrs. Kessler."

Again Culver bowed. If he had been flayed for it he could not have uttered a word. He was striving to adjust his startled faculties, and he did all things



thoroughly and without undue haste; so she had to repeat with a gentle reiteration: "I am Mrs. Kessler—Mrs. Dorr Kessler. Your letter was delayed. I have just finished reading it. . . . You say"—referring to the letter—"that you have a matter of importance to—"

"Er—certainly, certainly!" Culver interrupted her, rather incoherently, depositing himself on a chair and his hat and cane on the floor. "You informed me—" he began, and then, meeting her eyes, he stammered, halted, lost himself for a moment in unwilling admiration; staring almost rudely at her head, drooping a little under its burden of pale hair like a wistful Narcissus bloom—or was it a Narcissus—or—?

"You were saying—?"

"I was—er—saying," Culver brought out the words rather lamely—"I was saying that I had almost despaired of—er—ever finding you, Mrs. Kessler. My advertisement remained so long unanswered."

She smiled, twisting his letter between her fingers with a graceful indolence as if even the scrap of paper had its use, since it provided employment for her dainty fingers. "I very seldom read the 'Personal' columns in the papers," she told him, with a little explanatory note in her voice. "It was quite by chance that your notice attracted my attention—quite by chance."

"A very fortunate chance for you; if I may be permitted to say it," remarked Culver, smiling.

She lifted her brows inquiringly. "Fortunate?"

"Very fortunate," with careful emphasis. "I have here some papers"—extracting them from an inner pocket—"which will, I think—" He interrupted himself to glance up at her searchingly. "You have, I suppose, no idea why that advertisement was inserted in the *Herald*?"

She made a gesture of negation. "No."

"No faintest notion of my business?"

"No!"

Culver smiled. He was conscious of a faint—very faint—sensation of pleasurable exhilaration at being brought face to face with something new and baffling. The woman before him was so utterly

and ludicrously unlike his imaged picture of her that his narrow, gray eyes rested on her face now with that searching penetration of regard that is embarrassing to those who have anything to conceal. Mrs. Kessler did not flinch; she did not stir restlessly; she did not move or fidget; but a slow color mounted to her pale cheeks as if in protest at his seeming rudeness.

"I don't think I quite understand—" she began, nervously.

"I beg your pardon." Culver opened one of the legal papers in his hand. "I will not keep you long in suspense. Pardon me if I ask a few necessary questions. Your maiden name, Mrs. Kessler, was, I believe, Hoff. Laura Kingsly Hoff?"

She leaned forward quickly as if to speak impulsively, but in the end contented herself with a simple inclination of her head.

"Laura Kingsly Hoff," Culver repeated, mechanically, without removing his eyes from the paper, "of Cleveland, Ohio—Cleveland *was* your home, I believe, Mrs. Kessler?"

"Yes, Cleveland was my home before my marriage; but I fail to see—"

"One moment! You left there six years ago?"

"About six years ago, yes; but—"

"Had you a friend there in Cleveland, Mrs. Kessler? A male friend; by name Franklyn Marbury?" He stooped, as he spoke, to return to her slender fingers the twisted letter that had at the moment of his question fluttered from her hand to the floor.

She flushed. "How stupid of me!" she murmured, apologetically. "Thank you. You were saying—?"

"I was asking if you knew a Mr. Marbury of Cleveland, Franklyn Marbury?"

For a moment she was silent, then she answered, very sweetly and simply. "Yes," she said; "Mr. Marbury was a friend of mine—as a girl."

"Ah!"

"It was a long time ago," smiling, "and I have not thought of—"

"Mr. Marbury is dead!" said Culver, slowly, watching her face.

"Dead!"

"He died very suddenly, of heart failure, while in California."





*Drawn by Frank Craig*

"I WILL NEVER TOUCH A PENNY OF THAT MONEY"







She stared at him incredulously.

Culver coughed. "I am sorry to bring—"

"Dead!" She shrank before him, drawing in her breath quickly in little uneven gasps; her face was whiter than a pearl—but then it had been white before. She closed her eyes with a quick instinct at concealment before Culver had caught or analyzed the expression that flamed under the dark lashes. He bent forward interestedly.

"You acknowledge Mr. Marbury as a friend," he began, quietly. "He has proved himself a very good one indeed. A life-insurance policy was found on his body, a hundred-thousand-dollar policy, drawn up in favor of—"

"Well?"

"*You* are the beneficiary, Mrs. Kessler."

"I—I don't think—I don't understand."

"It is absurdly simple—the only difficult thing was in unearthing you. Now, if you will allow me—"

"Wait—just a moment! Let me understand. You say that I—that he has left me a hundred thousand dollars? That he is dead, and has left me—"

Culver smiled. "That is the amount of the policy; yes." A slightly disagreeable expression contracted the corners of his mouth. She was showing emotion at last—over the money!

"A hundred thousand dollars!" she repeated the words automatically, her eyes unconsciously travelling around the poor little, mean little room, considering with an uncompromising eye the pitiful attempts to hide and conceal its sordid and hateful ugliness. And that hideous, brutal and soul-destroying ugliness had been for five years her daily bread! Tears blurred her vision, but Culver did not see them, for his eyes were following hers, and he was mentally admitting her adaptability, her peculiar adaptability, to spend her money both judiciously and artistically. His lids narrowed; and for a long moment there was silence in the room. Then Mrs. Kessler raised her hands rather dizzily to her head and brushed back the fall of soft hair from her temples. For a moment she was exalted, her very beauty changing, the wine-red color spilling itself into her pal-

lid cheeks until she no longer reminded Culver of a Narcissus bloom, but of a resplendent blood-red dahlia, all passion and pride. Then, as swiftly as it had come, the glow faded, and a little sigh escaped her, the sigh of one who has returned from a far and wonderful country, has seen radiant visions there, and solemnly and finally forsworn them one and all. She drooped in her chair as if very tired, and when her eyes met Culver's she smiled pitifully, almost as if she would seek even from him understanding and sympathy.

"It is a great deal of money," she whispered, faintly. "A hundred thousand dollars! It would tempt—almost any one; wouldn't it?"

The man smiled. "Undoubtedly! Fortunately for you, though, it does not come in the form of a temptation. His sisters—he has two sisters—will probably contest, but—"

Mrs. Kessler lifted her head suddenly. "It will not be necessary—"

Culver glanced swiftly at her face. "You said—?"

"That it would not be necessary. I will never touch a penny of that money!"

"But, my dear lady—"

"I will not touch it—now or ever!" clasping her hands tightly together in her lap.

"Good heavens!" Culver leaned back in his chair, and stared like one distraught at the still, white face. "My dear madam! Really! This is preposterous! Why, it is absurd! ridiculous! You cannot understand what you are saying—"

"Oh yes, I understand quite well what I am saying." Her lips quivered a little like a young child's. She regarded him piteously.

He permitted himself an impatient gesture. "But, my dear young lady, the money is yours by right. You are wronging yourself—your husband."

"*Don't! Please don't!*" She put out her hands passionately, and again an expression passed over her face that Culver was unable to analyze. He thought for a moment to term it exaltation, a sort of sacred exaltation, but, even as he looked, it shifted, and he was quite certain it was fear!

"My husband," her lips faltering over the words. "There is no necessity of



his knowing. I do not wish him to know of this—this—” stumbling over the words.

“But, my dear madam, I do not feel justified—”

She rose to her feet. “*You* do not feel justified!” and for the first time she reminded him of no flower, but a passionately proud woman. “The money was left to me, was it not?”

“It most certainly was.”

“Can the law force it upon me if I wish to decline it?”

“No; but—”

“Then if I *do* wish to decline it, the matter ends here, does it not? I want to understand.”

“It will be my duty, of course, to endeavor to make you realize—” Culver began.

Her large, clear eyes met his levelly. “I think your duty is at an end, Mr. Culver,” she said, calmly. “Thank you for coming—for all your trouble, but my decision is made.” She held out her hand. “I think when I ask you to let the matter rest here you will gratify me, will you not?” For a moment, or a century, as it seemed to Culver, he was absolutely hypnotized by the compelling power of her voice, her eyes, the touch of her slim, cool hand; then their fingers fell apart, and he bowed low before her.

“I am wholly and absolutely at your service,” he found himself saying, obediently. “I regret, of course, that you seem to feel the necessity of abandoning a fortune that comes to you so easily.” As he spoke the words a dull flush touched his face, recalling his preconceived ideas of the woman before him, his contemptuous tolerance, his doubts, his damaging conjectures. He had thought of her as tawdry and cheap; he had compared her mentally to—

He stooped to pick up his hat and cane, ashamed of these thoughts in the face of the sweet candor of her gaze. “I cannot help regretting,” he repeated, as he found his way toward the door, “your decision. I feel that you are wronging yourself. You are young, my dear lady, and, pardon me if I say it, scarcely capable of judging calmly. Now, your husband—”

She started and shrank as if from a blow. “You have *promised* me!” she

cried, passionately, and her voice was like discordant music.

“Promised?” He lifted his brows questioningly.

“That this matter should end here.” Her eyes were on his.

Again he bowed, shrugging his shoulders. “As you wish, only— You have my card if you should change your mind.”

She shook her head. “I will not change my mind; thank you, just the same.”

He paused with his hand on the door. “Your sex has been known—” He interrupted himself suddenly, his glance arrested by a drawing in sepia on the wall. “I beg your pardon,” feeling for his glasses. “May I be permitted?” He advanced toward the picture.

“It is a portrait of me by my husband,” she explained, simply. “It was done before our marriage. I will lift the shade so you can get a better light.”

Culver adjusted his glasses carefully and then started perceptibly. It was as she had said, “a portrait,” in the best sense of the word. The treatment was simple, and the composition, the atmosphere, the technique, were not wholly flawless; but above and beyond all these, and quickly to be discerned, was that magical something which is not to be learned, which vivifies all that it touches, and is called genius.

Culver regarded the picture for a moment in silence. “Your husband,” he stammered, “did you say?”

“It is one of his earliest sketches, yes.” A little bitter smile touched her lips. “You are probably unfamiliar with his work. He is unrecognized, as yet—as yet—” Tears were in her voice.

“God bless my soul!” Culver stared from the drawing on the wall to the face of the woman at his side. “A genius. My dear madam! And he is buried in this—in *this*—”

“Yes,” she said, proudly. “Yes, he is buried—here! We are poor—very poor—but poverty is not the worst thing,” defensively.

Culver coughed. “No, oh no; of course not! No, indeed!” His eyes again took in the small bare room with the woman standing like a streak of sunlight in the centre of it. “There are, as you



say, worse things—but I am sorry! Decision still the same? A hundred thousand, remember!”

She smiled bravely. “Quite the same; good-by!” holding out her hand again.

“Good-by. Remember you have my card.”

“I shall not need it. Thank you. Be careful, the stairs are dark. Wait an instant, and I will light the gas in the hall.” As she spoke she struck a match and a small flicker of light lit up the darkened landing. Culver turned as he reached the last stair to carry with him the picture of a rare white face that reminded him insistently of all fragrant flowers, yet was comparable to none of them; of two wistful dark eyes that promised an intangible something he had never known. For a moment he stood watching her in silence, then bowing reverently he laid his hand on the door-knob and passed out.

As the door closed upon him at last the woman in the upper hall sighed as if with extreme weariness, and reaching up a slender arm, turned out the gas-jet. Then she groped her way into the inner room, touching first one article then the other with listless hands, straightening a chair here, pushing a footstool over a worn place in the carpet there; trying to feel as if nothing had been altered, as if all were the same.

A cold twilight lay over the little room and it looked unspeakably mean. She had not known before how mean. How cheap everything was and ugly. How that ugliness must offend—others! She had grown a little callous to it perhaps; but Dorr—oh, it must jar him every minute in the day! And it was something they could not escape. They had to live with it, eat and drink it, as it were, and now the temptation of this money. It was hard to abandon it, hard, hard! She found herself considering ways and means. . . . If it could only be taken without his knowledge. But she thrust that thought from her almost violently as unworthy. They were no poorer than they had been before. They were happy! Even if they starved they had each other. They were happy. And dared she, for mere bodily luxury, experiment with that happiness? Ah, she knew him too well to take the risk. She

knew him too well to put him to the test. She shivered as she thought of the consequences of his *knowing*. She sighed heavily, and began taking the articles from the little centre-table. There was so pitifully little for supper that the effort was spiritless—and he would be weary and hungry. A hundred thousand dollars! It was a temptation. The lawyer had spoken of it as coming easily, yet it had come in the one impossible way. . . .

There was a heavy dragging step on the stair, and she paused with the table-cover suspended in her hands to listen, and as she listened her face changed, and over it spread a light that was neither of earth nor yet of heaven, a warm illuminating glow that burned all the coldness out of her beauty and left it rosy and pulsating. The table-cloth slipped from her fingers, and she flew to the door, her skirts fluttering against her fleeing feet.

“Wait a moment!” she called, her voice all sunshiny with welcome. “I will light the gas. Just a minute. . . .”

“Don’t bother,” said the man, who was slowly ascending the stairs. “It isn’t necessary. I can see well enough.” She shivered a little at his tone and reached out for him in the darkness as she stood on the landing above him—reached out with that abandonment of giving that makes even an idle moment with some women a supreme and ineffable ecstasy.

The man’s arms closed around her with a sudden and selfish instinct of possession. “I have *you* anyway,” he breathed, defiantly, his words crushed against her ready lips. “What does anything else matter? I have you.”

Her answer was a little sighing sob that was half triumph, half exaltation. “You have me always,” she sighed; “but am I enough? Am I all, all? Say it this minute. Am I *all*?”

The man laughed and shook her a little as he held her in his arms. “I will not be dictated to.”

Her hands reached up for his face and drew it down, down—holding it close against her own. “Say it! Say it!”

“Never. You would use it against me in other days.”

“Say it!” In the darkness the flame



in her eyes leaped to his. He snatched her suddenly back to him, close, closer yet. Heart to heart they stood for one immortal moment. And there was nothing withheld; soul and body blent in a white flame of such sacred purity, such passionate fulfilment, that the inner heart of things was laid bare, and for an instant they touched together the real and eternal entity of love. Then the woman sagged a little in his straining arms. "Nothing matters except love," she almost sobbed, hiding her face against him. "Tell me that nothing else matters—to you?"

"What a child you are!" He drew her out of the darkness into the inner room. "We will be obliged to say that presently in grim earnest. It will be our only possession." He flung a portfolio impatiently on a waiting chair, and began to tear off his overcoat. His face was pale and strained-looking.

"Is it bad news?" she asked, her caressing hands communicating a subtle sympathy.

He shrugged his shoulders. "The worst! They have returned all the drawings. Say I'm not fit to do illustrating."

"Dorr!"

"The same old story, I must go abroad and study. I am a genius—undoubtedly a genius!" he repeated bitterly, "but my work is yet too extraordinary to sell. I must take up portraiture. Must try a new field—unquestionably the power is there, but—bah!" He flung himself into a chair and dropped his head on his hands. "And there is more to come," he groaned, despairingly.

"What more?"

"We must give up these rooms."

"Why?" calmly.

"The rent has been raised. A bigger offer, I suppose. I am a failure, every way you look at it; I can't even earn bread."

"Don't, dear; oh, *don't*!" Her hands were on his shoulders, about his neck, in an instant. "Things have been hard before and we have weathered the gale. What if we must leave here? Really, I have often thought two rooms too much for me to take care of; now one—"

"It may not even be one."

She laughed. "Well, at any rate there

are the benches in the park. They can't take those from us!"

"No." He arose to his feet almost violently. "I am going to give up *this*!" He snatched the portfolio from the chair and flung it on the table. "I am going to get work—any kind of work—I am strong, I am young. It is *this* that has ruined me; burned me up, eaten me up, body and soul; and you with me. No, don't say a word." He pushed her almost harshly from him, his eyes aflame, a hectic spot burning in his cheeks. "What is there any one can say?"

"Much." Her quiet hands touched him soothingly, as one might touch a child. "This has burnt you up, you say," touching the portfolio. "Will it burn any the less for putting it away? Oh, my dearest, you know you cannot put it away! It is you—your life! Don't despair because the blind can't see. In time they will know your work for what it is worth."

"And until then we must starve," bitterly.

"No, not starve! We can take cheaper rooms. A woman down-stairs has promised me some sewing, and you can work on those advertisements. . . ."

"Advertisements!" The man tore himself from her clinging hands. "Oh, God," he groaned, aloud, "for money! Just a little common, sordid money!"

She shrank at his word as if flesh had been torn from her naked hand; started, but did not flinch. "Money," she repeated, faintly.

"Just enough money to help me to prove what I can do! To take you and go there where I can sit, as it were, at the feet of Art and learn like a little child—just enough to keep the wolf from the door until I have *expressed*. . . . Oh, my God! to have been denied expression; that is the thought that kills. To have to sell your soul for the lack of a little yellow gold."

The woman lifted her tortured eyes to his face and shivered. She saw her sacrifice approaching, and hated it! She knew him so well that, woman-like, she temporized, delaying the ultimate pang.

"Dorr," she said, quietly, and for a moment she was the cool, sweet, emotionless woman Culver had marvelled over





*Drawn by Frank Craig*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"IS IT BAD NEWS?" SHE ASKED







earlier in the day. Kessler turned to her, arrested by something unusual in her voice.

"Dorr," she repeated, stretching out her beautiful hands and drawing him to her, "answer me a question. Look at me, into my eyes. No, don't kiss me. I want you to tell me quietly and calmly what you would sacrifice, if anything, to keep our love what it is to-day; flawless? Please try to understand what I mean—just what I mean. For instance—I would be quite willing to go with you to some desert place where no man's voice could penetrate, with only the earth below us and the sky above; to live there day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute. To live there with you in loneliness and privation; *just with you!* Not for a week, remember, or for a month, but for as long as breath lasted in my body—"

"And do you think that I—" he began, passionately.

"No; wait, dear; don't answer yet. You have never told me a lie, and I don't want you to now. You know what our life together has been. We have been poor, but the perfection of our love has remained always with us. A breath has never come between; we have walked hand in hand, heart in heart, for five years—as one. We have known the height and depth and breadth of human passion. There has been nothing lacking—"

"Do you need to tell me this?"

"Yes, I need to tell you, for you have to choose! The perfection of that love on one side, and your art and all the world on the other. It is a hard choice for you. . . . Supposing, dear," she held down his impatient hands that were reaching out to clasp her—"supposing that you could have enough money to go abroad—to study—to develop your genius—supposing that in a minute, without lifting your hand, you could leave all this behind," glancing at the destitute little room, "that you could have all that your soul most craves, but that our love must pay the price—"

"You mean that I must lose *you*?" The whirlwind of his arms engulfed her.

"Not me—but the essence of our love." The man laughed. "Give me the money and I'll keep the essence," he cried, gayly.

She shrank from him. "Hush! Oh, wait! You don't understand—you can't know—"

"I know that I am hungry, madam, and that I see no preparation for supper."

"Oh, don't you realize that I am serious? Answer me one question; just one. Does our love mean more to you than all else—than Art even?"

"What's the use of hair-splitting?" evasively.

She gave a low cry and covered her face. No more words were necessary. She read his answer in his eyes, and she resisted with despairing strength when he tried to draw her hands from her face.

"What is the matter with you, child? I don't understand you. What do you mean?"

Then she let her hands drop and faced him.

"I mean that I will have to sell my happiness because, without knowing it, you demand it of me. Because you would hate me if I stood between you and success; because you would sacrifice love to it, and I must too!"

"You are talking insanely."

She shook her head sadly, her eyes fixed on the face bent above hers. "Oh no, insanity does not analyze; madness does not weigh the cost; madness does not think and understand; that is my curse—that I know so well. For telling you what I tell you now I must pay all the rest of my life. I am offering up our love as a sacrifice."

"What in Heaven's name do you mean?" There was a note of spent impatience in his voice, and she shrank before it, covering her face again with her hands as if to shut out something intolerable. "I am afraid to tell you," she moaned, "because I know you so well. Oh, my beloved, if you were a different man I would not fear."

"Different in what way?" he demanded, quickly, his self-love pricked by her tone.

She sighed. "I can't explain; but I can tell you the truth. There is no use in hiding it; no use in trying to protect myself. You spoke a moment since of money. It is yours if you want it."

The man smiled sarcastically and shrugged his shoulders. "Is this a joke?"



She shook her head, explaining, patiently: "No, it is the truth. The lawyer has just gone. A man in Cleveland—a friend of mine before my marriage, has left me—he died suddenly in California—has left me a hundred thousand dollars—"

"What!"

"Yes, it seems absurd, doesn't it? But it is true. A life-insurance policy was found on his body. The lawyer—"

"Great heavens! Laura!" The hot blood rushed to the man's face. "You must be joking! Let me look at you," putting a hand on either arm and turning her toward him. "If it were true why did you not tell me when I first came in? Why did you not tell me—"

She gently unfastened his hands from her arm. "I had a reason for that. I thought— Well, never mind what I thought. You have the truth—the money is ours!"

"A hundred thousand dollars!" the man repeated, dizzily.

"Yes, that was what the lawyer said." She shivered.

"Laura," he snatched her to him suddenly, "why are you so cold and still? Aren't you glad? Don't you know what this means?"

She stirred in his arms, and her eyes dropped before his. "Yes," she said, mechanically, "I know what it means—that we can go abroad—that you can study—that recognition will come—that we will leave this—" with a little glance around the small room.

She felt his heart pound under hers, and she saw the flame of exaltation sweep to his face. He staggered away from her.

"Good God!"

She stared at him curiously. "Does it mean so much to you?" she asked, in a whisper.

"It means *life*!" Again he caught her in his arms. "Beloved, beloved! You shall see—ah, how I will paint! How I will paint! And I had thought that I would have to put my brushes away. Look up, Laura! Why, what is the matter with you? Don't you *want* this money?"

"Yes, I want it."

"Then what—"

"Nothing; I am glad if you are glad."

The man loosed her from his arms and

paced the floor excitedly. "Why," he stammered, "it is wonderful—miraculous! It is like a fairy-tale, a dream—a hundred thousand dollars, and a relative left it to you, you say?"

"No, not a relative—a friend."

"A friend?" He paused, puzzled. "You have never mentioned a friend in Cleveland to me!"

The woman raised eyes that were like the eyes of an animal that sees punishment before it, and cringes, yet dares not flee. She was very pale and dropped into a chair by the table as if she had no longer the strength to stand upright. She clasped her hands together in her lap, one supporting the other, then she spoke.

"No, I never mentioned it!" she said.

"That seems odd!"

She shook her head. "I never thought of it—that way. You know you never asked me much of my life."

"That is true, too. That is very true." He regarded her fixedly. "Yes," he repeated, "that is true; and this man—what is his name? I don't think you have told me?"

"Marbury. Franklyn Marbury."

"What sort of a man is he? . . . Was he, I mean? What reason had he for leaving you this fortune?"

The woman clenched her hands yet a little tighter in her lap. "He was about like other men; I don't know why he left me the money; unless—unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless he was fond of me."

"Fond of you?" in a terrible voice.

With a sudden desperate cry the woman flung out her hands as if to ward off a blow. "It is coming," she moaned, aloud, "and, oh, it is too hard to bear, too hard to bear!"

The man reached out and caught one of her hands in his, dragging her to her feet. "What is too hard to bear? What is coming? Why do you look that way? Act that way? As if—as if—my God, you were a guilty woman!"

"Go on!" She raised herself to her full height and stared in his face. "I know you! I am expecting it!"

"I *will* go on! I *demand* an explanation of this thing. This man—this friend—was he perhaps old?"

"No, he was not old."

"He was not old! That is strange,



too. An old man might leave a fortune to a young and beautiful woman through friendship; but—”

“Go on.”

“But this man!—I think I must be losing my reason. These horrible thoughts! Laura, don’t stand there like a stone! Are you going to drive me mad? Explain to me. I don’t understand—this man—what was he to you that you never dared mention his name to your husband? What was he to you, this *friend* who leaves you a hundred thousand dollars? Aren’t you going to speak? Answer me! Aren’t you going to speak?”

“He was a man who loved me.”

Face to face, eye to eye, they stood staring into each other’s soul. When he spoke there was something in his voice that she quailed before. “He loved you! And what does that statement mean, may I ask?”

“Simply that—that he loved me. Oh, *don’t*.”

His contemptuous laugh cut her like a lash. “And do men leave fortunes, large fortunes, to married women whom they have *just loved*?” He flung her hands from him as he would fling something unclean, but she imprisoned his arm desperately, pridelessly.

“Wait, Dorr, wait!” she cried, her voice strident with suffering. “Don’t say anything you will regret! Remember, oh, my *dear*, remember it is your wife you are speaking to. For five long years my mind, my heart, my soul, my body, have been wholly and absolutely yours, and now—now at the first breath you— Oh, I can’t think of it. I can’t face it! I knew you would not believe; that you would not understand, but—but—”

“You knew that I would not understand? You were afraid, then, of your husband’s judgment?”

“Not afraid of your judgment, afraid of your *suspicions*; your jealous suspicions! Do you suppose in all these years it has cost me nothing to protect myself against a nature that would almost doubt the sanctity of a shrine? Do you suppose I have not known, have not realized, just what you have demanded of me? You have not known—but I? Why, when that man came and told me

of this money, before I thought, the blood leaped to my face, my heart. It meant salvation to you—a fulfilment of all your dearest hopes—and for a moment I was sick with joy! Then, in a flash (how short our moments of ecstasy are!) I saw how it would *look* to you—in your eyes. That has been my life, to decide how things would look in *your* eyes, and protect myself against your suspicions! Well, as I say, I saw at once how it would appear to you—to any one perhaps—but especially to you . . . who lack faith and demand always proof. And I have no proof of any statement I might make. The man is dead; and you, as you so quickly remembered, know little of my past life. What little you do know is open and aboveboard, but that does not count. I concealed nothing. I was poor and dependent, but you loved me, and until now I have never given you a chance to question—and I would have cast this money away without a thought. I *did* refuse it unequivocally; but when I saw later, when I realized what it *meant* to you, I hadn’t the courage to defraud you. Even to protect our love—for love is not all to you, but, oh, my dear, it is all, all, all of life! There is nothing else worth while. Nothing that can satisfy, nothing that can supply. . . . You don’t know, but I know, and that makes what I am doing all the more hideous. But it is because of that very love that love wouldn’t be love if it did not sacrifice itself. . . . Because of that love—”

“Laura!” the man dragged her to the window where the waning light, cold and merciless, strayed through the pane. “Now!” he cried, his face convulsed. “now, as before God, look in my face and tell me the truth.”

“Would you believe me if I told it?”

“Tell me the truth and pray God that our love may be taken from us if you lie. Oh, my God, that I have to ask it! Are you—have you . . .”

She lifted her hands and put them on his shoulders and answered the fearful question in his eyes with the sweet serenity of her own. “I am a pure woman,” she said, whisperingly. “That man was no more to me than a man who loved me, and whom I did not love. That



is the truth, so help me God! *Can* you believe it?"

For one crucifying moment they stared into each other's eyes, and the man, mad, tortured, studied every lineament of that exquisitely chiselled face that had flamed into passion always at his approach. Everything about her, each sweet and separate beauty, spoke to him of a love that dwarfed all other emotions, that engulfed life itself.

"You believe?" she cried, exultantly, incredulously. "You *can* believe?"

"What does it matter whether I believe or not? What does anything matter except this—and this—and *this!*"

He caught her in his arms with reckless strength, crushing her to him, pushing her head back almost cruelly, putting his lips to hers.

For a pulse's beat they stayed so—closely prisoned as in the past; then a little shiver shook the woman's form. . . . She tried to push him away.

"What is it?" demanded the man, fiercely, as she futilely struggled to free herself.

"Nothing. Only it isn't the same!"

"What isn't the same?" passionately crushing her to him again, as if to defend himself against the listlessness in her body. "Don't you love me?"

"Yes, I love you!"

"Don't *I* love you?"

"Yes, you love me."

"Then in God's name what is the matter?"

She shivered under the almost angry passion in his voice. "Let me go," she besought, faintly.

"No! Answer me!"

Her face grew very white. "There is nothing to say," in a spent whisper, "except that we have killed it between us. I have sold and you have bought it—our love."

"What do you mean?" shaking her roughly.

"Don't. You hurt me! I mean that nothing can be the same; no matter how long we live. There is no use talking; no use struggling. It is there, between us; and we can't escape it! There between us, in your eyes—your voice—your heart—the doubt! The *doubt!*" And as if she no longer had the will or desire to hold herself upright, she slipped through his arms and lay on the floor at his feet.

As she fell a white paper fluttered from her hand, and Kessler, with a swift and unpremeditated instinct of suspicion, caught it up and tore it feverishly open.

It was only Culver's letter "requesting an interview to impart a matter of vast personal importance."

## Salvage

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

NOW from the wreckage I arise  
 And free my eyes from brine,  
 And search the shore that near me lies  
 For stores that still are mine.  
 The sea that sucked the vessels down,  
 With all their shining freight,  
 I still defy. They shall not drown  
 My soul's untouched estate!



## Editor's Easy Chair

IF there is anything worse than a person's opinions it is a person's posthumous opinions. As long as a man is alive he can be brought to book for what he thinks and says, and put to shame for it, if he thinks and says something wrong, or even if he says it without thinking it. But when once he is dead you cannot hope to argue it out with him, and convince him of error. You must leave him to the eternal justice, which may be a long while getting round to him, and in the mean time you lose your interest in the affair and do not much care to have him set right.

These reflections, which we are indulging from our constant regard for our reader's manners and morals, have been suggested by some of the criticisms imputed to the late George Meredith, but whether credibly or accurately so or not we do not know. He was probably like others in uttering what came into his head, without letting it stay there long enough to make sure of its being his mind, on this thing or that. Possibly it was often no more his mind when it came out of his head than when it went in. It is told of Charles Kingsley that when you heard him begin, "I have always thought," you could be very certain that he had just that instant thought of what he was going on to say. Those posthumous opinions of George Meredith concerning Thackeray, whose "note was too monotonous, but whose *Great Hoggarty Diamond* next to *Vanity Fair* was likely to live," because "it was full of excellent fooling," and concerning Dickens, who was "the incarnation of Cockneydom . . . a caricaturist who aped the moralist," and concerning William Black, whose novels had "nothing in them but fishing and sunsets," are probably not what he had always thought, but what he thought he thought at the moment the interviewer asked him. At the best they are not very fine or apt criticisms. *The Luck of Barry Lyndon*

is far beyond *The Great Hoggarty Diamond* amongst Thackeray's shorter stories, and *Vanity Fair* is not his best long story. In such books of Black's as *Madcap Violet* and *Macleod of Dare* there is much besides fishing and sunsets; there is clever observation, if not divination, of women. As for Dickens, in his *No-Man's-Land* there is a great deal of human nature, and he is so often true in spite of his false conception of art that it will not do to attribute the hold of his fiction upon his contemporaries to "some possible element of fun meaningless to posterity."

We should be the last to quarrel with Meredith's disgust for "the modern historical novel," which he "could not stomach" any more than "novels three-fourths dialect." The dialect novels may be better or worse, but all historical novels are bad, with a few signal exceptions. When you have said *Tarass Boulba* by Gogol, and *The Chartreuse de Parme* by Stendhal, and *War and Peace* by Tolstoy, and *I Promessi Sposi* by Manzoni, and *The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court* by Mark Twain, and possibly two or three of Scott's, you can get them all on a shelf, which need not be more than five inches long (if they are printed on India paper), let alone five feet. We will allow anybody else to add some very great favorite to these; we should ourselves add Theodor Mügge's *Afraja*, but we should begin very soon to draw the line afterward.

What mostly grieves us in those post-mortem deliveries of the late novelist is that he should have permitted himself the personalities he is said to have indulged concerning that *grand' anima*, George Eliot, who so toweringly overtopped all her generation in fiction, but of whom he is said to have said: "George Eliot had the heart of a Sappho, but the face, with its long proboscis, and the protruding teeth, as of the Apocalyptic horse, betrayed ani-



mality." One asks oneself, and wishes at once to ask others, what George Eliot's looks had to do with her novels, and one asks it, from our experience, in vain. This hard saying against her is as far from criticism as that unhandsome fling Charles Reade was guilty of while he and she were both alive, to the same effect and purport; and it is a pity that George Meredith, now that she and he are both dead, should seem, or be made to seem, to behave so ill toward "a heart of Sappho." For, however we may differ from others as to the worth of Meredith's work, we would not let the maddest of his adorers outworship us in honor of his most noble and generous spirit; as much as any of them could, we hate to have this blot upon him, and we can imagine George Meredith meeting George Eliot in the fields of asphodel, and magnanimously shrinking from the reproach of the quick "Ah!" with which her ghost must encounter his in their mutual consciousness.

The only question for any one to ask himself concerning such criticism as the saying implies is whether the cruel charge of animality is at all founded. What proof of it is there in the woman's books: in *Scenes of Clerical Life*, in *Adam Bede*, in *The Mill on the Floss*, in *Felix Holt*, in *Romola*, in *Middlemarch*, in *Daniel Deronda*? None whatever, we say, unless it is animality to deal sorrowfully and sanatively with men's and women's untruth to themselves and one another in that relation in which they are finally most men and women. So far as aseptic handling goes, the temptations and seductions and adulteries which get into fiction from life, in her novels are surgically clean. Not one salacious suggestion, not one impure touch, not one sensual lure, not one gross word or low thought taints her stories from first to last. If they err, it is on the side of a tragic ideal of sin as always self-punished, for sin is sometimes rather amused with itself and not finally dissatisfied to be so. Above all other English novelists she moralized her theme, if she did not stoop to truth but rather aspired to it, with a devotion not surpassed even by Tolstoy's. It is not merely cruel, then, to speak of her animality, but from any proof of it in her books, any hint

even, the long proboscis and the protruding teeth to the contrary notwithstanding, it is false. Her looks cannot now afflict her more; very likely she and Savanarola have quite other faces by this time; but that *grand' anima* may still be wounded by the accusation of sensuality in which no recorded syllable of hers joins with her critic.

We will allow that we may be taking an unguarded saying of Meredith's too seriously; with the pen in his hand he must have written something kinder as well as truer, for he too was a *grand' anima*, far above envy and spite, if we are to judge from his books as we have been judging from George Eliot's. His literary lot was not an easy one. He saw all sorts of great and little talents winning their way to a celebrity so long denied him that when his full measure of fame was awarded him, pressed down and running over, he might well have said that if the recognition had been earlier it had been kind. But so far as we know he said nothing of the sort. He must always have believed in his way of doing things or he would not have done them so, but he could hardly have believed in the worship his things finally brought him. He must have known how many of his worshippers were of those weak souls who come in crowds to any shrine because the contiguity of others stays their feebleness, and because they hope for some reflected rays from the idol and from the high priests. When Meredith became a cult such flaccid spirits thronged to him, but they are still quite incapable of knowing the true from the false in their faith, and it is not to them that we shall address the counsel which will win us no friends.

It is time for some one to say that the divine honors now paid George Meredith are of those preposterous obsequies with which the English try to magnify some one in death whom they have neglected in life. The Americans who have not survived their colonial dependence are like the English in this as in other simple devices, but they claim to have discovered Meredith's greatness much longer before he died than the English. It is very likely, but the fact does not count. Together they are sending up shouts of acclaim and praises comparative and



positive, with which they deafen one another and hush the small voices of honest inquiry which will presently make themselves heard in unanswerable question. Unquestionably Meredith is a poet, unquestionably he is a social moralist, unquestionably he is a great soul. But was he an artist, like the really great artists in English fiction, who could so wholly lose themselves in their creations as to make you forget their art? Was he such an artist as Jane Austen was, or George Eliot was, for all her proboscis and protruding teeth, or as Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. Eden Phillpotts are? Is not he rather to be classed with Scott and Bulwer and Dickens and Reade, and with Thackeray in his least dramatic moments, or is he not still rather more of the like of Disraeli, a maker of arabesques in which the shapes of life are interwoven but life is not portrayed? If you go outside of English fiction, can you rank him with Galdós or Valdés in Spain, with Flaubert or Maupassant or the Goncourts, or even Zola, in France, with Björnson in Norway, with Tourguénief or Dostoievsky in Russia, or with the only Tolstoy? Is he to be matched with Hawthorne or with Mr. Henry James?

We leave all these questions to remain questions till others supply the answers. What we say is that an author who mostly keeps the stage himself, and when he concedes it to his characters goes behind them and talks through them and for them, may be all the other good and great things in the world, but he is not a good or great artist. Of course an author creates his creatures, but he must not seem to have done so. An artist begins by concealing not only his art, but by concealing himself. A novelist has no more right to be personally present in his story than a sculptor in his statue, or a painter in his picture, or a dramatist in his action. This is the ideal which the novelist will always fall short of, simply because the ideal in æsthetics or ethics is unattainable; but if he falls short of it voluntarily he is not an artist, as in morals he would be no better than one of the wicked.

There is something touching in the zeal

of the votaries who have established the Meredith cult, and one might well wish to kindle oneself from it if the conditions were not rather peculiarly difficult. If you say to them in weariness of body and vexation of spirit, "No, no, I cannot read Meredith," and give your poor reasons, such as that you can never catch on, or, if you do, you find yourself pulling the triumphal car; or that you never saw people like his or heard them talk so, they ask, "Which of his books have you read?" and if you answer "*Beauchamp's Career*," they wag their heads and say, "Ah, you should read *Diana of the Crossways*." Again if you answer, "*Beauchamp's Career*," they will say, "But try *Richard Feverel*," and then if you answer that you have tried both of these books, they will still exult over you with the demand, "Have you ever tried *The Egoist*?" and if you say you have tried that too, you shall be taken in both flanks with such shots as, "Read *The Tragic Comedian*, read *The Shaving of Shagpat*, read *Evan Harrington*." When you reply that you have tried to read all these, there are others yet, and you have no peace of them till you come back to *Beauchamp's Career*. Some will then honestly own that this is the best of Meredith's books, and you are left not so much ashamed amidst the noise of the shawms and cymbals.

But that is really so great a book, such a weighty and admirable document, such an unimpeachable witness of the author's divine powers that with all its abounding faults of construction and decoration it is almost a work of art. "Or if it is not that," you bravely say, "it is something better; it is human nature on such convincing terms that though the terms affront and afflict you, yet you cannot on your truth refuse them." You must confess, "Here is the movement of an exalted conception, the expression of an ennobling faith in humanity, the realization in character of a religious ideal."

If it were not for the uproar of those people with their lauds and orisons, who knows but you, too, in some modest corner of the temple might also be bowing a however unwilling knee?





## Editor's Study

CIVILIZATION involves many humiliations. It used to be that when a traveller came in sight of a gaol or of a gallows he knew by these unmistakable signs that he was approaching the demesne of law and order. The sight of a church spire or of a schoolhouse would not have been equally convincing. It cannot be without some sense of shame for human weakness that we owe our feeling of security to signals in themselves so distressing; nor without some sense of cowardice that our perspective of values places material security and physical safety above the peace and the hopes which the church spire and the schoolhouse ought to betoken. We are more and more inclined therefore to hide our shameful defences and make a full display of the things that signify our noblest aspirations.

But while we conceal our prisons and the gruesome instruments for the infliction of our punishments, we still unblushingly and even with pride make a parade of our police force. These guardians of our peace and security give assurance of comfort without discomforting suggestions, and, as they positively stand for the majesty of the law, we delight in their imposing stature and gay uniforms, untroubled by the direct associations with crimes, criminals, and penalties inevitably prompted by the sight of a gaol or of the electric chair. The machine does its dire work surely and irresistibly; but these are men, who in their performance of duty always take their lives in their hands, as our firemen do, and, as in the case of the firemen, our regard is fixed upon the heroic aspects of their sad business which invite decoration.

The guise of our pride, in like manner, masks our humiliation in the case of the soldier, who also, being a victim, must be decorated. The very mention of our army and navy seems to lift us above our minor social weaknesses, as betrayed in

criminal statistics, to the high ground of our collective sacred honor. There is no greater popular idol than the military or the naval hero, and his comrades, down to the humblest private, share his glory; dying in war, they become immortal, and, surviving, the spoiled pets of their countrymen. Here, too, the very machinery of destruction is exalted. We hide the gallows, but, even in times of peace and in the celebrations of peaceful triumphs, we can find no fonder object of display than our war-ships. Our chief pride in an aeroplane is for its possible use in international warfare.

Yet the very fact that war is any longer possible between Christian nations is a deeper disgrace to Christendom than the whole sum of petty malefactions within its limits. The plea for the necessity of war involves humiliation, but of the same kind that we feel because the penitentiary is necessary. The burden of our shame is not so much that we sanction war mainly for ends which only injuriously concern the welfare of the commonwealths committed to such barbarism and taxed for its maintenance in an enlightened age as that we take pride in the anachronism and invest it with the glamour of romance. Wars incidental to the conflict between powerful Christian nations and the recalcitrant barbarians whose lands are coveted for exploitation are waged in the name of civilization—the sordidness of the motive being disguised under the plausible plea that the victims of conquest, if they are not extirpated, ultimately share its beneficent sequel. The argument that if war is an outrage barbarism is a greater one would seem more plausible but for the ensuing strife between Christian powers themselves for the possession of the tempting prize—the empire of each held only as a championship against the rest.

The pessimistic view of human nature



derives its apparent justification chiefly from human history, which shows that the progress of the race has been so evidently due to what is necessary and inevitable because of human weaknesses and to the tyrannies which human pride and ambition have built upon this necessity and these weaknesses. It is humiliating to reflect that civilization—the kind we have had and been proudest of—has been promoted by war to a greater extent than by any other factor, its amenities generated by strife, and the hopeful note of revolt in its renaissances a protest against some kind of despotism. Seen thus historically, human experience seems to be grounded in fallibility, its course wholly empirical, every hope or assurance the sequel of failure, and nothing humanly good, even in semblance, that is not by reaction wrested from something humanly evil.

Is this, then, the sum of human experience—a cycle of errors, from which there is no possible escape? Must we go on forever confounding our glory with our shame?

If we look back upon past triumphs, the obvious motives of the reactions leading to these hopeful issues do not give us an exalted view of human nature. The greatest of revolutions would seem to have had their origin in oppressive imposts. To take a later instance—that of so sublime an issue as the emancipation of slaves in this country—so long as it was urged on purely ethical grounds its advocates were despitefully treated in our principal Northern cities, but when it was presented in our Western Territories as a material and economic issue between free and slave labor, that seemed a grave enough concern to precipitate an armed conflict. It is true that this conflict might not have become a civil war between the States but for the firing on the national flag in South Carolina; but that is simply saying that the passion of patriotism transcended the possibilities of an ideal ethical enthusiasm. It is a passion that has been responsible for many national besotments.

So, if democracy should be realized to the extent of giving the peoples of Christendom supreme arbitrament of their destinies, it would not seem to us an illustration of their redeemed human

nature if they followed the path opened by the ever-growing Social Democracy of Germany and became simply opportunists in all matters affecting the merely material interests of the proletariat, and were thus to unite in the abolition of war solely because it is a source of burdensome taxation and involves the sacrifice of physical life. Sublime as that issue would seem on higher grounds, yet, put upon so low a ground, it might seem an evasion of responsibility and a confession of cowardice. Following the lines of so mean a suggestion, it might connote degraded standards in every department of human activity and lead to a new despotism resting upon an authority below mediocrity. Instead of an exalted we might have a debased humanity. Out of this desert, called Peace, we might well yearn for the old fleshpots of servile loyalties and mock-heroisms.

But this pessimistic interpretation of past and hoped-for achievements is based upon a superficial view of history and of the possibilities of human nature which have been and are being realized in the evolution of human experience. This experience is not wholly empirical; its genesis and growth are from the creative human spirit. There are invisible currents of collective will and sensibility, not circumscribed by racial limits, but constituting a world-sense, however this sense may be differentiated by the peculiar genius of each race, or still more minutely by individual peculiarities. Here we have to do with operations which take no account of merely material interests or of prudential motives and which cannot be outwardly classified or labelled. These may be reflected in the most exalted forms of outward organization, though not adequately represented by any—may be in part expressed and in part belied by the great revolutions we celebrate; but they make up a movement which in purpose transcends the special ends of parties, sects, and forms of government—a movement which is no more open to observation and is as irresistible as the coming of the kingdom of God—its identical expression.

Now, as an illustration of the efficacy of this movement, let us ask ourselves if, had there been no fratricidal war in this country half a century ago, human



slavery could have maintained its existence on this continent to the present moment. There can be but one answer to the question. The problem would have resolved itself inevitably in the very States where slavery existed, even if there had been no economical aspect involved or any other practical consideration, and no overwhelming pressure from the world outside. The fact that the abolition of such a system came through such a war confers no glory upon the issue. There is a spiritual economy—the kind of householding implied in the kingdom of God—very different from what we call political economy.

So with regard to other issues. The same Jefferson who afterward frankly recorded his judgment of slavery wrote the Declaration of Independence; but if it had been impossible for him to put on paper any one of his twenty-seven counts of justification, if there had been no Declaration, no Revolution, no separation from the mother country—however inevitable all these were in the actual course of events—does any one imagine that democracy, in its essence and as reflecting the righteousness inevitably expressed in the movement of the human spirit, would fail of the triumphant issue which is yet to be realized, quite beyond the definitions of it by Cromwell or Jefferson? The occasions of outward stress and tumult are weather signs of storm, points of its precipitation, but fail to measure or justly register the serene current which still moves on to greater, completer, and more significant issues.

The protest against war may be uttered by oppressed peoples because of its oppressiveness, but the movement which alone can terminate it with any spiritual significance is one which supplants hatred with love, giving the world a fertile, not a sterile, peace. Our only assurance of such an issue rests upon the creative powers of the spirit, building up a new human experience, the most significant triumph of which is the realization, not of what any class of men desires for itself alone, but of human brotherhood. General enlightenment there must be for this realization—not the enlightenment of the mind alone as to the fashioning of an efficient civilization for material ends, but of the heart for the issues of

creative and abundant life, whose ideals cannot be expressed in terms of attainment or efficiency, but only in the fruits of the spirit.

The fact that experience gets its name from our conception of trial in the sense of experimentation, involving arbitrary selection, in the conscious adaptation of means to ends, and in accommodation to our environment through the recognition of external relations, leads naturally to an accentuation of the pragmatic values of life and thus to a narrow view of man's destiny, as if it were comprised within that cycle of his many errors and partial triumphs which we call human progress. But why should we ignore those deeper elements of experience due to the creative selection whereby the human is allied to the divine? It is these elements that eternize the earthly life. Science, in its quest of truth, satisfies a disinterested curiosity and pursues its high vocation through the tumult of a city's siege and sacking. Art realizes the beautiful with no reference to utilities. The deeper genius in us creatively yields goodness in the graces inseparable from sympathy and definable only by reference to their source in loving hearts.

If we were asked what the religion of the future is to be, we should say that it would be a surely saving faith in the power of love to realize in experience a divine-human fellowship, which must needs be really human before it can be aware of its divine source and quality.

This is good gospel, whatever it may be in the terms of theology; and that theology may be so transformed as to express the spirit of the gospel is shown in *The Atoning Life*, a recent book by Dr. Henry Sylvester Nash, Episcopal Professor of Theology at Harvard, who, dealing with human experience on the creative side, and therefore using terms familiar to Christians from the beginning, and born of that living experience, rather than those of abstruse philosophy, has portrayed the luminous outlines of a really redeemed humanity, purged of its vanities and its fears.

This vital book discloses a Christian Realism—that kind of realism which is the distinction of creative life as of creative literature and art. Nothing is real but from a creative source.



## Editor's Drawer

# Diversions of the Re-echo Club

BY CAROLYN WELLS



AT the second meeting of the Re-echo Club, some of whose proceedings have already been chronicled in these pages, the question arose whether the poet was at his best who gave to the world the classic poem about The Little Girl:

*"There was a little girl  
And she had a little curl  
Right in the middle of her forehead.  
And when she was good,  
She was very, very good.  
And when she was bad she was horrid!"*

Some members held that poets had at times risen to sublimer poetic flights than this, while others contended that the clear-cut decision of thought it expressed placed the poem above more elaborate works.

When those who criticised it were invited themselves to treat the same theme in more worthy fashion, they willingly enough agreed, and the results here subjoined were spread upon the minutes of the club.

With a lady-like air of reserve tempered by self-respect, Mrs. Felicia Hemans presented her version:



The Marcel waves dash'd high  
Where the puffs and frizzes crossed;  
And just above a roguish eye  
A little curl was tossed.

And that little curl hung down  
O'er a brow like a holy saint;  
Her goodness was beyond renown,  
And yet—there was a taint.

Ay, call it deadly sin,  
The temper that she had;  
But that Little Girl just gloried in  
Freedom to be real bad!

*Robert Browning gave the subject much thought and responded at length:*

Who will, may hear the poet's story told.  
His story? Who believes me shall behold  
The Little Girl, tricked out with ringlet,  
Or fringe, or pompadour, or what you will,  
Switch, bang, rat, puff—odzooks, man! I  
know not  
What women call the hanks o' hair they  
wear!  
But that same curl, beau-catcher, love-lock,  
frizz.

(Perchance hot-ironed — perchance 'twas  
bandolined:—

Mayhap those rubber squirmers gave it  
shape—

I wot not.) But that corkscrew of a curl  
Hung plumb, true, straight, accurate, at  
mid-brow,

Nor swerved a hair's breadth to the right  
or left.

Aught of her other tresses, none may know.  
Now go we straightly on. And undertake  
To sound the humor of the Little Girl.

Hia! what's the note? Hark here. When  
she was good,

She was seraphic; hypersuperfine.  
So good she made the saints seem scalawags;  
An angel child; a paramaragon.

Halt! Turn! When she elected to be bad,  
Black fails to paint the depths of ignomin,  
The fearsome sins, the crimes unspeakable,  
The deep abysses of her evilment.

Hist! Tell 't wi' bated breath! One day  
she let

A rosy tongue-tip from red lips peep forth!  
Can viciousness eap that? Horrid's the  
word.



Yet there she is. There is that Little Girl,  
Her goodness and her badness, side by side,  
Like bacon, streak o' fat and streak o' lean.  
Ah, Fatalist, she must be ever so.

*Mr. E. A. Poe declared that he wrote his  
lines without any trouble at all, as he used  
to know the Little Girl personally.*

'Twas not very many years ago,  
At Seahurst-By-The-Sea,  
A little girl had a little curl—  
Her name was Annabel Lee.  
And right in the middle of Annabel's brow  
That curl would always be.

She was so good, oh, she was so good  
At Seahurst-By-The-Sea!  
She was good with a goodness more than  
good,  
Was beautiful Annabel Lee.  
With such goodness the wingèd seraphs of  
heaven  
Coveted her of me.

But her badness was stronger by far than  
the good,  
Like many far older than she,  
Like many far wiser than she.  
And neither the angels in heaven above  
Nor the demons down under the sea  
Can ever dissever the good from the bad  
In the soul of Annabel Lee.  
The beautiful Annabel Lee.

*Then Mr. Stevenson went out into his own  
garden and plucked this:*

In winter, I go up at night  
And curl that curl by candle-light;  
In summer, quite the other way,  
I have to curl it twice a day.

When I am good, I seem to be  
As good as peaches on the tree;



But when I'm bad I've awful ways,  
I'm horrid, everybody says.

And does it not seem hard to you,  
I have to choose between the two?  
When I'm not happy, good and glad,  
I have to be so awful bad!

*Mr. Kipling took a real interest in the  
work and produced the following:*

"What is the gas-stove going for?"  
Asked Files-On-Parade.  
"To curl my hair, to curl my hair,"  
His Little Sister said.  
"What makes yon curl so tight, so tight?"  
Asked Files-On-Parade.  
"I'm thinkin' 'twill be damp to-night,"  
His Little Sister said.

"For you know that when I'm good, I'm  
just as good as I can be.  
And when I'm bad, there's nobody can be as  
bad as me.  
So I'm thinkin' I'll be very good to-night,  
because, you see,  
I'm thinkin' I'll be horrid in the morning."

*Mr. Hood was in a reminiscent mood, so  
he looked backward.*

I remember, I remember,  
That curl I used to wear;  
It cost a dollar ninety-eight  
(It was the best of hair).  
It always stayed right in its place,  
It never went astray;  
But now, I sometimes wish the wind  
Had blown that curl away.



I remember, I remember,  
 How good I used to be;  
 Why, St. Cecilia at her best  
 Was not as good as me.  
 I never tore my pinafore,  
 Or got my slippers wet;  
 I let my brother steal my cake—  
 That boy is living yet!

I remember, I remember,  
 How bad I've sometimes been;  
 How all my little childish tricks  
 Were counted fearful sin.  
 I'm glad I cut up, anyway,  
 But still 'tis little joy  
 To know I could have played worse pranks  
 If I had been a boy.

*Mr. Wordsworth took it quickly.*

I met a gentle Little Girl,  
 She was sixteen years, *she said*;  
 Her hair was thick; that same old curl  
 Was hanging from her head.

"You're very, very good, you say;  
 And you look good to me,  
 Yet you are bad. Tell me, I pray,  
 Sweet maid, how that may be?"

Then did the Little Girl reply  
 (The curl bobbed on her forehead),  
 "When I am good, I'm good as pie,  
 And when I'm bad, I'm horrid."



### An Innocuous War-whoop

When Kickoopin came on the scene and gave a mighty whoop,  
 They scurried here, they scurried there—the whole assembled troop!  
 But then this frightened band of lads need not have hurried off  
 Had they but known he only had a case of whooping-cough!

### Her Soft Spot

**B**ELINDA, crying bitterly, was coming down the street of a certain Southern city with her feet bandaged.

"Why, what's the matter with your feet, Belinda?" asked a former mistress.

"Miss Jones, dat good-fo'-nothin' nigger of mine done hit me on de haid wif a club while I was standin' on de hard stone sidewalk."

### Ain't It

**M**ORE than five thousand elephants a year go to make our piano keys," remarked the student boarder, who had been reading the scientific notes from a patent-medicine almanac.

"My word!" exclaimed the landlady. "Ain't it wonderful what some animals can be trained to do?"



### Sure Enough

PAT got a job moving some kegs of powder, and, to the alarm of the foreman, was discovered smoking at his work.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the foreman. "Do you know what happened when a man smoked at this job some years ago? There was an explosion, which blew up a dozen men."

"That couldn't happen here," returned Pat, calmly.

"Why not?"

"'Cos there's only me and you," was the reply.

### Giving Him a Chance

MRS. BANKS'S husband was often obliged to go to the city on business and frequently did not reach his home until the arrival of the midnight train. Mrs. Banks had been in the habit of sleeping peacefully at these times without fear, but a number of burglaries in the neighborhood during one of her husband's trips to the city had disturbed her calm.

On the night of his last return Mr. Banks was stealing carefully up the front steps, as was his custom on such occasions, so that his wife would not be awakened, when he heard her voice, high and strained.

"I don't know whether you are my husband or a burglar," came the excited tones; "but I'm going to be on the safe side and shoot, so if you are John you'd better get out of the way!"



ELSIE. "I just love boats. I wish women could be sailors."

TOMMY. "Aw! how could they? They'd spend all their time tryin' to keep the wet from takin' the curl out o' their hair."

### Her Qualification

LEONARD had been promoted to the head table at kindergarten and manifested his feeling of superiority in such a way as to rouse the envy of all the smaller children.

"Helen," he said to one little girl taller than the others, "if I was you, I'd make them put me up."

"Mamma says I must stay right here till next year," responded Helen, in a resigned way.

"Helen Penfield!" exclaimed Leonard, "that's a shame! And you with two teeth out!"

### A Definition

"MARTIN," said the teacher, "you may give me the meaning of the word *sneeringly* in to-day's lesson."

"Well," said ten-year-old Martin, "I can't give you just 'zactly the meaning, but it's the way Marconi talked to them Romans over the dead body of Cæsar."

### Protection

A LITTLE boy, who was familiar with the sight of bands of tarred cloth fastened about tree trunks in his native village to keep worms from crawling up to the foliage, was taken to the city by his father, where he saw for the first time the wearing of a band of black cloth about the coat sleeve in token of mourning. His mind was at once aroused by what seemed to him an imperfect protective arrangement, and he exclaimed:

"Papa, what keeps the worms from crawling up the other arm?"

### Looking for a Name

A GENTLEMAN hurriedly entered a drug-store to find an address in the directory, but found a lady studying the book very intently. He waited as patiently as he could for a time, but she seemed no nearer the object of her search, and as his time was limited he finally ventured:

"If you are in no great hurry, madam, would you be so kind as to allow me to glance in that book for just a moment?"

"Oh, certainly," replied she, sweetly, as she relinquished it. "I was just looking it over to find a pretty name for baby."





SCHOOL-TEACHER. "What made you late this morning?"  
 WILLIE GIRAFFE. "Ma had to wash my neck."

## His Philosophy

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

I DON'T see why it isn't good  
 For me to eat a lot of cake,  
 An' eandy, too, because it would  
 Perhaps give me the stomach ache.  
 But when it's something that you like  
 Your chance for it is mighty slim.  
 Dad says it always seems to strike  
 Along about that way with him—  
 He says that in this life of his  
 That's how such things most always is.

I don't see why I can't stay out  
 Till after dark like other boys,  
 And run and scamper roundabout  
 And make a nawful lot of noise.  
 It's what you want to do, you know;  
 That isn't right for you to do.  
 Dad says he's always found it so  
 With what he wanted to do, too.  
 He says it surely beats the band  
 Just how such things most always stand.

I don't see why I've got to be  
 Right in my seat each day at school,  
 Nor why it always must be me  
 That's punished when he breaks a rule.  
 There's other boys that's just as bad,  
 That somehow don't get eaught at all.  
 Dad says that he thinks that it is sad,  
 But that's the way our luck will fall.  
 He says it nearly knocks him dumb  
 The way such things most always come.

I don't see why the things that's good  
 Are nearly always bad for me—  
 Dad says he's never understood  
 Just why that's how it's got to be.  
 But he has noticed all the while  
 That what we want and what we get  
 Are things of very dif'rent style.  
 And he can't see just why, but, yet,  
 He says that in this life of his  
 That's how such things most always is!





### In Egypt

GUIDE. "This is *ze* great Sphinx."

AMERICAN. "Bah! You can't fool me. It's George Washington, and a poor likeness, too."

### He Prefers the Old

"THESE inventions that we hear people talking about must be very wonderful," said the stuffed mastodon in the Natural History Museum.

"Yes," replied the skeleton of the pre-historic man; "but it sends the cold shivers through me every time I hear that word 'wireless.'"

### A Natural Inference

THOUGH only ten, Adelaide was averse to admitting ignorance on any subject. And, indeed, she had a wide range of general information for one of her age.

To catch her a grown-up friend said:

"Have you read anything by Clement Shorter?"

"Have I!" returned Adelaide, with a scornful look. "Why, he wrote the Shorter Catechism, and I know that by heart."

### The Editorial "We"

A YOUNG widow, mother of a little daughter of five, had married a widower, father of an equally young son. The noises proceeding from the nursery led mother and father to think that the children had very quickly adapted themselves to each other. One day, however, the voices appeared to be querulous. The parents stopped to listen.

"Tom," they heard the little girl's voice saying, "we haven't had a minute's peace since we married you."

### A Proper Precaution

WARREN had long wanted a brother. When the new baby's arrival was announced to him he was radiantly pleased, but when his mother told him it was a girl his face clouded with disgust and disappointment as he cried out:

"Oh, why didn't you ask what it was before you took it?"

### Marked Down

MY neighbor, Mrs. B——, was a confirmed bargain-hunter. Every Monday morning she was to be seen at some "special sale," and was always one of the very first at the counters on the weekly "remnant day." The poor woman had the misfortune to lose her son, but the ruling passion, it seems, was not quenched by her affliction. A week or two after the little boy's death, she came over to ask me to go with her to the cemetery to see the stone she had recently put there to mark his grave. She was sobbing as she described it. "It is the loveliest white marble, and I got such a bargain. The man 'knocked off' ten dollars because the laub on it had such a ferocious countenance."

### A Double Accomplishment

IN answer to the question, "Who was Patrick Henry?" in a recent history examination, a little girl replied:

"The man who said, 'Give me liberty or give me death' and drove the snakes out of Ireland."



### The Nasal Twang

MR. ELI PHANT. "Let me whisper in your ear."

MISS ELLA PHUNT. "Oh, pshaw! Don't talk through your nose."





*He convinced her father of his ability to support her before asking for her hand.*

## In the Country

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

W'EN my Gram'pa gets his hat,—  
 "Gram'pa,—where you goin' to go?"  
 'S w'at I call out after him,—  
 I mus' go there, too, you know.  
 W'en I ast him can't I come  
 He jus' "s'poses so," an' that  
 'S how a Gram'pa talks w'en he  
 Means, "Run quick an' get your hat!"

I know where he's goin', 'cause I  
 Beat him to th' corn-crib door!  
 Gram'pa's chickens,—they know, too,  
 Lots of 'em was there before!  
 Gram'pa lets me put *my* han'  
 'Way down deep,—right in his pail,—  
 I can fro' th' yellow corn  
 'Roun' so it soun's jus' like hail!

Don't see w'y th' Big White Hen  
 Wants her supper, anyway,—  
 She's been 'roun' in Gram'pa's grass  
 Huntin' worms an' things all day!  
 Wonder w'y my Gram'pa's Cow  
 Mus' stop chewin' on her straw  
 Like I was th' very first  
 Little Boy she ever saw!

'S if there's sumthin' she mus' say  
 Right to me,—but she don't dare  
 Moo out loud at Little Boys  
 W'en they've got a Gram'pa there!  
 She stayed lookin' s'prised so long  
 'S w'y it's kin' of nice to stay  
 'Roun' behind your Gram'pa's back,—  
 Little Boys don't run away!





THE GROCER'S WIFE. "Ach! no, my child, re cannot to de beach go in de vinter; but ren de gustomers have went away, you may take your liddle pail und shofel und play mit de granulated sugar."

### Familiär Names

THE teacher in a Jewish school on the East Side brought a new goldfish and a silverfish for the aquarium.

"Now, children," said she, after the fish had been duly discussed, "which little boy can think of nice names for our new fish?"

Instantly Isaac's hand shot up.

"Well, Isaac?" asked the teacher.

"Oh, teacher, call one Goldstein and de odder Silverstein!" shouted Isaac.

### Hired Help

AT Cumberland, Maryland, the colored servants, as a rule, go to their own homes at night. The cook in the family of the Episcopalian clergyman not only does this, but of late has frequently arrived at the rectory too late to cook breakfast. Hence her mistress lately told her that for each breakfast missed there should be a reduction in her weekly wages. Dinah passively assented to this, but next day the mistress heard the maid next door say to her:

"'Pears to me you get to work mighty late."

"I get to work when I gets ready," was the reply.

"How you manage 'bout de brekfus?"

"Oh, I pays de missus to cook de brekfus."

### Too Personal

IN one of the large cities a street-car collided with a milk cart and sent a can of milk splashing into the street. Soon a large crowd gathered. A very short man coming up had to stand on tip-toe to see past a stout woman in front of him.

"Goodness!" he exclaimed. "What an awful waste!"

The stout woman turned round and glared at the little man and said, sternly:

"Mind your own business!"

### Unappreciative

A WASHINGTON woman has in her employ as butler a ducky of a pompous and satisfied mien who not long ago permitted a chocolate-colored damsel, long his ardent admirer, to become his spouse.

On one occasion, when the mistress of the house had occasion temporarily to avail herself of the services of the butler's wife, it was observed that whenever the duties of the two brought them in conjunction the bride's eyes would shine with extraordinary devotion.

"Your wife seems wonderfully attached to you, Thomas," casually observed the mistress of the house.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Thomas, complacently. "Ain't it jest sickenin'?"

### His Text

THE three-year-old son of a Methodist minister was with his mother at a gathering of ladies. At the proper time he was given a cooky. He ate it in short order and asked for another. The hostess said:

"I'll give you another if you will sing for us."

"Can't sing," was his reply, "but I know something I can say."

"That will do all right," the lady answered, expecting to hear "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," or some other nursery classic.

But the little fellow drew himself up in real Sunday-school fashion and said his piece:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

The lady gave him the cooky, and the whole company seemed to be very cheerful about it.









Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "Swanhild"

"I GROW OLD, HAVING NO SON BUT RANDVER"



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXX

JANUARY, 1910

No. DCCXVI

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## The Satin Shoes

A QUIET TRAGEDY

BY THOMAS HARDY

"IF ever I walk forth to wed  
As other maidens use,  
And face the gathered eyes," she said,  
"I'll go in satin shoes!"

(She was as fair as early day  
Shining on meads unmown,  
And her sweet syllables seemed to play  
Like flute-notes softly blown.)

The time arrived when it was meet  
That she should be a bride;  
The satin shoes were on her feet,  
Her father at her side.

They stood within the dairy door,  
And gazed across the green;  
The church loomed on the distant moor,  
But rain-streams fell between.

"The grass will drench, even lightly stepped,  
The road is like a pool!"—  
Her dream is shown to be inept,  
Her wish they overrule.

"To go forth shod in satin soft  
A coach would be required!"  
For boots the satin shoes were doffed—  
Those shoes her soul desired.

All day the bride, as one down borne,  
Was seen to brood apart,  
And that the shoes had not been worn  
Sat heavy on her heart.





"THE SATIN SHOES WERE ON HER FEET, HER FATHER AT HER SIDE"

From her wrecked dream, as months flew on,  
Her thought seemed not to range.  
"What ails the wife?" they said anon,  
"That she should be so strange?" . . .

"Ah—what coach comes with furtive glide—  
A coach of closed-up kind?"  
"It comes to fetch the last year's bride,  
Who wanders in her mind."



She strove with them, and fearfully ran  
Stairward with one low scream:  
“Nay—coax her,” said the madhouse man,  
“With some old household theme.”

“If you will go, dear, you must fain  
Put on those shoes—the pair  
Meant for your marriage, which the rain  
Forbade you then to wear.”

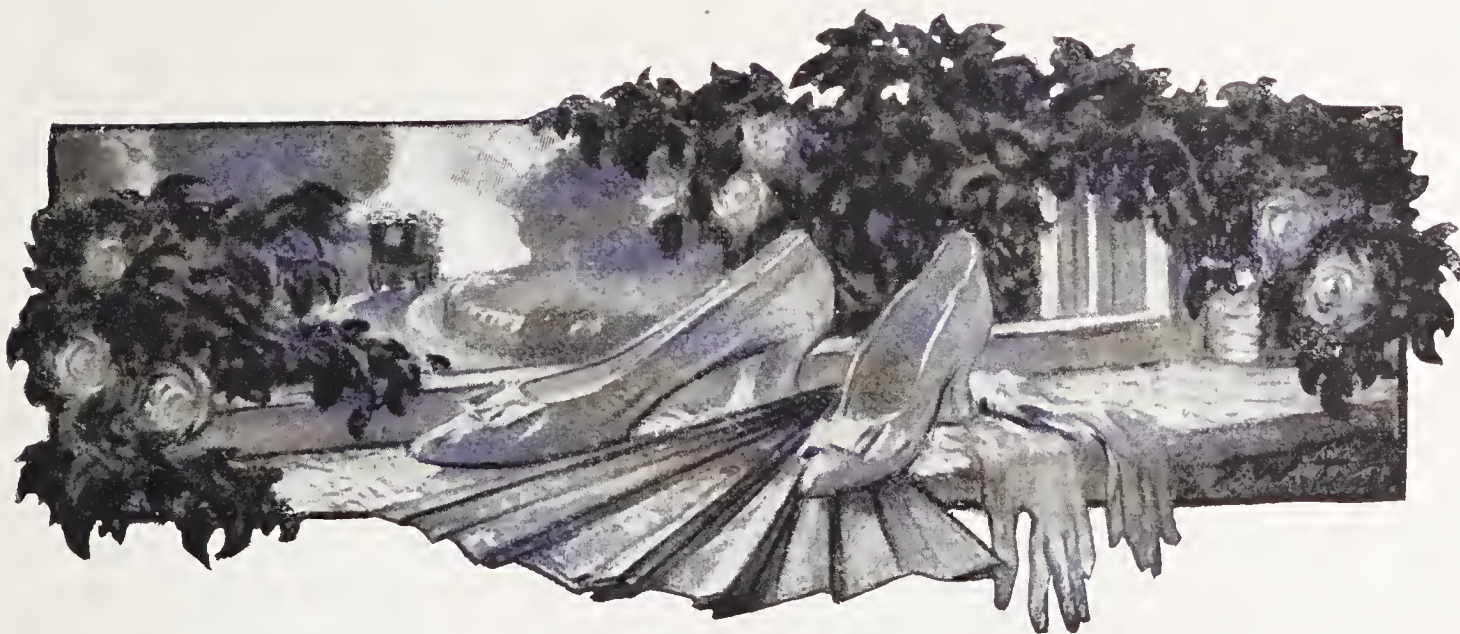
She clapped her hands, flushed joyous hues:  
“Oh yes—I’ll up and ride  
If I am to wear my satin shoes  
And be a proper bride!”

Out then her little foot held she,  
As to depart with speed;  
The madhouse man smiled pleasantly  
To see the wile succeed.

She turned to him when all was done,  
And gave him her thin hand,  
Exclaiming like a raptured one,  
“This time it will be grand!”

She mounted with a face elate,  
Shut was the carriage door;  
They drove her to the madhouse gate,  
And she was seen no more. . . .

Yet she was fair as early day  
Shining on meads unmown,  
And her sweet syllables seemed to play  
Like flute-notes softly blown.





# Recollections of Andrew Johnson

BY HARRIOT S. TURNER

MY mother, Lizinka Campbell Brown, was the daughter of George W. Campbell, of Tennessee, who was successively a Representative and Senator in Congress, Secretary of the Treasury under James Madison, minister to Russia under James Monroe, and commissioner to settle claims against France by appointment of Andrew Jackson. My mother was born in St. Petersburg, and was given the name of the beautiful Empress of Russia, wife of the Tsar Alexander I.

Although Judge Campbell was of gentle birth, poverty had been his portion during his youth, and he followed the plough, taught school, and paid his own way through Princeton College, where he graduated in 1794 with high honors, having taken the Junior and Senior courses together in one year. He was always a Democrat, and this fact and the hard struggle of his early life gave his daughter a strong sympathy for Andrew Johnson and his remarkable progress from ignorance and obscurity to knowledge and power. She regarded Johnson as a real tribune of the people, and she was his friend, until events took place which compelled her to believe that he was her persecutor.

Our acquaintance with Mr. Johnson began in 1856, and became an intimacy while he was serving his second term as Governor of Tennessee. Our house in Nashville, now the Academy of St. Cecilia, stood on Cedar Street, on the brow of Capitol Hill, looking down on the city, and there my mother entertained the State officials and other important people of Nashville, and the Governor formed the habit of coming to her house frequently.

One of my first recollections of Mr. Johnson was when my mother took me with her to his office in the State-house on a visit which she thought might possibly be of importance. The horrors of

the Sepoy mutiny in India in 1857 had awakened grave fears among many Southerners of similar outrages in this country from the slave population, and when there soon followed John Brown's raid some of our people were absolutely panic-stricken. Shortly after the raid an estimable but excitable lady of our acquaintance rushed in to see my mother to tell her of a plot of the negroes to rise on Christmas morning and murder us all in our beds. She had information, which she knew was authentic, that this would happen, unless Governor Johnson could be induced to have cannon fired over the town on Christmas Eve in order to intimidate the black conspirators and prevent them from carrying out their bloody purpose. Half amused at the story, but believing that it might possibly have some truth in it, my mother and I went to see the Governor, and she told him what she had heard. In common with all of us he regarded John Brown as having been guilty of treason and sedition, and fully approved of his punishment. He listened with calm and grave attention to my mother's story, and when she concluded he looked down upon the pretty little city lying quietly before him—we were standing in front of the Capitol—and said: "Where is the evidence of disturbance, Mrs. Brown? Upon whom am I to fire?" His calmness and air of quiet strength impressed us, and we were completely reassured.

I remember well how he looked at this time when he was in his prime. He was about fifty years old, of square and compact build and closely knit frame. His head also was square and covered with sleek brown hair. His brow was fine and broad but much wrinkled, and his eyes had a wearied expression when they were in repose. The bridge of his nose was broad and the shape almost aquiline; his mouth and chin were firm and un-



compromising in appearance. Altogether his face was well balanced and strong, but not mobile. His manners were those of a sober and sedate citizen, without polish but without loud vulgarity. He had no sense of humor, and his grave saturnine countenance was seldom lighted up with a smile.

I recall several instances of his lack of humor. While he was visiting us one day my mother's friend Mrs. Knox, a widow, came in. She had known Mr. Johnson some years before when he was in the Legislature, but they had not met since then. After mutual recognition, Mr. Johnson said:

"How is Mr. Knox? I have not seen him lately."

"He has been dead six years," said Mrs. Knox.

"I thought I hadn't seen him on the street," said Mr. Johnson.

When Mrs. Knox left, my mother said, laughing, "That was a funny mistake of yours, Governor, about Mr. Knox."

"What mistake did I make?" said Johnson. "I said I hadn't seen him on the street, and I hadn't."

With the absence of humor went a lack of sensitiveness, and he had no idea that his early occupation of a tailor was ever the cause of ridicule on the part of others. Judge William F. Cooper, afterward on the Supreme Bench of the State and a friend of Johnson's, once consulted my mother about broadening Johnson's views of life, which were extremely narrow, and they agreed that it might be of benefit to him if he would read some of Thomas Carlyle's books. Accordingly, the next time he came to see us, when he asked my mother to lend him a book, she took one of Carlyle's from the shelf,

but did not notice until he had gone that she had given him *Sartor Resartus*. A few days later he brought the book back and remarked simply, "I can't make head or tail of that book." If it had occurred to him that there was anything in it applicable to himself, he artfully concealed the fact. He was proud of having been a tailor and boasted of it.

His only creed was a democracy, and he professed to believe that mechanics were superior to other men.

"Why, then, Governor," said my mother to him one day when he had reiterated this belief, "did you make lawyers of Charles and Robert, both your sons?"

"Because they had not sense enough to be mechanics," he retorted.

He used to say, "I thought better when I was on my tailor's bench," and that women

were more fortunate than men in that they had some occupation for their hands in needlework.

About a year before the Civil War Judge Pepper, who had been a blacksmith before he became a lawyer, sent Johnson a set of fire-irons, which he had made himself, and the Governor presently sent the Judge a coat which he had made for him. When he told my mother of the incident she said:

"Did you really make the coat, Governor?"

"I put some stitches in it," he said; "Pepper shouldn't get ahead of me with the people. When I was a tailor I was a good one."

He refused an invitation once to dine with A. V. Brown, a leader of the Democratic party in Tennessee and afterward Buchanan's Postmaster-General, al-



HARRIOT TURNER



though all of the guests were to be fellow Democrats, and let them know that on that day he had dined with his washer-woman, off bacon and cabbage.

He made no secret of his unlettered youth, and once brought my mother a magazine containing a sketch of his life, in which it was stated that his wife, Flora McCardle, had taught him to read after they were married, when he was twenty-one years of age. He said the statement was inaccurate but substantially true; that when they were married his wife brought her school books to their new home, and his study of them aided his education materially. After he rose to prominence his admirers used to point out that he made few mistakes in grammar and that his English was pure, but he never learned to divide his words correctly in

writing, and sometimes made ludicrous mistakes in quotations. Once in a public speech he spoke of the Lays of Ancient Rome as having been translated by Macaulay; and in another speech he quoted:

“‘And the stern joy that warriors feel  
In foemen worthy of their steel,’  
as Shakespeare says!”

Before disaster came upon my mother's family in consequence of the Civil War we had seen instances of Mr. Johnson's vindictiveness, and his hatred of those who were born to better station than his or were more fortunate in worldly possessions. I remember Isham G. Harris, who succeeded Johnson as Governor of Tennessee and as Senator, saying in 1861, “If Johnson were a snake, he would

lie in the grass to bite the heels of rich men's children.” In 1891 I saw Senator Harris again and reminded him of this remark. He had not changed his opinion. “Johnson,” he said, “hated men simply because they were rich. He was a much overrated man. He was a perfect demagogue.”

“He died rich, did he not?” I asked.

“Oh yes, he left about a hundred thousand dollars.”

“But he was honest?”

“As a custodian invincibly so. He would not steal money, but he was for State repudiation. He was the most vindictive man I ever knew.”

We ascertained that he was not truthful in small matters. He told my mother, for instance, that Major Graham, an old friend of our family, had told him that after Judge Campbell set up a carriage he would not speak to a poor man.

When my mother asked Major Graham if he had said this, he replied: “It was impossible for me to have said such a thing, because it is not true. I never told Johnson anything of the kind.” Major Graham, it should be remarked, was noted for the cautious accuracy of all his statements.

The winter of 1858 we spent in Washington, and that year Johnson took his seat in the Senate, his colleague being John Bell, who was nominated for the Presidency in 1859 as the Constitutional Union candidate, Edward Everett being the candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Mr. Bell was universally respected in Tennessee and held high rank in the Senate also, but he and Johnson were political opponents, so Johnson hated him and would not allow him to introduce



MRS. EWELL



him in the Senate as the unvarying custom required. He selected instead a Senator from North Carolina, who presented the credentials of the new Senator from Tennessee, and a few days after he had taken his seat he astonished the Senate by making a vicious attack on Bell in his first speech, closing with these words:

"But Mr. Bell is a dead Senator. I will not insult the dead."

Mrs. Bell was an intimate friend of my mother's, and came to our rooms to tell her about Mr. Johnson's scurrilous attack on her husband. Soon after she had gone away Mr. Johnson himself came in, saying he had been walking up and down outside, having seen Mrs. Bell go in, waiting until she should leave. At first he was quiet and reserved, but presently my mother said:

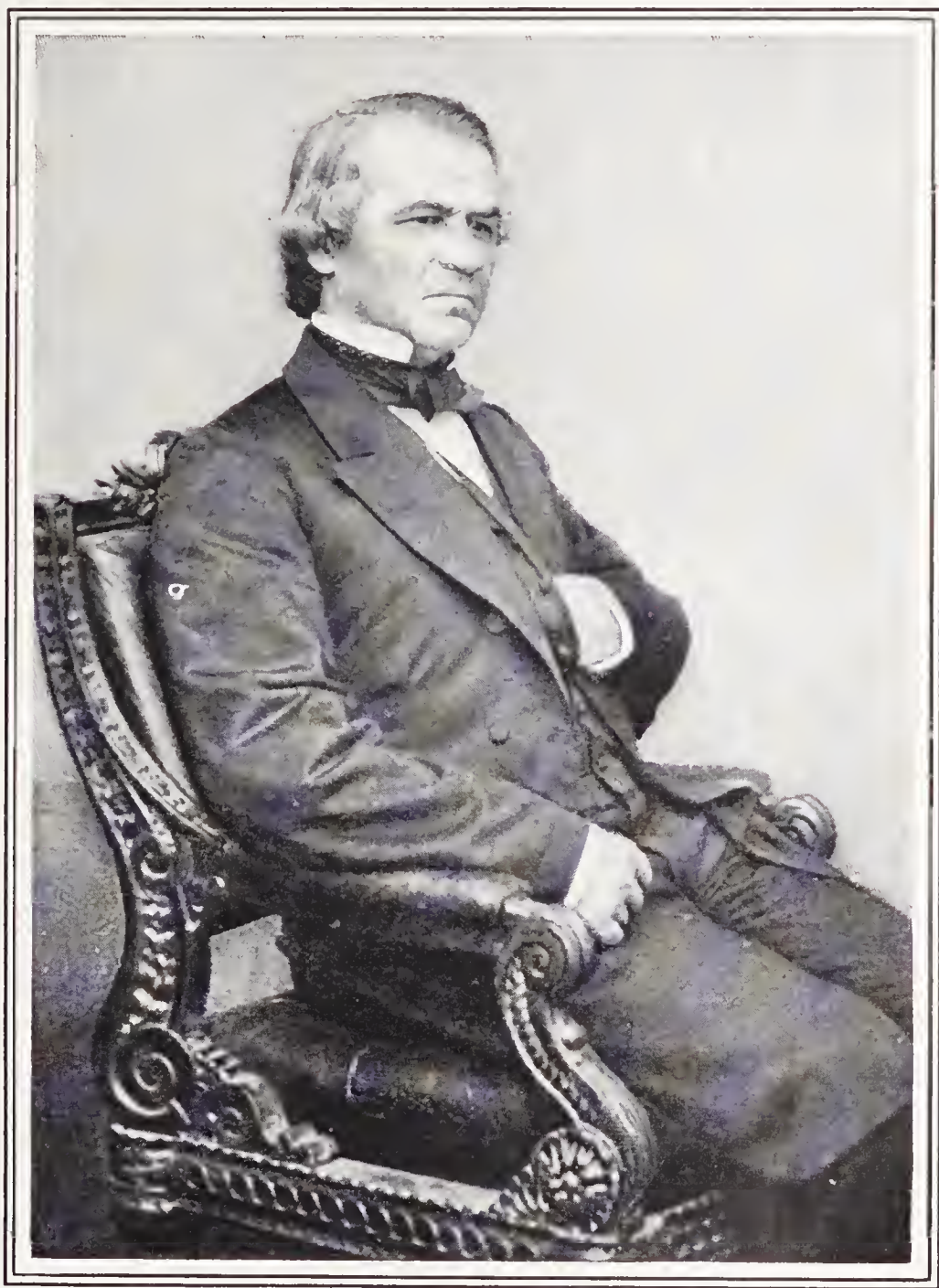
"Oh, Mr. Johnson, how could you make such an attack on Mr. Bell? I am mortified for Tennessee, that one of her Senators should make such a bitter attack on his colleague, and on such a man as Mr. Bell, too!"

Johnson's rage burst forth. "Those people," he cried, his face convulsed with a scowl of malice and hatred as he walked up and down our parlor—"those people have been trying to put me down for twenty years, and now that I have them down, do you think I won't trample on them? I tell you I will."

He seemed to believe that those who opposed him politically would harm him in every possible way. About 1857 his arm was broken in an accident on the Chattanooga Railway, and was so badly set by a country doctor that Dr. Paul F. Eve,

then considered to be the best surgeon in Nashville, who was called in later, decided that it must be broken again and reset. The operation was performed in a bedroom in a hotel on Cedar Street in Nashville, where Johnson boarded, the arm being pulled around a bedpost, and the first bedpost selected for the purpose was fluted or grooved. After Johnson had nearly fainted from the pain he asked whether a square bedpost could not be used, and the breaking was completed with the aid of a square post. Mr. Johnson, when he told my mother of this incident, said that Doctor Eve had purposely used the grooved post in order to torture him, because he was a Democrat and Eve was a Whig!

In spite of his savage prejudices and hatreds he could be both kind and unselfish to others on occasion. When he



PRESIDENT ANDREW JOHNSON



was Governor of Tennessee a brother tailor, who had been a friend of his, died, and Johnson befriended his widow and aided her in leaving Nashville for a more comfortable abode, although in doing so scandalous and untrue stories concerning him were circulated to his detriment; and when he was in the Senate, hearing that our cousin, who lay ill at our house, was passionately fond of flowers, he brought her a large bouquet with his own hands, having been to great trouble in securing it.

After 1860 we saw little of Mr. Johnson, as my mother went to Europe, and when she came back the break between the North and the South had come, and she was strongly Southern in her sympathies and he as strongly for the Union. My brother, Campbell Brown, enlisted in the strife, and was aide-de-camp to Gen. Richard Stoddard Ewell, a West Point graduate, and later commander of the Second Corps of the Confederate army. In 1862 Nashville fell, and as my brother was ill in Virginia we fled to that State.

Before we left, my mother wrote a note addressed to General Buell, General Grant, or General Sherman, saying:

My cousin Major-General Ewell writes me that by application to either of you, the respect usually paid by officers of the army will be accorded to my home and the friends living in it. Whatever protection your sense of duty will permit you to accord will be respectfully acknowledged by

LIZINKA C. BROWN.

Her friends, the Misses Nicholls, took possession of the house, and as they were strong Unionists the American flag waved over the old Campbell mansion. Unfortunately, however, the note which my mother had written never reached any of the Union commanders, as Nashville was under the command of a civilian, Andrew Johnson, the Military Governor of Tennessee. Soon after he arrived in the city he directed that the house be turned over to him as it stood. Miss Mat Nicholls asked that she be permitted to remove the family portraits, but he replied that they must remain. A schedule of all furniture must be made, he said, and strict accountability rendered.

He told my mother's agent that he expected to pay \$1,400 a year rental for

the house and stables; but at that time furnished houses were in great demand, and it would have rented easily for \$3,000. There were several reasons why he took the house. It was large, with more than an acre of land around it, and faced the Capitol, and that year he brought his family to Nashville. There was really no other house so well adapted to his needs. He told some of our friends, however, that he took the house to save it from falling into the hands of the military authorities, but we saw no evidence that any motives of disinterested friendship had actuated his choice. Although he had been a friend of my mother's, he resented her loyalty to the South bitterly, and wished to punish her for it. He was unable to forgive people who were above him in the social scale, and it is not at all improbable that he was actuated in some degree by a desire to humiliate my mother. My mother and I always believed that this motive entered into his calculations.

In May, 1863, my mother, having been a widow for nineteen years, married Lieut.-Gen. R. S. Ewell in Richmond. After great gallantry in the field he had a leg shot off at the battle of Groveton, August 28, 1862, but he had now recovered and was in command of Stonewall Jackson's troops. Two years later, when he was commanding the Department of Henrico, and orders had been given to evacuate Richmond, under contingencies which were impending, my mother determined to run the blockade and put me in a place of safety in the North. General Lee knew of her plan, and gave my brother, who was then stationed at Richmond, permission to be absent from his command long enough to assist us, and he drove us from Ashland Station, a two days' journey with starved horses, about forty miles to Clydesdale, the summer home of Dr. Richard Stuart in King George County, on the Potomac River. (This was the same Doctor Stuart with whom Wilkes Booth sought shelter a few months later.) We waited at Doctor Stuart's for ten days for a dark and rainy night, when we might cross the river, which is here five or six miles wide, to the Maryland shore with some hope of escaping detection.

Finally the weather became propitious





THE CAMPBELL HOUSE, NASHVILLE, IN WHICH JOHNSON LIVED

for our purpose, and at ten o'clock on a dark night, when it was pouring rain, my brother put my mother and me in a rowboat manned by two blockade-runners whom we had never seen before and whom I have only seen once since, and we set out to cross the river. Our course was purposely long and indirect, and we must have rowed fourteen miles altogether. When we were in the middle of the river a large excursion steamer with four search-lights, two in the bow and two in the stern, swept down upon us. We were so near that we heard the music on board and saw the soldiers dancing with the girls. The blockade-runners told us to keep quiet and lie down, so that the boat might be mistaken for a log. Then they shot in close to the wheels of the steamer in the deep shadow, the search-light having passed over us, drew in their oars, and we floated along to the sound of the music for what seemed hours. The steamer left us behind, and we rowed on, having had visions of the Old Capitol prison vividly before us. Soon we came to a tall promontory at the mouth of Port Tobacco Creek, where a light was burning. One of the boatmen jumped

out and, in his duck boots, waded to shore to meet a confederate and find out if the coast was clear, while the other paddled us about in the black night, whispering to us that we were now in the Maryland flats. Soon the first man came back, and we passed up Tobacco Creek under the nose of a sentinel who stood within the camp-fire and consequently could not see us, and between three and four o'clock in the morning we reached Port Tobacco. Our luggage consisted of one carpetbag, and my mother had her diamonds and money sewed up in her dress. We had a rough walk, climbing several fences, when the proprietor of a little brick-floored tavern met us with a lantern, and we were given a room and went to bed. We slept well, and the next morning came down to a breakfast of ham and eggs and real coffee, which struck us as a wasteful use of provisions, for during the long and dreary winter of 1864-65 we had seen meat only on gala occasions. The next day we took the stage, and entering Washington that night, we went in a street-car to Georgetown, not having been challenged or asked for our passports. In a few days we travelled to



St. Louis, where our property was listed for confiscation. My mother informed her cousin, Col. Thomas T. Gantt, of our arrival. He had served with the Orleans princes on McClellan's staff, and had lately been relieved as Provost Marshal of St. Louis because he was thought to be too lenient to Southerners. He reported our arrival to Colonel Dodge, the Provost Marshal, who asked for instructions from Washington. We might be deported beyond the Federal lines, or be put in Gratiot Street prison, where the beautiful Miss Pratt, afterward Mrs. Gervais Robinson, then was incarcerated; or my mother might be permitted to take the amnesty oath and have her property restored to her. Colonel Gantt assumed responsibility for us, and we were allowed to remain at his house, until an order came from President Lincoln directing my mother to take the amnesty oath, after which her property was to be returned to her. She took the oath, and early in April, 1865, went to Nashville, leaving me in St. Louis. Her first concern was to regain possession of her house, which was now occupied by Mrs. Johnson, the Vice-President being in Washington. It was said that she would soon leave for Washington, when the house, being unoccupied, would surely be taken by the military authorities, the fate from which Mr. Johnson had professed a wish to save it. She called on Mrs. Johnson, but failed to see her, as she was ill, so she wrote her a polite note, saying she wished to bring me to Nashville and had no place to receive me. "If not inconvenient to you," she said, "will you not allow me the use of one or two rooms in my own house?"

To this note she received no reply, and from subsequent events it would appear that Mrs. Johnson showed it to her husband, who took offence at the request or the manner of making it.

A week after the note was sent President Lincoln was assassinated and Andrew Johnson was President of the United States. The morning after the assassination some soldiers came to Mrs. Thomas Washington's house, where my mother was staying, and left a note, which said that the President had been murdered by "rebels' friends," and closed thus: "Every house where a Union flag

and some sign of mourning are not hung out will be destroyed by soldiers who are in earnest."

A week after this my mother was arrested on orders received direct from Washington, and undoubtedly emanating from Mr. Johnson himself. Mr. Lincoln's order to restore her property had not yet been executed and was suspended. Under the escort of Captain Willard, of General Thomas's staff, she was taken to St. Louis, where Colonel Gantt was again permitted to assume responsibility for her, and we stayed at his house from April till June, 1865. He busied himself in her behalf, and enlisted the assistance of Montgomery Blair in Washington. On May 10, 1865, Mr. Blair wrote:

As to the project of [Mrs. Ewell] going off [to Europe] I think that is not a good way of propitiating Johnson. He told me he believed Mrs. Ewell intended to get her money and go off without taking the Oath [of Allegiance; she had already taken the amnesty oath], and that her letters to him do not indicate the right spirit. She speaks of submitting to the laws as long as she remains in the country, &c. Johnson wants the men and women of the South to have a different spirit in them from this. Robert Lee does not talk this way. He does not intend to leave the country. In my letters to Genl. Ewell I did not, of course, say anything about his quitting the country, but I spoke of the gratification I had at Frank's [F. P. Blair's] report of the National feeling which was manifest in the talk of Genl. Johnston and his officers, and the hope I had that but a little time would pass before the relations would be more cordial than ever, because the mischievous misconstructions which have so long prevailed in the different parts of the country as to the people of the other sections would be forever dissipated by the stern realities of the past four years.

Now, I think Andrew Johnson really likes Mrs. Ewell, but he resents the want of national feeling he thinks he finds in her letters. The better way, I repeat through you to her, is to endeavor to be patient and to subdue her feelings, and to cultivate earnestly a genuine love for the land of her birth.

My mother desired to go to Washington and plead her own cause, for as yet she had received no information of the reason for her arrest. About July 1st she appealed to General Pope, who wrote to the War Department for



orders, and received the following telegram in reply:

The President is willing for Mrs. Ewell to visit Washington or go farther North or wherever she pleases except to the State of Tennessee.

Accordingly, she went to Washington, and as soon as she arrived called upon Mr. Johnson, who was civil and appointed a day in the following week when she could have an audience with him. She wished to ask him, first, for the liberation on parole of her husband and son, who were then incarcerated in Fort Warren prison; second, for permission to visit them; and, third, for the restoration of her property in Nashville and St. Louis, according to Mr. Lincoln's order.

When she went to the White House on the day appointed by the President he was ill in bed, but he gave orders that she be admitted to his room, where my mother found his daughter, Mrs. Patterson, sitting with him. My mother knew the cause of his indisposition—that he was either drunk or recovering from the effects of deep drinking; but she knew that he rarely lost control of himself when he was in this condition, and she was always convinced that on this occasion he said nothing that he had not intended to say, or that he did not mean, or that he afterward regretted having said. He began by scoring Mr. Jefferson Davis and all secession Southerners; then he said:

“Where's Campbell?”

“At Fort Warren.”

“And where's the man who is going to marry your daughter?” (She was engaged to Capt. Thomas Turner, and married him four months later.)

“He was at Johnson's Island,” said my mother, “but has been released on parole through General Hitchcock's influence.”

“And who's General Hitchcock that he should release prisoners?” burst out the President. “I tell you I'm President of the United States, and nobody has the right to release prisoners except me. What made you go South, anyhow? And couldn't you find anybody better to marry than a one-legged man?”

My mother felt herself in his power and was silent. Presently he asked her to hand him a fine-tooth comb which

was on the table near his bed but out of his reach. He might have asked his daughter to do this service, and my mother hesitated a moment to obey, but Fort Warren was in her mind and she handed him the comb. He combed his hair, still uttering violent abuse of the Southern leaders. My mother then asked him to parole her husband and son. He refused. She then asked him to give her permission to visit them. Again he refused.

When he was Governor of Tennessee he had suffered frequently from violent headaches, which could only be relieved by strong coffee. He sometimes had these seizures when he was at our house, and when my mother would notice his lips turn white, which was the sign of his suffering, she would prepare the coffee for him. Once, I remember, she asked him to try a cup of green tea instead of the coffee, and he replied that it was “no better than so much hot water”; but he knew that she liked green tea. When her interview was over he turned to his daughter and said, “Have some green tea for Mrs. Ewell; she will stay to lunch.”

After lunching at the White House, Mrs. Ewell went to see General Grant, whose headquarters were near by on Seventeenth Street. He listened attentively to her story and said, “I will do what I can for my old friend Ewell.” A few days later my mother was granted permission to visit Fort Warren.

We owed this to General Grant, and after our return from Fort Warren my mother wrote him a grateful letter of thanks, begging him at the same time to exert his influence to secure the release of General Ewell, whose health was being dangerously affected by his imprisonment, and her son and their brother officers. “Convinced as they are,” she said, “that there is no separate destiny for the South, but that her welfare is bound up in that of the Union, I am sure that better or more faithful citizens can nowhere be found than the unhappy officers captured by you before Richmond, and now confined for more than three months at Fort Warren.”

General Grant secured the pardon of Major Campbell Brown, but although he spent an hour arguing the case of Gen-



eral Ewell with the President, Johnson was obdurate and would not release him. My mother was now almost desperate, and determined to make a last appeal to the President. I give her letter entire because it shows the fear in which she held him.

WASHINGTON, *June 20, 1865.*

Andrew Johnson, President of the United States:

You told me to address you not with the formality due to your high office, but with the freedom of a friend. I do so with fear and trembling. You have treated me so harshly and cruelly that I scarcely dare approach you with any petition; but I am very miserable. I have seen my husband and son haggard from three months' confinement in stone walls; and the former is debilitated, and almost helpless from injury to his leg, and the effects of poor diet and imprisonment. Without them life is barren of interest to me. When my little girl can get along without me I would rather die than live if I am indeed to be separated from my husband and child. A single line from you can give them back to liberty and me to happiness. Will you write it? Or are your professions of friendship toward me merely air intended to deceive one too miserable and insignificant to be worthy of such artifices from such a man? I am afraid to write to you, afraid of rendering their confinement harder by making some mistake, as in my note to Mrs. Johnson, but I am too restless and miserable to be quiet, and I appeal to you as a weak woman to a strong man, and entreat you by all that makes life dear to you to give me back my husband and child.

I am afraid to write more. I could not write less. If Richard dies at Fort Warren, I shall hate you—wicked as it is to hate any one.

Your miserable friend,

LIZINKA C. EWELL.

July 17th the following order was issued:

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, *July 17, 1865.*

President Lincoln having directed under date of March 23, 1865, that Mrs. L. C. Ewell be allowed the benefit of his Amnesty Proclamation, upon taking the Amnesty

Oath, the said L. C. Ewell is hereby permitted to return to Nashville, Tenn., free from arrest or other detention by the Military Authorities, and to take possession of her property as decreed by the U. S. District Court of Middle Tennessee on or about the 20th April, 1865.

ANDREW JOHNSON,  
President U. S.

Mrs. Ewell's Missouri property was restored by order of the President on September 6th, but her Nashville house not until the following year. Her farm property in Tennessee was returned in the winter of 1865. General Ewell was released on parole, extending only to Virginia and Maryland, in August; my brother's parole was not limited. Like General Lee, General Ewell died a paroled officer of the Confederate States of America.

President Johnson restored my mother's property to her because the government had ascertained that it had no legal right to retain it. Her husband's release was effected at the same time with that of other Confederate officers of the same class. In other words, her appeal had had no effect on Andrew Johnson.

Not long before his death in 1872 General Ewell said, "Regret is not to be confounded with repentance," and when he was dying he said, "Let nothing disrespectful to the United States be put on my tomb."

My mother died three days before he did, of pneumonia contracted while she was nursing him, and they were buried in the same grave in the old Nashville cemetery. Andrew Johnson she never saw again after her interview with him in his bedroom in the White House, nor did she ever wish to see him; yet she always believed that, notwithstanding his insincerity, hard-heartedness, and lack of magnanimity, he was a man of real talent, of great tenacity of purpose, of strong common sense, and of patriotic intentions.





# A Fugitive from Romance

BY FORREST CRISSEY

“YOU’LL toe the mark now, boy,” genially remarked the harness-maker, as he deftly drew the waxed threads through the tug he was sewing. “No more running loose for you!”

Clint, who hung about the harness shop because he liked the smell of the leather and the wax, which gave the place an atmosphere of its own, eyed the hairy, freckled arms of the harness-maker with furtive reserve and held his peace. He knew that Mr. Ginn would betray the cause of the remark when convinced that there was no particular desire to learn it.

“Yep,” resumed the harness-maker, as he pierced the leather before him with the awl that seemed to the boy as much a part of him as his nose or his freckles. “I was up to the Highlands yestiddy, an’ it’s a certain fact—your pa’s gone and married the Highlands schoolma’am—an’ she’s *red-headed*, she is! I guess she’ll give you a course of sprouts, all right!” and he grinned at the thought of the peppery possibilities of a red-headed schoolmistress in the capacity of step-mother to a boy who had been “let to run.”

“Huh!” was the only answer that escaped the boy.

“Oh, it’s so!” insisted the harness-maker. “You’ll find out for yourself ’bout Monday. He preaches at the Highlands next Sabbath and then starts for home. They seem to think a good deal of the school-teacher up there, and I expect they’ll shell out the biggest collection for your pa that he’s ever had since he took to preachin’. You bet he couldn’t afford to miss next Sunday’s chance—even if he hain’t any idea just where his youngest colt happens to be strayin’.”

An odd, sullen mingling of shame and resentment showed in the thin face of the boy as he flung a scrap of leather to the floor and turned to leave.

“Oh, I wouldn’t take it too hard, Clint,” relented the harness-maker. “Mebby it won’t be so bad, after all. An’ you *do* need somebody to look after your clothes—specially the back sides of them pants. Anyhow, if worse come to worse you . . .”

But the boy had gone—gone to the blacksmith shop, where he always went when the world pressed him hard. There was something cheering in the ring of the hammer on the anvil and in the red, glowing iron fresh from the forge that aroused a responding glow within himself. Besides, the blacksmith was too inveterate a whistler to make much use of a tart tongue. There were times when Clint did not relish “being run on,” and this was certainly one of those times.

In a vague way he had long realized that his father’s evangelistic efforts were not taken altogether seriously in his home town, and that somehow, since his mother’s death, three years before, things had gone badly with the little home just in the edge of town. But the harness-maker’s words, “took to preachin’,” brought him a new and definite sense of shame and disgrace. It was something as if he had said “took to drink”—a phrase he had often heard applied in interesting and moral recitals of the career of “Bat” Harmon, the town drunkard.

And Old Ginn needn’t think that he didn’t know how bad his clothes looked! He could remember, to the day, when his last suit was bought and just how it had looked on the long counter of the Golden Palace Clothing Store—all neatly folded down the middle of the back. There was still another and a more poignant realization awakened by the harness-maker’s taunts. It was a disgrace in the eyes of grown-up folks to be “let to run.” Of course his liberty was the envy of the other boys who had folks to look after them, and he never discouraged the appreciation of his one enviable possession. But



he was too sensitive not to catch from the atmosphere about him the verdict that his vagrant liberty while his father was "off preachin'" was held as a shame both to himself and his father.

And now his father had added to "goin' off preachin'" the further unmanly weakness of marrying again — and marrying a "red-headed schoolma'am" at that! Of course, as a common point of honor among his kind, Clint hated her first for being a school-teacher, next for being red-headed, and finally for marrying his father. Probably they had already talked it over together how she would "boss" him and make him "toe the mark," just as the harness-maker had said. Then, too—in spite of the fact that he had seemed for a long time to be safely out of his father's mind, excepting when he was "prayed over" with distressing fervor on being heard swearing at half-witted old Nancy who tended the house—there was in the boy a faint feeling that this Highlands school-teacher was helping to take his father from him a little more completely.

His bare feet trod the gravel sidewalk with sullen spats that softly echoed his dark mood. His misery choked his throat as he thought that if his mother had not died this double disgrace of a father who weakly took to preaching and then more weakly married would never have come upon him—and he would be wearing clothes as good as the postmaster's Bennie. And perhaps he could brag about his father with the stoutness and loyalty of Tommy Ancliffe, the State Senator's son, who had confidently proclaimed that it took almost as big a man to go to the Legislature as to be President.

The boy's head was hanging low with the weight of his unnatural woes as he approached his consolation refuge, the wide and welcoming doors of the blacksmith shop. Religion and love loomed large in his horizon as the twin weaknesses which preyed upon male mankind. Suddenly he stopped. There in front of the blacksmith shop stood the most splendid red wagon he had ever seen!

"Hain't she a daisy?" the wheelwright was saying. "That top is sure the nobbiest thing that ever come over these roads. If I could rub and varnish wood

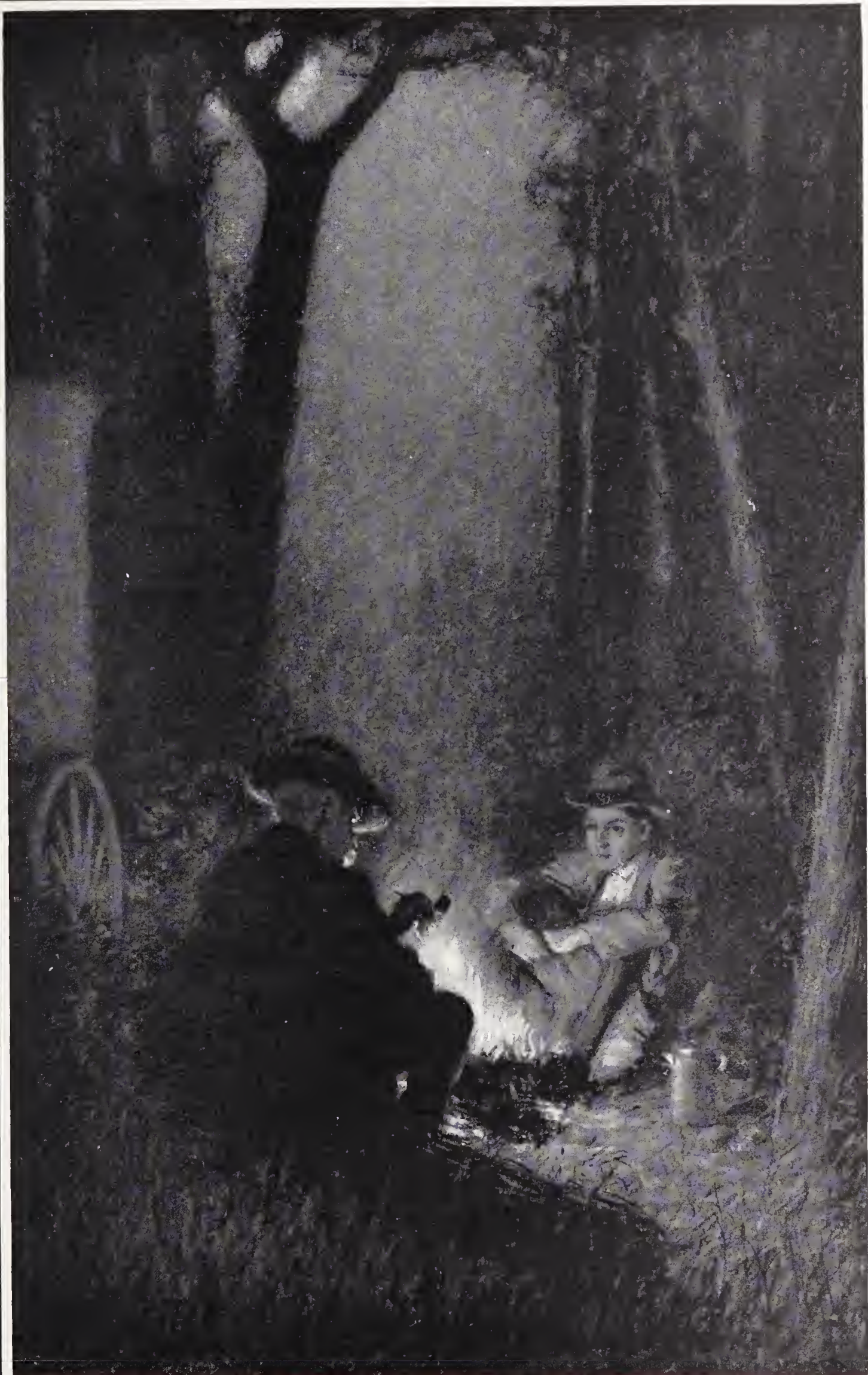
into a polish like that, I'd be bossin' a big shop up to Dayton instead of repairin' farm wagons in the back of Bedloe's blacksmith shop in a little one-hoss town." But while the wheelwright was bubbling with generous admiration of the fine craftsmanship of the wagon, Clint gazed at the polished side of the odd equipage, which glistened like a great, ruddy mirror, and instantly knew that a sleeping something within him had been awakened.

There, in glorious red and bronze and blue, upon the centre of the wagon's side, was the life-size image of an Indian's head—the war-bonnet of eagle feathers streaming militantly back from the chieftain's brow; the bronze face was smeared with war-paint, and the savage eyes were, to the vision of the boy, alight with that courage which could not be dimmed by the tortures of the stake or the lance.

In the glowing admiration which the sight awakened in the lately despairing soul of Clint were fused two of his earliest recollections, two of the strongest impressions which he had brought with him from the dim border-land of childhood. Almost his first memory was that of gazing at a pretty, pinkish stone, delicately notched and pointed, that nestled in his palm. He had picked it from the gravelly bank of the brook. Now, of course, he knew that when he had first held that piece of flint in his hand he could not have known that it was fashioned by the coppery hands of some savage craftsman who had been dead for uncounted years—and yet it seemed to the boy that he had felt the thrill of its mystery the moment his childish hand had touched it. And always since, his eye had been quick to see the tiniest arrow-head hiding among stones and pebbles. To touch one of these "relics" was to Clint to drift at once into a region of delightful dreams, into fascinating speculations upon the remote and barbaric past; he re-peopled the world of Coral Corners with painted warriors, wiped from its map the houses of the village, and in their place saw wigwams and camp-fires.

But stronger, perhaps, than this impression associated with finding his first Indian flint was the memory of standing at the front gate and staring with fascinated eyes at the tin-peddler as he opened





*Drawn by Frank Desch*

HE LEARNED THE ARTS OF CAMP LIFE, AND THE CUNNING OF TRADER'S



his travelling store and displayed its secret treasures. And far inside he had caught tantalizing glimpses of white-knobbed drawers and doors which he longed to open and explore. Once he had summoned courage to ask the Old Peddler Walker for leave to crawl up into that house-like wagon and explore its mysteries for himself—but just as the question was on his trembling lips his mother had selected a shining dipper, and said with decision, “That will be all, Mr. Walker.” The question remained unasked, and the peddler had climbed into his high seat at the front and started the speckled, flop-eared mare on her plodding way. And always he had stood and watched the weather-beaten wagon, with its camel-like hump of rags at the back, rattle down the road—watched the watering-pail swinging from the rear axle like a pendulum, and thought that when he grew to be a man he would travel far and wide and know as much of the great world of traffic as Old Peddler Walker—only he hoped that his face would not look so sour and leathery as Old Walker’s.

All of these things found their focus in the glorious wagon before him. Why, there was even an arrow-head, like the first one he had found, painted in gold, under the head of the chieftain!

“Want t’ see the inside?” asked the proud owner; and without waiting for an answer, beckoned the blacksmith and the wheelwright to enter. Dazed and trembling with eagerness, Clint remained by the wheel. Then, as the men stepped down, he heard the magic words:

“Come on, boy, climb in! I guess you’ll appreciate it much as anybody. Never saw a boy that wasn’t dyin’ to get a peep inside the old wagon even.” And as Clint was feasting his eyes upon the marvels of the interior of the wagon the relie man remarked to the others, “Don’t seem to be quite so forward as most boys.”

“He’s a good boy, sir,” volunteered the blacksmith, “an’ it ain’t his fault that he’s let to run the town. A while back his father took to preachin’ ’round and seemed to plum forget that he had a boy. That was after the mother died. Clint’s a bright lad, and honest—every hair of him. The elder’s just got married again. What ’ll come of the boy now we don’t know.”

Meantime Clint remained inside, almost stupefied with the interior wonders and charms of the wagon—the marvellous bed that let down from each side wall, the panels of choice specimens of Indian implements arrayed in graceful shapes against the dark, polished wood, the tiny cook-stove and miniature kitchen; and, best of all, the bewildering array of drawers, compartments, and lockers stored with merchandise for trading. Oh, the endless marvel of it all! What a poor and barren contrivance was the old peddler’s wagon compared with this travelling palace of mysteries and delights!

“How’d you like to go ’long with me, boy?” suddenly asked the proprietor, who had quietly returned and seated himself in the rear door.

Clint stared dumbly, unbelievably, at the relie man. He had been so often joked by the men of The Corners that he was instantly on the defensive. And so great a stroke of fortune could not possibly come to him! But there was a gravity in the man’s voice and face which contradicted this suspicion, and the boy finally stammered, “I’d—I’d like it, sir.”

“You look like an honest boy,” continued the man, “an’ that’s what I want most of all. I’ll give you three square meals a day and buy you a good suit of store clothes an’ cap an’ shoes when you come back in the fall if you stick it out. The blacksmith here knows me, an’ ’ll explain things to your pa. Is it a bargain, son?”

“Yes, sir,” eagerly responded Clint. “When do you want me to start?”

“To-night. Run home an’ fetch all the clothes an’ things you want to take with you—an’ don’t forget anything you might need. Come back here to the shop and we’ll start about five o’clock, just after the last mail is distributed.”

Before Clint climbed into the wagon for his grand departure every boy in Coral Corners knew that he was the most enviable of all boys who had ever inhabited the village. Some secretly proposed running away from home and joining the wagon at the fork of the roads by Pigeon Woods. But against all such proposals Clint was adamant. He did, however, consent to accept sundry offerings from his disappointed associates, and



he did not scruple to trade a motley assortment of personal treasures, on the strength of his sudden prestige, for a Colt's revolver which "Bull" Dunham's father had brought home from the Civil War. Under ordinary conditions this transaction would have been hopelessly impossible and its proposal scorned. His joy over being chosen as the travelling companion of "the relic man" was further increased by overhearing the postmaster say to a group of men:

"They's a considerable mystery about Heizer, the relic-trader. You notice his right hand is just a stump—cut square off at the wrist? Down in the Sycamore Bottoms, where Heizer belongs, they say he done it a-purpose—blew it off himself with a shotgun because the old man was bound and determined he should be a farmer, an' he was just as sot on bein' a relic-dealer. Of course he says it was an accident—but that don't go with the folks in th' Bottoms who know. By the Lord Harry! it must have taken a power of nerve—that must!"

No circus ever broke camp in an inland town with so unanimous attendance of the male population as witnessed the departure of Clint, the relic-dealer, and the splendid red wagon. The boy's heart burned with a fury of triumph. Here was vindication beyond his wildest dreams. What if his father had "gone off preachin'"? What if he had been "let to run" until his clothes were ragged? What if his home was a mere weather-beaten shell of a house and the yard grown to giant burdocks where his mother's flower-beds had once flourished their orderly array of bright colors? He was *going away with the relic man* in the most beautiful and marvellous wagon that had ever visited Coral Corners—going with the envy of every boy in the village!

In those days of trailing dusty roads along the river courses of Ohio, Clint explored every drawer and locker in the wagon excepting two—one close behind the relic man's seat and the other underneath the wagon-box. These and their contents still remained mysteries. Early in their pilgrimage he won the goodwill of his employer by building a contrivance which served as a turtle-trap at night and a chicken-coop by day.

"A man gets a little tired of bacon and pancakes every mornin' for months stiddy—no matter how good he can cook 'em—an' them turtles sure do make a fine change an' don't cost anything," the relic man often remarked, and sometimes added, "An' we wouldn't have had this here soup if it hadn't been for you, boy."

He learned the arts of camp life and the cunning of the trader's life, the shrewd plays upon human nature by which the relic man acquired a beautiful lance-head, or a stone mortar and pestle, by swapping a showy pattern of dress-goods or a table-cloth when a money price would not be considered.

But the great event of his early pilgrimage as a relic hunter was when, at a turn of the road, they came suddenly upon two men and a dog. Instantly the boy saw that a tragedy was being staged there in the stake-and-rider fence. One man was holding up the overlapping ends of the rails, and the other was attempting to force the head of the dog underneath the crude deadfall.

"Give him to me!" suddenly shouted the boy, leaping from the wagon. There was terror in the eyes of the old English sheep-dog, a fierce suspicion of his doom.

"He's a good watch-dog," admitted the farmer, "but folks 'round here accuse him of killing sheep. But they've never caught him with the wool in his teeth. It was a case of fight the neighbors or kill the dog, so we had to come to it." As the man handed the lead-rope to Clint he said, "His name's Caper."

Suddenly it occurred to Clint that he had not stopped or even thought to ask the permission of Mr. Heizer. "They say he's a fine watch-dog," pleadingly ventured the boy.

"Tie him behind," was the crisp answer that made the boy's heart beat with delight. He had always wanted a dog of his own, but such a privilege had been consistently denied. And this was just the kind of a dog he had most desired—an odd, stocky creature with half-human eyes.

In the week that followed the acquisition of the new companion Clint felt that he was truly living in the land of Romance. Perhaps he might have continued much longer in this delectable state of mind had they not reached "the mounds."

"They's some Indian graves a little



back from the next town," remarked the relic man, "an' if the farmers hain't opened 'em up yet I'm goin' to steal a march on 'em. Sometimes them graves are mighty rich diggin's—stuffed full of relics. And if we'd find a full skeleton it would be something handsome. I got a standin' offer from a collector in Pittsburg of fifty dollars for one in good condition. You help me on the diggin' an' there'll be a half-dollar in it for you—if we make a good find."

The gift of a red table-cloth to the widow who owned the farm gained her permission to break into the ancient burial-place, which was soon to be "ploughed up, anyway." In the excitement of making the excavation Clint had no thought of fear; but when his cautious shovel uncovered a skeleton, and the relic man drew out one bone after another, a shiver of revulsion ran through the boy, and he was glad that it was broad daylight instead of night.

The precious bones were stored in the padlocked drawer underneath the wagon-box—and as he was putting them in place the relic man remarked, playfully: "Didn't know that we carried a graveyard right along with us, did ye, Clint? Well, we do, an' it's most full now. There's more money in it than in any other line of the business."

A travelling graveyard! The phrase haunted the boy and he slept only fitfully that night, thinking uncomfortably that there were dead men's bones almost underneath the pillow on which his head rested. And his dreams were as wild and troubled as the thoughts which had filled his mind before dropping asleep.

In the little town, next day, when the relic man was at the store buying supplies, a tottering negro woman paused at the wagon. Shaking her withered black hand at Clint, who was tightening bolts and nuts with the wrench, she muttered: "De curse ob Gawd is on dem as robs graves. It 'll git dat man. It 'll git him shore! Ah knows it. Flee f'm de wrath t' come, chile!"

There was a light of weird prophecy in the wrinkled old face of the black woman that made her words carry home. A terror seized upon the boy like that he had seen in the eyes of Caper at the moment of his rescue. Instantly he deter-

mined to take the crone's advice and flee; he would go back home. Yes, home—even if the woman who had married his father were waiting there to make him "toe the mark." Better face a red-headed step-mother, he reflected, than sleep over dead men's bones and inherit the curse pronounced upon the robbers of graves. On a scrap of paper, with the pencil which was always in its place beside the driver's seat, he wrote:

"Mr. Heizer i have gone Home I haint took anything but caper an some ham an bread. You can keep the fifty cents for it  
CLINT JARVIS.

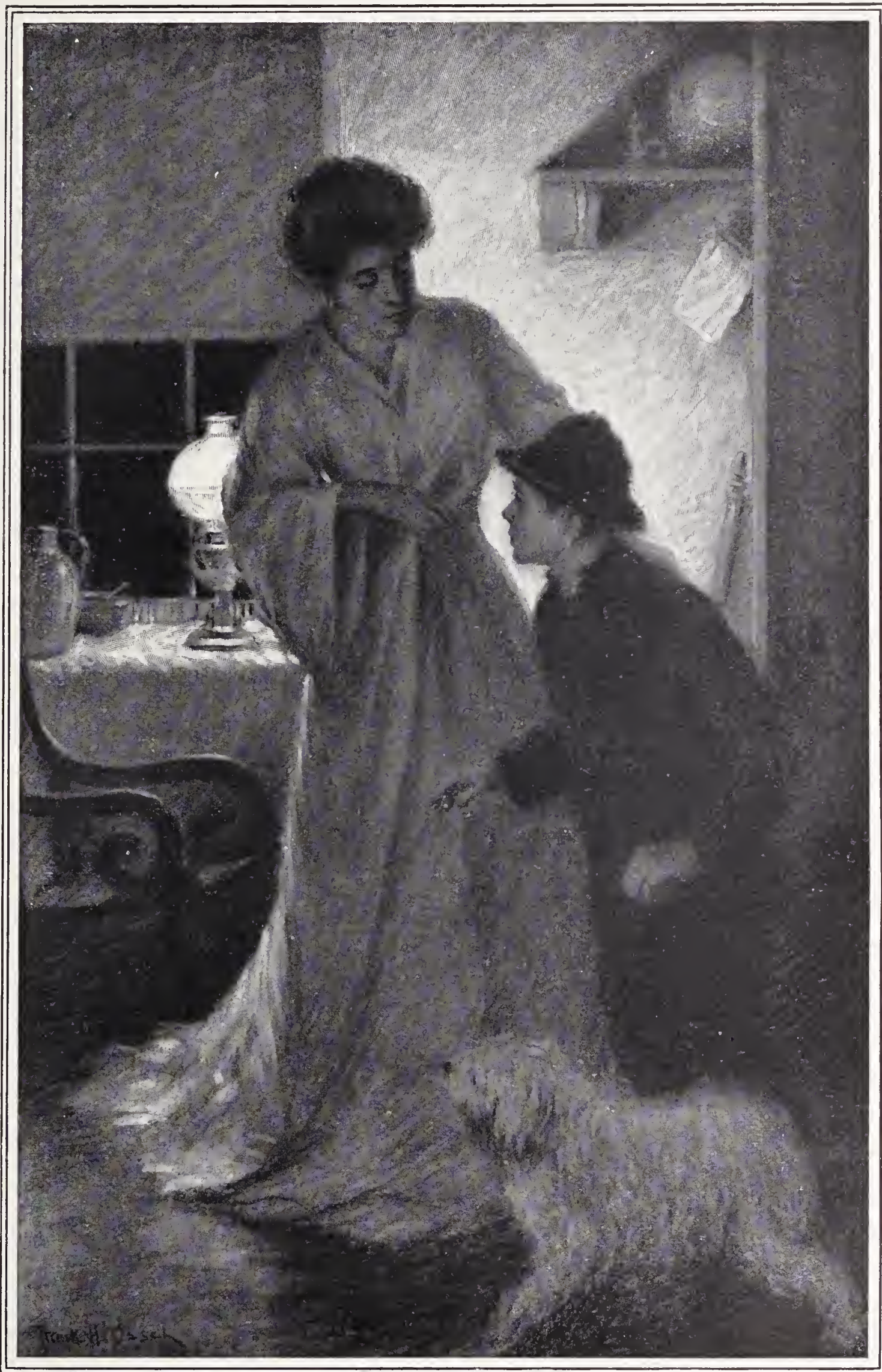
"P.S.—It's the dead men's bones i can't sleep."

He left the note on the driver's seat, put the bread and the ham in his pockets, and then waited until he saw the relic-dealer coming down the long village street. Then he called softly, "Come, Caper!" and boy and dog vanished ignobly into a side lane that led to the river. His wagon life had made him wise in the lore of roads and distances, and always the central point of his calculations had been Coral Corners. He knew that in following the windings of the river—for the relic-dealer never deserted the waterways—they had described a circuit, and that the last halt of the red wagon was only fifty miles from Coral Corners, cross-country—although they had travelled several hundred miles. He trudged steadily ahead, with Caper at his side, stopping only to drink at wayside springs and streams and to stretch at full length on the sward as he divided his noonday feast with the dog.

"You can't eat apples or roastin' ears," he explained to his companion, "so it's only fair to give you the big end of the bread and meat."

Later in the day, when his feet dragged heavily and his throat was choked with the dust, he confided to his fellow traveller: "If we c'd only make the Dunkard settlement to-night, they'd give us a place to sleep, all right. They're good and never turn travellers away. But that's a good thirty miles from the wagon, an' mebbe my legs won't hold out. Anyhow, we can sleep in a haystack. We ain't afraid, are we?"





*Drawn by Frank Desch*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

'COME IN QUICK, CHILD, COME RIGHT IN''



The legs did not hold out. They grew strangely heavy, and when he came alongside a corn field his determination weakened. Picking a few choice ears, he retreated up a ravine, and at a spot hidden from the highway he built his fire, roasted the corn, and laid upon each sizzling ear a thin, wafer-like slice of ham, shaved with the keen blade of his jack-knife, which the relic man had taught him to sharpen to a razor-like edge. Then they sought a haystack in a back field, and the boy burrowed cozily under its edge, while the dog lay on guard at his feet. Exhaustion plunged Clint into heavy and dreamless sleep, and when the sun awakened him he was stiff and sore, but refreshed.

"We must make home to-night," he confided to his eager roadmate, "if we drop! I got to."

A man in a single buggy offered him a ride, but he refused. "It's a ride for both or not at all," he told Caper. "You'd have been all run out keepin' up with that horse. No, sir—we'll stick together, you bet!"

At dusk he was nine miles from Coral Corners, and the road was lonely and little travelled. His determination might again have shared the weakness of his legs had he not passed a graveyard, its dilapidated stone wall overgrown with vines, which took on fantastic shapes in the twilight. A white weeping-birch waved its wraith-like fingers at him and the scene drove spurs into his lagging legs. He ran until the next rise of the ground put the cemetery out of sight. Clouds scurried across the sky under the whip of the rising wind, and finally the moon was completely obscured. Then his only light was the angry flashes of lightning that streaked the dark horizon. He tried hard to remember if there was another graveyard on the Briar Hill road—and he had a vague, distressing recollection that in his triumphal ride out of Coral Corners they had passed one. At each lightning flash his frightened eyes searched the near landscape for the menacing white faces of tombstones, and he walked constantly with his hand on the head of faithful Caper. Once the dog growled—and the next flash revealed the figure of an approaching man. Clint drew away to the roadside, placed his

hand over the dog's muzzle, and waited in trembling silence until the plodding feet of the wayfarer had passed, dreading lest another flash might reveal him.

At Enterprise schoolhouse, three miles out, the rain broke in torrents, and the wind blew it aslant in gusts that nearly took the boy off his feet. He could feel streams coursing down his body, and each footstep was a splash. But the light in a farmhouse window was only an instant's temptation to him. Just a little beyond was Bald Mound Hill, and beyond that, in the elbow of the valley, was Coral Corners! He stiffened to his task, and again plunged and splashed resolutely ahead.

At last he was in the old home town. There was not a light in all the village that he could see. But he knew each step of the way, and the instant he turned into his own street he stopped short. There was a light, sure enough—and in the front window of his home! When almost at the steps a fiercer blast than ever whirled him about: he stumbled and fell sprawling upon the slant and rickety boards of the porch floor.

By the time he had regained his feet he was blinded with a flood of light from the suddenly opened door. Before him in the glare was not the expected figure of his father, but a woman dressed in flowing white—a woman who was saying, "Come in quick, child, come right in." And her hands drew him so quickly inside that Caper gained the shelter of the room only by a wild dash. The next thing the boy knew his coat and shirt had been stripped from him, and the woman was deftly rubbing his drenched and shivering body into a warm glow and saying:

"I left the light for you, dear. It's been there every night—all night long. And, oh, I wanted you to come so much! I haven't slept a wink to-night—for I had the feeling that you might be out in the storm, somewhere—wet and cold and—perhaps afraid! I'm always afraid in a storm. And see—there on the table. Each night I've set out something ready for you if you should come. And then I've got a surprise for you. Go into the bedroom and take off your trousers and finish drying yourself. You'll find the surprise on the bed. I bought them at



The Highlands with my own money. Put them on, dear. Oh, I can't wait to see if they fit!"

When the boy came out from the parlor bedroom he was clad in the splendor of a suit which even the postmaster's Bennie might have envied. He stood in solemn bashfulness—but his embarrassment was evidently unnoticed, for the red-headed lady was feeding Caper scraps of meat and saying: "I'm so glad you brought a dog. He'll take care of us while your father's away—I can see it in his big, clear eyes!"

This welcome to his roadmate, to the dog he had rescued from death, swept

away the boy's last dike of fortitude and reserve, and suddenly the tears broke in a torrent like that against which he had battled in the muck and the darkness of Briar Hill road. And as suddenly he found himself gathered into the lap of the red-headed woman, his face held tight against her warm breast and her hand stroking his cheek. Looking up, he saw that her own eyes were wet and glistening—but bright with a light that warmed his lonely and homesick heart to the core. Impulsively his arm reached up and encircled the white neck, and he said:

"I think you've got *beautiful* hair!—and—and you're a—a—lovely lady!"

## A Sentry

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

FIERCE flames the day upon the desert sands:—  
 I think of shadows in the far cool lands.  
 I see, while parched with this tormenting thirst,  
 Fathomless wells once from the dark rock burst,  
 See showering sprays, and hear with plunge and roar  
 Wild white sea-horses trampling up the shore.  
 Fain at my post, by high noon sore distressed,  
 I long for night, and for delicious rest.

Chill are the stone seats of the palace gate  
 In the dim archway where the princes wait,  
 And thick the curtains of the inner tent  
 Where never yet the searching sunbeam bent.  
 Veiled are the cypress alleys, though their tops  
 Splinter in silver while the cold moon drops—  
 Afar in fortunate isles they sip, I know,  
 Delicate syrops out of drifts of snow!

Could I but leave this part appointed me,  
 Into what misty hollows would I flee!  
 Into what company of gracious trees  
 Where the wind brings the sound of whispering seas;  
 Into what gardens where the roses lift  
 Their perfumes, and the dusk falls sweet and swift—  
 Back, tempter, back! Give me my spear in hand!  
 Lo, here my Master placed me, and I stand!



# A Canvas Boat on the Dead Sea

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, *Ph.D.*

Department of Geography, Yale University

WHERE the Jordan River, grown turbid in its swift descent from the snows of Hermon, pours its light waters into the heavy brine of the Dead Sea, the sweet faint odors of the surrounding desert are displaced by the invigorating scent of salt marshes. Aside from the refreshing odor and the sight of sky and sea, there is little to suggest the lands with which the Occidental is familiar. Standing west of the mouth of the Jordan, on a beach of pebbles and cobblestones piled with gray branches of dead trees, the traveller sees on the right, southward, the deep waters of the Dead Sea, bounded on either side by a level-topped line of brown cliffs growing purple in the distance. At times the sea is dark blue, but in a quarter of an hour, as the wind changes, it may become peacock green and then pale pea-green, with purple shadows where clouds obscure for a space the hazy sky. On the left still lagoons, not salt like the sea, but merely brackish, are fringed with tall green reeds, back of which stand feathery tamarisk bushes, whose spikes of dainty white blossoms give out a delicate scent fit for a fairy princess. In front to the eastward across the rushing waters of the cool river the little mount of Pisgah, whence Moses surveyed the Promised Land, forms a gently sloping brown dome rising slightly above the smooth, treeless sky-line of the plateau of Moab.

In all the view there is no sign of man except a fisherman's hut of rude timber and rushes set among the reeds by a lagoon, and a small patch of green fields at Suweimeh on the plain at the base of Pisgah, where Sodom possibly stood of old. To the west above the barren escarpment of the Judean plateau the tower on the Mount of Olives, only eighteen miles away, is also in sight;

but it belongs to another world far removed from the sunken, heat-stricken depression of the Dead Sea. The view does not suggest death or desolation; for ducks, geese, and gulls swarm over the lagoons and over the shallow water of the delta, which is only a foot or two deep for half a mile from land. Here and there a kingfisher with white or yellowish breast poises with beating wings, then sinks and finally drops like a shot into the brackish water of the lagoons, only to rise and dive again in half a minute; cranes and bitterns flap slowly along, with legs stretched far astern; hawks, too, soar overhead; and far out in the shallow water of the delta, among scores of stranded tree trunks, tall whitish birds wade busily about, picking up food from a sea that is supposed to be dead. A sound alarms the long-necked fowl, and as they take wing a rosy flush like dawn shows that they are flamingoes.

The abundant life of plant and bird about the delta of the Jordan almost makes one suspect that the sea has been misnamed; that it is not dead, but living. Go along the lifeless beach away from the Jordan for a mile or two, however, and note the entire absence of shell-fish and water-loving insects, and even of algæ. Look at the gaunt groups of dead tamarisk bushes or palms that stand offshore at the mouth of the occasional trickling streams at the base of the plateaus. They bear potent witness to the deadening power of the water, which during the past thirty years has risen six or eight feet. Or stand by the mouth of the Jordan and watch the muddy stream. Something white shines and is sucked under—a dead fish floating seaward; and after the first a second and perhaps a third, killed by the bitter brine of the sea even before actually reaching



it. The refreshing smell of salt marshes is in reality for the most part the odor of decaying plants and animals killed by the saline water. The Dead Sea well deserves its name.

The famous naturalist Humboldt expressed the belief that in all the world no geological phenomenon is so profoundly important as the great depression of the Ghor in which lie the Jordan Valley and the Dead Sea. Not only is the Ghor in itself a marvellous example of a long narrow slice of the earth's crust dropped thousands of feet below the plateaus on either side, but also it has had an almost incalculable influence upon human progress by reason of its effect in isolating Judea from the inroads of the wild tribes of Arabia. Yet, strangely enough, or rather very naturally, in view of its inhospitable physical character, the Ghor is even now but slightly known. Thousands of tourists visit it annually, to be sure, driving from Jerusalem to Jericho, and then to the Bathing Place on the Jordan and to the northern end of the Dead Sea, a carriage ride of a day and a half. Few, however, realize the importance of the place; many, indeed, complain that the drive is fatiguing, and that, as one stout, tired tourist put the matter, it is scarcely worth while to go to so much trouble for the sake of fifteen minutes at the Jordan and a minute and a half at the Dead Sea, which was all that the managers of his tour would allow him.

In order to form a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the Ghor, and especially in order to be able to study the old shore-lines of the Dead Sea, the Yale Expedition of 1909 to Palestine took as part of its equipment a fourteen-foot folding-boat of canvas. At Constantinople we were fortunately warned that the Dead Sea and the Jordan Valley are the private property of the Sultan, who has sold to a Jew and an Arab the exclusive right to put boats upon the sea. They have fitted up an old forty-foot sloop with a ten-horse-power kerosene-engine, and this with two tenders forms the entire Dead Sea fleet. The fishermen on the lower Jordan, sea-loving Greeks who still preserve the instincts fostered by the islands and bays of their fatherland, built some good-sized boats for use on

the sea a few years ago, but were never allowed to launch them; and the craft now lie rotting among the pebbles and driftwood of the beach. The sloop of the concessionnaires makes occasional trips up and down the lake, to bring a few loads of barley from the southeast, or very rarely to carry passengers; but for the most part the boat lies idle. It does not appear to be a very profitable speculation, although a well-equipped tourist launch might easily be made to pay if the remarkable nature of the scenery of the lake were once known. Thanks to our warning, we informed the American ambassador at Constantinople of our purpose to navigate the Dead Sea, and through his kind offices obtained permission to sail our little craft where we pleased. Otherwise we should have shared the fate of the Greek fishermen and been obliged to confine our navigation to the beach, for the watchman at the landing-place protested violently against our infringement of the rights of his "patrons," and would not be quiet till a soldier came from the Mudir at Jericho to confirm our permit.

Our trip to the Dead Sea began at Jerusalem on March 12, 1909. Sending our baggage direct by wagon to Jericho, Mr. Graham and the writer made a southward détour by way of the well-known Greek monastery of Mar Saba, which, with that of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai, is supposed to be the oldest monastery now in existence. The soldier who was to be our guide failed to appear, and we were obliged to trust to the horse-boy, Ahmed, an Arab of almost pure negro appearance, who did not know the road. Leaving the city by the Vale of Hinnom, we rode past vile-smelling pools of ordure kept for fertilizing the famous cauliflowers and other vegetables of the little gardens of Jerusalem, and went down the absolutely dry valley of the so-called "brook" Kedron between gray slopes composed of horizontal limestone strata scantily clothed with grass, and suggesting velvet with the nap rubbed off. At noon we reached Mar Saba, where an unusually hard layer of limestone arches up a little and causes the fine gorge on the brink of which the monastery is perched. A mild Greek priest, who had spent a year in New York



and Chicago before he became a monk, showed us the caves and the somewhat tawdry chapels. Pointing to a picture of St. Saba and a little beast, scarcely larger than a cat, which rubbed its head against the knee of the saint, he told us, with apparent credulity, that the animal was a lion which carried the holy man from his hermit's cave on three different occasions to eat him, but later became miraculously tame, and ever afterward brought the saint his daily supply of food and drink.

On leaving Mar Saba, Ahmed led us across the "wilderness of Tekoa" among rounded hills of yellow limestone, much less rugged than we had expected to find in this region where the plateau of Judea breaks down to the Dead Sea. At length, however, a turn to the east brought us to the head of the gorge of Wadi Kumran, cut in the same hard rock which causes the gorge of Mar Saba. At once the horses began to have difficulty in descending the steep rocky slopes. It was necessary first to coax and then to whip them; and as the gorge deepened we came to a place where it took half an hour to persuade the frightened creatures to scramble down a hundred yards. As we afterward learned, we had followed a goat track on the south side of the wadi instead of crossing to the north. Suddenly, without warning, the valley came to an end, breaking off in a sheer precipice two or three hundred feet high; and we found ourselves looking down upon a narrow plain of gravel, beyond which lay the blue sea. Ahmed dared not turn back apparently, for he did not know the way, and he was evidently afraid of the Arabs of Tekoa, whose black tents we had passed two hours ago. To our amazement he forced the horses to scramble down the precipice. Sometimes the poor beasts actually slid ten or fifteen feet at a time, with clattering, sprawling hoofs which made a noise like a load of rocks being dumped out of a cart. One horse fell over upon its back, so that the top of the saddle was gashed. The loose stones cut the hocks of the patient beasts, and a trail of drops of blood marked the cobblestones and boulders along the path at the base of the cliff. By sunset we were at the level of the plain, twelve hundred feet

below the Mediterranean Sea. The air had been growing steadily warmer all day, and the thermometer now stood at seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. Again Ahmed lost the way, stupidly crossing a well-worn trail which we afterward found led to Jericho; and we wandered in the darkness through a waste of low tamarisk bushes, and then among thick thorns and dense dusty reeds. Finally we fell into soft muck along the course of a little salt stream, and were compelled to make a long *détour* before reaching the carriage road which leads from the Dead Sea to Jericho, where we arrived at ten o'clock.

It was well worth while to lose our way both in the mountains and in the plain. By so doing we were made to realize vividly the steepness of the escarpment which marks the location of the geological fault or break between the Ghor and the plateau of Judea. We realized also the denseness and impenetrability of the patches of jungle which grow on the plain of the hot Ghor wherever there is water sufficiently fresh. Thus we were made conscious of the part which the Ghor has played in making the Children of Israel a "peculiar people." Invaders who did not know the country would be in constant danger of falling upon roads like that which we traversed; and a few experiences with such trails would have a strong tendency to make wandering desert tribes refrain from invading Judea. If the Judean plateau, like that of Moab, had been open to the desert, it could scarcely have been the home of a people so separate from the rest of the world, and hence so influential when finally their seclusion came to an end.

Our first two days on the Dead Sea were spent in trying the seaworthiness of our boat, examining the lagoons at the mouth of the Jordan, and becoming acquainted with the sea itself. We had heard much of the bitterness of the water, its greasy, disagreeable qualities, its tendency to corrode metals, and its character of remaining quiet under a wind up to a certain point, and then suddenly rising into irresistible waves. It is scarcely so bad as it is painted. We expected to float half out of water when we bathed and to find swimming difficult. As a matter of fact, one might stay in the water half





NEAR THE MOUTH OF THE JORDAN, LOOKING TOWARD THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

an hour and never discover that it is different from sea-water unless one tasted it or got it into his eyes. In swimming one's shoulders are all the time out of water, and the ease with which it is possible to float is very pleasant. The oddest sensation is when one tries to walk out to his depth and finds that when the water reaches the armpits he is taken off his feet and vainly wiggles his toes in an attempt to touch bottom. If a lagoon is at hand back of the pebbly beach so that one can wash after swimming, a bath in the Dead Sea is quite delightful. One day at the northwest corner, about two miles from the landing-place where visitors usually go, we washed ourselves in a lagoon whose bottom was covered with bitumen. The water felt cool as we stepped in, but, to our surprise, it grew unbearably hot toward the middle because of springs welling up from heated depths along a fissure.

When the water of the Dead Sea dries upon hands or clothing it is intensely disagreeable. After a day or two on the sea everything grows greasy and genuinely "nasty." It is almost impossible to wipe the hands dry, and when they grow dry from evaporation the skin feels stiff, and one wants to hold the fingers apart just as when mud dries on the hands. As to the waves, we did not find them markedly different from those of the ocean in the speed with which they

rise, although they pound heavily when aroused.

On the morning of the third day we started to move our camp to a spring called Ain Feshkah, six miles from the head of the lake on the west side, where a large stream of water, brackish like almost all the water near the Dead Sea, flows from the foot of limestone cliffs into a pretty bay fringed with reeds. As we went along the beach, towing our boat—for that was easier than rowing when we had a load—some salt-gatherers beside a bitter lagoon accosted us to know where we were going. They held up their hands in horror when we said to Ain Feshkah.

"Don't go there to-day," they protested. "Don't you know there is a battle going on there? Didn't you hear the firing this morning? If you go there now, perhaps you will find half a dozen dead bodies lying around. It's the Beni Atrieh. They have come up ten days' journey from the south and are stealing camels and everything else. Don't go to-day. Wait till to-morrow. They will be gone by that time."

We camped a mile farther along the shore. Our men were not eager to go on, and a soldier who came that night with a message from the Mudir at Jericho said that he would not stay at Ain Feshkah for a pound a day, which meant five times his ordinary pay when





THE JORDAN VALLEY SOUTHEAST OF JERICHO

on special duty with foreigners. We went to Ain Feshkah the next day. As we drew near we could see through the field-glass long lines of white sheep winding slowly up the mountainside in orderly files, while black goats were scattered here and there in disorder, although they, too, were, on the whole, moving upward. There were Arabs among them, and we wondered if these could be some of the Beni Atrieh driving away stolen flocks. Our man Abdullah thought not, so we cautiously landed and found that the Arabs belonged in the neighborhood. They had come down from the mountains that day to give the flocks a drink, and were now going back to stay a few days until the animals again needed water. They knew nothing of the raid of the day before; for the robbers had gone hastily off to the south.

A few days later, at the northeast corner of the sea, at a place called Suweimeh, our worthless Coptic servant, Shukri, came in with news that some Arabs belonging to the robber tribes of the middle valley of the Jordan had come down from the north and had robbed and stripped some priests at the monastery

of Beth Hogla, close to the road where scores of tourists daily drive to and fro in perfect safety. While he was relating this tale, Mikhail, the cook, came in to say that a report had come that the robbers had stolen the goods of an archaeologically minded priest at Ain Feshkah and left him almost naked. Next we heard that the owner of the café at the bridge over the Jordan had been visited, and was now poorer than formerly. Then faithful Abdullah came in with word that the camel-keeper beside whose black tent we were camped had seen the robbers cross to our side of the Jordan in order to be safe from the law. Fifteen or twenty of them had camped in the dense jungle a mile and a half from us, where I later saw the fresh vestiges of their camp. To complete our discomfort the Arab who was to accompany Mr. Graham to Zoar as guide the next day announced that he was afraid to go; and the local sheikh, who was to bring horses to enable me to study the problem of the location of Sodom, sent word that he intended to keep his horses in the mountains, where they would be safe. We slept with our guns beside us that night; or rather, to

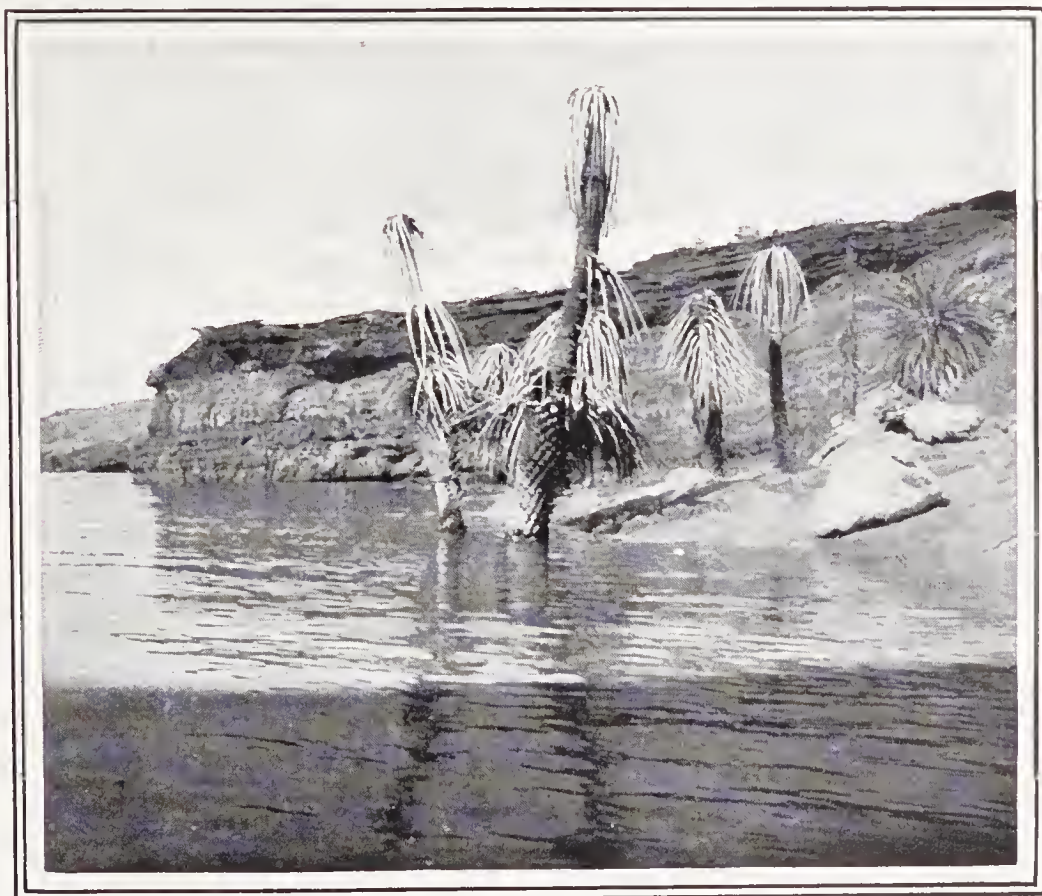


be truthful, we scarcely slept at all till toward morning. It is hard to tell whether the danger was real or imaginary. It certainly seemed real, and the camel-man's little brown dog barked most of the night as if some one were prowling around watching the camp; but nothing happened, and we woke to laugh at our fears. The man with the horses appeared at the appointed time, and we rode mountainward to investigate Sodom and Zoar.

Stories of raids and robberies are the common stock of travellers in Palestine; and one is almost afraid to tell them for fear of being thought to build on a small foundation of fact. Nevertheless it is true that, with the exception of Jericho and the places regularly visited by tourists and pilgrims, the lower portion of the Ghor is chronically in a state of unrest, as it has been for ages, partly because the peculiar physical formation of the country renders it difficult for the government which holds the plateaus on either side to get at the robbers, and partly because the heat and dryness of the region keep the Arabs in deep poverty. At best the Arabs manage to get a scanty living from their flocks and from a few half-tilled fields. A dry spring like that of 1909, when almost no rain fell during March, causes much unrest because the supply of grass for the flocks is scanty, and the Arabs see before them the immediate prospect of lack of the actual necessities of life. At such times, according to the moral code which their environment has fostered, there is no reason why a man should not rob if he sees men of another race or tribe living in plenty while he suffers want.

One of the most enjoyable of our experiences during our two weeks on the Dead Sea was a trip of four days down the eastern coast. Starting from Suweimeh, we rowed along

a shore which is barren to the last degree according to Western ideas, but which impressed us as decidedly green when we first came to it from the still more sterile western shore. Its greenness is due to the fact that on this side the prevailing westerly winds rise, and hence grow cool and give up a little moisture, instead of descending and growing dry as on the western side. In the midst of this shore, a mile or two below Suweimeh, we were much interested to come upon a little promontory of lava, of which more anon. Then came the Wadi Ghuweir, and beyond it a small wadi full of palm trees growing wild. We came upon them unexpectedly, and were thrilled with that strange quickening of the imagination which the first sight of the graceful archaic trunks and rounded heads always produces. Farther south the palms became numerous, growing in graceful clumps wherever a little water oozes out from the horizontally bedded cliffs, or where one of the numerous hot springs wells out to support a green patch of reeds. The steep cliffs, the hanging palms, and the occasional acacia trees give to the landscape an appearance remarkably suggestive of pictures of the mountains of the interior of Morocco on the borders of the Sahara.



PALM TREES KILLED BY THE RISING WATERS



Along the central portions of the east coast lofty cliffs bound the sea, often rising in sheer precipices a hundred feet or more. Once we put up our sail in order to utilize a north wind in passing a bold headland with fine cliffs. The breeze grew to a high wind within a few minutes and changed to the northwest. The waves rose quickly, and we felt obliged to land; but precipices of naked red rock towered steeply for two or three miles ahead. To go back against the wind was impossible. We were obliged to run before it, keeping as far from the shore as possible and watching anxiously for a landing-place as wave after wave broke over our stern. At length a break appeared in the cliffs, a small wadi with a few boulders at its mouth. We jumped out

into heavy breakers, which threw us down and dashed the boat against the rocks so violently as to puncture the canvas bottom. Part of our food was spoiled by the brine, which had come in over the stern to a depth of two or three inches; and our water supply, contained in goat-skin bags, had become nauseatingly brackish because the salt of the sea had penetrated the leather by osmosis while the bags lay in the half-filled boat.

The loss of our provisions obliged us to turn back, but not until we had seen the mouth of the Wadi Mojib or Arnon, the finest place of scenery on the Dead Sea. Splendid red cliffs, banded with yellow and streaked with blue and green, tower out of the many-hued sea, which reflects all the colors of the rocks with

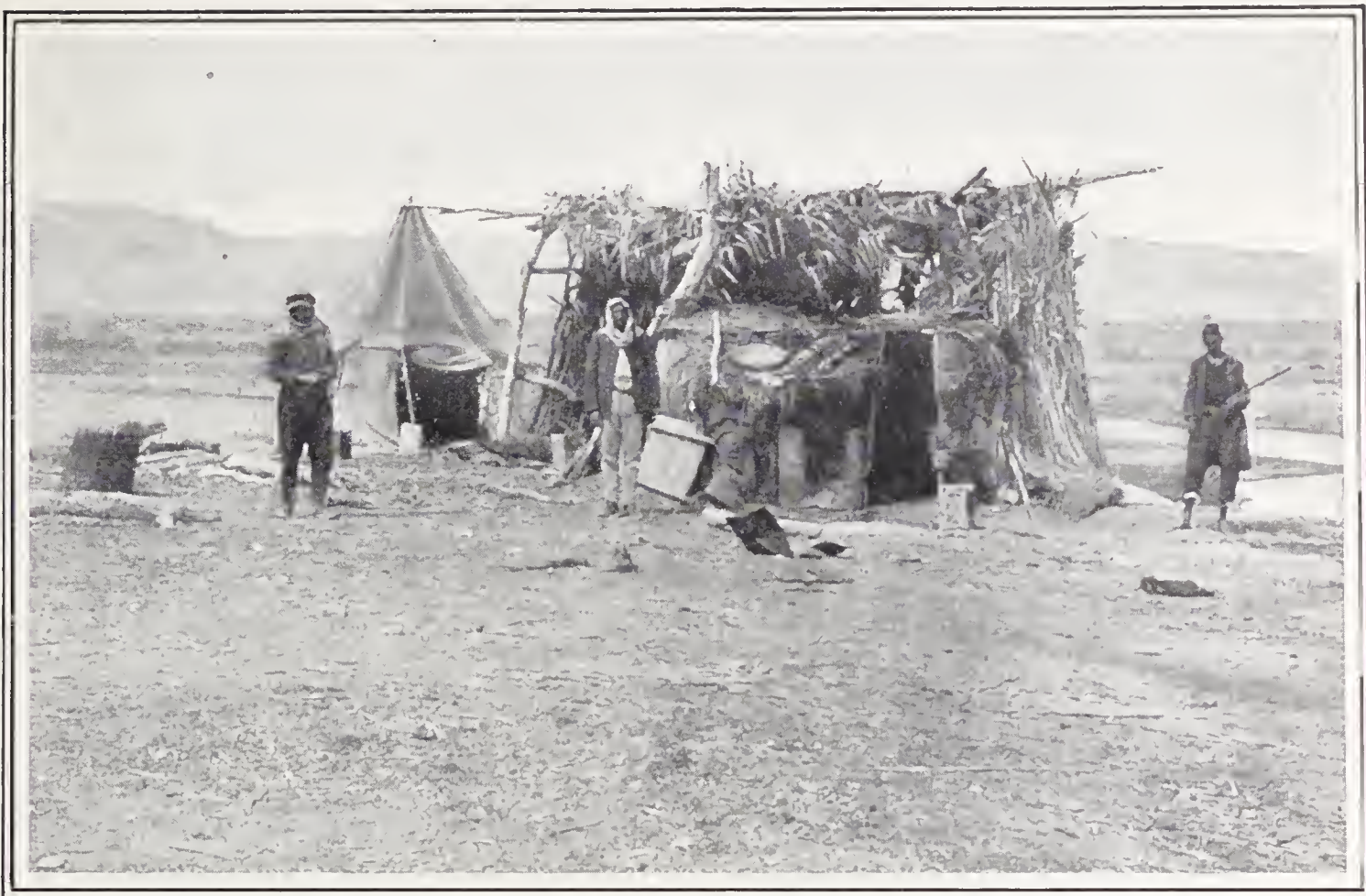
added tints and harmonies of its own. Through the cliffs breaks a gorge scarcely more than a hundred feet wide at the base, and having walls that rise almost straight upward for several hundred feet. Out from the gorge flows a clear stream of fresh water, up which one can sail into the dark recesses of the chasm. Inward a narrow bed of reeds lies in pleasing contrast to grotesquely sculptured cliffs of many warm shades, while outward a frame of solid rock encloses a bit of the bright sea, with the brown, even-topped cliffs of En Gedi and the country of Hebron in the distance.

Among the scientific problems connected with the Dead Sea none is more interesting than that of Sodom and Gomorrah. Hundreds of pages have been written to prove that the story is



THE GORGE OF ZERKA MA'IN





SALT-GATHERERS

a myth, or that the ancient towns were destroyed by the bursting forth of oil wells like those of Texas or Baku, which sometimes are ignited and burn for days. Other hundreds of pages have been devoted to proving that Sodom and Gomorrah were, or were not, at the north end of the Dead Sea, and that they were, or were not, buried under the saline deposits at either end of the lake. Among recent writers there seems to be a tendency to believe that Sodom and its sister town were probably located at the south end of the lake, where the name Usdum is thought to represent Sodom, and where Arab tradition now locates the ill-fated cities. The means of their destruction are believed to have been the oil wells mentioned above. This rather unsatisfactory conclusion has been adopted largely because it has been supposed that no volcano is located in such a position that it could have borne any part in the story.

The identification of Biblical sites was not part of the intended work of the Yale Expedition, but no intelligent man can wander among places whose fame is world-wide without becoming keenly interested in them. According to the story in Genesis, Lot and Abraham were at Bethel, ten miles north of Jerusalem,

when their herdsmen quarrelled and they decided to separate. "And Lot lifted up his eyes, and beheld all the Plain of the Jordan, that it was well watered everywhere, before Jehovah destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah, like the garden of Jehovah, like the land of Egypt, as thou goest unto Zoar. So Lot chose him all the Plain of Jordan." Then the story goes on to the time when "Jehovah rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from Jehovah out of heaven" while Lot fled to the near town of Zoar. He did not stay there long, but "went out of Zoar and dwelt in the mountain—in a cave."

Having freshly read the story and having looked over the strong arguments for locating the towns south of the Dead Sea and for believing them to have been destroyed by something in the nature of bituminous outbursts, I was taken by surprise when I visited the little ruin of Suweimeh and picked up bits of genuine scoriaceous lava, while the sheikh who acted as guide told the story of Sodom as the story of Suweimeh, or Suweim. The name may be a corruption of Sodom. The place, as we have seen, is much greener than the other side of the Ghor, and in the days of Lot it may



well have been like "the garden of Jehovah"; for in those times, as our studies of old levels of the Dead Sea quite clearly indicate, the climate of Palestine was probably decidedly moister than it now is. I went into the mountains at once from Suweim in order to see where the lava came from. As we climbed the lower hills the sheikh noticed that I picked up black pieces of lava and broke them open. "Don't bother with those," he said. "Up here," pointing southeast, "there is a whole mountain of black rock like that." Not two miles from Suweim, along the line of the great fault which separates the Ghor from the plateau of Moab, we found the mountain, a genuine little volcano of very recent date geologically. From it flowed a sheet of lava which made the small headland already mentioned between Suweim and Ghuweir. The name Ghuweir is believed by many students to be a corruption of Zoar, although it may also be an Arabic word, the diminutive of Ghor, meaning "Little Valley." A late eruption of ashes from the volcano may easily have wrought

havoc in a town located near Suweim. On the other hand, Ghuweir lies in such a situation that it would be protected by intervening hills.

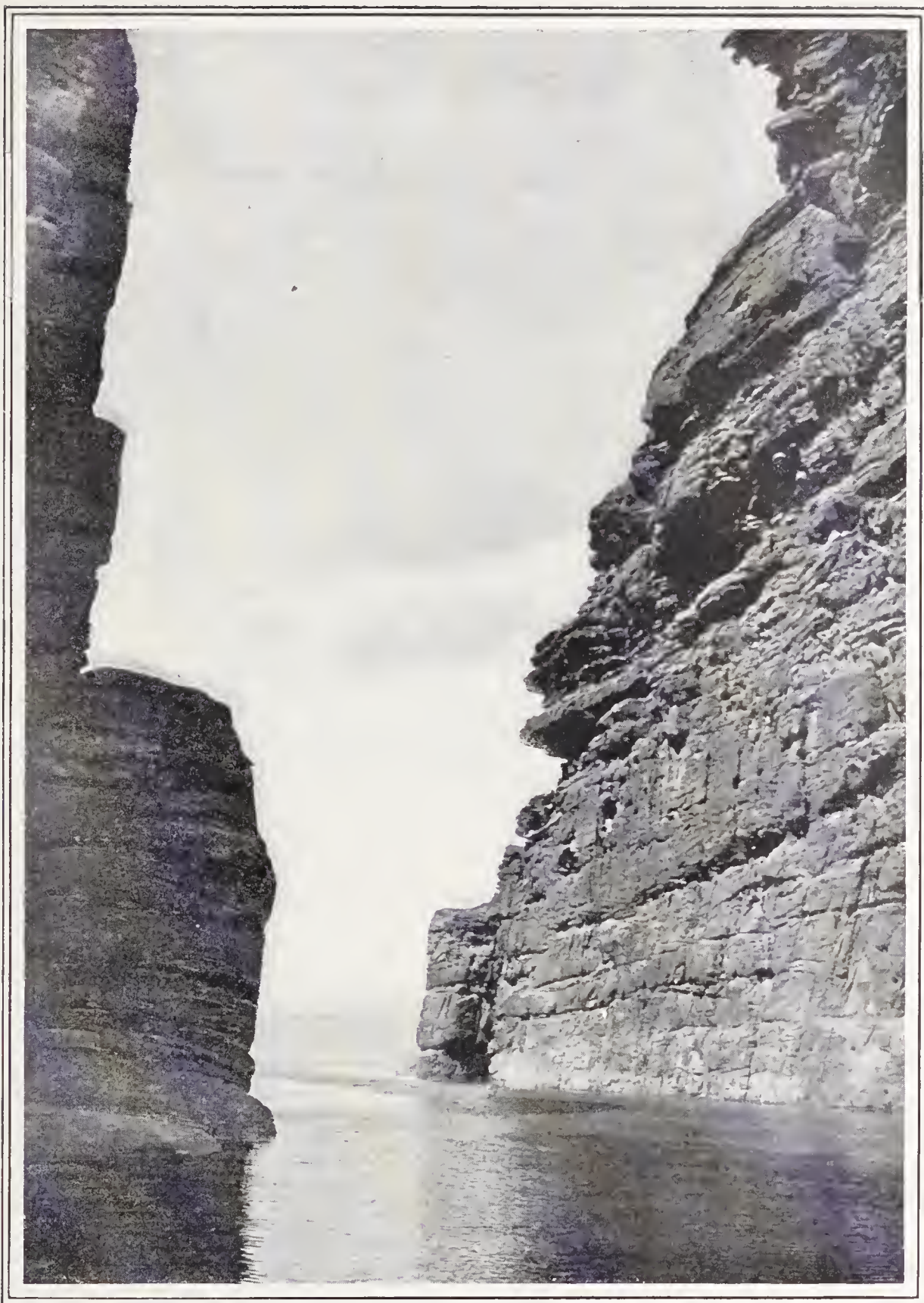
The present ruins of Ghuweir doubtless date from a time many hundred or even one or two thousand years after the days of Abraham and Lot. There is one work of man, however, which may go back to the period of the Patriarchs and which may have played a part in the Biblical narrative. Near the head of the valley which leads eastward from Ghuweir up toward the plateau of Moab we discovered a carefully excavated cave among the mountains at a place called El Ghutar, between Abu Hassan and Beth Peor. It is about twenty feet long and fifteen wide, carefully hewed out of the limestone above a spring. Two windows look down the wadi toward Zoar, and a door with a rock-cut trough to lead off the water of rains has been so located that it can be reached only by climbing a precipice by means of six or eight little niches cut in the rock, or by climbing down over some difficult steps in the rock above. Nowhere else in this



THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA

North of the Hot Springs of Callirhoe, where baths were built by Herod





MOUTH OF THE ARNON

region is there known to be an artificial cave upon which any such care has been bestowed as upon this. The discovery of the cave, together with the volcano and the tradition of Suweimeh, supplies all the elements of the story of Sodom and Gomorrah in exactly the location where the Biblical account would lead one to expect them. The supposition that the climate of past times was different from that of to-day disposes of the difficulty which has arisen from the Scriptural reference to the fertility of the land. On the whole, the result of a strictly

geographic study of the region tends to show that the Biblical account is correct almost exactly as it stands. The fact that students of the highest ability have been in such doubt as to the location of Sodom and Gomorrah shows how imperfectly the Ghor and the shores of the Dead Sea have been explored.

Few lakes are better known than the Dead Sea so far as the mere name is concerned, but few have played a smaller part in the life of the people around them. To-day, as always, most of the coast of the sea is inaccessible and un-





EAST SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA, NEAR THE BATHS OF HEROD

inhabited. Our investigations show that the lake has been through many changes of size, some of which have taken place within historic times. None of the recent changes, however, have been sufficient to alter its character to any appreciable extent. In all the lapse of history only one important set of stories centres around the Dead Sea—the tales

of Lot; and they have been preserved not so much because of the sea as because of the volcano which overwhelmed the ill-famed towns. The future holds nothing in store for the sea better than the past. The hot, unhealthy coasts may in time be visited for their scenery, or for their associations, but the sea is dead, and out of it no life can come.

## In Fetters

*BY EDITH M. THOMAS*

MY soul and I were holden fast,  
With cruel fetters on us cast:  
There was no way that we could turn  
Within our dungeon strait and stern.

A ray of light! It showed me, there,  
What lent me hope—and lent despair!  
For, by that ray, Myself I knew  
As prisoner and jailer, too!



# Swanhild

BY BRIAN HOOKER

UNDER the high dimness of the Hall of Shields, Bikki, the King's counsellor, paced softly to and fro, muttering to himself and stroking his long white beard. The arch at the far end framed a square of sunshine where white doves fluttered between leafy branches and the red stones of the court; and a broad bar of brightness therefrom thrust midway down the hall, gleaming over arras and armor. Now and again a wind rustled the leaves, and a roar blew inward from the sea; but deep within there was little light, nor any sound save the whispering of Bikki's feet among the rushes. Beside the throne lay a great hound, like a brown shadow, that ever as Bikki passed him opened green eyes in the gloom and growled.

Of a sudden there entered a sturdy youth just man-grown, very brave in broidery of red silk and collar of gold, shaking back his heavy hair and striding proudly. The doves fluttered from before his feet, and one of them followed him down the sunbeam and sat upon his shoulder; but at that the hawk that clung upon his wrist screamed and ruffled, raising its wings, and the dove flew back afraid. Of this the youth noted nothing, but strode onward until he stood near the old man, and there spoke loudly: "I am here, the King's son, at thy bidding. What is now to do?"

Bikki only hushed him with his hand, as one stills a noisy child; and went on muttering and pacing to and fro. At that the youth grew hot, and presently caught him by the shoulder, crying: "Speak out, old dotard! Am I a child or a thrall, to bide thy pleasure? Wherefore hast thou sent for me?"

The old man started, and slid from his grasp into a low reverence while he answered: "Nay, lord Randver, thy forgiveness. For truly I grow old so that many times I can hardly hear a word softly spoken. Moreover, I was even

now deep in a grave matter touching thee and the King thy father and this land which one day thou shalt rule."

Randver said quickly: "Thou art all too careful of this kingdom and my father and me. Thou hast bred me up witless of war and seafaring and all else that becometh a man, a prince of silks and gems, a bower-prince—and thou hast put scorn between me and my father, so that he shameth to have begotten me, being what thy care hath made me."

Bikki laughed a little scattered laugh, hiding it with his hand. Then softly he answered: "See, now, thou hast frightened thine hawk. He should be kept at mew, hooded, until his wings be grown. Nay, but thou shalt have thy desire; for we go seafaring to-morrow, thou and I, to fetch thy father a new wife. Mayhap we shall find some fair woman for thee too, that shall bring thee a man's joy."

Randver broke in: "What is this of hawks and wives? Before my years Sigurd was already Fafnir's bane." And his eyes filled with water.

Bikki clapped him on the arm, saying: "Give me leave, and I will tell all. But an old man runneth ever to many words. I pray thy patience while I strive to set forth news that shall make thee glad. For"—he spoke slowly, watching close—"I would not grieve the King's son . . . even to tears."

Randver shook free and struck. The old man was dashed back against the throne, and lay there, coughing. The hound sprang up and bayed loud, and the hawk flew screaming amid the rafters. Then Randver made haste to raise him up, and he stood unsteadily, with blood and straws in his white beard. Before Randver could speak, a trumpet sounded, and they heard footsteps; and Bikki clawed at his arm, muttering, "Hush . . . the King." Then the hall filled with moving men and the flicker of torches. One kindled a great fire in



the midst. And the King, an iron-gray man, bushy-browed, with a face of flint and fire, sat upon the throne, and Bikki and Randver stood before him.

After the trumpets had blown again, the King began to speak, saying shortly: "Behold, these ten years we are at peace with all, and I grow old, having no son but Randver, that is a skald and a hunter, no man of war. Lest I die, therefore, and those old wolves the Giukings eat up my kingdom, Randver and Bikki shall fare to the Northern Isles to-morrow, bearing gifts, and bring me back to wife Swanhild, the daughter of Sigurd Fafnir's-Bane; and of her will I raise up sons that shall be men, to guard this land. This is my will. Hath any man aught to say?"

The nobles looked at one another, and an old earl answered: "Bethink thee, King. Randver is yet untried, because of this very peace. Moreover, we be old men, thou and I, and Swanhild a young maid: as men say, Rose upon Rock rooteth ill."

The King turned upon him: "A black bane befall thy soothsayings! Am I grown too sapless to rule mine own house and wed mine own wife? Well for thee, Biorn Signisson, that I owe thee my head aforetime." And he growled, chewing his beard.

Biorn said only: "I have done. Swanhild's blood is Volsung fire and Giuking craft. No good will come of it."

Then Bikki put in, softly: "Truly, as Earl Biorn saith, Swanhild is a Giuking by her mother Gudrun. So shall her kindred's teeth be drawn until the King's sons be grown." And the King, looking at him, saw blood upon his cheek, and said quickly, "What is this?"

Bikki laughed a little scattered laugh, hiding it with his hand: "Thou art ever careful of old Bikki, lord King. It is no matter: only that, brooding over thy welfare, I misstepped, and fell against the right arm of the throne," and he glanced at Randver sidelong.

The boy, all hot and red, cried out: "He lies, father. I struck him," and stared into the eyes of the King, that knotted both hands in his broad beard, saying: "Is this true?" And Bikki began swiftly to say that it had been by mishap, while they strove to tame a

hawk together. But the King burst forth in a roar:

"A dog's deed, Randver, to strike a sapless man! And a shame on me to have fathered a coward! A dog's deed, I say! Verily and in sooth I have sore need of sons. . . . Be still, Bikki. . . . A brave son, thou! Evil day that ever I wedded that white woman out of the south, with her soft eyes and her sleek ways. Well she did to die bearing thee, and an ill thing that ever thou wast born alive."

Randver said: "It is no better to speak ill of my mother that is under ground because of thee." And the King leaped up, beside himself, and caught at his sword. But Bikki swung upon his arm, and presently he turned away and spat, saying: "Go in safety. Of ye two, I had done better to have smitten Bikki." Thereupon Randver, that had stood up white and hard to be slain, threw himself flatlong on the rushes, sobbing like a woman. The others crowded about the King, glozing over the matter with many words. And so the council was broken up, and Randver lay there alone but for the hound that came to nuzzle at his neck.

Now, it may be that hard upon so bitter an hour Randver should in fitness have done some great thing: as to have slain himself or another, or to have fared forth by lone deeds to conquer his shame. And indeed these things were behind his thought; yet, because young grief may hardly withstand sleep and sunshine, he fell in on the morrow with all the bustle of ready-making none so sadly after all. As they rode down to the ship, a white dove lighting close before them was caught and crushed under their horses' feet. And all marvelled that a winged creature should be overtaken so, and some made it out an evil sign for their voyage. But Bikki laughed it over, saying that in like wise the dove they went to seek should not avoid them. And so, when the silks and gold and weapons were stowed safely, and the shields hung over the side, they shook out sail and set forth singing, past the black, pine-fringed cliffs of the Haven and out over the surge of the great Northern Sea.

They had a fair voyage and little happening. Randver, that was mad to learn sea-lore, the ways of a ship and the signs



of the weather, had yet many hours of idle brooding. With Bikki he might neither quarrel nor be reconciled; for the old man bore him a steadfast kindness, neither fretting his grief nor heeding his unfriendship; as if, indeed, there had been no matter between them. And whenever Randver would suffer him awhile, he poured forth such tales of old battles and wondrous loves as were magical to hear. A boy hungereth openly after war and secretly after woman: and Bikki played upon both, telling of Sigmund whose strength no poison could harm, and how Signy met him under guise of the witch-woman; of Beowulf at grips with Grendel, and Grettir unafraid before the dread eyes of Glam; of the winning of the hoard of Andvari; of Sigurd, for whose sake Brynhild forsook Valhalla, and how Gudrun stole him from her, and of her death. For ever he brought round the tale to the Volsungs and Swanhild that was the last of them, daughter of Sigurd and Gudrun, fairest and highest of all women. But though Randver lay under glamour of the tales, he learned no love of the teller.

One day he said: "I marvel that thou canst bear thyself so friendly: doubtless thy heart is weaving vengeance against me."

The old man's eyes widened, and he spread out his hands: "In good sooth, lord Prince, I have naught to avenge. Old Bikki is servant to thy father and thee, to use him as ye will."

Randver said sullenly, "I have done thee foul shame; make the most of it."

Then Bikki: "It was a little thing, lord Prince, a little thing. But for thy plain speaking I would have saved thy father's wrath even then."

Randver scowled: "Ay, there it is—thou art ever in the right, I know not how, twisting all things to thy good stead; and therefore I hate thee."

Bikki laughed back at him: "Nay, not therefore, Prince, but because thou weenest to have done me great wrong; and that is fair cause for hating, as Gunnar hated Sigurd. But truly, what harm hast thou done me, seeing I am none the worse? Is a bruised cheek so mighty a matter? My way is the world's way, that maketh little of our great matters. Bird-song followeth Blight, and the wom-

an that buried her child this morn must comb her locks and order her kitchen no less. See now, there is no evil upon earth save only those two dreams, Grief and Fear. Careless goeth unscathed, and where sorrow feedeth sorrow breedeth."

After Randver had thought upon this awhile, he asked, "Hast thou no shame?" And Bikki answered lightly:

"Not a whit. Have I done aught shameful, or weenest thou that I forbear vengeance through fear?"

After this, although it brought no healing, yet the trouble between the two was in a manner scarred over perforce. Randver could find no handle for hatred; and the old man's craft so wrought in him that his grief mocked itself. So they drew together, skating as it were upon a thin ice of friendliness. And very cunningly Bikki tempered the boy's heart to his will, heating it with fiery tales and chilling it with bitter wisdom hour by hour. Randver had little other pleasure; with the men, that were old sea-wolves all, he could have no fellowship. They paid him uncouth lip-service, and their talk changed when he came among them. For the most part, indeed, they bore him no ill-will; though some few sought to play upon him with solemn faces over huge sea-lies. But Randver, noting all, felt his unproof shamefully, and shrank away from them to talk with Bikki or brood lonesome over good and evil, the ways of the gods and the tangled web of the world, the dark of his own heart, and all manner of mysteries that never man shall know.

One day, as he lay under shadow of the sail, dreaming of battle and beauty, one of the men, a great ill-conditioned oaf, passing, asked whether he would have a mermaid for wife; and began to tell whereby they might be found. Randver, without speaking, caught him about the knees and hove him into the sea; where the man, being in armor, sank forthwith. At that the rowers sprang from their benches and the whole crew made at him like angry wasps. But he caught up an axe and set his back against the mast, with so evil a grin that they stayed a moment. And by then Bikki shuffled into the circle, peering and sneering, and saying softly, "Children, children, what is all this to-do over one dead



dog?" And they turned from his eye and slunk away to their work. When Randver would have taken shame for hot-headedness, he made nothing of it: "Thou didst well. The fellow was ripe for a fool's death. Better mayhap to have broken his thick head only, for he was a good rower; but henceforward they will take thee for a man." And to Randver's marvelling at his dominion over so fierce a horde, he laughed and said only, "They remember that I have lived long in this world." Thereafter, as Bikki had said, Randver found the men changed as to him: he got black looks enow, truly; but they spoke openly before him, and there was no more smirking. Moreover, though he grieved thereat, it was no small strength to him that he had killed a man with his hands.

After noon upon a Friday they came to their way's end, a place of rocks and sea-birds, gray under a gray sky. There Gudrun made them welcome with many words, remembering Bikki well, that she had seen but once long before, and smiling wanly upon Randver that strutted and ruffled for bashfulness. She had them to sit at meat in the hall, as befitted, before she would hear their message. Swanhild was there, tall and slenderly moulded, cream-skinned, with long purple eyes; her hair not braided, but heaped above her head in cloud upon cloud of palest amber, like fire beneath ashes; and the beauty of her like an old song remembered. She made a light and a stillness in the room, as a lamp in a casement when winds are blowing; and her maidens laughed and glanced about her, hating her with their smiles.

Yet, although at the first his heart quickened at her, and he felt ever uneasily her quiet eyes upon him, Randver took little note of Swanhild as then, for his wondering at Gudrun, his brain seething with all that he knew of her. Here was she by whom the fairest had sorrowed and the bravest died: those arms had lain about the neck of Sigurd in his hour of blind joy; those eyes had looked upon Brynhild in her anger, upon Hogni bleeding his heart out over a heap of slain; her mouth had felt the kisses of four kings that had bandied her one to the other like a piece of money; she had won

her will of the greatest, and slain her own children for a bitter jest. And here she sat in the flesh, laughing over little matters, a heavy woman with a keen, calm face and a weary swiftness in all her words and ways. She had wondrous remembrance of men and things; and her talk with Bikki was like a saga made alive, whereto Randver listened, marvelling at the old man for his easy speech with her, and aghast at the great names that fell carelessly from their lips. He heard how Gunnar shivered of mornings until he had drunk his ale; how Hogni, that feared neither man nor god, was ever uneasy upon a horse, and how Bikki, passing through their land after sojourning with Regin, had tamed one for him. Swanhild sat silent meantime, watching Randver with a wry smile that might have been mirth or scorn. So between mother and daughter he lost all thought of his food, until Gudrun, noting that, raised a mighty pother, asking if the meat were overdone, and remembering that Sigurd would never taste meat after the blood ceased running. Thereat Swanhild said, smiling still, "He eats with his ears, mother; let him be." And Randver answered eagerly, "With mine eyes too, moreover." So that she looked away and smiled no more; and Bikki laughed a little scattered laugh, hiding it with his hand.

After they had eaten and drunken well, Gudrun asked for what cause they came; and Bikki signed to Randver, that rose up red and trembling, and blared out their message very bravely. But while he spoke, one of the men at the foot of the table, being well drunk, began to sing. And as Randver raised his voice, he sang ever the louder, beating time upon the table with his horn: until Swanhild broke into low laughter, and Randver was ready to burst with shame. Presently Gudrun, checking him with all courtesy, bade them take the man away: "Carry him out, I say, and cool his head in the surf . . . nay, lift up his feet, fools, he will be into the fire. . . . So." Then turning to Randver, she very gravely bade him go on. When he had finished, she rested her cheek on her hand, frowning, and said: "So it is the father, then. . . . That is a matter to think over."



Swanhild said quickly: "There is little need. I am no old man's plaything."

Then Gudrun, unheeding: "Your King was of an age with my brother Guttorm, as I remember. And Swanhild hath yet to learn some world-wisdom . . ."

The maid caught her hands together. "I have not had four masters," she said, sourly.

Gudrun turned upon her: "What now? Hast thou chosen for thyself already? Look at me, child. . . . Look at me!" She stared until Swanhild's eyes dropped. Then to the others: "This is a matter to think over, as I said. Abide therefore three days, if ye will, and ye shall be answered. Meanwhile we will do what two poor women may to pass your time."

That night Randver asked, "What was in the Queen's mind, to ask if Swanhild had already chosen?"

Bikki looked at him. "She meant that haply some younger man hath been beforehand with thy father," he said, dryly.

"That bode ill to our quest."

Bikki answered only: "She will come. Do thou busy thyself with her, and leave the old cat to me."

Therefore Swanhild and Randver went much together, and for the most part alone. An ill time he had of it; for the maid flouted him in a thousand ways, dancing as it were in circles about his dizzy wit. If he praised his father and his own country, she would lead him craftily into boastfulness: drinking this in with round-eyed worship until he found himself babbling emptily into a gale of laughter. For his courtesy in small ways, she made him fetch and carry like a thrall; then of his rebellion she made churlishness. Finding out his unskill of war, she pricked at that, breaking off some fiery tale to remember of a sudden that he thought nothing of such things. Moreover, at any word of the wedding, straightway she took the part of mother to him; and that was worse than all. While against his anger she set up a blank wall of meekness. Howbeit, there is no need to dwell upon all this, seeing that there be few men but have endured the like. Randver, though he longed often to throttle her, bore it better than he knew. Once he said suddenly, "I would thou wert to be my wife, and not my father's."

She grew sober between two breaths, and asked why; whereupon he, grimly, "So might I shake some of the mockery out of thee." Then she in her turn grew angry, and railed at him; but that he liked not so ill.

Upon the third day Gudrun sent for him where she sat with Bikki, and when they were alone, said: "I am minded to grant your asking, that Swanhild shall wed the King, thy father; but thereto she will not agree easily. Therefore it seems well that ye go this night secretly, as I shall arrange, and carry her off whether or no."

Randver answered, "We will not take her unwilling." But Gudrun laughed at that.

"Unwilling, forsooth! I tell thee, man, she hath no will at all in the matter, but only ten thousand whimsies. Shall I not know mine own child? A few months, and she will be forward enow."

Presently Bikki put in: "That is sooth, lord Prince. There be few brides willing or wives loath."

Then Gudrun went on, looking carefully at the boy: "We do her no evil. Only she may bear a grudge therefore against you two."

Thereat Randver said shortly: "As to that, there will be no love lost. She hath made shame of me hour by hour." And the two elders glanced at each other. So after more talk it was agreed. And about midnight Bikki and Randver crept softly to Swanhild's chamber to carry her away.

She lay all amid her hair, that seemed to flash and ripple in the flickering of the shaded torch. On her cheek the fringe of her eyelids lay like a purple shadow, and her mouth was childish and very red.

Presently Bikki whispered: "Take her up, man— Give me the torch. . . . What ails thee? She is not like to bite."

Then Randver caught her up into his arms, all warm with sleep, while Bikki cast a great cloak over her. She cried out once; then, seeing the empty room and Bikki's face in the torchlight, she said: "I see. This is between you and my wise mother. Well, I shall remember." And she lay quiet, breathing deeply, while they hurried out-of-doors unhindered, and so down to the shore. She was a greater weight than she seemed.



As Randver scrambled down the weedy rocks where the foam hissed under him, she caught her breath and clung to his neck, so that he said: "Be still. I shall not fall."

Thereat, with a sudden spring she threw herself clear out of his arms, and fell into a shallow pool, cutting herself sorely on the shells. There she lay with the blood soaking into her hair, while Bikki stood by, cursing softly. Thereafter she clung close about Randver, burying her face and shaking with laughter so that he could hardly hold her, and saying ever and again, "He thought I was afraid." But in the boat she grew still and scornful. So they made for the ship and put out to sea, rowing strongly under a waning moon.

Or ever they were half their way homeward, Swanhild so wrought that the whole ship was her plaything, without law or order save her whim of the moment. They must follow the wind at night, lest the creaking of the oars trouble her sleep, or waste a fair day to send the boats out fishing. And when Bikki sought to govern her, she laughed in his face, reminding him how soon she should be nearest the King. Moreover, by then she had made all the crew her worshippers; for she went ever among them, talking and questioning: truly she never by word or deed evened them to herself; yet they saw their manhood in her eyes; and presently, by eagerness and a face of wonder, she brought every man to have told her the greatest part of his life, that was thenceforward at her bidding. And although she kept from underfoot when some needful thing was to be done, yet she played by times at all the work of the ship, tugging at an oar among the rowers or climbing aloft to loosen the sail; for she was altogether without fear. Nevertheless, at all times and in her very elvishness, the wraith of her held somehow aloof; she wrought not as one stooping, but as one that no deed could lower; and beyond her beauty and the thrilling voice of her, she bore ever about her a glamour and a stillness. She seemed as it were to wait and to listen. All this Randver noted wondering; for he marvelled how a creature so flighty and shrewish to his knowing could thus draw

all hearts after her, and that without seeking favor of any. He set it down to her beauty, that indeed was ever in his own eyes like a bright mist. Wherefore he liked her the less, that with all his ill will he might not put her out of his thought. Withal, it irked him to be alone upon her dark side: it made him out a churl, or else all the crew fools. As for Bikki, there was no fathoming his mind to herward: he gave her behind her back such evil names as Randver, nowise disagreeing therewith, felt shame to hear; yet by times Randver would come upon the two speaking eagerly together, and always the old man would give place to him and go away, leaving behind an itching silence. Howbeit, Randver came to spend many hours with her not unhappily. She had wholly given over playing upon his anger. And while he was ever bristling against the chance of mockery, she for the most part said little, listening to his talk of himself and of his home.

One day he said, "How is it that all here aboard so love thee, save only Bikki and I?"

She laughed where she lay under the sail: "That is very easy: I had a father, and they are a pack of nosing hounds; whereas Bikki is dry-old, and thou . . ." She broke off, and smiled awry. Presently she asked, "Why didst never tell me thou hast slain a man with thy hands?"

He grew angry-red, and blurted, "It was a fool's deed, and shameful."

"Even so said Bikki." She leaned close to him, wide-eyed. "I say that so my father would have done."

Randver muttered, "'To me Bikki made little enow thereof."

"So . . ." Then suddenly, out of a silence: "How does he speak of me when ye two are alone?" and while Randver stammered and shuffled, "The old fox therefore revileth us each to other. Belike—" She broke off, and looked narrowly at him; then sprang up, crying, "Now prove thyself, Prince, if thou darest win thee thy mermaiden," and so ran swiftly and sprang over into the sea.

Before Randver could follow, Bikki's voice blew chill in his ear: "Let be, fool—she can swim— Nay, then, drown in thine armor." And while Randver rent





*Painting by Howard Pyle*

THEREAFTER SHE CLUNG CLOSE ABOUT RANDVER







at his byrny, she rose laughing, and two rowers overside among the oars dragged her aboard, all draggled. Then she railed upon Randver for a nidering coward that would have let her drown, and went below, skin-wet and still laughing.

Randver said, "We are bringing my father a madwoman."

Bikki looked at him. "Any man may heal that madness," he said, dryly.

Thenceforward Randver would have naught to do with her; and she for her part gazed through emptiness where he stood. Nevertheless, he was aware of her now more than ever. Her whiteness crept into the foam, her voice into lispings wind and lapping water; and her eyes looked upon him out of darkness. The twain went about sullenly, with shirking eyes; and Bikki, watching all, chuckled and let them be.

By now the voyage was already drawn out twofold, and yet they were some days from home. The summer's wane brought chill nights and filmy skies; and a painted sail or two on the sky-line put Bikki sorely in fear of the viking fleet. Yet for Swanhild's whimsiness, that grew worse daily, little haste might be made. Because forsooth she deemed her cabin ill-smelling, they must raise her a tent upon the fore-deck, and lie to all night for her quiet. Whereat the grinning faces of the crew held Bikki from forcing her will, lest they should go out of hand altogether. So out of one starless midnight came suddenly a death-cry and a crash of rending oars and a shield-hung bulwark grinding alongside and a bitter blast of arrows and a thunder of men leaping on the deck.

The ship boiled up into battle. Half-armed, the men struggled out, sleep-drunken, fighting even while they rubbed at rheumy eyes. The steel flickered under the red murk of torches, where swayed hither and yon among the benches the swarm of men that screamed and smote half blindly, friend and foe, pushing and stumbling, with clutch of hands and upward stab of knives into soft flesh and down-swing of sword upon raging faces. The steam of them rose with their shouting, and corpses cumbered stamping feet. Here the throng thrust apart for arm's length; yonder it closed so that foemen hugged one another, paw-

ing underfoot; but ever it bore back toward the farther bulwark, for the vikings held their weight well together. Bikki lay stricken senseless. A swordsman trampled among his beard. Swanhild crouched back against the mast, white and snarling, with a wet knife in her hand. A stark bush-bearded fellow shouldered forth and twisted it away. Then through the press leaped Randver, baresark and bareheaded, swinging a great axe. The man's skull broke very easily. Randver, singing and laughing loudly, ran forward, red-eyed, while the shipmen gathered their strength about his voice. The vikings gave back from him. He leaped and danced and shouted like a child in play; and where his axe fell, a man died. For though he fought without skill, foolishly, yet he was full strong; and neither warcraft nor armor may avail against the battle-madness that runneth merrily upon death. Therefore they that fought for their lives grew afraid. And presently the foemen were driven overside or slain, and their ship fell astern, sinking, stove in with stones.

Randver turned back to Swanhild, that stood yet beside the mast, smiling and still. There was blood in her hair and upon the white raiment of her. He took her about the waist, and bent her body back, and kissed her mouth; and she clung to his neck, burying her face and saying over and over: "I knew. . . . I knew." Then she leaned away from him all among her hair that seemed to ripple in the torchlight. On her cheek the fringe of her eyelids lay like a purple shadow, and her mouth was childish and very red. Presently she opened her eyes upon him, and they were as two pools of dark water. The ship rocked slowly on the swell. There came out of the gloom a rattling of ropes, and a groan, and a dull dripping. The men rustled where they stood gathered together.

Then Randver, with the battle-fire yet upon him, blared out at them wild words: that they were his men thenceforward, and would fare forth together on viking-cruise, over the great sea even to the end of the world, taking their desire of gold and fair women, until they won themselves a new kingdom. The men shouted and tossed their arms, clashing steel on shield; and one, a gray old wolf that had



sailed with Grettir aforetime, ran and pawed at his feet, baying like a hound. For because of his new manhood and beauty of joy, the wraith of him lay upon their hearts. They cleared the decks and turned the prow northward, singing at the oars. Bikki they would have cast overboard for dead, though he still breathed. But Randver, thinking for all and mindful of his own lack of seacraft, said: "Nay, he is alone and toothless, and we shall use his cunning. Let him live." And Swanhild, that was all for slaying him out of hand, felt glad to yield up her will in that hour. So they carried Bikki below, fast bound. Thereafter those two abode together through the night, speaking freely of great and foolish matters, until they fell asleep with their faces toward the dawn.

Of the next day there is little to tell. Swanhild was of a sudden altogether changed. The bitter flightiness was gone out of her like a dream; and she fell into a very passion of lowly service, with little to do save look and listen while Randver babbled bravely of all that was in him. And therein they took a joy out of all reason; for a boy's heart dwelleth in his eyes, and a maid's in her ears. Moreover, they were but new-made man and woman; and that is the third great wonder of life, whereof the other twain are birth and death.

That night there came rain and wind, with a storm out of the northwest that drove them helpless before it; and after the storm a blind fog, so that none wist where they were, and the men grew mad-afraid, because fog is more dreadful to the seaman than any rage of weather. They clamored therefore for Bikki to guide them, that alone of all on board had master-lore of the sea. So Randver must needs loose him, bidding him for his life steer northward as well as he could.

Bikki bowed low, fingering his beard and saying: "Nay, lord Prince, old Bikki can fare no better than to abide thy servant, and end as he began, a viking. Moreover, by that battle I owe thee my head; for those our guests would have made little work of me."

Randver said grimly, "See thou deal fair, then, or I will claim my debt."

Thereafter Bikki stood at the tiller,

guiding them through emptiness; and that night he loosed privily into the fog a white dove that bore a writing under her wing. So for three days and nights the world lay blank about them, and they had sight of neither sun nor stars, and dim shapes of warlocks and witch-women flitted and whispered in the whiteness, and the spirits of dead seamen sat in the rigging like pale flames; and they rowed blindly over the great gray Northern Sea. It befell that on the third night Swanhild cried out in her sleep and clung to Randver; and he, half waking, seemed to hear many footsteps and low speech. But Bikki's voice answered him that all was well, and he held Swanhild comforted, and so fell asleep again. When they awoke, the tent was gone from above them. The day shone bright upon blue sky and the pine-fringed cliffs of the Haven. They were both fast bound. Hard by stood Bikki, stroking his beard and smiling; and all the ship was thronged around with the earls and armed men of the King.

Randver said, "This is thy vengeance for that blow; but I will overcome thee before my father." And Bikki answered swiftly:

"Nay, in very sooth, lord Prince, here is no vengeance at all: only, being the King's man, I have destroyed him that stole away the King's wife. See now, I would not have thee die weening to have done me wrong. Is not my cheek well healed? And hast thou not saved mine old life moreover? Truly I grieve therefore, but needs must. As for thy father, he will not see thee again."

Randver lifted up his voice, "Is there any man here that will stand by me?"

Out of a silence answered Biorn Signisson, the old earl: "The King hath made it death to name thee to him. Howbeit, I would yet adventure, if help might be; but verily there is no mending this matter."

Then Bikki, smoothly, with outspread hands: "Nay, keep a high heart, lord Prince. It is all one, now or hereafter; and so thou neither fear nor grieve, death is a little thing." And he bade the men lift him and bear him thence.

Randver said to Swanhild, that had lain all this time silent, with her wry



smile: "He sayeth truly: death is a little thing. Yet forgive me this."

She laughed mother-wise, answering: "My child and my lord, was it not I from the beginning? We shall not be long apart."

So the armed men bore Randver away, and Bikki went with them. But they loosed Swanhild, and bade her make ready to go before the King. She came forth from tiring with Randver's brown hawk upon her wrist; and as they led her along, she rent the feathers from it until it was all bare. So she came where the King sat under the high dimness of the Hall of Shields. A broad bar of sunshine thrust midway down the hall after her, so that she seemed to bear about her a glamour and a hush. While the trumpets were blown she stood before the King, very brave in broidery of silk and silver, tall and white amid the ashen amber of her hair.

The King scowled, chewing his broad beard, and said in a dull voice: "Woman, I brought thee hither to wife. Upon thy way thou hast broken thy troth and done black shame to me and to my house. Is there anything to say?" And the huge hound that lay at his feet opened green eyes in the gloom and growled.

"King," she said, "look at me."

Her voice rang like a harp. There was a whispering of them that stood about, and the King lifted his grim head and glared at her. Her eyes were as two pools of dark water, and the beauty of her like an old song remembered.

"Am I any mate of thine? What hast thou, having a son man-grown, to do with me? Him I loved for that he knew not his own manhood but through loving me again. What talk is thine of troth? Randver took me a maid. I am his, and I shall bear his child, thy grandson, that shall guard this kingdom. Bethink thee, King: in his place, would twenty fathers have held thine hand from me, when thy strength was new-grown?"

Out of a silence the King said: "I have made it death to name Randver's name. Hast thou no fear?"

She laughed aloud. "Gudrun bore me to Sigurd Fafnir's-Bane." Then she thrust forth her arm where the naked hawk sat, shivering and red, saying: "Behold thy son! Even thus hast thou

reft his strength away from him, all his days. Thou hast bred him up for a nidering, and taken shame that he was such as thou hadst made. Nevertheless, he had thy blood in him, whereby I made him a man. Twelve stark fighters he slew baresark in one battle because of me, or ever he laid hands upon me. Judge therefore; is Randver thine or mine? Wilt thou have him slain, the son whose worship I gave back to thee?"

The King looked past her, where the doorway framed a square of sunlight, and white doves glimmered upon the red stones of the court. After a time he muttered, "Verily, he that won thee deserveth better than death."

A wind arose, and a roar blew inward from the sea. And therewith came Bikki, hastily as though he would fain have run. The doves fluttered from under his feet, and one of them followed a little way within the hall, then flew back, afraid. He came ever slower until he stood before the throne, and there said loudly, "Thy will is done, lord King." And he held up the golden collar that had been riveted about Randver's neck.

The King knotted both hands in his beard. Swanhild closed her eyes a little time; whispering: "I knew. . . . I knew." Then the King burst forth in a roar.

"Take the wanton away therefore, and send her after him! Bind her, and lay her in the gate of the burg, and let the horses be driven over her. Let nothing be left of the beauty that hath slain my son. Why stand ye there gaping? Am I grown too sapless to rule mine own kingdom? Go, I say!"

Swanhild stared at him, heedless. Only her hand tightened slowly around the hawk's neck. Presently she looked down at her hand, and laughed, and tossed the dead thing in the King's face.

"Take thy son. I have no more need of him. . . . Nay, tarry while I do troth-service to mine husband. There is all day to die in. . . . Skald shall sing and saga tell of thee, most mighty lord, that by thee Randver met his end. Truly, my kinsmen shall spill thy thin blood and harry thy realm, but that is no matter. While the gods endure and the Ash Tree blossoms, men shall remember thee for the slaying of Sigurd's daughter and of thy son that was a Man."



While she spoke, the King had leaped up, beside himself, and would have smitten her; but Bikki swung upon his arm, and many hands withheld him and dragged Swanhild away. Then the King of a sudden threw himself flatlong on the rushes, and lay there sobbing. And none dared comfort him, save the hound that came to nuzzle at his neck.

So they led Swanhild away to the gate of the burg. While they were binding her she began to laugh again; and upon Bikki asking her wherefore, she answered, "I was but thinking how Brynhild should have small love for my mother and me; yet I deem that she will be somewhere hereabout, for she was a woman." Thereafter they laid her down athwart the gateway, quiet and very still. She seemed as it were to wait and to listen. Her hair flashed and rippled in the sunshine, and her mouth was childish and very red. Now the horses, for terror

of her wide eyes, would by no means be driven over her, but reared away, stamping sparks out of the stones: nor might any lashing of whips or goading of spear-points avail, for they plunged and clattered, mad-afraid. Presently one of the men flung down his spear, saying: "I sicken of this work. Kill her, or let her be."

Then Bikki laughed a little scattered laugh, and hid it with his hand, saying. "Nay, bind up her eyes then, fool, and let us make an end."

So they covered her eyes, and again drove the horses down upon her. And above the noise of their hoofs there came a trumpet-cry in the air and overhead a blast of great wings unseen. And when the dust-fog had drifted clear there was no more of Swanhild that was daughter of the joy of Sigurd and last of the Volsungs: only a dreadful thing of white and red.

## A Vision of Man

BY O. W. FIRKINS

INTO the quiet of a forest dell  
The dear, deep quiet, loved of grass and trees  
Where, with hushed lip, on tiptoe, glides the breeze.  
Plunged a swift train, a fire-winged miracle.

From window upon window faces swim  
Into brief sight and vanish; hotly passed  
Car upon car; the green dell saw the last  
Faint face on the last fading car grow dim.

So, thought I, o'er this planet calmly laid  
In its green rest before the birth of man.  
A wave, a terror, and a tumult ran;  
Man came; the speeding generations made.

Tier upon tier of faces; race on race.  
Cycle on cycle, train-like, swept along;  
All passed; the last face of the fiery throng  
Saw primal quiet take its ancient place.



# The Night Before Christmas

BY W. D. HOWELLS

A MORALITY

I

MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE FOUNTAIN

*M*RS. CLARENCE FOUNTAIN backing into the room, and closing the door noiselessly before looking round: "Oh, you poor thing! I can see that you are dead, at the first glance. I'm dead myself, for that matter." She is speaking to her husband, who clings with one hand to the chimneypiece, and supports his back with the other; from this hand a little girl's long stocking lumpily dangles; Mrs. Fountain, turning round, observes it. "Not finished yet? But I don't wonder! I wonder you've even begun. Well, now, *I* will take hold with you." In token of the aid she is going to give, Mrs. Fountain sinks into a chair, and rolls a distracted eye over the littered and tumbled room. "It's worse than I thought it would be. You ought to have smoothed the papers out and laid them in a pile as fast as you unwrapped the things; that is the way I always do; and wound the strings up and put them one side. Then you wouldn't have had to wade round in them. I suppose I oughtn't to have left it to you, but if I had let *you* put the children to bed you know you'd have told them stories and kept them all night over their prayers. And as it was each of them wanted to put in a special Christmas clause; I know what kind of Christmas clause *I* should have put in if I'd been frank. I'm not sure it's right to keep up the deception. One comfort, the oldest ones don't believe in it any more than we do. Dear! I did think at one time this afternoon I should have to be brought home in an ambulance; it would have been a convenience, with all the packages. I simply marvel at their delivery wagons getting them here."

*Fountain*, coming to the table, where

she sits, and taking up one of the toys with which it is strewn: "They haven't, all of them."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "What do you mean by all of them?"

*Fountain*: "I mean half." He takes up a mechanical locomotive and stuffs it into the stocking he holds.

*Mrs. Fountain*, staying his hand: "What are you doing? Putting Jimmy's engine into Susy's stocking! She'll be perfectly insulted when she finds it, for she'll know you weren't paying the least attention, and you can't blame Santa Claus for it with *her*. If that's what you've been doing with the other stockings— But there *aren't* any others. Don't tell me you've just begun! Well, I could simply cry."

*Fountain*, dropping into the chair on the other side of the table, under the shelter of a tall Christmas tree standing on it: "Do you call unwrapping a whole car-load of truck and getting it sorted, just beginning? I've been slaving here from the dawn of time, and I had to have *some* leisure for the ghosts of my own Christmases when I was little. I didn't have to wade round in the wrappings of my presents in those days. But it isn't the sad memories that take it out of you; it's the happy ones. I've never had a ghastlier half-hour than I've just spent in the humiliating multiplicity of these gifts. All the old birthdays and wedding-days and Fourth of Julys and home-comings and children's christenings I've ever had came trooping back. There oughtn't to be any gay anniversaries; they should be forbidden by law. If I could only have recalled a few dangerous fevers and funerals!"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Clarence! Don't say such a thing; you'll be punished for it. I know how you suffer from those gloomy feelings, and I pity you. You ought to bear up against them. If *I* gave way!



You must think about something cheerful in the future when the happiness of the past afflicts you, and set one against the other; life isn't *all* a vale of tears. You must keep your mind fixed on the work before you. I don't believe it's the number of the packages here that's broken you down. It's the shopping that's worn you out; I'm sure I'm a mere thread. And I had been at it from immediately after breakfast; and I lunched in one of the stores with ten thousand suburbans who had come pouring in with the first of their unnatural trains: I did hope I should have some of the places to myself; but they were every one jammed. And you came up from your office about four, perfectly fresh."

*Fountain*: "Fresh! Yes, quite dewy from a day's fight with the beasts at Ephesus on the eve of Christmas week."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Well, don't be cynical, Clarence, on this, of all nights of the year. You know how sorry I always am for what you have to go through down there, and I suppose it's worse, as you say, at this season than any other time of year. It's the terrible concentration of everything just before Christmas that makes it so killing. I really don't know which of the places was the worst: the big department stores or the separate places for jewelry and toys and books and stationery and antiques; they were all alike, and all maddening. And the rain outside, and everybody coming in reeking; though I don't believe that sunshine would have been any better; there'd have been more of them. I declare, it made my heart ache for those poor creatures behind the counters, and I don't know whether I suffered most for them when they kept up a ghastly cheerfulness in their attention or were simply insulting in their indifference. I know they must be all dead by this time. 'Going up?' 'Going down?' 'Ca-ish!' 'Here, boy!' I believe it will ring in my ears as long as I live. And the whiz of those overhead wire things, and having to wait ages for your change, and then drag your tatters out of the stores into the streets! If I hadn't had you with me at the last I should certainly have dropped."

*Fountain*: "Yes, and what had become of your good resolutions about doing all your Christmas shopping in July?"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "My good resolutions? Really, Clarence, sometimes if it were not cruelty to animals I should like to hit you. My good— You *know* that you suggested that plan, and it wasn't even original with you. The papers have been talking about it for years; but when you brought it up as such a new idea, I fell in with it to please you—"

*Fountain*: "Now, look out, Lucy!"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Yes, to please you, and to help you forget the Christmas worry, just as I've been doing to-night. You never spare *me*."

*Fountain*: "Stick to the record. Why didn't you do your Christmas shopping in July?"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Why didn't I? Did you expect me to do my Christmas shopping down at Sculpin Cove, where I spent the whole time from the middle of June till the middle of September? Why didn't *you* do the Christmas shopping in July? You had the stores under your nose here from the beginning till the end of summer, with nothing in the world to hinder you, and not a chick or a child to look after."

*Fountain*: "Oh, I like that. You think I was leading a life of complete leisure here, with the thermometer among the nineties nine-tenths of the time?"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "I only know you were bragging in all your letters about your bath and your club, and the folly of any one going away from the cool, comfortable town in the summer. I suppose you'll say that was to keep me from feeling badly at leaving you. When it was only for the children's sake! I will let you take them the next time."

*Fountain*: "While you look after my office? And you think the stores are full of Christmas things in July, I suppose."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "I never thought so; and now I hope you see the folly of that idea. No, Clarence. We must be logical in everything. You can't get rid of Christmas shopping at Christmas-time."

*Fountain*, shouting wrathfully: "Then I say get rid of Christmas!"

## II

MR. FRANK WATKINS, MRS. FOUNTAIN,  
FOUNTAIN.

*Watkins*, opening the door for himself and struggling into the room with



an armful of parcels: "I'm with you there, Clarence. Christmas is at the root of Christmas shopping, and Christmas giving, and all the rest of it. Oh, you needn't be afraid, Lucy. I didn't hear any epithets; just caught the drift of your argument through the key-hole. I've been kicking at the door ever since you began. Where shall I dump these things?"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Oh, you poor boy! Here—anywhere—on the floor—on the sofa—on the table." She clears several spaces and helps Watkins unload. "Clarence! I'm surprised at you. What are you thinking of?"

*Fountain*: "I'm thinking that if this goes on, I'll let somebody else arrange the presents."

*Watkins*: "If I saw a man coming into my house with a load like this to-night, I'd throw him into the street. But living in a ninth-story flat like you, it might hurt him."

*Mrs. Fountain*, reading the inscriptions on the packages: "'For Benny from his uncle Frank.' Oh, how sweet of you, Frank! And here's a kiss for his uncle Frank." She embraces him with as little interruption as possible. "'From Uncle Frank to Jim.' Oh, I know what that is!" She feels the package over. "And this is for 'Susy from her aunt Sue.' Oh, I knew she would remember her namesake. 'For Maggie. Merry Christmas from Mrs. Watkins.' 'Bridget, with Mrs. Watkins's best wishes for a Merry Christmas.' Both the girls! But it's like Sue; she never forgets anybody. And what's this for Clarence? I *must* know! Not a bath-gown?" Undoing it: "I simply *must* see it. Blue! His very color!" Holding it up: "From you, Frank?" He nods. "Clarence!"

*Watkins*: "If Fountain tries to kiss me, I'll—"

*Fountain*: "I wouldn't kiss you for a dozen bath-gowns." Lifting it up from the floor where Mrs. Fountain has dropped it: "It is rather nice."

*Watkins*: "Don't overwhelm me."

*Mrs. Fountain*, dancing about with a long, soft roll in her hand: "Oh, oh, oh! She saw me gloating on it at Shumaker's! I do wonder if it *is*."

*Fountain*, reaching for it: "Why, open it—"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "You dare! No, it shall be opened the very last thing in the morning, now, to punish you! How is poor Sue? I saw her literally dropping by the way at Shumaker's."

*Watkins*, making for the door: "Well, she must have got up again. I left her registering a vow that if ever she lived to see another Christmas she would leave the country months before the shopping began. She called down maledictions on all the recipients of her gifts and wished them the worst harm that can befall the wicked."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Poor Sue! She simply lives to do people good, and I can understand exactly how she feels toward them. I'll be round bright and early to-morrow to thank her. Why do you go?"

*Watkins*: "Well, I can't stay here all night, and I'd better let you and Clarence finish up." He escapes from her detaining embrace and runs out.

### III

#### MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

*Mrs. Fountain*, intent upon her roll: "How funny he is! I wonder if he did hear anything but our scolding voices? Where were we?"

*Fountain*: "I had just called you a serpent."

*Mrs. Fountain*, with amusement: "No, really?" Feeling the parcel: "If it's that Spanish lace scarf I can tell her it was machine lace. I saw it at the first glance. But poor Sue has no taste. I suppose I must stand it. But I can't bear to think what she's given the girls and children. She means well. Did you really say serpent, Clarence? You never called me just *that* before."

*Fountain*: "No, but you called me a laughing hyena, and said I scoffed at everything sacred."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "I can't remember using the word hyena, exactly, though I do think the way you talk about Christmas is dreadful. But I take back the laughing hyena."

*Fountain*: "And I take back the serpent. I meant dove, anyway. But it's this Christmas-time when a man gets so tired he doesn't know what he's saying."



*Mrs. Fountain:* "Well, *you're* good, anyway, dearest, whatever you say; and now I'm going to help you arrange the things. I suppose there'll be lots more to-morrow, but we must get rid of these now. Don't you wish nobody would do anything for us? Just the children—dear little souls! I don't believe but what we can make Jim and Susy believe in Santa Claus again; Benny is firm in the faith; he put him into his prayer. I declare, his sweetness almost broke my heart." At a knock: "Who's that, I wonder? Come in! Oh, it's you, Maggie. Well?"

## IV

## THE FOUNTAINS, FOUNTAIN'S SISTERS

*Maggie:* "It's Mr. Fountain's sisters just telephoned up."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Have them come up at once, Maggie, of course." As Maggie goes out: "Another interruption! If it's going to keep on like this! Shouldn't you have thought they might have *sent* their presents?"

*Fountain:* "I thought something like it in Frank's case; but I didn't say it."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "And I don't know why *I* say it, now. It's because I'm so tired I don't know what I *am* saying. Do forgive me! It's this terrible Christmas spirit that gets into me. But now you'll see how nice I can be to them." At a tap on the door: "Come in! Come in! Don't mind our being in all this mess. So darling of you to come! You can help cheer Clarence up; you know his Christmas Eve dumps." She runs to them and clasps them in her arms with several half-open packages dangling from her hands and contrasting their disarray with the neatness of their silk-ribboned and tissue-papery parcels which their embrace makes meet at her back. "Minnie! Aggie! To lug here, when you ought to be at home in bed dying of fatigue! But it's just like you, both of you. Did you ever see anything like the stores to-day? Do sit down, or swoon on the floor, or anything. Let me have those wretched bundles which are simply killing you." She looks at the different packages. "'For Benny from Grandpa.' 'For a good girl, from Susy's grandmother.' 'Jim, from Aunt Minnie and Aunt Aggie.' 'Lucy, with love

from Aggie and Minnie.' And Clarence! What hearts you *have* got! Well, I always say there never were such thoughtful girls, and you always show such taste and such originality. I long to get at the things." She keeps fingering the large bundle marked with her husband's name. "Not—not—a—"

*Minnie:* "Yes, a bath-robe. Unless you give him a cigar-case it's about the only thing you can give a man."

*Aggie:* "Minnie thought of it and I chose it. Blue, because it's his color. Try it on, Clarence, and if it's too long—"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Yes, do, dear! Let's see you with it on." While the girls are fussily opening the robe, she manages to push her brother's gift behind the door. Then, without looking round at her husband: "It isn't a bit too long. Just the very—" Looking: "Well, it can easily be taken up at the hem. I can do it to-morrow." She abandons him to his awkward isolation while she chatters on with his sisters. "Sit down; I insist! Don't think of going. Did you see that frightful pack of people when the cab horse fell down in front of Shumaker's?"

*Minnie:* "See it!"

*Aggie:* "We were in the midst of it! I wonder we ever got out alive. It's enough to make you wish never to see another Christmas as long as you live."

*Minnie:* "A great many *won't* live. There will be more grippe, and more pneumonia, and more appendicitis from those jams of people in the stores!"

*Aggie:* "The germs must have been swarming."

*Fountain:* "Lucy was black with them when we got home."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Don't pay the slightest attention to him, girls. He'll probably be the first to sneeze himself."

*Minnie:* "I don't know about sneezing. I shall only be too glad if I don't have nervous prostration from it."

*Aggie:* "I'm glad we got our motor-car just in time. Any one that goes in the trolleys now will take their life in their hand." The girls rise and move toward the door. "Well, we must go on now. We're making a regular round; you can't trust the delivery wagons at a time like this. Good-by. Merry Christ-



mas to the children. 'They're fast asleep by this time, I suppose.'

*Minnie*: "I only wish *I* was!"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "I believe you, Minnie. Good-by. Good night. Good night, Aggie. Clarence, go to the elevator with them! Or no, he can't in that ridiculous bath-gown!" Turning to Fountain as the door closes: "Now, I've done it."

## V

MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

*Fountain*: "It isn't a thing you could have wished to phrase that way, exactly."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "And you made me do it. Never thanking them, or anything, and standing there like I don't know what, and leaving the talk all to me. And now, making me lose my temper again, when I wanted to be so nice to you. Well, it is no use trying, and from this on I won't. *Clarence!*" She has opened the parcel addressed to herself and now stands transfixed with joy and wonder. "See what the girls have given me! The very necklace I've been longing for at Planets', and denying myself for the last fortnight! Well, never will I say your sisters are mean again."

*Fountain*: "You ought to have said that to them."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "It quite reconciles one to Christmas. What? Oh, that *was* rather nasty. You know I didn't mean it. I was so excited I didn't know what I was saying. I'm sure nobody ever got on better with sisters-in-law, and that shows my tact; if I do make a slip, now and then, I can always get out of it. They will understand. Do you think it was very nice of them to flaunt their new motor in my face? But of course anything *your* family does is perfect, and always was, though I must say this necklace is sweet of them. I wonder they had the taste." A tap on the door is heard. "Come in, Maggie!" *Sotto voce*: "Take it off." She snatches his bath-robe, and tosses it behind the door.

## VI

WILBUR HAZARD, THE FOUNTAINS

*Hazard*: "I suppose I can come in, even if I'm not Maggie. Catch, Fountain." He tosses a large bundle to Foun-

tain. "It's huge, but it isn't hefty." He turns to go out again.

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Oh, oh, oh! Don't go! Come in and help us. What have you brought Clarence? May I feel?"

*Hazard*: "You can look, if you like. I'm rather proud of it. There's only one other thing you can give a man, and I said, 'No, not a cigar-case. Fountain smokes enough already, but if a bath-robe can induce him to wash—'" He goes out.

*Mrs. Fountain*, screaming after him through the open door: "Oh, how good! Come back and see it on him." She throws the bath-robe over Fountain's shoulders.

*Hazard*, looking in again: "Perfect fit, just as the Jew said, and the very color for Fountain." He vanishes, shutting the door behind him.

## VII

MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

*Mrs. Fountain*: "How coarse! Well, my dear, I don't know where you picked up your bachelor friends. I hope this is the last of them."

*Fountain*: "Hazard's the only one who has survived your rigorous treatment. But he always had a passion for cold shoulder, poor fellow. As bath-robos go, this isn't bad." He gets his arms into it, and walks up and down. "Heigh?"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Yes, it is pretty good. But the worst of Christmas is that it rouses up all your old friends."

*Fountain*: "They feel so abnormally good, confound them. I suppose poor old Hazard half killed himself looking this thing up and building the joke to go with it."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Well, take it off, now, and come help me with the children's presents. You're quite forgetting about them, and it 'll be morning and you'll have the little wretches swarming in before you can turn round. Dear little souls! I can sympathize with their impatience, of course. But what are you going to do with these bath-robos? You can't wear *four* bath-robos."

*Fountain*: "I can change them every day. But there ought to be seven. This hood is rather a new wrinkle, though,



isn't it? I suppose it's for a voyage, and you pull it up over your head when you come through the corridor back to your stateroom. We shall have to go to Europe, Lucy."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "I would go to Asia, Africa, and Oceanica, to escape another Christmas. Now if there are any more bath-robcs— Come in, Maggie."

### VIII

#### MAGGIE, THE FOUNTAINS

*Maggie*, bringing in a bundle: "Something a District Messenger brought. Will you sign for it, ma'am?"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "You sign, Clarence. If I know anything about the look and the feel of a bundle, this is another bath-robe, but I shall soon see." While she is cutting the string and tearing the wrappings away, Fountain signs and Maggie goes. Mrs. Fountain shakes out the folds of the robe. "Well, upon my word, I should think there was conspiracy to insult you, Clarence. I should like to know who has had the effrontery—What's on it?"

*Fountain*, reading from the card which had fallen out of the garment to the floor: "'With Christmas greetings from Mrs. Arthur J. Gibby.'"

*Mrs. Fountain*, dropping the robe and seizing the card: "Mrs. Arthur J. Gibby! Well, upon my word, this is impudence. It's not only impudence, it's indelicacy. And I had always thought she was the very embodiment of refinement, and I've gone about saying so. Now I shall have to take it back. The idea of a lady sending a bath-robe to a gentleman! What next, I wonder! What right has Mrs. Gibby to send you a bath-robe? Don't prevaricate! Remember that the truth is the only thing that can save you. Matters must have gone pretty far, when a woman could send you anything so—intimate. What are you staring at with that paper? You needn't hope to divert my mind by—"

*Fountain*, giving her the paper in which the robe came: "Seems to be for Mrs. Clarence Fountain."

*Mrs. Fountain*, snatching it from him: "What! It is, it is! Oh, poor dear Lilly! How can you ever forgive me? She saw me looking at it to-day at

Shumaker's, and it must have come into her head in despair what else to get me. But it was a perfect inspiration—for it was just what I was longing for. Why"—laughing hysterically while she holds up the robe, and turns it this way and that—"I might have seen at a glance that it wasn't a man's, with this lace on and this silk hood, and"—she hurries into it, and pulls it forward, looking down at either side—"it's just the right length, and if it was made for me it couldn't fit me better. What a joke I shall have with Lilly, when I tell her about it. I sha'n't spare myself a bit!"

*Fountain:* "Then I hope you'll spare me. I have some little delicacy of feeling, and I don't like the notion of a lady's giving me a bath-robe. It's—intimate. I don't know where you picked up your girl friends."

*Mrs. Fountain*, capering about joyfully: "Oh, how funny you are, darling! But go on. I don't mind it, now. And you may be glad you've got off so easily. Only now if there are any more bath-robcs—" A timid rap is heard at the door. "Come in, Maggie!" The door is slowly set ajar, then flung suddenly wide open, and Jim and Susy in their night-gowns rush dancing and exulting in.

### IX

#### JIM, SUSY, THE FOUNTAINS

*Susy:* "We've caught you, we've caught you."

*Jim:* "I just bet it was you, and now I've won, haven't I, mother?"

*Susy:* "And I've won, too, haven't I, father?" Arrested at sight of her father in the hooded bath-gown: "He does look like Santa Claus, doesn't he, Jimmy? But the real Santa Claus would be all over snow, and a long white beard. You can't fool us!"

*Jim:* "You can't fool us! We know you, we know you! And mother dressed up, too! There isn't any Mrs. Santa Claus, and that proves it!"

*Mrs. Fountain*, severely: "Dreadful little things! Who said you might come here? Go straight back to bed, this minute, or— Will you send them back, Clarence, and not stand staring so? What are you thinking of?"

*Fountain*, dreamily: "Nothing. Mere-



ly wondering what we shall do when we've got rid of our superstitions. Shall we be the better for it, or even the wiser?"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "What put that question into your head? Christmas, I suppose; and that's another reason for wishing there was no such thing. If I had my way, there wouldn't be."

*Jim:* "Oh, mother!"

*Susy:* "No Christmas?"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Well, not for disobedient children who get out of bed and come in, spoiling everything. If you don't go straight back, it will be the last time, Santa Claus or no Santa Claus."

*Jim:* "And if we go right back?"

*Susy:* "And promise not to come in any more?"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Well, we'll see how you keep your promise. If you don't, that's the end of Christmas in *this* house."

*Jim:* "It's a bargain, then! Come on, Susy!"

*Susy:* "And we do it for you, mother. And for you, father. We just came in for fun, anyway."

*Jim:* "We just came for a surprise."

*Mrs. Fountain,* kissing them both: "Well, then, if it was only for fun, we'll excuse you this time. Run along, now, that's good children. *Clarence!*"

## X

### MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

*Fountain:* "Well?" He looks up at her from where he has dropped into a chair beside the table strewn with opened and unopened gifts at the foot of the Christmas tree.

*Mrs. Fountain:* "What are you mooning about?"

*Fountain:* "What if it was all a fake? Those thousands and hundreds of thousands of churches that pierce the clouds with their spires; those millions of ministers and missionaries; those billions of worshippers, sitting and standing and kneeling, and singing and praying; those nuns and monks, and brotherhoods and sisterhoods, with their ideals of self-denial, and their duties to the sick and poor; those martyrs that died for the one true faith, and those other martyrs of the other true faiths

whom the one true faith tortured and killed; those masses and sermons and ceremonies: what if they were all a delusion, a mistake, a misunderstanding? What if it were all as unlike the real thing, if there is any real thing, as this pagan Christmas of ours is as unlike a Christian Christmas?"

*Mrs. Fountain,* springing up: "I knew it! I knew that it was this Christmas giving that was making you morbid again. Can't you shake it off and be cheerful—like me? I'm sure I have to bear twice as much of it as you have. I've been shopping the whole week, and you've been just this one afternoon." She begins to catch her breath, and fails in searching for her handkerchief in the folds of her dress under the bath-robe.

*Fountain,* offering his handkerchief: "Take mine."

*Mrs. Fountain,* catching it from him, and hiding her face in it on the table: "You ought to help me bear up, and instead of that you fling yourself on my sympathies and break me down." Lifting her face: "And if it was all a fake, as you say, and an illusion, what would you do, what would you give people in place of it?"

*Fountain:* "I don't know."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "What would you have in place of Christmas itself?"

*Fountain:* "I don't know."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Well, then, I wouldn't set myself up to preach down everything—in a blue bath-gown. You've no idea how ridiculous you are."

*Fountain:* "Oh, yes, I have. I can see you. You look like one of those blue nuns in Rome. But I don't remember any lace on them."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Well, you don't look like a blue monk, you needn't flatter yourself, for there are none. You look like— What are you thinking about?"

*Fountain:* "Oh, nothing. What do you suppose is in all these packages here? Useful things, that we need, that we must have? You know without looking that it's the superfluity of naughtiness in one form or other. And the givers of these gifts, they *had* to give them, just as we've had to give dozens of gifts ourselves. We ought to have put on our cards, 'With the season's bitterest grudges,' 'In hopes of a return,' 'With



a hopeless sense of the folly,' 'To pay a hateful debt,' 'With impotent rage and despair.'"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "I don't deny it, Clarence. You're perfectly right; I almost wish we *had* put it. How it would have made them hop! But they'd have known it was just the way they felt themselves."

*Fountain,* going on thoughtfully: "It's the cap sheaf of the social barbarism we live in, the hideous hypocrisy. It's no use to put it on religion. The Jews keep Christmas, too, and we know what they think of Christianity as a belief. No, we've got to go farther back, to the Pagan Saturnalia— Well, I renounce the whole affair, here and now. I'm going to spend the rest of the night bundling these things up, and to-morrow I'm going to spend the day in a taxi, going round and giving them back to the fools that sent them."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "And I'm going with you. I hate it as much as you do— Come in, Maggie!"

## XI

MAGGIE, MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

*Maggie:* "Something the elevator-boys says he forgot. It came along with the last one."

*Mrs. Fountain,* taking a bundle from her: "If this is another bath-robe, Clarence! It is, as I live. Now if it is a woman sending it—" She picks up a card which falls out of the robe as she unfolds it. "'Love the Giver,' indeed! Now, Clarence, I insist, I demand—"

*Fountain:* "Hold on, hold on, my dear. The last bath-robe that came from a woman was for *you*."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "So it was. I don't know what I was thinking about; and I do beg your par— But this is a man's bath-robe!"

*Fountain,* taking the card which she mechanically stretches out to him: "And a man sends it: old Fellows. Can't you read print? Ambrose J. Fellows, and a message in writing: 'It was a toss-up between this and a cigar-case, and the bath-robe won. Hope you haven't got any other thoughtful friends.'"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Oh, very brilliant, giving me a start like this! I shall let

Mr. Fellows know— What is it, Maggie? Open the door, please."

*Maggie,* opening: "It's just a District Messenger."

*Fountain,* ironically: "Oh, only a District Messenger." He signs the messenger's slip, while his wife receives from Maggie a bundle which she regards with suspicion.

## XII

MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

*Mrs. Fountain:* "'From Uncle Philip for Clarence.' Well, Uncle Philip, if you have sent Clarence— *Clarence!*" breaking into a whimper. "It is, it is! It's another."

*Fountain:* "Well, that only makes the seventh, and just enough for every day in the week. It's quite my ideal. Now, if there's nothing about a cigar-case— Hello!" He feels in the pocket of the robe and brings out a cigar-case, from which a slip of paper falls: "'Couldn't make up my mind between them, so send both. Uncle Phil.' Well, this is the last stroke of Christmas insanity."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "His brain simply reeled under it, and gave way. It shows what Christmas really comes to with a man of strong intellect like Uncle Phil."

*Fountain,* opening the case: "Oh, I don't know! He's put some cigars in here—in a lucid interval, probably. There's hope yet."

*Mrs. Fountain,* in despair: "No, Clarence, there's no hope. Don't flatter yourself. The only way is to bundle back all their presents and never, never, never give or receive another one. Come! Let's begin tying them up at once; it will take us the rest of the night." A knock at the door. "Come, Maggie."

## XIII

JIM AND SUSY, MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

*Jim and Susy,* pushing in: "We can't sleep, mother. May we have a pillow fight to keep us amused till we're drowsy?"

*Mrs. Fountain,* desolately: "Yes, go and have your pillow fight. It doesn't matter now. We're sending the presents all back, anyway." She begins frantically wrapping some of the things up.



*Susy*: "Oh, father, are you sending them back?"

*Jim*: "She's just making believe. Isn't she, father?"

*Fountain*: "Well, I'm not so sure of that. If she doesn't do it, I will."

*Mrs. Fountain*, desisting: "Will you go right back to bed?"

*Both*: "Yes, we will."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "And to sleep, instantly?"

*Jim and Susy* in succession: "We won't keep awake a minute longer."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Very well, then, we'll see. Now be off with you." As they put their heads together and go out laughing, "And remember, if you come here another single time, back go every one of the presents."

*Fountain*: "As soon as ever Santa Claus can find a moment for it."

*Jim*, derisively: "Oh, yes, Santa Claus!"

*Susy*: "I guess if you wait for Santa Claus to take them back!"

## XIV

## MRS. FOUNTAIN, FOUNTAIN

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Tiresome little wretches. Of course we can't expect them to keep up the self-deception."

*Fountain*: "They'll grow to another. When they're men and women they'll pretend that Christmas is delightful, and go round giving people the presents that they've worn their lives out in buying and getting together. And they'll work themselves up into the notion that they are really enjoying it, when they know at the bottom of their souls that they loathe the whole job."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "There you are with your pessimism again! And I had just begun to feel cheerful about it!"

*Fountain*: "Since when? Since I proposed sending this rubbish back to the givers with our curse?"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "No, I was thinking what fun it would be if we could get up a sort of Christmas game, and do it just among relations and intimate friends."

*Fountain*: "Ah, I wish you luck of it. Then the thing would begin to have some reality, and just as in proportion as people had the worst feelings in giv-

ing the presents, their best feeling would be hurt in getting them back."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Then why did you ever think of it?"

*Fountain*: "To keep from going mad. Come, let's go on with this job of sorting the presents, and putting them in the stockings and hanging them up on the tree, and laying them round the trunk of it. One thing: it's for the last time. As soon as Christmas week is over, I shall inaugurate an educational campaign against the whole Christmas superstition. It must be extirpated root and branch, and the extirpation must begin in the minds of the children; we old fools are hopeless; we must die in it; but the children can be saved. We must organize and make a house-to-house fight; and I'll begin in our own house. To-morrow, as soon as the children have made themselves thoroughly sick with candy and cake and midday dinner, I will appeal to their reason, and get them to agree to drop it; to sign the Anti-Christmas pledge; to—"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Clarence! I have an idea."

*Fountain*: "Not a bright one?"

*Mrs. Fountain*: "Yes, a bright one, even if you didn't originate it. Have Christmas confined entirely to children—to the very youngest—to children that believe firmly in Santa Claus."

*Fountain*: "Oh, hello! Wouldn't that leave Jim and Susy out? I couldn't have *them* left out."

*Mrs. Fountain*: "That's true. I didn't think of that. Well, say to children that either believe or *pretend* to believe in him. What's that?" She stops at a faint soft sound on the door. "It's Maggie with her hands so full she's pushing with her elbow. Come in, Maggie, come in. *Come in!* Don't you hear me? Come in, I say! Oh, it isn't Maggie, of course! It's those worthless, worthless little wretches, again." She runs to the door calling out, "Naughty, naughty, naughty!" as she runs. Then, flinging the door wide, with a final cry of "*Naughty, I say!*" she discovers a small figure on the threshold, night-gowned to its feet, and looking up with a frightened, wistful face. "Why, Benny!" She stoops down and catches the child in her arms, and presses him



tight to her neck, and bends over, covering his head with kisses. "What in the world are you doing here, you poor little lamb? Is mother's darling walking in his sleep? What did you want, my pet? Tell mudda, do! Whisper it in mudda's big ear! Can't you tell mudda? What? Whisper a little louder, love! We're not angry with you, sweetness. Now, try to speak louder. Is that Santa Claus? No, dearest, that's just dad-da. Santa Claus hasn't come yet, but he will soon. What? Say it again. Is there any Santa Claus? Why, who else could have brought all these presents? Presents for Benny and Jim and Susy and mudda, and seven bath-gowns for dad-da. Isn't that funny? Seven! And one for mudda. What? I can't quite hear you, pet. Are we going to send the presents back? Why, who ever heard of such a thing! Jim said so? And Susy? Well, I will settle with them, when I come to them. You don't want me to? Well, I won't then, if Benny doesn't want mudda to. I'll just give them a kiss apiece, pop in their big ears. What? You've got something for Santa Claus to give them? What? Where? In your crib? And shall we go and get it? For mudda too? And dad-da? Oh, my little angel!" She begins to cry over him, and to kiss him again. "You'll break my heart with your loveliness. He wants to kiss you too, dad-da." She puts the boy into his father's arms; then catches him back, and runs from the room with him. Fountain resumes the work of filling the long stocking he had begun with; then he takes up a very short sock. He has that in his hand when Mrs. Fountain comes back, wiping her eyes. "He'll go to sleep now, I guess; he was half dreaming when he came in here. I should think, when you saw how Benny believed in it, you'd be ashamed of saying a word against Christmas."

*Fountain:* "Who's said anything against it? I've just been arguing for it, and trying to convince you that for the sake of little children like Benny it ought to be perpetuated to the end of the world. It began with the child-

hood of the race, in the rejuvenescence of the spirit."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Didn't you say that Christmas began with the pagans? How monstrously you prevaricate!"

*Fountain:* "That was merely a figure of speech. And besides, since you've been out with Benny, I've been thinking, and I take back everything I've said or thought against Christmas; I didn't really think it. I've been going back in my mind to that first Christmas we had together, and it's cheered me up, wonderfully."

*Mrs. Fountain, tenderly:* "Have you, dearest? I *always* think of it. If you could have seen Benny, how I left him, just now!"

*Fountain:* "I shouldn't mind seeing him, and I shouldn't care if I gave a glance at poor old Jim and Susy. I'd like to reassure them about not sending back the presents." He puts his arm round her and presses her toward the door.

*Mrs. Fountain:* "How sweet you are! And how funny! And good!" She accentuates each sentiment with a kiss. "And don't you suppose I felt sorry for you, making you go round with me the whole afternoon, and then leaving you to take the brunt of arranging the presents? Now, I'll tell you: *next* year, I *will* do my Christmas shopping in July. It's the only way."

*Fountain:* "No, there's a better way. As you were saying, they don't have the Christmas things out. The only way is to do our Christmas shopping the day after Christmas; everything will be round still, and dog cheap. Come, we'll begin day after to-morrow."

*Mrs. Fountain:* "We will, we will!"

*Fountain:* "Do you think we will?"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Well, we'll *say* we will." They laugh together, and then he kisses her.

*Fountain:* "Even if it goes on in the same old way, as long as we have each other—"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "And the children."

*Fountain:* "I forgot the children!"

*Mrs. Fountain:* "Oh, how delightful you are!"



# The Vanishing People of the Land of Fire

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

TRAVEL alone with Indians through the shadowy deeps of the Fuegian forests, for the most part with black bog underfoot, and gray veils of mist overhead backed by a thicker gray of clouds, beyond which there seems to be no blue sky; travel in a soft mossy silence broken seldom by other sounds, save the weird creaking of great trees or the terrific crash as one of these decayed monsters crushes to the earth; travel when sullen clouds storm-sweep across the snowy mountain-tops and shriek through the forest trees in discordant rhapsodies—ruthlessly drawing across the very heart-strings of nature! To the lone white man it may symbolize the power of the Great Spirit; to the black-haired, silent Fuegians with him it is the spirits of the winds and rocks, of the mountains and the trees.

It was with caution and constant alertness that I journeyed with four Indians—Aanikin, Otroshoal and Warkeeo (his two wives), and Shoyien. The powerful Aanikin with his bloody record and darksome moods gave me no small concern, and at times on the march or about the camp-fire his dark beady eyes would fix upon me with that wolf-like expression which no white man likes to see lurking in the eyes of the savage. But to know any people it is essential that one approach them with an open mind and an open heart, with vision clarified of mists of certain conventionalities and fogs of preconception which shut out the horizon, or give glimpses of it only through wavering mirages of prejudice and warped judgment. One must have common interests and, refusing to be imposed upon, be the possessor of two valuable assets—toleration and sympathy.

My objective point was inland a bit from Cape St. Inez on the bleak, desolate bight of the eastern coast—Najmish. Here, according to Shoyien, we would probably find some of those nomads camped.

Leaving Beagle Channel to the south, we crossed in snow and storm the range of the Sierra Sorondo, trailed hungry through rain-soaked primeval forests, and slept gratefully on water-soaked bog. We left behind us a great inland sheet of water, Lake Fagnano, and the high glacial peaks which feed it, passed by some smaller lakes and lower mountains, and entered an undulating, open country patched with copses of moss-festooned trees.

There were certain of the Onas, enemies of Aanikin, whom it would not be well to meet, and on finding their mocasined footprints on the outskirts of their territory, we proceeded with extreme vigilance.

Late one afternoon we saw through the drizzle, at the edge of some woods, Aanikin's wives, who had cross-cut the bog-lands and were now sitting in silence several yards away from two Ona men, Halimioat and his son. Though a year had passed since Aanikin and these Indians had met, immobile they sat, their faces immutable, expressionless, their black eyes looking fixedly, but not in our direction. However, these stoics, taught from childhood a wonderful self-control, were also trained apparently to see nothing but observe all. Not until we rode up almost to their very feet, and Aanikin, dismounting, advanced toward them and spoke, did they move a muscle. Halimioat then indifferently tossed a fine brace of duck to the women, who as indifferently picked them up, but plucked and drew them with wonderful skill. As soon as they were cooked on a stick over the fire, Halimioat tore one apart with his powerful hands and handed me the steaming half, which I ate with keen relish.

Mounting our thin, exhausted horses, we avoided woods, travelling for the most part over grassy meads. Yet a treacherous snare is this beautiful meadow-



land; one foot from the unmarked trail you may lose a faithful horse and all the cargo you are unable to burden upon the other horses—left for food to those aborigines who may chance upon it, to the condors and vultures who will pick the bones, and to the winds and storms which will bleach them white.

It was late in the day when Aanikin turned his head slowly toward me and looked quizzically from the corners of his dark eyes—he had seen something; had I?

Scanning the distance, I saw what might be some guanaco—the wild, deer-like llama, the only large quadruped of Tierra del Fuego besides the Fuegian wolf-fox. Then with field-glasses I made out a small group of Indians. "Halimink," grunted Aanikin, and Halimink, Aanikin's uncle, one of them proved to be. Two of the others, I eventually learned, were Chalshoat and Pupup. All were splendid specimens of men.

Despite my desire to come in contact with the Onas of the interior, I cut down the intervening space between us with a certain amount of apprehension. A half-hour later we halted our horses within a few yards of four men, pristine as the land they inhabited.

A single tawny guanaco-skin mantle was wrapped loosely about each beautiful cinnamon-colored body, big-boned, superbly proportioned, with that splendid chest development and the relatively small hands and feet characteristic of these Fuegians.

They wore moccasins of guanaco-skin, and a triangular piece of furred skin from the gray neck of that animal served as a head-dress, tied by sinews around their foreheads, below which cropped masses of thick black hair. Their well-formed ears lay close against their heads; square, firm lower jaws left no doubt as to their tenacity and courage, while the prominent exterior orbital ridge and heavy malar bones made strong, prominent settings to their narrow, dark eyes, which looked out at me squarely and unflinchingly—intelligent, wolfish.

Slightly athwart their bodies they carried in their left hands long bows, and quivers of seal and otter skin, filled with arrows, many tipped with flint; for they

are primitive men, still living in the stone age. A grunt or two between Aanikin and Halimink, and we passed on. Such are the lords of the Fuegian forests.

Over a hill and we glimpsed the Atlantic; then, near the edge of a meadow in a copse of woods, came full upon the camp. Among the gnarled, stunted beech trunks, under the million interlacing branches clothed with evergreen leaves, or dead, bare and white, moss-festooned, a dozen wigwams seemed to have grown up from the long, flowering grasses, through which were sprinkled like a silver shower myriads of white-blossomed flowers.

The wigwams were of four types: of straight, heavy logs or branches, leaning toward a common centre—cone-shaped; or the logs leaned against one another along a common centre line, like a gable roof or a triangular prism, supported inside by two log uprights and a cross-beam; these wigwams had their interstices filled with moss and peat sods or had bark laid on, and were used when a longer sojourn than usual was anticipated or at a recognized rendezvous. The third type is composed of a stretch of cured guanaco-hides, sewn together, perhaps seventeen feet in length. From these hides the fur had been removed and red ochre thoroughly rubbed into them. A few sticks are stuck upright in the ground in a semicircle, the skin tent or wind-break (*t'ai'i*) unrolled and lashed to them with guanaco-hide strings. Often this skin tent is tied to trees, and the open space above partially covered over with branches. The fourth is probably the most primitive human dwelling in existence, a mere bower of branches stuck in the ground, interlaced and inclined toward the centre.

From most of these shelters the blue smoke of their camp-fires wreathed upward, disappearing into the tone of gray sky. An occasional black head of a man, woman, or child peered out from a wigwam. Those about the camp looked at me strangely; the women in particular rendered their faces expressionless—their form of reserve in the presence of any stranger.

But there were inmates of that as of every Fuegian camp which were no re-





*Drawn by Charles W. Furlong*

PRIMITIVE MEN. STILL LIVING IN THE STONE AGE







specters of persons—the dogs. Never have I seen wilder ones than those fierce, brindle, tawny, and black guanaco-hounds of the Onas, primal like their masters.

I followed Aanikin into Halimink's wigwam; his *na'a* (wives) had arrived before us, and were sitting about a smoky fire with a half-dozen other Onas. In the dim light the simple requisites of this nomadic people lay about, guanaco-skins under them, and in the crevices of the logs I spied here and there a bow or a quiver of arrows, and a rifle (Winchester .44), so dear to the Ona and so hard for him to get. Hanging on the forked branch of a log was a guanaco-skin water-bag; and there in a corner, swaddled in skins and lashed to a framework cradle stuck upright in the ground, a fat, black-haired baby eyed me intently and began a scared cry at the sight of this strange intruder, a *holist* (white man).

I camped near by, but there were nights when, rolled up in guanaco-skins, I shared their primitive shelter, storm and rain without, and as the fire died down, pitch darkness within; my rest broken perhaps by a hound sniffing around the edge of the dying embers for a stray morsel of food, or the uncanny sounds of an Ona muttering and rolling over in his sleep.

Who are these children of the deep, unknown Fuegian forests? History and proto-history they have none.

"*Shillkanen*"—men, they call themselves, and rightly so. "*Os'isin*," they call the land over which they roam. The origin or meaning of the word "Ona" has been a somewhat mooted question. "*Hanni*" in Yahgan means north wind, but "*Onan*" means the same. The Yahgans may have come to use the latter as signifying the wind from the Ona's land, which lies principally to the north of their territory. They speak of the Northern Onas as "*Ingulum Ona*" and the Eastern as "*Etulum Ona*." This word Ona was undoubtedly accepted by an early missionary, Rev. Thomas Bridges, who not only knew better than any one else the Yahgans and so named them, but was practically the first white man to get into friendly touch with the Onas. How the Yahgans came by the word may long remain a philological

problem; possibly it may have been derived from "*Ts'ona'ca*," which the southern Patagonians (Tehuelches) across Magellan Strait call themselves, and from whom the Onas are undoubtedly an offshoot.

From the northern end of the Chilean Archipelago, about south latitude 42° to the Strait of Magellan, the Andean backbone of South America forms an almost impassable barrier between the dry, level pampas on its east and the wet, impenetrable, wooded mountain slopes of the west coast and the labyrinth of islands which lie along it.

The territory north of the archipelago is the land of the indomitable Araucanians, who have passed and still do pass back and forth over the Andes of their land. From there a thousand miles to Magellan Strait there are but two great highways: over the pampas parallel to the Andes on the east, and through the channelways on the west.

I believe that some time back in the dim centuries, perhaps before the Romans found our own ancestors roaming the primeval forests of Britain and painting their bodies blue, perhaps before Cheops raised the great pyramid at Gizeh, bold aboriginal pioneers broke away from the Araucanian stock and peregrinated south—the ancestors of the Tehuelches and Onas on foot over the pampas, the ancestors of the Alaculofs and Yahgans through the channels in canoes.

The Onas are foot Indians, and so far as is known have never made boats of any kind. Cut off by the Strait of Magellan from the continent until the recent advent of the sheep-farmer, they roamed, three thousand perhaps, over some seventeen thousand square miles of the territory of that irregular triangular island we call Tierra del Fuego.

The open, drier, undulating country of the northern half of the island was the most thickly populated, for here roamed in countless numbers herds of tawny, deer-like guanaco (daughters of the yellow clay), food, raiment, and shelter to the Ona.

Then came the sheep-rancher, with his "big guanaco" (horses) and his "little guanaco" (sheep) and "those things which kill a long way off." Among the



Onas no one had ever *owned* herds of guanaco; ownership consisted in the getting. The white man stole his land, the Indian stole the white man's sheep: hence a feud, bloody, relentless.

Swept from the open lands of the north, those Onas not killed or transported to tuberculosis-infected quarters on Dawson Island have retreated to the deep forests of the south. Here with those who already occupied this impenetrable wilderness dwell the little remnant of perhaps three hundred, indomitable, unconquered. The line west to east from the southern shore of Useless Bay to just south of Rio Grande now approximates the frontier.

The Ona with his arrows met the white man in the open, and when their bullets missed him, laughed and derisively shook his *capa* (fur cloak) in their faces. But here in the forests the white man, even with his repeater, dares not meet the Ona on his chosen ground—with the exception of the Bridges brothers, sons of Rev. Thomas Bridges. They have grown up among the Southern Onas, have lived and hunted with some of them, speak their language, and Lucas, the elder, has been made a member of the tribe.

Despite the forests and grasses which thickly cover most of the land, there is an incredible dearth of food, for in this severe, bleak climate there is not enough warmth to ripen grain, so the Fuegians are forced to a nitrogenous diet—guanaco, cururo (a kind of ground-rat), birds, blubber of stranded whale, fish, and mussels, supplemented by a few tasteless berries in their season, and a round, sweetish, mucilaginous fungus.

This scarcity of food supply involves long journeys and militates against gregariousness, with the result that the Onas are forced to break up into small clans or family groups, each man for himself and his own. The severe traveling over a desolate, stormy land, hunger often gnawing at their vitals, alone with the elements, and frequently in an enemy's country, has conduced to self-reliance, courage, stoicism, and individual independence rarely equalled, with the result that the Ona, like the Yahgan, owes no allegiance nor renders obedience to any man—or god.

These sober, non-committal people re-

flect the sombre land in which they dwell, but, like that land, are sometimes given to wild outbursts of laughter or of rage; yet they are a fighting, not a quarrelsome people. They often show humane feelings, and with me, as a friend, were honest and generous. They had many admirable qualities, some of which many a white man would do well to adopt.\* So we see that environment has distinctly influenced the mode of life and character of the Onas as well as that of the Yahgans.

Yes, the Onas go naked in a cold climate, save for a guanaco-skin—and this they wear fur outward—but they are warm enough and they thrive. Ask an Ona why he does not wear the fur next his body, and he will reply, "A guanaco doesn't." Try it yourself in that wet climate, and you will see his reason—the fur sheds the water.

He rubs red ochre over his body to keep out the cold, which bedaubing misled even the keen-eyed Darwin to record the color of a few he met on the shores of Beagle Channel as a dirty, coppery red. It was not until I had associated with Onas some two weeks that, through some of the ochre being accidentally washed off, I discovered that their true color, on that part of their bodies and arms not exposed to the weather, was about the tone of the back of my tanned hand, or of the color of cinnamon, but lighter in value.

Strong and well built, the Onas may be considered tall people, a little over five feet nine inches being the average of eleven men I measured: Pupup, standing six feet one inch, was the tallest Ona I saw. Many of them have clean-cut, aquiline noses, and remind one of our own red men; also of the Mongols.

Each family group occupies a certain

\* Some months before my arrival in Tierra del Fuego, Halimink and other Onas, for the first time in their history, saved a shipwrecked crew, that of the *Glencairn*, wrecked on the east coast, provided them for some time with food from their own scanty supply, and conducted them to Lucas Bridges. A year passed and no word of gratitude or reward of any kind was received from the owners of the vessel or the British government. I trust, for the sake of future shipwrecked crews, some recognition of this charitable, humane act has been or speedily will be given Halimink and his people.





ONA INDIANS ON THE MARCH

territory, into which intrusion is resented to the death. Exceptions are made, the most important being when a man seeks a wife; for among the Onas marriage between blood-relations is not sanctioned. A wife may be sought from a neighboring group or obtained through warfare. In the former case an aspirant goes alone and dwells with her people pending negotiations. An unfavorable reply from the woman is expressed by the return to him of his bow which he has presented to her, otherwise she goes with him. During this primitive wooing a truce is observed until a certain time has elapsed after the couple depart.

They take up their abode in the man's country. Perhaps she enters his wigwam the lone mistress, perhaps to share it with another wife—or two. But while she may divide the advantages of a provider and protector, so does she also the duties of the wigwam and the heavy burdens of the march; and while the man is away on the hunt or on the war-path, instead of a lone vigil in the darksome forest, she has the company of the other wife and, as is not infrequently the case, a help in need. An Ona often takes wives who are sisters, as was the case with Aanikin.

Much of my time was spent in and

about the wigwams, mostly in Hali-mink's, but frequently in the very primitive dwelling belonging to Pupup and Chalshoat. This was nothing more than a bower of beech branches interwoven in the form of a semicircle, open at the top, a big, gnarled tree at one side of the entrance, while stretched over the outside of the lower portion of this barrier was the guanaco-skin wind-break. Within this bower, about ten feet in diameter, these two primitive men lived harmoniously, also Chalshoat's wife and Pupup's two wives and a child, not to mention the hounds.

Ona life in camp or on the march is replete with interest and incident. In the morning Chalshoat, Pupup, and their hounds stretched their long limbs, the fire was rekindled by the women, and the smoke curled up through the gap in the wigwam.

No chunk of guanaco meat or glub of whale's blubber spluttered on an inclined stake over the coals, for most of the guanaco at this time of the year were far north on the open ranges of the white man's country, and no stranded leviathan had beached his huge carcass in the vicinity during that summer.

The old wife of Pupup sometimes brought in wild curlews' eggs or wild



geese and ducks caught in her skilfully set snares among the reeds. But the food consisted principally of fish, hand-speared by the younger wives in the pools when the tides were low; of mussels gathered from the rocks and fungi from the trees. Sometimes I saw the small ground-rat roasting among the coals, or shared with them a fishy-tasting, half-cooked penguin. Small food was now plentiful, and Pupup and Chalshoat were content with short excursions for wild birds or a stray guanaco or a beached seal.

When fortune favored them and the sharp stake was shoved through a piece of meat, I would watch Chalshoat reach forward and tear or slice off a piece; then holding it, one end between his teeth, the other in his left hand, stretch back the corners of his mouth and sever it with a knife slash dangerously near his face.

There was a fascination in watching the women reach out a slightly tattooed arm and skilfully snatch a piece of penguin from the embers between the first and second fingers, in seeing their dark eyes glitter and their splendid teeth glisten as they devoured their food—

white teeth, well shaped and even, and which last as long as an Ona has need for them—unless knocked out.

Besides food-providing, the women cured and scraped the skins, sewed and made them into *capas*, tents, moccasins, head-dresses, cargo-straps, tool and water bags, with a stitch many a saddler might envy.

Pupup was a fine type of these strong, fierce people. There was hardly a movement of his strong supple body which was not the embodiment of grace. His splendid muscles when relaxed lay unobtrusive under the smooth, cinnamon-colored skin, marred only by the scars of an enemy's arrows. Back of his dark eyes, which could blaze with animal ferocity or reciprocate a friendly smile, was a mind childish in the reasoning of the white sophist, but mature with a keen intelligence in the lore of the forest and the skill and art which made for the preservation of himself and his own among the men who inhabit it.

Upon the Onas have been saddled the ignominy of habitual treachery, the torturing of captives, the use of poisoned arrows, and cannibalism. To the aggressive white man of Tierra del Fuego



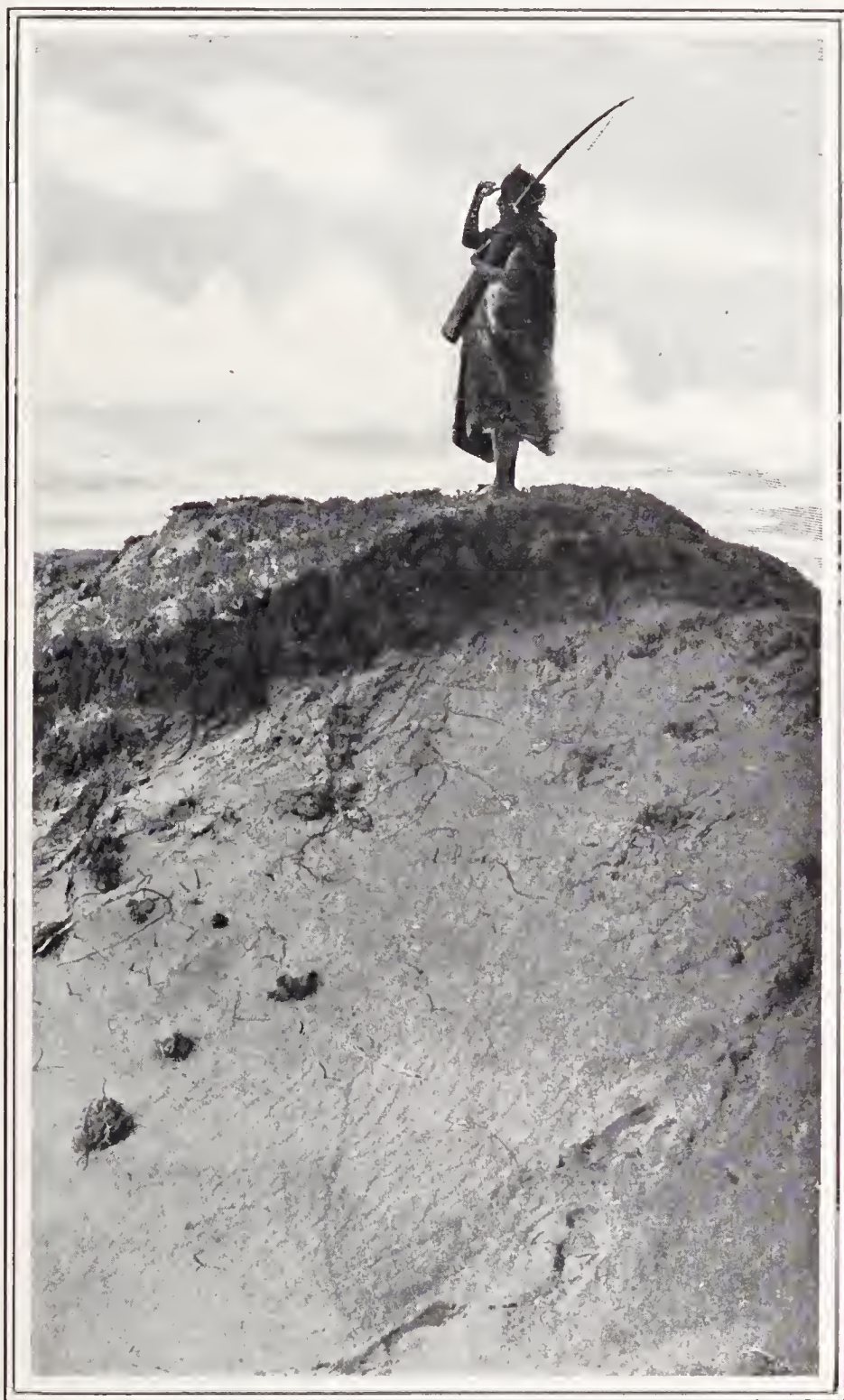
AN ONA WOMAN SCRAPING A GUANACO SKIN



the sharp pain of an arrow fired from ambush, the sudden onslaught in the dark of the long winter nights, the driving from his range of flocks of sheep from the land the white men have taken, and the blood revenge, are treachery. To the Ona, fighting against his extinction, it is strategy.

Treachery there undoubtedly is among them. Not so very long ago they surprised and killed the members of a surveying party near Useless Bay within sight of their own vessel, and on the east coast fell upon a party of adventurous miners, crushing their tent down upon them in the night and stabbing them to death. How many crews wrecked in the vicinity of the Strait of Le Maire, reaching the coast, have perished at their hands will never be known. Many of these episodes were in retaliation for white men's atrocities. Shooting the "chunkies" on sight for a bounty as one might clear the land of ground-rats was the order of the day. Poisoning the blubber of stranded whale and stealing Ona women red-handed were not the worst of deeds committed by the rangers who crowded the Ona from the north, the miners who pitched their tents on the shores of his few good harbors, and those irresponsible nomads of the sea who happened along his coasts—the whaler, sailor, and adventurer. But the innocent unfortunately often pay the price for the guilty.

Of the hundreds of beautifully fashioned arrows I have seen, not one was poisoned, and I know of no authentic record of such procedure. Had this been their custom, it certainly would have been employed in the case of two white men of my acquaintance who were both seriously wounded on the northern frontier by the Ona Cautempkle, whom I also knew.



AANIKIN

While brutalities are committed by the Onas, I do not believe that it is customary for them to deliberately torture captives, whatever lengths they may go in the heat of warfare or passion. Nor is the practice of cannibalism compatible with their temperament, though "I will have his meat" is an Ona saying in regard to an enemy, the exact significance of which phrase I do not know.

Just what lengths they would resort to in the face of starvation is a question, but I doubt not their self-control would equal, perhaps surpass, that of many white men.

This self-control is a salient element of Ona character; he is a stoic under severe physical pain and hardship, reti-



cent about asking questions to satisfy his curiosity, and though he will gorge himself when ravenous and food is plenty, there is no lion's share, for whatever a returning hunter brings back is divided among the camp. In offering some slight gift—a piece of meat, a fragment of cloth, a fish-hook, or what not—Onas have rudely seized it from my hand, and often for the time being nonchalantly tossed it to one side. Thankless? Well, to appear thankful for a gift is to be grateful, and to appear grateful intimates pleasure or gladness in receiving; this would imply that the recipient was anxious to get it, hence greedy. To be greedy is against their code of ethics. Herein is involved an Ona custom, efficient as it is severe: *K'lo'kt'n*—the initiation into manhood, through which every Ona lad at the age of adolescence must pass creditably to prove himself a man.

Some day the Ona boy is summoned to *hin*—a council wigwam, off in the woods. So, leaving his games and his play-arrows, he enters, perhaps to find another boy or two in charge of a man.



ONA CHILDREN

First he is impressed with the necessity of endurance, self-protection, and stoicism, then sent out to prove its application. Long journeys and longer sojourns must be made in the lonely unknown forests, a hound only allowed him for a companion; real arrows now, and the

twang of his bow-string must mean a shot, sure, straight, and strong—or starvation. His quarry must be brought back to the camp. Often an Ona man returns from the hunt, having killed a guanaco several days' journey off perhaps; it lies among the bush or far up on a steep, quaggy mountainside. Two boys undergoing *k'lo'kt'n* are sent to bring it home. Unerringly they go to the spot where the guanaco lies, and stumbling over roots and rocks, slumping through bogs, half dragging, half carrying the tremendous burden, they struggle back to camp—no, to its outskirts, for during *k'lo'kt'n* they are allowed no association with the women.

Despite craving for fat, which this severe cold climate and exertion induce, only scant portions and the least desirable parts of the meat are given the initiates. At night they crawl exhausted into the guanaco-skins of their quarters to sleep, or, likely as not, to start up in the darkness at the sight of horrible apparitions, howling creatures of dreadful appearance having flaring torches in their hands. These are Ona men with skin masks and other make-ups who spring suddenly in upon them—to teach them fearlessness. A month of this gruelling might be deemed sufficient, but the Ona considers two years a more fitting period, and at the end of the time the initiates emerge from their ostracization, lean and gaunt, but hard and sinewy and brave—men.

Aside from the ceremony of *k'lo'kt'n*, that instituted to keep the women in subjection plays, perhaps, as important a part as any in the lives of the Onas. It was for this purpose they built *hin*, their council-houses, from which during this ceremony the men rush to the camp with masks and pigment-smeared bodies, impersonating different spirits, and the women are supposed to be afraid. Some of them are impressed, but at the mere hint of disbelief a woman may be killed, and some undoubtedly are.





MAP OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO AND ADJACENT REGION

Light and dark cross-lining shows territory originally occupied by the Onas, darker cross-lining shows territory now occupied

The Onas are a reticent people, not much given to speech, but what they do indulge in seems to have widely circumvented any laws of euphonics. Darwin said of the few he saw at Good Success Bay that their language "scarcely deserves to be called articulate." To hear their weird, harsh talk for the first time is startling; deep, guttural mutterings, strong inspiration and expiration of breath, in which "sh" predominates in the beginning and termination of words, the sounds of consonants are emphasized and the vowels all but lost, while sharp peculiar clucks or clicks are liberally interspersed throughout. Their speech is very different from that of their neighbors of the channelways, the Yahgans, in which these clicks are conspicuously absent and the vowels well distributed and emphasized, and their speech, though somewhat guttural, has a musical quality.

"*Hwee yamana?*" ("Where walk the men?") say the Yahgans. "*K'ish ch'ain shillkanen?*" say the Onas. Like the Yahgans, however, their vocabulary of numbers consists of one, two, three (*sos*, *shoke*, *showkun*), unless we except for four "*k'oni' shoke*"—twice two or both twos.

Their names, like those of the North-American Indians, often owe their

origin to some characteristic of the individual or to some circumstance, and are often nicknames in the truest sense. "Shis'coth," the name of an Ona at Najmish, meant "Penguin Fat," while another was named "Gochi'tell" ("Thin Shins"). Unlike the Yahgans, they do not name their people after their birthplaces, with the exception of the *j'ho'on* (doctors).

These doctors or magicians, who may be of either sex, make certain predictions and treat the sick, generally by squeezing or manipulation, which means are often as disastrous as they are severe. An arrow in the flesh produces pain; a pain, then, must be produced by something which can only be removed by the skill of their *j'ho'on*, and many an Ona is frank to admit that he has seen a doctor remove from him a mouse or some other small creature or object.

Brave as the Ona is in warfare and in enduring physical stress, sickness, its cause and effect, is something which his primitive mind fails to grasp or his courageous heart to withstand. He knows not how to meet it, his line of action is blurred, so he broods alone—silent, despondent.

While camped at Najmish, an Ona girl lay sick in a wigwam near Pupup's, and





TRAVELLING AT LOW TIDE ALONG THE COAST

a *j'ho'on* came in from a distant *Pa'i* (tent). Hour after hour there emanated from the wigwam sounds strange and weird; "*shish-sh-sh!*" strongly aspirated and sustained, forced burring through the lips, and other noises indescribable, all to scare and force out of the patient the pain—the thing. Such disturbance in the very ears of the sick seemed an atrocity, but was nothing to what I witnessed on visits to the wigwam.

Seated on the ground was the old *j'ho'on*, holding back to him the limp figure of the dying girl, his burly arms wrapped around her body, his black head over her shoulder, and giving vent to gruesome noises, which were accompanied by desperate squeezing and jerking. This awful ordeal lasted for hours, and to the *j'ho'on's* mind the more persistent and strenuous the procedure, the more efficient the cure—until he literally squeezed out of her the little life that was left.

But it would not have done to interfere with a *j'ho'on*. What pathos in this futile, primitive contest with nature! When the girl died, her people disappeared with her body into the forest, cut short the beautiful long black hair from the tops of their heads, and gave vent to their mournful death-song.

If one would see the Onas in the full picturesque majesty of their primitive-

ness, see them on the march. Here they come!—big hounds sniffing in the vanguard, then powerful warriors with fur mantles flapping in the wind, and, bows and quivers aslant, held ready in the hollow of their left arms, they step straight-footed, with a stride easy and long. Then follow the women, some with children on their backs, but all heavily weighted with camp-gear.

Under no other conditions can one better appreciate the absolute primitiveness of these people, for you see them afoot, with practically all they possess carried on their persons, and most of that on the backs of their women. Each pack consists of a long roll of a guanaco-skin tent or *capa*, in which are wrapped some camp utensils and extra skins; then the pack is lashed with guanaco-hide *tientas* (strips) and the tent sticks shoved through to render it firm. Across the woman's chest is placed the centre portion of the *moh'j'in* (cargo-straps), the loose ends passing under and over her shoulders and lashed securely about the pack. In addition to this may be a heavy chunk of guanaco meat or other food. From the sticks dangle specimens of their one kind of weaving—a beautiful reed basket made with a curious kind of knot—and odds and ends; while in the loose fold of the



*capa* at the back of the neck a heavy child is often ensconced. Hence an Ona *na'a* sometimes carries on her back, house, appurtenances, food, and family.

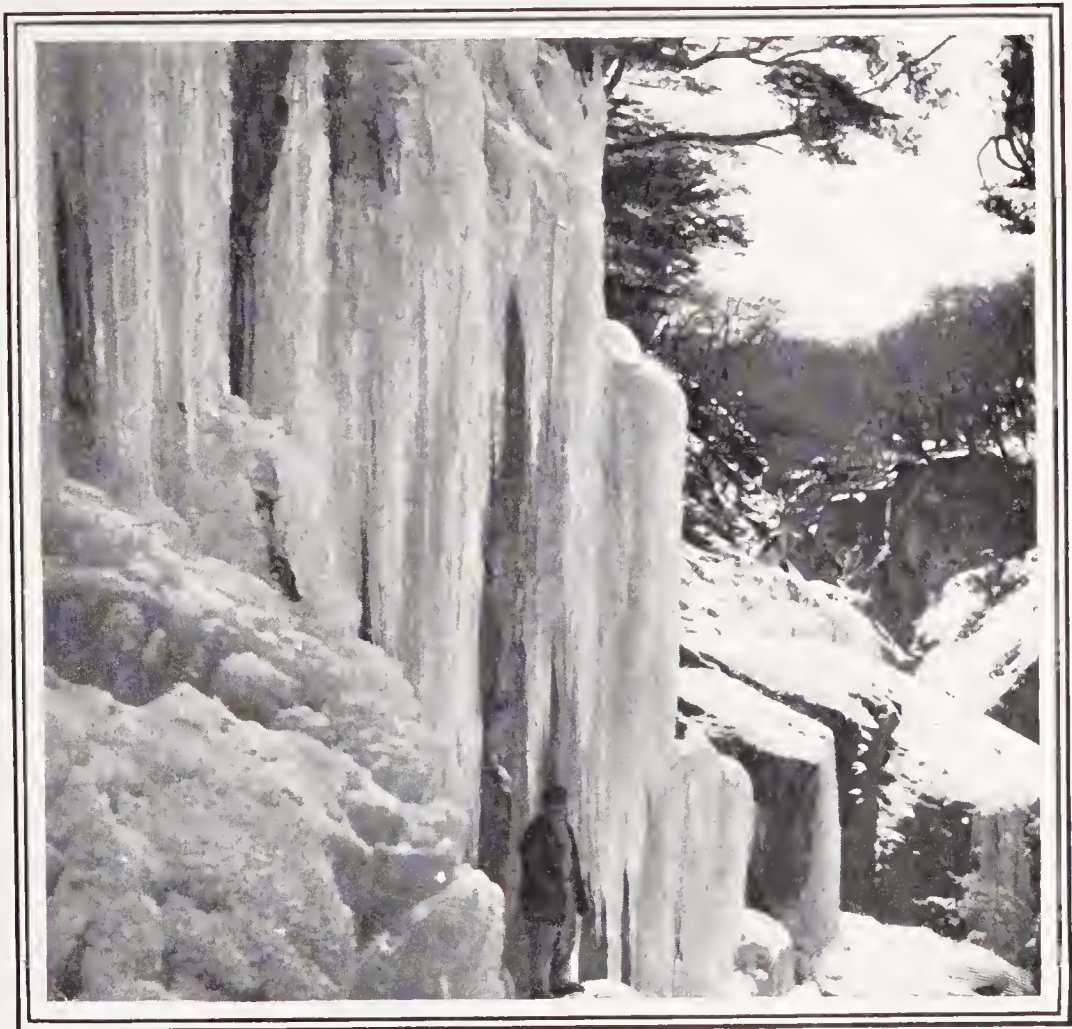
The men have smaller cargo-straps, but these are used only in the hunt to bring back the meat or to carry a light load. The women, though, are frequently sent for the meat when it is but a short distance from the camp. Thus, aside from his weapons, the man's load consists of but a small guanaco-skin bag tucked through a single hide strap tied about his naked waist. In this he carries his arrow-making kit, extra flint, some ochre for besmearing his body, and a few other trifles. Apparently a gross injustice to the women, this unequal division of the loads. Well, the Ona does consider it beneath his manly dignity to bear any unnecessary burden, but there is another and vital reason: he must be as fresh as possible and reserve his strength and be unhampered, not only to chase game, but to detect an enemy and cope with him on even terms. To tramp heavily loaded in this land of roots, rock, and bog requires constant attention to the trail, and where the method of warfare is that of ambush and stalking, little could the Ona afford to sacrifice his alertness to a load or be hampered by it in a sudden onslaught.

As they range along, their black eyes scan every nook and cranny, their keen ears are alert to every sound and their noses to every smell, and I am almost convinced that an Ona can scent an enemy. A hidden foeman must be detected before the flight of arrows come winging through the air, for rarely does an Ona pull a bow at a guanaco or a man and miss him. An Ona will put three arrows out of five

into my hat on the ground seventy-five yards away.

An arrow in one is not pleasant, even if it makes only a flesh wound, for the delicate flint or glass points break and remain after the shaft is withdrawn. Many of the arrow-points are of glass obtained from wrecks about the Strait of Le Maire.

Strange as it may seem, the Ona himself by his feuds has played no small part in his own extermination, and at a conservative estimate fifty per cent. of the adult males I have seen were scarred with from one to three wounds from arrows or bullets. But it is not within the province of this article to tell of the blood feud in which my head Indian, Aanikin, has been and still is involved. Suffice it to say that through this one feud, treacherously begun by Aanikin and his friends, who had secured two rifles, thirteen Onas, to my knowledge, have been killed by him and his retainers, and eight by his enemy, Hyewin'j'ho'on's retainers. Then there is the big Cancoat, who travelled a hundred miles with a bullet in his groin from Aanikin's first attack. And once about a camp-fire in the open I ate with some twenty Onas who, almost



THE FROZEN LAND OF FIRE IN WINTER





ONA INDIANS ON THE TRAIL

to a man were Aanikin's enemies, and two at that very time carried within them bullets from his rifle.

Only a month ago word came to me from Lucas Bridges that Aanikin had been shot through the left shoulder, had fallen into his camp-fire, and lost the use of his arm for life: a shot for his heart probably, but a little high—and the end is not yet.

It is true that the Ona to-day is without a god, government, or clothes, but it must also be remembered that he is without intoxicants, ill health, and the numerous vices of our garbed civilization. For the time being, free from the aggression of the white man in his forest and mountain retreats, despite some internecine strife, greatly aggravated by curtailing his territory, the Onas have slightly increased in the last few years; but is this the last flicker of the flame before it goes out? This very increase but hastens the time when the food supply will be insufficient for the demand, and they already look away over the land where the guanaco are fast disappearing. Then contact with the white man will be their only choice. To continue in aggressive contact—raiding the white man's

range, under the most desperate circumstances—would result in the last Onas falling before his bullets; in peaceful contact, they will quickly succumb to disease, drink, and clothes.

There is one dim hope for the Onas; it lies in the magnanimity of the republics of Chile and Argentina, particularly in that of the latter. The first step would be to set aside in perpetuity for the Onas' sole use at least the smaller and less desirable part of their birthright that has been taken from them—say all the territory of the island south of the line of  $53^{\circ} 40' 51''$  south latitude—with a mile-wide neutral strip north of it. As occasion demands, their territory should be restocked with young guanaco (easily obtained from the pampas of the mainland). Thus could these sister republics make some amends, and Christianity, spiced with justice and common sense, be meted out to a splendid aboriginal tribe. Such a course would redound to the everlasting credit of Chile and Argentina.

Then this little remnant of people would be saved and the tribe preserved before it takes up the last "great trek"



from which there is no return—before they follow those aborigines of another sea-girt land, Tasmania, where to-day not a Tasman is left.

But, such a hope, I am afraid, can be but an Elysian dream to the Ona. Starvation of the unfortunate, in these regions as in many civilized communities, is no barrier against the white man's greed for wealth. He has taken from the Ona the better half of his island and curtailed his coast line.

So, surrounded on all sides by water, the natural conditions under which the Ona dwells are unique. Outside the boundaries of his own island he has no retreat, and were it not for the character of the southern half of his land, to-day he would be extinct. Though Tierra del Fuego is clothed in great part with a heavy evergreen verdure, and in its brief summer with thick grasses, there is not enough heat to ripen grain; thus his vocation is perforce that of a hunter, hazardous and precarious.

The assiduous pursuit by whalers and sealers has greatly lessened the numbers

of stranded whales on the shores, and decimated or scared away a great portion of the vast herds of seal, so that practically only the guanaco are left. But the wild pasturages of the northern grazing-grounds, where they roamed in countless numbers, are now usurped by the white man's sheep, and the guanaco themselves are being rapidly killed off; many, like the Indians, have sought the open meads of the forest lands and the low shrubs of the mountain-tops. Here, caught by the severe winters, they often perish in numbers.

I believe the guanaco is the barometer of the Indian's existence—and the arrow or bullet which strikes the last golden-brown pelt will also strike the death-knell of the Onas.

Who can blame these Onas for resisting being literally pushed off the edge of the world? Fewer and fewer the smoke wreaths of their wigwams have sent their violet haze against the dark, wet forests, and, like the dying embers of their camp-fires, the last of the Onas are going out.

## The Dream-Boat

BY ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

MORE near the drifting dream-boat bore  
Till, 'neath the idly swinging sail,  
Its purple shadow lipped the shore.  
I leaned and caught the golden rail.

Hard in the sand the prow I drew  
To rest, still swaying in the sea,  
And slow as sunlight draws the dew  
I drew my heart's desire to me;

Though she might come but once nor stay  
At all.—Beside the faithless deep  
I saw my dream-boat drift away  
Across the ebbing tides of sleep.



# A Life on the Ocean Wave

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

“H AVRE, sir? Return?” said the man at the Waterloo ticket-office.

“No; single, please,” Mr. Jenkins answered, and like a shudder the thought went through him that he would not want to return.

“First class on boat?” the man asked.

“No, thank you,” said Mr. Jenkins, and again he shivered at the thought that first or second class would make no difference to him.

He was soon gliding through the fields and heaths of Surrey. The may was in full bloom, the pleasant gardens of suburb and village stood bright with lilac, laburnum, and chestnut. It was beautiful Whitsuntide weather, and all the fragrant country gleamed with sunshine, the more brilliant because a merry southwest breeze chased little white clouds across the blue, and bellied the clothes hanging upon the washing-lines, like the sails of ships.

Mr. Jenkins stared upon the passing scene as a plague-stricken man stares upon a city in festival. His throat was dry, a strange taste was in his mouth, and his eyes were blinded by the blank shadow of something approaching. He had determined to make an end, for he could endure the misery of his existence no longer. He was escaping—escaping from the hideousness of a position which covered him every day with contempt. But in front lay that horrible gulf which could not be avoided, and it lay close before him now. Every turn of the rushing wheels bore him nearer to it, and the telegraph posts as they whizzed past the window ticked off the yards upon the road. Each wood that was left behind, each buttercup meadow full of cows, each village street with its children—they passed, and he would never see them again.

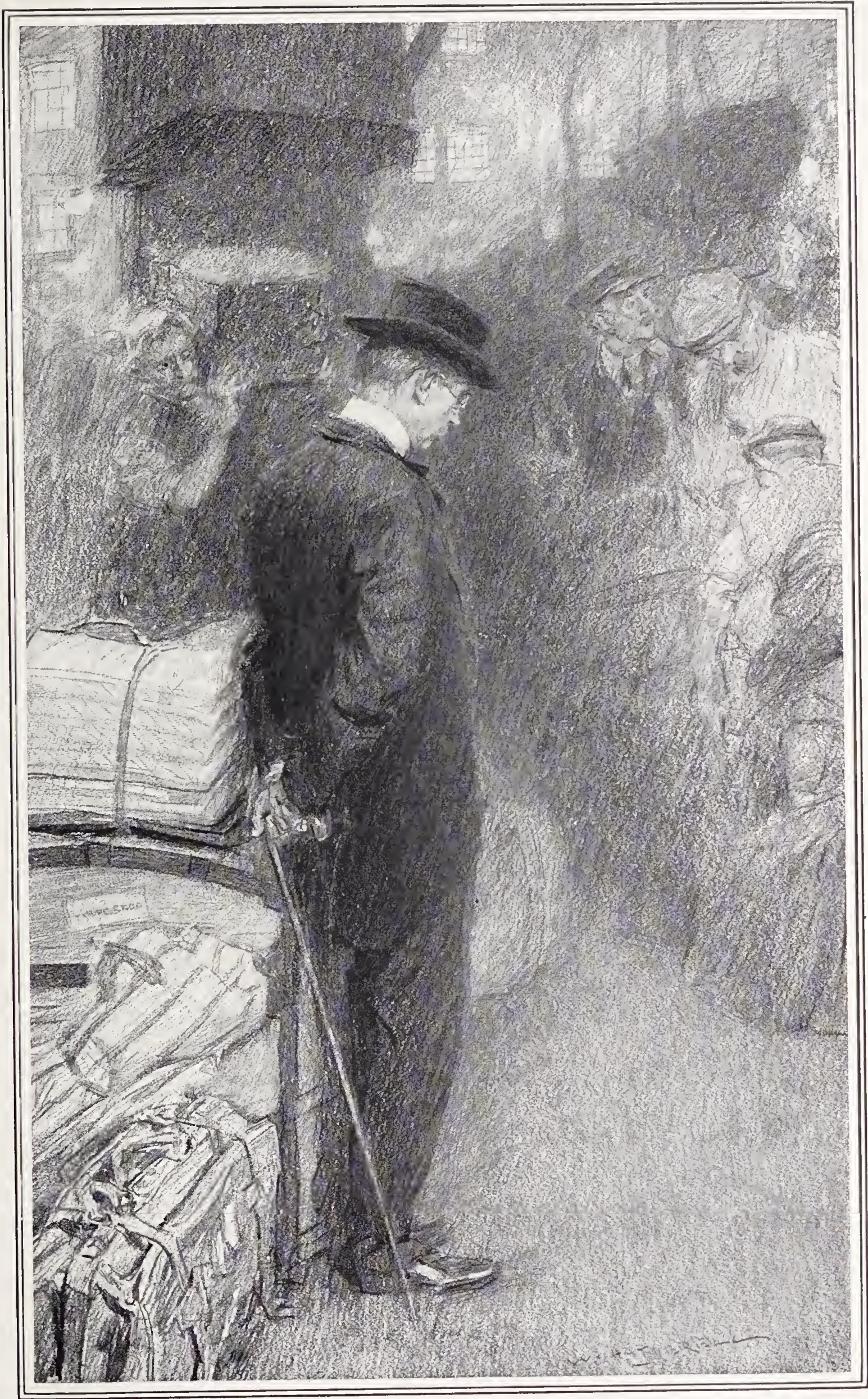
But he was escaping. He could no longer endure the misery of his position,

and to that thought he constantly returned as something solid to hold by. It was that hateful school that had driven him to this, and as he thought of the school he remembered the very smell of the form-rooms and of the hall where they had meals. He had failed in everything he did. There was a time when he almost enjoyed teaching and had really tried to make himself liked by the boys. Year after year he had tried, and he recalled the days when he used to ask them to come for walks with him on half-holidays, and they had come. But that was long ago; the generations of school are brief, and the boys who had known him when he still felt some kind of hope and pleasure in his work had gone out into the great world and left him to repeat the stale and weary lessons to others, who despised him.

The train passed by a cavalry camp where the men were leading their horses down to water. They had only their trousers and gray shirts on, and they laughed among themselves with mere health and good spirits. How passionately Mr. Jenkins envied them as they stood there and laughed! Surely that would have been the life worth living! Their day's work was over and it was almost time to picket the horses till morning. How soon, how naturally, the morning would come to them! But between now and morning lay the night, and for him the terrible gulf was there.

He knew the boys despised him. He could not understand why, but a tradition had grown up that he was a sort of fool. With him they said and did things they would not have dreamed of with the other masters. From week to week they kept him in the expectation of some fresh humiliation, and almost every day a new insult took him by surprise. He had long known that they called him the Whistling Oyster; though,





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

HIS LONELINESS WAS ALMOST UNENDURABLE NOW







again, he could not imagine why. But custom had made him indifferent to it, until, in the previous term, he had found a placard on his pillow inscribed with the words, "Please Remember the Grotto!" And when he got into bed there was a thick layer of oyster shells between the sheets. Next morning at history lesson he was explaining for the twentieth wretched time what ostracism meant in Athens, when the captain of football innocently inquired whether the Athenians kept oyster-beds on purpose. Instantly Mr. Jenkins perceived that the whole form was convulsed with laughter, and from that day he noticed that the captain of football never took off his cap to him if other boys were in sight.

There could be no doubt the boys despised him. He thought he would not have minded being hated, but he knew he was a common butt, and he could not imagine why. He wondered now what the boys would say when they heard the news. The school would meet again; he would not be there. It would strike them hard. They would all be talking about it soon—quite soon! All of them would be startled; some might be a little sorry; and for that alone the thing was worth doing.

Then there was that creature Simpson! He would hear of it, perhaps the first, from the head master, and he would learn that the man he treated as a worm was at least not a coward! It was all very well for Simpson to swagger because he was second master and taught the highest form in Classics, and was known to have taken honors at Cambridge. No amount of learning would have given him the right to despise Mr. Jenkins or to bring him into contempt with the boys. They cared nothing about his reputed learning. But the thing that suddenly presented Simpson most bitterly to Mr. Jenkins's mind was a great country house with long carriage drives and a spreading park through which the train was passing. Simpson was always telling the boys about the country houses in which he spent the holidays, and how he drove in motors and played golf and even went out shooting. It was well known in the school that Simpson had once shot a stag. In fact, he always carried in his waistcoat pocket the expanded

bullet that had been extracted from the dead animal's heart, and he used to pass it round among the boys at meal-times.

Mr. Jenkins knew he did this partly to maintain his influence and popularity, but chiefly out of contemptuous spite against himself. For Mr. Jenkins had never been out shooting, had no adventures to relate, and when asked where he had spent the holidays could only say, "In the neighborhood of London," or at best, "In Surrey." He was a naturally truthful man, and, as a matter of fact, he had hitherto always stayed with his mother near Clapham Junction, so as to save expense. But now his mother was dead, and he had no one to provide for.

The train stopped at Winchester, and the platform was crowded with women carrying or leading their children, and with girls in gay spring frocks and hats all covered with roses. Mr. Jenkins stared at them as they hurried to and fro, greeting friends and lovers, helping the children with their spades and buckets, saying good-by, and promising to write soon. It was no distance to the sea now—the sea, the yellow sands, the deep chasm of darkness that lay before him!

He thought of the time when his mother had helped him just like that, and had bought him a little spade and bucket to dig on St. Leonard's beach when they lived for one glorious fortnight in a back street within smell of the seaweed. How careful she had been of him whenever he was ill, and how she had cried and comforted him when first he had a tooth out! And now there was no one to care, though he had all his teeth out one after another. No one would really care when—Why, in a few hours now the thing would all be over, and no one would care in the least!

But the sight of the women and girls had reminded him of Simpson again, and his thoughts went back to his own miserable position compared to his enemy's. It was believed that women actually liked Simpson, and he often talked about them in a very knowing way. Only the Sunday before, Simpson and Mr. Jenkins had been to supper with the head master, and Simpson had talked all the time to the head master's wife about the dancing and dresses at a recent party



in the town. But Mr. Jenkins had not learned to dance, and he was never invited out now because Simpson had spread the report that he was deadly dull in society. So he had sat silent through supper, or had spoken only a few words about Hutchinson Junior's mumps to the head master, whose mind was very much occupied with that subject. Indeed, it was for fear of the infection spreading that he had given the school a few days' holiday at Whitsuntide, and that was how the opportunity for this journey had come to Mr. Jenkins—all through Hutchinson Junior's mumps!

Thought followed thought, and he seemed to be getting far away from the present, when suddenly he felt the brakes jammed on again, and the train rushed into a large station and stopped. Mr. Jenkins's heart also stood still.

"Any luggage, sir?" said the porter, flinging the door open. No, he had no luggage. Beyond threepence for a possible tip, he had left even his money behind. This he called burning his ships. Not that he needed any aid to his resolution. He was resolved.

The steamer lay alongside the quay, and the little waves of Southampton Water were splashing against her iron plates with an ominous sound. It was the sea—almost the real sea—and he had reached it so quickly! Everything was going as he expected, and his plans had been laid with great care. He had chosen this method because it was so certain and so clean. No one would be shocked by any horrible discovery, and there would be no trouble about inquest or burial. Besides, he had always been so fond of the sea. Even now he murmured to himself the lines which had haunted him for many days:

"I will go back to the great sweet mother,  
Mother and lover of men, the sea."

And so he went on till he came to the last line of the stanza—"Set free my soul as thy soul is free"; and then his heart stopped beating again, and he saw nothing but that impenetrable shadow of darkness.

It was sunset, but the boat was not to start for some hours, and he walked up and down the quay, watching the dockers bringing cargo on board, and the

visitors settling down to dinner in the lighted hotels. He had been lonely for many years, but his loneliness was almost unendurable now. He longed to converse with every one he saw, and perhaps get some little word of sympathy for what he suffered. But it would be ridiculous to speak; men and women passed him without a look, occupied only with their affairs as he was with his, and not one of them would have cared the cost of a dinner if he had died at their feet. Why should they care?

Then he thought he had better try to sleep, especially as he was growing very hungry. So he went on board and lay down on one of the berths in the second-class cabin. There were still a few hours yet, and this was his last sleep. His last sleep! He thought of the accounts of executions he had read—how the condemned man always slept well and enjoyed a good breakfast before the jailer came to pinion him.

By intervals he slept, but when any one came into the cabin he woke with a dim knowledge that something horrible was going to happen, and that gradual return of the horror was so frightful that he found it better to keep awake. The passengers talked and sang, the crew shouted, the shuffling and stamping above his head increased. At last there came a hideous sound of grating and wrenching, and he knew the anchor was being hauled in. He heard the captain signalling the orders with his bell. The propeller began to turn and roar, the ropes fell into the water with a splash, the siren hooted, and, creaking and shivering from end to end, the ship set out upon her voyage.

He had determined to wait for mid-channel, when every one would be asleep and there could be no fear of being stopped or rescued. So he had still two or three hours left of life. He half sat up in his berth and tried to think of the past. He looked back on it all with a half-affectionate regret, as though he were remembering a friend's story which had ended in disaster, and for himself he felt a yearning pity, such as one feels for a harshly used child. But to think of the past was almost as bad as sleeping, so terrible was the return of present reality and that thing which stood only



an hour or two before him now. He heard the ship's bell strike two half-hours. He could not tell what time they might mean, but the creaking and vibration of the vessel increased, and she began to roll slowly from side to side. He could judge how much she rolled by the curtains, which themselves hung down straight from the door-posts and port-holes. He shut his eyes, for somehow he did not like to watch them.

But he knew the steamer must be on the open sea by now. In another hour the thing would have to be done, and he tried to look it in the face. He would go to the side when no one was looking; or he could pretend to be seasick. Then he would climb the railings and jump. There would be a splash, a sudden feeling of cold, and that horrible taste of salt-water which he had always hated when his mother dipped him and he ran naked out of the waves screaming. But that would soon be over; he could not swim, so that the struggle would not last. And then would begin the slow sinking—sinking down into the darkness, with water above his head and all around him. It could not be really much more terrible than falling asleep, if only the first part were well over. By the time he was fast asleep he would be dead—that was the only difference. So many people went through with it every hour of the day and night that it could not be very terrible. And when the last thought and feeling had gone, he would just sink deeper and deeper, carried gently about by currents, till at last he rested in darkness on the sand and above him stood a pure dome of water thicker than the mountains are high. Suddenly the ship's bell rang again. It seemed to be always ringing.

He resolved that when next it rang he would creep silently out of the cabin and do it. Nearly all the men around him were snoring hard and would not wake till morning. A bitter envy came over him as he thought of them waking as usual in the morning and having their coffee and perhaps meeting their wives on shore. In all that ship he was the only one who would never see morning and never speak to a human creature again. To him no woman except his mother had ever given a thought.

Blind terror seized him. The ship rolled with increasing violence; every plate and beam in her construction groaned; the curtains swung out almost at right angles to her sides; but he neither heard nor saw. In front of him gaped only that unknown abyss of nothingness, and around him all the crowds of boys who scorned and despised him drove him forward into the gulf with taunts and laughter. He knew there was one way to silence them, but only one. It would be very effective. They would instantly be still; their mouths would shut, their hands drop down. They would stop laughing all in a moment. They would even be a little ashamed, and perhaps a little sorry. As he thought of that, he felt a queer sensation as though he were going to cry.

There was no escaping. Behind lay the long years of intolerable degradation and unmanly submission; in front the black chasm yawned to receive him. He must prove himself now, or live with the consciousness of a deeper dishonor still. In his anguish he writhed upon the hard cushions of the berth and hid his face in the horsehair bolster. With every second the deathly horror increased. His limbs were cold with fear, his whole body was faint and powerless, and the swinging of the ship tossed him to and fro as the waves would toss the dead. The minutes were passing, passing. Not more than five or ten could now be left. Suddenly he heard Simpson crying "Coward! Coward!" in his ear, and at the same moment the ship's bell sounded again.

He knew it was the signal for death. He sat up calmly at once on the edge of the berth and put his feet on the cabin floor. He seemed to be an indifferent spectator watching himself from near at hand, and ready to applaud his coolness and resolution. All the men in the cabin were sound asleep—all except one who was horribly seasick and did not count. Mr. Jenkins knew exactly what to do, for he had rehearsed the scene so often. Feeling for his boots under the berth, he drew them on quietly and began lacing them up. He found it a very difficult task, for the ship kept rolling this way and that, and even by looking down he could hardly make out



where the hooks were. No matter! It made no difference whether his boots were properly laced or not. Hurriedly tying the ends together, he stood up and made for the door.

Instantly he was flung into the next berth, right on top of the seasick man, who cursed him feebly and groaned. Making a fresh start, he was sent staggering over to the other side of the cabin and then thrown violently back again upon the edge of his own berth. There he sat, faint and wretched.

A horrible sweat broke from him, and the deathly weakness in his limbs increased. He could not endure to move, but nothing was accomplished yet, and he was not an inch nearer the thing he had to do. Point by point his definite plan must be carried out. The steps lay clearly before him, and each must be taken in turn. He stood up again, resolved at all costs to reach the door. The ship reeled, the door reeled, the curtains swung in his face, and he fell back prostrate upon the cushions where those hours of tortured waiting had been spent.

Of all the seasick men and women on that ship, none was so deadly ill as Mr. Jenkins, who had come on board to die. The pain of hunger increased his suffering. He could hardly move a hand, so wretched was his weakness. He was so violently ill that even the second-class steward took pity on him.

The morning sun blazed over Havre when at last the steamer ceased to roll and glided into the blessed calm of the river's mouth. Giving the steward his only threepence, Mr. Jenkins went ashore with the other passengers and sat down on a heap of ropes. Hotel porters entreated his patronage, custom-house officers asked him if he had anything to declare, passers-by stared at him uncomfortably. But what was to be done now? It would be ridiculous to throw himself into the dirty harbor and be pulled out amid the excitement of the crowd, who would expect him to reward his rescuer. He could not go back and try to do it again at sea, for they would not let him on board without a ticket. He felt miserably ill; perhaps he would die "naturally" if he only stayed where he was. But he could not stay, for the

police were beginning to look at him suspiciously and to exchange remarks in whispers. At last one of them began to approach, and Mr. Jenkins got up and walked feebly away.

He did not know where to go or what to do. The sun was hot and he felt mad with thirst. He was hungry, too, and as he passed the cafés along the harbor-side he longed to seize the great bowls of coffee, flasks of wine, rolls, little cakes—anything to stop his wretched sense of exhaustion and faintness. But he had not a penny to give, and he had left even his watch at the school because there was no reason why it should be sunk in the sea. Besides, it was not for him to be eating and drinking while he still had that thing to do. He must not forget that. Looking round, he saw a hill and a bit of cliff standing above the town. They were not very high or steep, but perhaps up there he could find a place for his purpose.

He dragged himself along. The sun grew hotter and beat upon his back. His thirst became so terrible that he could not even think of hunger or of anything but thirst. If he could only drink something he thought he could go on, but he felt he must lie down somewhere first. He reached the foot of the hill and knew that he ought to climb it. As soon as he had climbed to the top, he knew he would have to do something great—something really important. He could not exactly remember what. He was very sorry, he must lie down first. Unless he got something to drink he would die, but he must really lie down somewhere first. So he lay down in the middle of the street.

"Ah, what horror!" cried the crowd, rushing in upon him from every side. "It is a sudden death! It is a sunstroke—an apoplectic seizure—an enfeeblement of the heart—a collapse of the cerebral organs! Take care! He is a criminal—an escaped forger—an assassin! He is the man the police are looking for! He is walking toward the fortifications! He is a spy! Do not touch him! Look out for a bomb! He has an air entirely anarchistic! He is a foreigner! What a hat! Look at his boots! They are prison boots! Look at his trousers! He is an Englishman!"





Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"DO NOT TOUCH HIM! HE IS AN ANARCHIST! HE IS A FOREIGNER!"







The police arrived, and legal discussion began. They took notes, they demanded evidence, they wrote out the names and addresses of the principal witnesses. They examined the body; they searched the pockets and found nothing, they tried to decipher the name on the pocket-handkerchief, they pulled open the eyes to see their color, they agreed that the teeth would have to be noted and impressions of the finger-tips taken. They explained to the crowd how this was done. Amid growing excitement they unfastened the coat and shirt. Each felt the heart in turn, and called for water in unison. A bucket was brought. It was poured over Mr. Jenkins's head, and after a few deep breaths he opened his eyes without police assistance. As he had taught French for so many years, he understood a word here and there of the shouting around him.

"To the English Consulate!" they cried, with threatening gesticulations. "He is an assassin! He escapes! He spies on our fortresses! He has killed ten women! He is Jack the Ripper! Ah, the criminal English! To the Consulate! To the Consulate!"

A flat cart, drawn by a woman and a large dog, appeared, and Mr. Jenkins was carefully laid inside, his boots being removed to prevent him running away. Then, with two policemen on either hand, he was drawn back into the town, crowds of working-people streaming in from every side. It was a procession, a cortège, a public affair! Seldom had Havre enjoyed an incident so piquant, so intriguing, so suggestive of excitement to the spirit of human curiosity.

That night Mr. Jenkins slept like the dead, between clean white sheets in a cool and airy room, looking out upon a French garden full of the smell of lilac. The consul had received him into his house, which he said was only his official duty. At dinner the consul's wife had been present, and a son just going up to Oxford, and a daughter with a laughing mouth and sympathetic eyes. Flowers were on the table, the room shone with silvery lights, and the red wine went round. Mr. Jenkins was transfigured. The consul's son declared he was quite

a decent sort; the daughter said he was a dear.

"You can send me back the fare when you get home—when you get home," the consul had said; "and whenever you want another change, I hope you'll make the trip again. It's so easy when once you've done it."

Two days later, when Mr. Jenkins came into hall for breakfast, Mr. Simpson eyed him curiously and said to the boys nearest the head of the table: "Mr. Jenkins looks quite polished up, doesn't he? Looks like a certain shellfish turned inside out to show the mother-of-pearl!"

"I say, Jenkins," he went on, while the boys pretended to stifle their laughter, "you're quite smart this morning. What have they been doing to you at Clapham Junction this week?"

"Oh, I wasn't in Clapham. I just took a run over to France," Mr. Jenkins answered, with an easy air, looking boldly round.

"*You* ran over to France!" cried Mr. Simpson, in scornful amazement.

"Yes," said Mr. Jenkins. "I've been staying with my friends at the British Consulate in Havre—very charming people."

There was no mistaking the impression produced by the words, and Mr. Simpson could only mutter something about hoping he had not been very ill on the passage.

"Well, it certainly was a bit rough for landlubbers," said Mr. Jenkins, serenely; "but I've always loved the sea, and the rougher it is, the more alive I am."

"Oh, I like a little yachtin' myself," said Mr. Simpson, trying to recover his position; "when there's no shootin', I like a little yachtin'."

"All right," said Mr. Jenkins, genially; "next time you're tired of lion-huntin', come and do a little yachtin' with me on the steamer to Havre. I'll introduce you at the Consulate—charming people!"

From that day the moral and intellectual influence of Mr. Jenkins rapidly increased. For it became known that he was really very highly connected, but had run away to sea as a boy and had lived a life of maritime adventure.

That was why he was called the Whistling Oyster.



# The Art of Lucien Simon

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

IT is a great thing for an artist to be able to satisfy his colleagues and at the same time interest the public. This is the privilege of Lucien Simon. Judged purely as a painter, he ranks with the best technicians of France; tested in addition by the quality of his mentality and artistic purpose, I doubt if he has a rival.

Nor would I imply in this too rigid a distinction between the respective points of view of the artist and the public. Yet the distinction certainly exists. The artist is interested first of all in the quality of the craftsmanship, the public as surely is first susceptible to the mentality that has inspired it. Or we may put the distinction differently, and perhaps more justly, in this way: the artist is not satisfied with the evidence of mentality unless it is conveyed in masterly technique, while the public is too prone to overlook the question of technique in view of the appeal made to its own mentality or sentiment. Even in this modified form the distinction is radical, and the writer who essays to interpret the artist to the public is somewhat in the parlous condition of the bat in the fable, hovering between the opposing forces of the birds and beasts. Having affinity with both, he hesitates to identify himself with either—belonging wholly to neither, he may find himself neglected by both. But, since there is admittedly no definitiveness in human distinctions, the bat, though blear-eyed, was not without his justification.

The painter's attitude toward his art, which is what the attitude of any kind of artist toward his specific craft is apt to be, is fundamentally sound. It is the fact of his technical accomplishment that makes him an artist. Without it he may be a man of fine mind and exalted imagination; but an artist not, because he lacks the craftsmanship

necessary for fine and excellent artistic expression. Some painters may push this attitude to an extreme, and affirm that virtuosity is the only thing to be considered, the sole quality to be desired. If they do, they must be losing a good deal that other people enjoy; that, indeed, they themselves possibly enjoy, when they approach the consideration of some other art than their own.

Meanwhile, their attitude proves a stumbling-block to the public who desires to take an interest in what they are doing. The public is not an aggregate of *dilettanti*; it is well it is not; and this extreme talk about technique simply bores it. Why should it not? The public is human; it lives, and expects art to have some relation to life. But unless the artist himself has developed his humanity, and experienced a life of his own in things of the body, the mind, and the spirit, how shall his cultivated gift of expression enable him to express anything that will satisfy the needs and enhance the ideals of men and women who really live? On the other hand, even this extreme attitude of the artist, which to the public seems, rightly or wrongly, dilettantism, is not without its use if it draws continual and emphatic attention to the necessity of not overlooking the essential value of technique. This, unquestionably, the public is prone to do. The result is that it tolerates and even admires a quantity of poorly painted stuff, the acceptance or appreciation of which is all the while vitiating its own taste and rendering it less and less able to discriminate between the shoddy and the true. For it is a fact, scarcely to be impugned, that there are very few instances, in the world of art and letters, of a man possessed of wealth of mind and imagination who exhibits actual poverty of technique. He may be ham-





RELIGIOUS CEREMONY AT ASSISI

pered and harassed in expression all his life, but, like Mr. Barrie's "Tommy," he will "find a w'y." It may be, almost certainly will be, to him a painful one, but it will suffice. It will not have the grace and sureness of the virtuoso, but its very halting and hesitancy and evidence of pain and labor will add a poignancy and profoundness to the expression. On the other hand, technical poverty is in the vast majority of instances the product of a poor quality of artistic imagination. What the painter had to say was not worth the saying, and the character of his expression corresponds.

Before discussing the quality of artistic imagination and craftsmanship displayed by Lucien Simon, one may note the subject-matter on which he has expended both. He is an occasional painter of portraits, but is known most characteristically for his interpretations of peasant life in Brittany. Like his friend Charles Cottet, he spends his

summers on the grim coast overlooking the Bay of Biscay, his home being on the peninsula of Point de Penmarche, some eight miles across land from the fishing-village of Pont l'Abbaye, and another twenty, as the crow flies, across the bay to Concarneau. Here he lives among and studies that strange folk, "Les Bigoudens." They are strange in race, spray cast upon this remote spot of France by some receding tide of Tibetan or Mongolian invasion. And the strangeness of their Asiatic origin still inures in their stocky build, prominent cheek-bones, narrow eyes, yellow complexions, even in their adornments, particularly the square caps of their women, and most of all in their impassive demeanor. As a result of decadence, they are slow-witted, narrow-minded, crude in their passions, and profoundly superstitious; strange, joyless, incommunicative folk; in garb, when they array themselves for festivals, uncouth and black. I shall never





BREAKFAST

forget the sight of a large party of them which some excursion had brought to the Paris Exposition of 1900. It was a day of soft sunshine, of truly Parisian loveliness, with that stealing air, so delightfully blended, of alacrity and seduction, when the animation of the Carnival seemed brightest and most worthwhile, and its occasional garishness was forgotten in the prevailing sense of beauty. Suddenly the sunshine on the Pont d'Alexandre was invaded by a bar of blackness—a long line, two and two, of Bigoudens, in heavy broad-brimmed hats, tight short jackets and tight trousers, black as crows, but without the lustre and animation of those shrewd birds. With stolid faces and lack-lustre eyes, they came on, interminably two and two, no part of the life around them, a negation of its beauty, walking on and on and on, because they had been brought there, and presently were to be taken back to where alone they belonged. Even a funeral, I felt, would have been less a shock to the spirit of the scene. A funeral at least is human and evokes sympathy, but this provoked antagonism, it was so unhuman and brought with it the chill blackness of the tomb.

Yet these are the folk that Simon's art has made interesting. Other painters have drawn inspiration from them, notably Simon's friend, Charles Cottet. But the majority have been attracted rather by their "quaintness"; by the opportunity that their costume presented of making interesting color schemes of black, relieved with white, at a time when such schemes were the vogue in painting. And perhaps, though it may be unkind to hint at it, they were popular subjects because their impassivity relieved the painter of the difficulty of representing action and movement. He could indulge in the easier course of making the figures stockish and expressionless and still preserve the truth of the original, at least so far as the latter presents itself to casual observation; which is as much as the average painter of peasant genre cares about. It is, once again, the "quaintness," the picturesqueness, of the peasant subject in Brittany and elsewhere that circumscribed the motive of the greater number of those who pursued the vogue of peasant genre. The world, in consequence, has become indifferent to their pictures, whereas those of Simon have



grown from year to year in strength and distinction and won a continually increasing circle of admirers. At the Paris Exposition of 1900 he was awarded the Gold Medal and the Legion of Honor; but an even greater honor is to his credit, that since that date he has done his finest work.

Lucien Simon was born in Paris in 1861, and studied at the Julian Academy. The rest he owes to individual effort and observation. His earliest exhibited work was the portrait of an old lady in a black dress, a dark canvas relieved by the flesh tones and a few touches of white in the cap and collar. It attracted no attention from the public, though its quality was recognized by artists. In 1893 he was elected a member of the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts, that had been founded three years previously—the New Salon. He is to-day one of its leaders; a member of that old guard which rallied years ago on the Champ de Mars, but still in the van of the few who are progressing. In that same year, 1893, he exhibited the first of his Brittany pictures, *Mass at Perquet*; but it was accompanied by another subject, *Chamber Music*, into which he introduced the portraits of his parents and some friends. Some years later he produced the portrait group which was exhibited at the time, in the annual exhibition at Pittsburg. In this appear his painter friends, Charles Cottet, Emile Ménard, and Andrez Dauchez, and André and Edouard Saglio. Then followed the portrait

groups in which he has depicted glimpses of the family life in his home at Point de Penmarche—*Breakfast*, *Children on the Staircase*, and *Evening Chat*, shown in the accompanying illustrations. All these pictures are illuminative of his personality, since they give a hint of the character of his temperament and of the loveliness of the home atmosphere. For even in Paris he leads a most retired life, the leisure of which is devoted to the society of a few intimate friends who share his fondness not only for pictures, but for music and literature. He is a connoisseur in music of eclectic taste, and has himself written some short stories, characterized by a sensitive regard for perfection of style. The point is worth mentioning, since it presents another clue to the essential



CHILDREN ON THE STAIRCASE





A BRETON CABARET

refinement of his temperament, and, more than that, to the essentially artistic quality of his imagination and to the importance which he attaches to technique. These qualities have been the determining factors in his art.

Simon's temperament is essentially objective, in which he differs from his friend Charles Cottet. Both have studied the daily goings in and out of the life of these same Bigoudens and penetrated its impassive exterior, revealing something of the humanity congealed below it. But Cottet with much, at least, of subjectivity; Simon in a manner wholly objective. The former betrays that he has discovered tragedy in the life of these dwellers on a gloomy coast; the men in daily conflict with poverty on land and peril by sea; the women doomed to the drearier task of dull routine and watching fearfully for the worst to come. More than this, he betrays the sympathy to which it stirs himself. And possibly because of it he is, by so much, the lesser artist. At any rate, his technique is inferior to Simon's. It is confused and halting, while Simon's is a product of the keen-

est, clearest comprehension, interpreted with an unerring clarity and decision. But more of this anon. For the moment continue the analysis of Simon's objectivity. It is no mere photographic lens of accurate observation and record that he opposes to his subject. In his case it is a mind that is surveying the objective facts; a mind singularly serious, large in outlook, sane and sober in the impressions that it receives. It has been likened by the French critic, Gabriel Mourey, to the quality of Flaubert's mind. Both of them were realists of wide scope and keen discrimination, bent upon truth, masters in the faculty of discovering "documents," willing, if it helps a realization of the truth, to have recourse to caricature; and both dispassionate—the main point. For, instead of interpolating impressions of his own or inviting the sympathy of the spectator, Simon, like Flaubert, makes the facts speak for themselves and leaves each spectator to extract his own conclusion. Thus, when the latter is reached, it is by the fact of one's own active realization so much the more forcible and poignant.





EVENING CHAT



Further, his objectivity is of the essentially dramatic kind. It strips the facts clean of superfluities; exhibits their naked characteristics, and thereby facilitates and compels their recognition. In his selection and treatment of the human documents he has an unerring sense of what is typically significant. He has sifted the mass and gives us the final product of an exhaustive analysis. In the case of the figures we see only the result, but in the landscape surroundings may get a hint of the process. For there, while we note the synthesis, we can picture in our imagination how much has been eliminated, and so realize the consummate art with which nothing has been admitted but what will explain and intensify the significance of the figures. It is, in fact, their environment and not the landscape that he has chosen to see and render. Thus the natural details become an orchestration of the human theme.

Reverting to the latter, one notes with an increased appreciation its typical

character; the significant individualities which have been selected to interpret the mass of the community, and how the significance of each has been enhanced by emphasis solely of the salient characteristics; the breadth and withal the scrutiny of the characterization. For it is in this that the refinement as well as the catholicity of Simon's temperament is exhibited. He is an impressionist, but not of the slapdash school. Logic, that finest product of French training, tempers the impression and regulates its expression; while a fineness of temperament, not necessarily French, but individual to this artist, gives to the wrought steel its final quality of flexibility and finish.

And here most obviously we reach the point where motive and technique centre. Simon's brushwork is broad and free, but it also displays the restraint of economy and immediate directness; nothing but what is necessary; everything characteristic; the whole conceived in a big spirit and executed with



THE LANDING





THE CARNIVAL

masterful ease. The result is that, while the impression is conclusive, it also stirs one's enthusiasm. And, although it is suggested in the foregoing, special note must be made of the spontaneity of the result. His vision is essentially artistic, and this after all is the chief source of the impression that his pictures produce. By no means every painter has an artistic vision; indeed, the latter is the exception. An artistic vision implies a capacity not shared by laymen, one that is characteristically an artist's. It involves a reconstruction of the facts of sight, a recreation of the impression they convey; the elimination of some, an emphasizing of others; at once a simplification and enhancement of effect. Then, the result is one which stirs in the sense-imagination a new impression, altogether more vivid than the original one of sight. This is what Simon's artistic vision accomplishes, and there is something more.

He sees the subject—it is a consequence of his objectivity—purely through his artistic vision. We have spoken of the fact that he does not obtrude any feeling of his own regarding the subject he is depicting, and may now

note how this affects his technique. It leaves his artistic vision uninterrupted by other considerations and makes him rely upon it solely for expression. It is not that he does not feel, has no human regard for the humanity he depicts. For, when we study the pictures of his home, perhaps particularly the *Evening Chat*, we are assured that he is a man of deep and beautiful sensibility; and in the light of these pictures we can discover a depth of feeling latent in the Bigoudens subjects. But the point is that he does not interpret his sensations by any of the little usual devices of a face or gesture, indicating its purpose obviously. Shall I say that his pictures do not, as is so often the case in peasant genre, resemble the reports of speeches in the newspapers, punctuated with parentheses: “(applause)”, “(cries of ‘shame’)”, and so on? On the contrary, he translates, one may say, the total impression of the incident into its equivalent, as viewed exclusively by the artistic vision. Whatever the nature of his feeling, whether stimulated by the sweet refinement of his home, or the loveliness of his children, or the





A MASQUERADE

numb, primitive tragedy and comedy of the lives of the Bigoudens, its concreteness has become dissolved into abstract expression, mingling with and coloring the technique. Simon, in a word, is always the artist, viewing his subject and rendering it solely in the light of the artistic vision. Hence, the continual freshness and complete conclusiveness of his appeal.

When one realizes the artistic detachment of Simon's point of view, his interest in the Bigoudens, as subjects for his brush, is explained. The strangeness of the race and its aloofness from the routine of French life contribute to his objectivity. But he has by no means confined his art to this specialized branch of painting. His artistic vision has been stimulated by the interruption of routine under other aspects. Witness his *Religious Ceremony* in a church at Assisi, with its ecclesiastical pageantry of white silk copes and one of cloth of gold, whose splendor, illuminated with clear daylight and suffused with the glow of candles, is so happily contrasted

with the dim vistas of vaulted architecture and the emphatic black cassocks of the four novitiates. Or, again, observe his *Masquerade* and *Carnival*, reproduced here. In both there is a vein of grotesquery that admirably suggests the spirit of the occasion. Meanwhile, although none of his portraits, except in group form, are represented in this article, they must not be forgotten. In these his subjects have been drawn not from fashionable life but from the ranks of the upper middle class: single figures, preferably of people of advanced age, rendered with an extraordinary distinction of artistic honesty that, notwithstanding a touch of austerity, presents a reverent summary of the personality.

Simon has also proved his versatility in his handling of water-colors. His examples of this medium, executed in simple washes of pure color, laid on in broad and flowing brush-strokes, epitomize the vigorous clarity and directness of his art. And, like his oil-pictures, they have the final impress of "style."



# The Questing Veteran

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was nine o'clock of a windy night. Had it been half after, it wouldn't have mattered at all; but had it not been Christmas Eve, believe me, the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes never in the wide world would have encountered the Adventure of the Little Girl and the Questing Veteran (to say nothing of the Plug of Tobacco). But it *was* Christmas Eve, thank God! and it chanced to be nine o'clock—nine o'clock of a bitter night, with snow in the wind, disporting gently enough in the sheltered cross-streets, but blustering thickly down the lighted avenues. The rich must wrap themselves up to keep warm; and the poor, of course, must make the best of it, and with such cheerful faces as they could command. Blow? It blew great guns—great guns from the north—in the old-fashioned Christmas way; and as for snow, never before, I am sure, had there been such a joyous cloud and swirl in the town. And this was all as it should be, on Christmas Eve, as everybody knows.

The steeple blithely chimed a warning of the impending hour to the streets below, and after a decent interval of grace to the unwary gravely struck it off: *Dong!—dong!—dong!* There was no pause; there was no relenting: *dong!—dong!—dong!* Another hour was sped, no doubt about it; high above the streets the steeple continued the solemn proclamation to an end: *dong!—dong!—dong!* Nine o'clock! The rollicking wind caught the last stroke of the bell and swooped with it to the Christmas streets and shops; and having set them seething, and having agitated the hands and feet of the whole world, and having warned wastrels and proclaimed bedtime to little children, and having practised with an infinite variety of purpose upon the hearts of all people, it whisked the trembling news off to that mean quarter of the town where the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes walked expectant.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes pulled out his watch and promptly congratulated the steeple upon its accustomed punctuality.

Then—

"Nine o'clock," thought he; "but not yet too late."

Still paused in the snowy lamp-light, he peered far and near in a way so searching and sly that had there been a policeman about, an explanation would instantly have been demanded; but there was nobody abroad in that dark warehouse neighborhood, and he was free to peer and spy unmolested while with a white-gloved hand he fumbled the watch into its warm pocket again. And so it *did* matter, after all! It was Christmas Eve, to be sure, and that was of first importance; but had it not been nine o'clock—had the great wind not dragged news of the hour to that far quarter of the town—had the Old Gentleman not paused to congratulate the steeple upon its accustomed punctuality—had he not then been tempted to peer about—well, God knows what would have come of *that!* I should not like to think that the good Lord so lightly regards His lambs that the thing could have happened at all.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes was about to move off upon his business (which was neither more nor less than the pursuit of a simple Christmas opportunity seasoned with adventure)—was about to button his top-coat and pull down his top-hat—about to throw out his chest and lift his glowing face to the wind—to breast the gale with delight in the boisterous quality of the night—to step forth with some recollection of youth in his long legs and a big breath of the frosty air tingling his capable lungs; but in the very act of assuming this defiant attitude he was arrested by the amazing behavior of a distinguished-appearing individual who at that fortui-



tous moment emerged from a dark by-street into a blast of white wind that nearly toppled him over.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes skipped off into the seclusion of a cloud of snow.

"It is evident," thought he, with a little chuckle, "that I have encountered a singular experience."

It turned out that he had.

"Well," thought he, presently, quite baffled, "this is really too much for *me*!"

A very old man this was, it seemed: an incredibly old man, as the lamp revealed him, white with years and some hard service—an old, old man, staff in hand, with a hooked nose and deep-sunk eyes, with long white hair and a long white beard and bushy white eyebrows. The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes fancied he had never before been privileged to behold the beauty of age—a countenance of this patriarchal sweetness and strength and nobility. The old fellow was clad in a long blue coat, with a big fur cap pulled down over his ears, his hands in thick red mittens; and what with the cut and color of the coat, and what with the glint of brass buttons and the upright bearing of the man, the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes immediately put him down for an old soldier, which, indeed, was a very good guess. He was now so suspiciously engaged, however, that one must think twice: the uniform and gentle aspect of the veteran were in no agreement whatsoever with his sinister behavior.

"A sneak-thief? Nonsense!" thought the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, indignant with himself. "But—a fugitive?" he mused. "To be sure!" he determined.

This was half the truth; the veteran was at least a fugitive.

"I wonder," thought the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, almost laughing outright—"I wonder why they haven't overhauled the old hulk?"

The disposition to laugh sprang from no thoughtless regard, you may believe, but from an overwhelming amazement; and it instantly vanished from the Old Gentleman's kindly heart. There was no occasion of amusement: the veteran was on his last legs, which trembled and wobbled and seemed to be on the very

point of buckling beneath him; and whatever plenitude of spirit he still possessed, his breath at least was near gone. He stared this way and that in vast agitation—and he peeped into the shadows—and with a hand sheltering his eyes from the driving snow he looked all round about—and he peered over his shoulder, cringing, like a man in deadly fear—and he made off to the north, but at once returned, on a ramshackle little run, and made to the east—then in abortive little rushes to the west and south. Presently he stood exhausted and irresolute under the street lamp; but having at last, and evidently to his satisfaction, discovered himself alone, and having determined upon the direction he should take, he tiptoed stealthily off on the wind, as best he could with the help of his staff.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, making haste in pursuit, tapped the fugitive on the shoulder from behind.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he began, in the most reassuring voice he could command; "but if I could be of any—"

The veteran flashed about in a rush of anger—in fright, perhaps; who could tell?—and in a snarling defiance—and with such a start, and so swiftly, that the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes bounded back in astonishment. For a moment the veteran stood drawn upright, at bay, his head at a belligerent thrust (which was quite absurd), and his staff lifted in something of the manner of a fencing-master; but no sooner had he fairly clapped eyes on the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes than every indication of fear and rage instantly vanished and his countenance assumed an expression of amazed and tender delight. With both red-mittened hands extended—trembling, too, because of age and exhaustion and the pulse of his emotion—but with his blue eyes joyously alight with recognition—and with a smile such as only those taught of age and the labor of years can accomplish in sweetness and sincerity—he advanced, tottering eagerly against the wind, too feeble to breast it, but yet doughtily laboring, in haste to clasp hands.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes was on the point of ejaculating, "Why—old *comrade*!" and of



heartily opening his arms. Fortunately, however, he was not put to this sorry pretence. The veteran stopped midway in the wind; and he scratched his long nose, and he shrugged his shoulders, and he brushed the misunderstanding from his eyes.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "I—I—I have made a mistake."

A courageous little smile—which was no real smile at all—revealed to the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes the immensity of the veteran's disappointment. Whatever he might have said in polite reply stuck in his throat; he could do nothing but bow.

"My eyes," the veteran gasped in apology, "are not what they used to be. I am a very old man, sir—I am an old, old man."

The Old Gentleman bowed again.

"You see," the veteran confided, still smiling, "I chance to be—to be looking for—" and his voice fell so low that not another word could be heard.

The Old Gentleman wondered concerning this quest.

"I will keep on looking," the Questing Veteran continued, with a dogged tap of his staff. "I will keep on looking, sir," he repeated, "just as long as I can."

"Looking?" the Old Gentleman ventured.

"Yes, sir," replied the Questing Veteran; "looking."

"May I ask you what you have lost?"

"Well," the Questing Veteran answered, much embarrassed, "it isn't quite that. You see," he proceeded, awkwardly, "I'm just looking for—" and a gust of wind carried the rest of it away.

By this time the alert Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, who, as you may believe, was not used to wasting time, had most minutely scrutinized the Questing Veteran; and he had discovered certain indications, which, in conjunction with the old fellow's furtive air and rising uneasiness, were not at all difficult to interpret. There was a loose shoe-lace, for example; and the big fur cap was wrong side foremost, the long overcoat buttoned awry. It was evident that the Questing Veteran, who was doubtless used to being helped, had in haste prepared himself against the weather.

"Come!" said the Old Gentleman with

the Twinkling Eyes, abruptly; "of course I don't know what you're looking for, but I'll lay you a dollar to the hole in a doughnut that somebody's looking for you."

"For what?" gasped the Questing Veteran.

"For you."

"Me?"

"Yes, sir!"

The Questing Veteran took to his heels. After a horrified glance at the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes he looked swiftly up and down the avenue and along the cross-street and fled in a panic. A long step—the skip of a game leg—and a tap of the staff! Off he rattled, swaying down the wind. Step, skip, and tap! It was desperate progress. And with reason, perhaps—who could tell? or quite without it—who could tell? for though shadowy figures, doubled up and striving in the gale, had come and gone near by, nothing in the least menacing had appeared until now: a little girl, far off in the snow, hastening, wind-blown and impeded, but struggling with significant anxiety. And step, skip, and tap! went the Questing Veteran down the wind, employing his inadequate legs as if the police were upon him; and in chase bounded the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, the very instant he had recovered from his amazement.

Meantime the Little Girl, whom the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes had stupidly neglected, waved her arms, and waved them again, this time quite frantically, and came as near to a lusty shout as any little girl could come in the direst emergency.

Presently the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes overtook the Questing Veteran and touched his laboring shoulder.

"One moment!" he began. "Let me ex—"

Again—and precisely in the same manner as before—the Questing Veteran turned upon him. He was more exhausted, but the defiance was as spirited as it had been, you may be sure; there was the same belligerent thrust to the old man's head, the same high flash of the eye, the same courageous lifting of the staff, the same blithe and thorough-going will for combat. No sooner, how-



ever, had the Questing Veteran fairly clapped eyes on the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes than the singular incident continued to repeat itself. Seeming quite to have forgotten the former encounter, he advanced with outstretched hands. There was the same feeble eagerness—the same wrestle with the wind—a dawning smile of recognition, incredulous, fleeting, but yet returning with high certainty—and the same collapse to uttermost disappointment and chagrin, borne with much polite fortitude.

"I beg your pardon!" he gasped, with a little smile which he could not for the life of him fully charge with consideration. "I—I—I have made a mistake."

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes bowed.

"You see," the Questing Veteran wheezed, "I am an old man. I am a very old man, sir. My eyes are not quite what they used to be."

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes bowed again, with all the politeness he could command. The Questing Veteran bowed with equal courtesy. They bowed together—and each separately. Never before had the degree and quantity of politeness been exhibited on *that* street corner! Had the lamp-post been possessed of any feeling whatsoever, it would have bowed, too; but it stood stiff as ever, yielding neither to the wind nor to the obvious demands of the situation, while the Questing Veteran and the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes saluted in the military fashion, and the Questing Veteran staggered away into the windy shadows of the cross-street, which instantly swallowed him up.

Heaven knows how long the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes might have stood stock-still in the blizzard like a lamp-post! Heaven knows how many critical moments he might have wasted stupidly staring into the swirling darkness wherein the Questing Veteran had vanished! Heaven knows how long he might in his abstraction have neglected the duty of following to preserve the old man against the many chances of the night!—had not his amazement been interrupted by a shout from up the street:

"Catch him! Catch him!"

The Little Girl was coming with the wind, her arms waving, her short skirts wing and wing to the gale—bowling along with all sail spread, as fast as her reckless legs and the big wind could carry her.

"Catch him!" she screamed again.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes waited. He placidly waited—his arms wide open to wrest the Little Girl from the gust that held her. And this stupidity was too much for the Little Girl. She stopped, coming to in her tracks with a desperation which in that gale ought really to have carried away her sticks; and she spread her legs, and in every other way she braced herself against the wind, and she put her hands to her mouth, and she roared with the vigor of a sea-captain:

"*Catch—him!*"

Of course the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, being a person of sound common sense, when he cared to employ it, knew well enough that the Questing Veteran had not yet gone beyond relief and recovery—knew that a determined expedition could surely rescue—knew that hand in hand with the Little Girl, who doubtless possessed authority, he could overtake and persuade. So he waited without compunction; and presently he was seized by the Little Girl—boarded by her: made fast to with the softest grappling-irons (as he thought) in all the world. It was the matter of a moment, you may be sure, for him to cast overside such mean, lean instruments of the same sort as he had at his disposal. They enclosed the Little Girl—they enclosed her warmly, confidently, with no diffidence of the stranger. He seemed to accept, then and there—whether at the moment he knew it or not—he seemed to accept, and gladly, too, the love and responsibility into which he had by good fortune chanced. In the eyes which subsequently shone and twinkled and snapped—which blazed and scowled in delectable pretence—into his eyes tears came; and beneath the tomfoolery, which he was used so tenderly to practising in delight of children, was a large reasonableness, in behavior and in intention.

"Where's he gone?" the Little Girl panted.



The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes panted, too; he could not help it. "Gone?" he echoed, blankly. "Who?"

"The Captain?"

"What Captain?"

"The—the—why, the—the *Captain!*" replied the Little Girl, amazed. "There's only one; and he's my grandfather, and he's running away."

"Running away!" cried the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes. "Ah-ha! I knew it! Jus'—'xactly—what I—thought!" he ran on, in vast excitement. "You can't fool *me!* His shoes are unlaced—"

The Little Girl gasped.

—"and his overcoat's unbuttoned—"

She clasped her hands.

—"and his hat's on wrong side first."

"Oh dear!" the Little Girl wailed. "Is he wearing his muffler?"

"He is *not!*" the Old Gentleman declared.

"Then he's gone and *lost* it!" the Little Girl moaned. "Oh dear!" she snapped, with a stamp of her foot; "the—the—the *careless* man!"

"Come on!" roared the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes.

Off they ran in chase of the Questing Veteran.

The Questing Veteran was in hard case. He had gone far beyond his power. They found him sitting on the stoop of some dark-windowed house. There was no wind blowing in the sheltered street; but snow was falling thickly, and presently he would have been covered up. It seemed that all strength for the quest had left him. From time to time he mumbled with spirit to some ghostly shadows in the snow; but he was very tired, and he was glad to be found.

"Grandfather," the Little Girl reproached him, "why—oh, why—did you do it?"

He looked up with a great air of cunning. "Do what, dear?" he replied.

"Run away," she complained. "You're *always* running away! I can't trust you for a minute."

"Well," he explained, lamely, "I thought—you see, dear—you weren't there, you know—and I thought—I just thought I'd look around a bit for—"

"It isn't any *use!*" she wailed.

All this time she had been swiftly operating in a motherly manner; and now she had laced his shoes, and buttoned his long blue coat, and pinned the collar (lacking the muffler which he had lost), and patted the big fur cap into a seemly position. It was hard for the Questing Veteran to get to his feet; but with the help of the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes he managed it, by and by, and they set out, all three together, for the Little Girl's home, which was near by.

It was not a gaunt and many-windowed tenement of some swarming neighborhood to which the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes presently came with the Little Girl and the Questing Veteran. Nothing of the sort! It was to an ancient brownstone dwelling of a quiet street—tenanted by many families, to be sure, but still preserving much of its grace and dignity. The hall was bare, the stair was bare, the walls were blank and cracked: it was everywhere dusty and dim. A lively hum came from behind the closed doors, however; and the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes fancied that though the old house had long ago been abandoned by Fashion and given over to the poor, it was still engaged in sheltering gentle and happy hearts. At any rate, as he could see, the Little Girl was happy. No sooner had she got the Questing Veteran securely in the rooms they occupied, third floor rear, than she began a motherly bustle in his behalf, clucking and fluttering all the while like a much-perturbed hen. She whisked off his cap, she pulled off his coat, she jerked off his shoes; and she snuggled him in a great red chair by the fire (there were fireplaces in the old house), which she had meantime poked to a welcoming blaze.

The Questing Veteran promptly fell asleep.

"You don't mind, do you?" asked the Little Girl.

"Not at all," replied the Old Gentleman; "not in the least, I assure you."

"Because, if you think it impolite in him," said the Little Girl, "I'll wake him up."

"By no means," the Old Gentleman protested, with a glance at the Quest-



ing Veteran's ghastly face. "Let him sleep on."

The Little Girl was relieved. "You see," she explained, "I always feel safer when he's asleep. When he's awake I never can tell what he'll be up to next; but when he's asleep, I know just where he is. And now," she ran on, with a smile, "I suppose we might just as well get to work, don't you think? He'll be quite too sleepy to take notice."

"To work?" inquired the Old Gentleman.

"We must hang up his stockings, you know," the Little Girl explained.

By this time the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes had taken off his coat. He stood fashionably arrayed—a tall, straight old fellow with glowing cheeks and a crop of gray hair and a close, gray, pointed beard. But the Little Girl was not at all alarmed by this display; one glance at the white shirt bosom had been quite sufficient to inform her that he was a restaurant waiter, and she thought no more about his station in life, but handed him two tacks and a brick and begged him to proceed. This the Old Gentleman did immediately and in great good humor, all the while chattering in a way to keep the Little Girl perpetually chuckling. He drove the tacks where he was bidden; and he heartily agreed with the Little Girl that the position was cleverly chosen—that the Questing Veteran could not possibly open his door in the early morning (it was directly opposite the fireplace) without instantly beholding his corpulent socks. And meantime the Questing Veteran had slept in his chair. The Old Gentleman glanced at him from time to time and was disquieted: the Questing Veteran was so white and limp—and scarcely drew breath at all.

"He must go to bed at once," said the Little Girl, decidedly.

The Questing Veteran was hard to rouse. Presently, however, he awoke and patted the Little Girl's cheek; but before she could get him to his feet he had gone sound asleep once more.

"Time for bed!" she called.

The Questing Veteran opened his eyes. "My dear?" said he.

"Off you go, grandfather!"

He went away to his room, having first

kissed the Little Girl good night and bowed to the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes; and it seemed that he was very glad to go, because he was tired and sleepy. The Little Girl could not rest until she had discovered that he was safely stowed away.

It was not long—so confidently did the Little Girl chatter and so voluminously—not long before the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes knew much more than ever he had known before about the Price of Coal, and the Pension, and the Irritable Butcher, and the Lost Income. He learned, too, about the Panic and the Cashier Who Committed Suicide. It seemed that there was here an intimate connection; for had there been no Panic the Lost Income never would have disappeared with the Cashier Who Committed Suicide; and, consequently, had the Cashier not committed suicide, there would have been no Irritable Butcher in the world, but only the Butcher, fat and kindly, whom the Little Girl had used to love. However, there remained the Pension. Of course the Price of Coal and the Rise in Beef disastrously dealt with the Pension. Not much of a Christmas *this* year: but still something. The Little Girl, sagely chattering all the time, fetched the gifts for the Questing Veteran's suspended socks: the Pipe and the Plug of Tobacco. These she exhibited as being the very best that could be accomplished, considering Rent Day and the Rise in Beef.

"Is it a good pipe?" she demanded, seriously. "Do you think he will like it?"

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes carefully examined the pipe; he critically inspected the curves, he eyed the wood, he polished the bowl.

"An excellent pipe!" he declared. "I should think he would be proud of it. Half a dollar?"

"No," the Little Girl crowed. "Twenty-five cents; it was a bargain."

The Old Gentleman was amazed.

"Here," said the Little Girl, hopefully, "is the tobacco."

The Old Gentleman sniffed the long plug. "Great stuff!" said he, with a smack and a wag. "Fine tobacco, that!"

"I meant to have cigars," said the Little Girl, "but I couldn't quite man-



age. They're selling off at the grocery, too, and I do certainly wish—"

"How much?" the Old Gentleman demanded, jumping up in excitement. "Cheap?"

"Bargains," said she; "they've special boxes for a dollar."

"Then," the Old Gentleman declared, "the thing can be done, or I'm very much mistaken." He pushed the table back, and put the chairs away; and having thus cleared a space for his operations he began to roll up his sleeves, the Little Girl observing in some alarm and in unbounded astonishment. "It *shall* be done," he declared again; "it's just got to be done. Are you all ready? Then watch me! There's nothing in my hands. I show you them, back and palm. Ha!" he ejaculated; "*here* we are!"—and he leaped from the floor, apparently attempting to snatch something from the vacant air. "Not that time!" he gasped, chagrined. "But just you wait. Nothing in my hands, now; and my sleeves are rolled up; and—ah-ha!—watch me!—ah-ha!" He bounded into the air again—and he snatched—and he missed whatever he was after—and he dodged here and there—and he leaped once more—and he descended with a triumphant ejaculation. "There you are!" he exclaimed. "How do you like *that*?" He opened his palm under the very nose of the astounded Little Girl. "Eh?" he repeated; "how do you like that?"

There was a silver dollar in the hand.

"Wh-h—where did you g-g-get it?" stammered the Little Girl.

"Never you mind that," said the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes. "You go and get the cigars."

Presently the Little Girl recovered from her awe of the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes—and she chuckled—and she put on her wraps—and very happily she went off on her errand to the corner store.

It grew late at last—too late for the Little Girl to be out of bed: even too late for the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes to be so far away from home. Far down-town, the punctual steeple had blithely chimed its warning and gravely struck the hour more than once since the rollicking old Christmas wind had

arrested the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes on the street corner where the Questing Veteran was bewildered and lost. The Little Girl had turned the lamp low, to save the bills (said she); but she had heaped coals on the fire, which was now glowing warmly. The little room, restored to order, was cozy and still and companionable; and the Questing Veteran's woollen socks, expanded outrageously to enclose the Box of Cigars and the Plug of Tobacco and the Excellent Pipe, contributed the spirit of the Tender Occasion. The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, fallen into a dream, had the wistful Little Girl on his knee; and they had said never a word to each other for a long, long time, but had continued content with the warmth of the room and the glow of the fire and the contrast of the howling wind outside, and with the presence of each other. But by and by, with reluctance, the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes said that he must now be off to his own place: whereupon the Little Girl snuggled closer—snuggled close and hard—so that he could not rise, and clutched his hand, saying, "No, no!—please don't!" He tarried, glad, indeed, to be persuaded; but still, said he, when conscience touched him again, he must be off. It was very late (said he); and all little girls should be in bed, lest their cheeks glow no more, and their eyes lose glory. And she answered, beseeching: "No, no! Don't go—please don't go; for I'm so happy with you!"

He would not deny himself the delights of the place and hour and loving heart of the child.

"What's that?" she whispered, presently, starting up in fright.

"Nothing," the Old Gentleman promptly replied; "nothing at all."

The Little Girl was trembling. "Listen!" she gasped, slipping from the Old Gentleman's knee. "Don't you *hear*? In grandfather's room!"

They listened.

"There!" she whispered again. "Don't you hear it? *There's somebody in there!*"

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes heard.

"Somebody," the Little Girl declared, clasping her hands. "There it is again. I'm afraid—oh, I'm afraid!"



The Old Gentleman put his arms about her and found her trembling from head to foot. "Don't you be afraid," he soothed her; "it is nothing at all."

They listened again.

"There!" she wailed.

The Old Gentleman heard it again. He listened—and heard it again. It was not the Questing Veteran's voice. It was younger, stronger, more hearty—a fine jovial tone. But yet it *was* the Questing Veteran's voice. Whose else?

"They've got in," said the Little Girl. "He's found them. They've got in."

"Who have got in, child?"

"You know," she answered. "He's been looking for them. Listen!"

They listened together: and together they heard:

"Why, Bill, you old son-of-a-gun of a Colonel! Con-grat-u-lations! Eh? how'd you get it? Pull, eh? Wish I had an uncle a Senator. And, oh, Bill—Billy, boy—I'm so damned glad to see you again!"

The words faded in a chuckle.

"He's found them," said the Little Girl. "Can't you hear for yourself? Don't you know that he's found them? Hasn't anybody passed through the room? Didn't anybody come when I bought the cigars? Didn't you see anybody?"

"Nobody has passed through the room."

"Anyhow, he's found them!" the Little Girl sobbed. "He's found them at last. And I told him he couldn't—and I kept him from running away when he wanted so much to look for them—and I wish I hadn't—oh, I wish I hadn't—because now he's found them—he's found the boys!"

"Hush!" said the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes.

"He might have found them long ago," wailed the Little Girl, between her sobs, "if it hadn't been for me."

The Questing Veteran was not talking now. It was quite still in his room—just as it had been before. Neither was there a whisper from him nor from any

other. Whoever had come in had entered with soft footsteps and had mysteriously gone again. The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes put the Little Girl in the Questing Veteran's great chair by the fire. When he came back from the Questing Veteran's bedside he stood gravely before her without speaking.

"Is it old Bill Stoneman?" she asked.

"No," the Old Gentleman replied; "it is not old Bill Stoneman."

"I'm sorry," said she; "it was old Bill Stoneman he looked for most of all."

"It is a better friend than old Bill Stoneman," said the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes.

"A better friend?"

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes waited until alarm and grief possessed her—until she stood before him trembling.

"Wh-wh-who is it?" she faltered.

"A friend of the aged," he answered, gently, "called by the name of Death."

She leaped back from him—and she shivered—and she ran toward her grandfather's room with a little cry—but paused—and retreated from the door—and looked helplessly about the little room.

"Child!" whispered the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes.

His arms were open; she flung herself into them, and there for a long, long time she lay sobbing.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes was out in the wind again. He was now quite sure that the good Lord looks after His lambs. It was dawn by this time. There was no snow. Lights of Christmas morning were beginning to appear in the tenement windows. The Old Gentleman could hear no sound from those high places; but he knew the meaning of the early lamps. "I, too," thought he, "have a gift to delight me, and to cherish." He smiled; and he buttoned up his top-coat, and he pulled down his top-hat, and he lifted his glowing face to the wind, and he joyously strode on.





RURAL WASHINGTON  
Etched by C. H. White

## Queer Folk at the Capital

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

AFTER I had duly prostrated myself before the most impressive railway station in the world—no one will deny me this—I did precisely what every other visitor does in Washington: I made for the White House. Yet one factor in my pilgrimage exonerates me in a measure: I did not enter the sacred precincts; for in the street opposite there was much in the way of incident to prevent my venturing within the chaste portico.

There is no mistaking the Executive Mansion. Long before you arrive you feel its pressure, as a swarm of guides circle about like buzzards over a Virginia market, and only the most sophisticated escapes the pitfalls that are placed in his path as he proceeds.

"See the East Room and the richly decorated fifteen-thousand-dollar piano," whispers a man leaning on the rail of a government building as I approach. I look at him coldly and pass, inadvertently bumping against a small sun-baked individual of many winters. I beg his

pardon; he mutters to himself; I catch this fragment:

"The State Dining-room and the massive mahogany table that will seat *one hundred* guests."

His manner is intensely dramatic, and I hurry furtively along, heedlessly turning the corner in my anxiety to escape, and collide with a man scanning his morning paper.

"So stupid of me!" I gasp, apologetically.

He closes the incident with a graceful wave of the hand.

"See the Red Room," he sighs, amorously, "and its cabinet of mahogany and gold."

I race on with a hunted look. A red-headed man approaches whose face is set in a plaster-of-Paris smile. I draw my neck within my collar and look at the sky with the cruel, calculating eye of the business man who knows his business and more besides. Now we are breast to breast.

"Could I borrow a match?" he asks.





THE LOGOS CLUB  
Etched by C. H. White

"Please take them all."

I am uplifted by the generous impulse that comes from meeting a man who does not want to exploit me.

"You are *very* kind," he replies, with suavity. "Now how about our seeing the Oval Blue Room with its *magnificent* crystal chandeliers, the—"

I increase my pace, but he drops into my stride and picks in a bird-like manner at my sleeve, hissing in my ear with the air of a man who at last, after years of reticence, reveals a secret of dreadful import:

"The historic White House china—the two sumptuous Sèvres vases—and I'll show you the President at half past eleven—he's comin' late."

This parting shot almost brought me down. I vaguely remember seeing, in my then bewildered state, an English tourist falling into the hole that had been prepared for me by the roadside. He had a real Baedeker for America in his hand, and in the fleeting glimpse I had of him he gave the impression of a man who had paid real money for the volume, and intended to read it from cover to cover and get all that Baedeker has to give, and more too.

At eleven o'clock a phaeton drove up, and a short, thick, portly individual wearing a silk hat sprang from the carriage in a frenzy of energy, gave those obstructing his passage sundry prods in the pit of the stomach, and, alternately bounding and hopping like an irate and clipped eagle, raced down the walk, and only hit the high places as he ascended the first row of steps.

"That's him," gasped an admiring crowd who read their papers.

"Come to—come to—" said the red-headed guide in charge of the English tourist. "That ain't him."

"Come *wheah*, did you say, my man?"

The bewildered Englishman fingered his Baedeker nervously.

"I told 'em to come to—to wake up—see what I mean? To shut off their power and glide back to earth. Why, *that* ain't the President. *That* guy ain't capable of doin' any harm. They know him here; he's just out of a bug-house and thinks he's President. See—the cops have him now."

A policeman in plain clothes advanced and helped the gentleman into his carriage. "It's a fine day for a drive," said the officer. "Bring your titles the next



time you call. Now be good and let the people see you."

"Ta, ta," chirped the man who had burst into our midst like an unexpected thunderclap, and then with a crack of the whip he had disappeared from view around the corner.

"Officer, wasn't that the President?"

A frail, anxious-eyed little woman stood looking at him wistfully.

"No, madam."

"When will the President show himself?"

"He ain't goin' to appear to-day."

"We get these funny fellows right along," observed the officer, after the crowd had dispersed.

"That guy you just saw was an intelligent man before he got into politics. Some come here tryin' to collect rent for the White House, and others have schemes that are world-beaters."

On every side government buildings treated with classic orders, a sprinkling of elderly men with silk hats and white hair, tourists and negroes; then turn the corner, and more government buildings rise chaste and pallid above the trees, and beyond these there will be found others, and still a few more if you continue your walk. It gives one a sense of a background for some mammoth world's fair. And there is nothing colder or more unsympathetic on a gloomy, rainy autumn day than the raw white front of a government building in Washington.

This beautiful thought occurred to me as I stood half drenched beneath an awning where the elements had driven me in their fury, watching the crowds splash by in a long, disordered pageant of glistening umbrellas that soon faded to vague and ghost-like shadows, merging with the rain and mist. It was while I stood thus, in a futile effort to keep dry, that the welcome sound of a human voice fell on my ear.

"Would you mind saving that light?" the unknown said, in a well-modulated voice.

I turned and passed the match to a middle-aged man with hawk-like eyes and



THE OCTAGON HOUSE  
Etched by C. H. White



sandy gray hair, who held it gingerly while he groped with his free hand in furious agitation through innumerable pockets, producing in rapid succession pencils, pens, a cigar-holder, three green coupons, a press notice—in fact, everything but smoking materials. At last he was obliged to drop it.

"Thank you very much," he said, biting his finger to allay the pain, for the match had already begun to singe him. "It was very idiotic of me. I thought I had a cigar, but I remember I smoked it on the way down here."

"Try one of mine," I urged.

"Oh, thank you very much—I wouldn't think of imposing upon your good nature."

"But you are not," I insisted, eventually winning him over. He smoked for a time in silence.

"I should think," he finally observed, "that you had stumbled upon singularly barren soil for your work here in Washington. I saw you sketching near the White House before that crank arrived."

I explained that I had had some difficulty in finding a motive.

"I don't wonder," he sighed. "It is essentially a place for weird people—people obsessed with a fixed idea. You know they gravitate around the Patent Office, and, after all, they can play their little rôle with a tolerable background."

With a sweep of his arm he indicated the imposing colonnade before us, and then rambled along, dropping the odd bits of information culled by an inveterate and intelligent loafer; dwelling with an affectionate air of proprietorship upon the pictorial possibilities of queer corners he would show me later, and calling in a deep bass voice upon the Deity to aid and sustain him if the Octagonal House would not shatter all previous conceptions I might have of the possibilities of Colonial architecture, and threatening to eat his straw hat, band and lining, if I were not bathed in the perspiration of enthusiasm on beholding the oyster market.

In a few minutes I had learned that he was the last of the de Courtois family who had made a hurried exit from France during the Revolution and settled in Martinville, Louisiana, to es-

cape, as the present de Courtois put it, "what was coming to Sidney Carton."

The clock above us struck two and turned the current of his thoughts.

"I am going to ask a favor of you," he began, his voice ringing with a peculiar persuasiveness. "Here we are, two strangers caught in the rain. Beneath this awning I have enjoyed your hospitality." He waved his cigar significantly. "Now it is two o'clock, won't you let me offer you lunch?"

He would take it as a personal slight if I refused him.

When we were seated at a little table in the quaintest of out-of-the-way restaurants, I suggested that we take the table d'hôte, wishing to save him any needless expense, but he would not hear of such a thing.

"A table d'hôte with *you* here, my friend—*never*. When I am alone—yes." He dismissed the idea with a wave of his expressive fingers.

The low, smoky ceiling, the cosmopolitan clientèle, my companion's racy, unplatonic conversation with the blond *caissière*, the deep toasts drunk to the de Courtois of Martinville, and the vivid personal anecdotes poured into my ear between the coffee and the cigars are still distinct—in perfect focus—in my memory.

At 3.30 p.m., as we still sat in the deserted dining-room, he was making arrangements to take me to Alexandria. At 4.15 p.m. he had outlined for my edification a Presidential campaign he had under way. At 5 p.m., after another Benedictine, he seemed to find himself, and emptied into my ear in one breath this fragment of what I take to be memorized mob oratory:

"What I desire to asseverate is practically and substantially this: I will undertake to demonstrate through the medium and assistance of psychological phenomena and nebular hypothesis the amalgamation of those particles and protoplasms which constitute the genesis and evolution of mankind. My personal pulchritude and sincerity of purpose will appeal to all. To the end that my object may culminate in our mutual welfare I shall hold regular meetings on Friday evenings, when I shall defend my views from the scurrilous and venomous at-





THE OYSTER MARKET  
Etched by C. H. White

tacks of the disintegrating and voluptuous disbeliever, whom I cordially invite to attend."

Then a little slip of paper fluttered into the plate between us. Five dollars and ninety cents!

These sordid figures—the sum total of our pleasure—stared us in the face, and I winced and felt guilty, for the table d'hôte would have been less than half this amount.

With my confidence thoroughly shaken I had stepped into the hallway to enjoy a brief repose and a cigarette, when a piercing scream brought me with a bound to the dining-room, my blood tingling, for I recognized my companion's voice. Above the confused clatter I thought I detected the word "Perkins."

"Ze Count 'as been *dévalisé*," groaned the head waiter, as he raced past into the gloom of an adjoining room.

"He has been *what*?" I asked, anxiously.

"'E 'as been—vat you say?"

"I said nothing," I replied, grimly, feeling in the air impending disaster.

"I'm from the South and I'll shoot!" cried the Count, now circling the room like a sparrow-hawk, waving a gray overcoat in his hands. "Just let me lay hands on this Perkins and I'll—" The things he would do to Perkins cannot

even be thought of, much less read. I pass them by. As he came past me on his tenth lap of the room I seized him.

"Be calm, man. Who is this Perkins?" I insisted.

His answer revealed at once the tragedy of our situation.

"I put my purse in the inside pocket of my overcoat. See—he has left me this miserable rag as a substitute; but I'll get him if it takes till Judgment Day."

He exhibited the name Perkins, written on the space below the maker's name in the inside pocket.

"Poikins must have been de undersized guy wid de bug eyes and de toikey-red face wot sat behind youse," observed a French waiter, in oracular tones, watching real tears course down the Count's cheeks as I settled our account.

Then we shook hands in the doorway. I bear him no ill will for not appearing on the morrow with my five dollars and ninety cents, as he had insisted upon doing, nor do I deprecate the failure of the evasive Perkins to return to the restaurant with the Count's personal effects when he recognized his mistake. I have since learned that there were extenuating circumstances for both.

On the day I have in mind I had stumbled upon a corner in a random



stroll that evoked the de Courtois and good old Martinville, because I recalled having passed it rapidly with the Count on the way to our memorable luncheon. Indeed, judged by the feverish manner in which he clutched my arm and pulled me along with him when I implored a brief minute in which to make a rough pencil note of the old stairs; I might say our passing was furtive.

"It's gloomy—I hate it." This brief comment of his, made on that occasion as he dragged me away with him, returned to me now.

The corroded iron stairs sweep gracefully up to the first story, where they join a rickety platform heroically supported by nondescript columns, rotting at their base. The pilasters of the doors are of a faded bottle-green, and the havoc wrought by the rain and hail of some four generations has been partly obliterated by a charitable coat of whitewash which reaches up to the first floor and abruptly ends there, as if the painter, realizing the futility of his task, had lost heart. For adversity has left scars on this old derelict which no paint can conceal.

It was while I stood in the twilight gloom of the basement that a man entered and presented a slip of paper to the proprietor, which brought me back to Martinville with a jerk. The dealer took the slip and read:

"A stove and a rocker for the Count de Courtois."

The driver smiled and waited. The other still scanned the paper and frowned. Then, abruptly taking off his glasses and peering sharply about him, he exclaimed, "I'd like to know who is the Count dee Courtois!"

"Why, that's Perkins, the handy man who used to work about the place last year," ventured the man who had added this item to the day's incidents. "Beginnin' this year, he's been callin' himself the Count dee Courtoys up in the end of the town where he's moved, and the people are falling for it."

I held my breath. *Perkins!* Could it be—? I tiptoed forward.

"What's he doin' up there?"

"People sez he sez he's goin' to run for President."

"Yes—but what keeps him goin'?"

"Nobody seems to know, except that he does odd jobs as a plumber and runs a newspaper now and again."

"Well, you tell Perkins—or Count Perkins, I should say—that people may fall for his game up there where he's moved, but he'll have to show me. Tell the Count he can have his stove and rocker when he's paid the storage on them since last winter. There's a dollar and fifty cents coming to me. Remind him of it."

Then he turned to me with an injured air.

"Say—can you beat it? It's goin' some, ain't it?"

It seemed to me that it was. He proceeded:

"Well, you've got to hand it to Perkins. He's educated, he's clever—passes out the talk like a lawyer—could argue round most everything I ever laid eyes on; but we've got something right upstairs that can make him look like an ammytoor. Yes, sir—when Perkins bumped up against the King, the King hung it all over Perkins, and Perkins knowed it."

Shades of Huckleberry Finn! "The King?" I gasped. "Another queer person?"

He nodded. "Walk up the iron stairs and ask for the King or the Professor. He'll interest you. One minute—" he added. "Here he comes now."

Reeling painfully down the street came a small vehicle which may be described as a cross between an automobile and a sewing-machine or baby-carriage. Garden hose served as rubber tires, wired at intervals to the rim of the wheels, and the body of the machine was shaped like a sail-boat, with a suspicion of a bowsprit.

Beneath a small canopy sat its owner, a flabby, excessively hairy person of fifty years or more, whose bloodless face with its great beard and matted hair seemed framed in a superannuated bird's nest. He propelled the contrivance with his feet, but skilfully concealed their movement by a black cloth stretched over his knees, and from time to time pulled various levers, giving an excellent impersonation of a gentleman running a motor-car.

The canopy above him bore this legend:





THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE REAR

Etched by C. H. White



JOHN SHAKESPEARE PENN

Hereditary Garter King-at-Arms of the Avon People, Interpreter to the Logos Club, Admiral of the High Seas, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Court of St. George, American Representative of the Unknown Succession.

Reaching the curb, the representative of the Unknown Succession went through the movements of shutting off his power, and then giving a small boy a stinging rap on the head for attempting to steal a section of his tire, he ascended the stairs in great distress and perspired like an ice-pitcher on a tropical day.

"He's an artist, *too*," observed my acquaintance.

"Yes, and a fine-looking guy he was with his snow-white hair a year ago. It's a shame the boys persuaded him to dye it black."

The driver became reminiscent. "It meant a lot of work for the King, because he had a big paintin' of himself lightin' up the Capitol in fifteen different positions when his hair was white. The actual dyein' of his hair wasn't nawthin'; but when it come to paintin' in fifteen black beards on top of the white ones I tell you it ain't no joke."

The rustle of a skirt turned our attention to the street, where a small shapely brunette stood for an instant framed in silhouette in the doorway and then advanced into the store.

"Say—are you in charge?" She turned to me somewhat anxiously. The proprietor stepped forward.

"Do you know whether the Count dee Courtoys has sent up here for a stove and a rocker?"

"Just a minute ago."

"Now what do you think of *that*?" She stamped her pretty foot in impotent rage. "The nerve of that! I'm Mrs. Perkins, his wife, and I own that stove and rocker—keep that in the back of your head—and I reckon he won't get his hooks on them while *I'm* above the sod."

"But we didn't send them," said the dealer, trying his best to avoid a scene.

She danced with joy. "If you *only* knew how I raced to the city to get here first!"

"There is a bill for one dollar and fifty cents storage since last year." A dealer has no sentiment.

Mrs. Perkins became thoughtful. "It's just as well," she observed, after a pause. "I ain't going to take any chances this time. We're living together again after the separation, and I intend to know how I stand before moving my things in."

When she left I insisted upon carrying her packages, and stood with her at the corner waiting for her car. "Could you tell me," I asked, "how the Count received his title?"

"Search me—ain't I plain Mrs. Perkins?" She broke into a merry ripple of laughter. "He told me once he had a dream that he was the Count dee Courtoys and chucked his job in the government printing-offices. He's been living on the strength of it ever since. Say—run out and see us sometime. He'll amuse you. He's so nutty the squirrels chase him."

With thirty minutes between me and my departure from Washington I rushed from a cigar-store, clutching a heavy suit-case, to catch a passing car for the Union Station, when a familiar voice repeated this familiar strain:

"Would you mind saving that light?"

There was no time for me to pause and await developments, for my car had stopped. As I boarded it and looked over my shoulder I beheld, beneath the same awning that had sheltered us when we first met, the familiar figure of de Courtois, neat and dapper in Perkins's coat. In one hand he held a burning match, while with the other he made a furious and thoroughly futile search of his pockets for the edification of a sympathetic citizen who stood beside him. A momentary blocking of the traffic ahead of us enabled me to see the stranger pressing him to accept a cigar. I have often wondered whether a Perkins lunch followed.



# Glimpses Into the Structure of Molecules

BY HENRY A. TORREY, Ph.D.

Assistant Professor of Chemistry, Harvard University

DURING the last half-century the progress in a certain branch of science, known as synthetic chemistry, has been so great that it may properly be termed revolutionary. The body of knowledge that has been accumulated by work in this field has not only had a wide-reaching influence upon chemical theory, but it has also had an important economic bearing. Many substances that until recently were known only in the animal and vegetable kingdoms may now be built up step by step, frequently from the elements themselves, in the laboratory of the organic chemist.

It would be a long list, indeed, that would embrace all the products of the living organism that may now be included in the list of the synthetic products of the chemist. In the vegetable kingdom, among the more familiar, may be mentioned the fats, some of the sugars, such as grape-sugar and fruit-sugar, camphor, theobromine of cocoa, caffeine of tea and coffee, vanillin, the aromatic principle of the vanilla pod; and among the alkaloids, conine of the poisonous hemlock and cocaine of the coca plant; among the products of the animal organism that may be produced artificially one finds urea, uric acid, which is closely related to caffeine, creatin from muscular tissue, tyrosine of the spleen and pancreas, and many others.

Perhaps the most striking achievements, however, have been in the dyestuff industry, which not only manufactures many successful substitutes for the naturally occurring coloring matters, but vies with nature in the production of dyes, the formation of which since the world began had been the secret of vegetable life. The importance of some of these latter substances justifies their further consideration. Using them for purposes of illustration, let us consider

the nature of the problems that confront the synthetic chemist, and after this sketch the gradual development of chemical theories that have helped to make possible some of the important achievements of organic chemistry.

Before 1870 large tracts of land were devoted to the cultivation of the madder plant, from which a dyestuff, giving the famous Turkey red, was obtained in large quantities. To-day the madder industry is practically extinct. The reason for this extensive economic change is that it has been found possible to prepare the same dyestuff by artificial means from a constituent of coal-tar. This dyestuff, called alizarin, does not exist in coal-tar as such, but can be made from it by a series of reactions. The same thing may be said regarding all the so-called coal-tar dyes, viz., that they are not pre-existent in coal-tar and extracted from it, but they are built up from some constituent of this substance by suitable reactions.

Just as the madder-plant industry has become a thing of the past, the indigo-plant cultivation is now threatened by the successful accomplishment of the synthesis of indigo from the familiar substance naphthalene, an important and plentiful constituent of coal-tar. The Badische Anilin- & Soda-fabrik of Germany, the largest chemical firm in the world, employing some two hundred trained research chemists, is now reaping the benefit of this great achievement.

The commercial synthesis of these two dyes has had an important monetary significance. In 1880 the amount of alizarin produced artificially was valued at \$8,000,000, while if this same dyestuff had been obtained from the madder plant, it would have cost \$28,000,000—a saving of \$20,000,000. In 1895, before the discovery of a suitable technical method for the manufacture of indigo,



the importation of this dyestuff into Germany was valued at two million marks, and that exported at about eight million marks, while ten years later, after the synthesis of indigo had been successfully carried out on a large commercial scale, the imported indigo was valued at only a little over one million marks, and that exported at over twenty-six million marks. Furthermore, the artificial production of these dyestuffs has released large tracts of land for the cultivation of other crops.

Before these practical discoveries were possible, it was necessary to determine just what alizarin, the principal dyestuff of madder, was, and to know just what indigo was. But what does this exact knowledge of a substance mean to the organic chemist? Does it mean that one must know of what elements a substance is composed and in what proportion? Yes, but much more than this. One must know what the physical and chemical properties of the substance in question are and what relationships the different elements bear to each other in the chemical individual, the molecule. In the study of complex organic compounds the problem has been made much easier by representing these relationships by formulas in which the arrangement of atoms in the molecule is considered. The far-reaching results which have attended a consideration of atomic structure have fully justified this branch of theoretical chemistry. One could gain but a poor conception of the appearance of a mosaic by being told that it consists, we may say, of one hundred red, two hundred blue, and three hundred yellow stones. But just about as much is told of the real chemical nature of alizarin in saying that it consists of fourteen carbon, eight hydrogen, and four oxygen atoms. The all-important question for the synthetic formation of alizarin, as for the re-formation of the mosaic, is the manner in which their constituent parts are arranged. A picture of the undissected mosaic would make its re-formation possible, and it is a picture of the compound, in which the relative positions of the elements of which it is composed are represented, that is necessary before its synthesis may properly be attempted. In actual fact, the picture

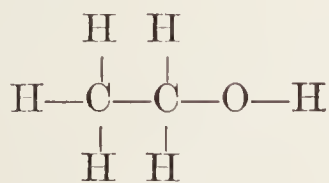
or working model is often supplied by the artist working in the university laboratory; the economical production of the substance is often finally accomplished by the technical chemist. It is not intended to belittle the work of the technical chemist; often the latter part of the work is more difficult of achievement than the former, and the problems confronting the technical chemist are generally as much questions of pure science as those confronting him who is often more commonly thought of as the more theoretical student.

The structure of a compound, then, is at least as vital a question as its composition. The importance of structure or *constitution*—a term which is used in contradistinction to mere *composition*—has only gradually developed, as it has been *forced* upon the attention of the chemist. He was glad to get along without it as long as it was possible to do so. It was in the domain of organic chemistry, which is now simply the chemistry of the compounds of which carbon is a constituent, that its need was felt, and it is still in this department that its importance is most keenly realized. Oftentimes the elucidation of the constitution of a given organic compound or its synthesis may seem to be of little moment, but it is a rash scientist who would say of any discovery, "It can have no possible practical significance." The line of separation between the so-called theoretical and practical is as thin as that between the northern and southern hemispheres—it is imaginary. It is a familiar story that when a visitor, entering Faraday's laboratory and viewing one of his discoveries, asked, "Of what use is it?" Faraday somewhat tartly replied, "Of what use is a baby?" Who could have predicted the importance of the discovery of aniline—the high economic position that it was destined to occupy? Not its discoverer, any more than Abraham Lincoln's mother could have foreseen her baby's importance to our country, although, we are constrained to believe, her mother-soul did not incline to belittle his importance.

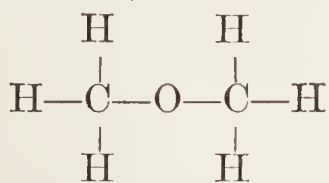
The significance of the relative arrangement of the atoms in a molecule may, perhaps, be made clearer by a concrete example. There are two substances



familiar to chemists, both of which contain the same elements—carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen—and in the same proportion; the *composition* of each may be correctly represented by the formula,  $C_2H_6O$ —that is, each, on analysis, would yield the same result, yet these two substances are unquestionably different individuals; one is ordinary alcohol, a liquid boiling at  $78^\circ C.$ , and the other is a gas at the ordinary temperature, and is called methyl ether. How then is their difference explained? The structural chemist answers, “By the difference in atomic arrangement.” By a careful study of the products obtained from these two bodies in various reactions it is found that the differences may be made clear by imagining the relative positions occupied by the constituent elements to be different in ethyl alcohol and dimethyl ether; in the former the arrangement may be pictured thus, representing the different elements by their initials:



while in the latter, thus:



that is, in dimethyl ether all the hydrogen atoms are directly attached to the carbon atoms, and the two carbons are united by an intermediate oxygen atom, whereas in ethyl alcohol there is one hydrogen atom which is not directly attached to carbon, but is attached to oxygen; and further, the two carbon atoms are directly united together. All the reactions of these two compounds are in harmony with these formulas, and, moreover, methods of formation suggested by these formulas result in the production of these compounds. Substances, like the two just mentioned, that have the same empirical composition, but different physical and chemical properties, are called *isomeric*, and the general term for the phenomenon is *isomerism*.

This idea of isomerism may, perhaps, be made clearer by calling attention to a more familiar illustration of the im-

portance of relative *position*. Two different words may contain exactly the same letters and in the same number, but the idea conveyed will be far different according to the manner in which these letters are arranged. In the familiar game of anagrams the result of this difference of arrangement of letters is illustrated, as in the pairs of words, *live* and *evil*, *melon* and *lemon*. In somewhat the same way we have among chemical compounds isomeric substances, which, according to present views, differ from each other because the atoms of which the molecules are composed are not grouped together in the same manner. But as the writing of anagrams does not consist in “torturing one poor word ten thousand ways,” but is restricted to the formation of actual words, so in considering the possible groupings of the atoms to form molecules certain laws of chemical combination must be respected.

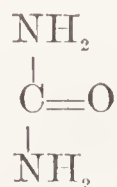
In organic chemistry cases are often met in which the isomers of a single substance are numbered by the score; for instance, in 1904 there were known and described no less than ninety-eight distinct chemical individuals having the composition  $C_6H_{10}O_3$ . This is nearly twice as many as were known in 1884. Indeed, the number of known organic compounds has reached the enormous total of more than 100,000, and yet this bears somewhat the same ratio to those theoretically possible as the words on this page do to all the words in all the books ever printed and that will be printed for thousands of years.

Among the less complex substances, like some of the simpler hydrocarbons, which consist of carbon and hydrogen only, it is not difficult to determine the number of theoretically possible isomeric forms of a given hydrocarbon, since there are certain laws of combination which govern the manner in which the atoms are united, and one may picture these different forms just as we did in the case of alcohol and methyl ether. However, as the composition of the hydrocarbon becomes more complex—that is, as the number of carbon atoms and hydrogen atoms in the molecules increase—the possibility of isomerism also increases enormously; thus while there are only two hydrocarbons that have the



composition  $C_4H_{10}$  known and only two theoretically possible, the number of possible isomers of formula  $C_{12}H_{26}$  is 354. This latter number is obtained by mathematical calculation. One would hardly have the patience to draw all the constitutional formulas for these hundreds of forms. When another element, as oxygen, is introduced into the molecule, the complexity is further increased, and we find that for one group of alcohols alone corresponding to the hydrocarbon mentioned above, which would have the empirical composition,  $C_{12}H_{26}O$ , the number of possible forms is 3,057. In certain other groups of compounds the possibilities are almost infinitely greater. In his lectures on organic chemistry, the late Prof. H. B. Hill of Harvard University brought vividly to the mind of the student the enormous numbers concerned in these various possibilities of arrangements by thus describing the number of isomeric forms of a certain substance of some complexity of composition. "Suppose," he said, "we make a catalogue of these possible isomeric forms, putting one name to the line, forty lines to the page, 500 pages to the book, 500,000 books to the library, and five libraries to the acre, it would take five planets like this earth to hold the catalogues of the possible isomeric forms." After the class had caught its breath, he would say with a smile, "There seems to be some work in chemistry still left to do."

One of the earliest proofs of the possibility of the existence of isomeric forms was due to Wöhler, then a young man of twenty-eight, and formerly a pupil of the great Swedish chemist, Berzelius. Wöhler discovered in 1828 that it was possible to form urea artificially by simply heating a mineral substance—ammonium cyanate. Both of these substances have the composition  $H_4N_2CO$ , and yet the structural arrangement is entirely different; thus while ammonium cyanate may be expressed thus:  $NH_4-N\equiv C\equiv O$ , there is evidence that urea should be formulated in this manner:



This discovery made a great sensation, not so much because it helped to establish the belief, then only slowly gaining ground, that the chemical nature of a substance does not depend upon *composition* alone, but chiefly because it overthrew the then prevalent doctrine that some special vital force was required to form the compounds existent in the animal or vegetable body. Wöhler writes to his teacher Berzelius in great excitement over his discovery, saying, "I must tell you that I can make urea without a kidney, or indeed any animal, man or dog, having anything to do with it." Berzelius, after complimenting him on his great discovery, goes on in a spirit of raillery: "Suppose it were possible to proceed still farther in artificial synthesis—what a grand trick it would be to make a child, be it ever so small, in the Laboratory of the Gewerbschule! Who knows? It might easily enough be possible." It must not be supposed that the vitalistic doctrine which looked upon organic compounds as entirely different in nature from inorganic compounds was immediately overthrown by this discovery. The new view that there was no essential difference between compounds of the organism and those of the mineral kingdom only gradually gained ground; but since that time Wöhler's discovery has been followed by the successful artificial formation of a host of other so-called organic compounds, until now one may predict that there is not a single chemical compound of the animal or vegetable kingdom, no matter how complex, that is beyond the reach of synthetic chemistry. But, although chemistry has been so successful in building up organic compounds, it is dumb before the question of artificial formation of the living *organism*—the gulf between the most complex organic compound and the simplest living cell is so wide that it is hardly possible to imagine how it can be bridged.

We have seen how it became necessary to consider the arrangements of the atoms in the molecule in order to explain the existence of two or more different substances which have the same chemical composition. It was at about the beginning of the second quarter of the last century that this new idea was intro-



duced into chemistry, but it was not many years before this view had to be amplified to meet and explain new discoveries.

Somewhat after the middle of the century it was discovered that substances might contain the same elements in exactly the same proportion, and that even the atoms apparently might be grouped in the same way, but still the substances might not be identical. The history of this new development in theoretical chemistry is intimately associated with Pasteur and his work on the tartaric acids, although it is not to him that we owe the most important generalizations in this field.

Tartaric acid itself, which is deposited in large quantities as an acid salt in the fermentation of grape juice, and is used to-day in the manufacture of baking-powders, has been known since 1770, when it was discovered by a Swedish chemist, Scheele, who discovered it in the crusty formations in wine-barrels, known as "tartar." Some fifty years later an Alsatian manufacturer, Kestner, obtained by chance, while preparing tartaric acid, a singular acid, very similar to tartaric acid, to which Gay-Lussac, a distinguished French scientist, gave the name racemic acid. In 1844 the world contained nothing more interesting to Pasteur than these two acids, so much alike, but differing from each other in one important respect, namely, in their action toward polarized light; the tartaric acid itself had the power of rotating the ray of polarized light to the right, while the racemic acid was entirely lacking in this power. He finally discovered that the latter acid owed its inactivity to the fact that it was made up of two parts, one part the dextro-rotary tartaric acid, the other an acid almost exactly like it, except that it had an exactly opposite effect, rotating to the left. When Pasteur made this discovery, he was so excited that he rushed from his laboratory, seeking some one to whom he might impart the news and who might share his enthusiasm. Meeting a curator, he embraced him with ardor and dragged him to the Luxembourg garden, and there joyously explained to him his discovery.

Pasteur explained the difference between these two active forms of tartaric acid as being due to an asymmetric ar-

range-ment of the atoms in the molecule, one having a right-handed, the other a left-handed arrangement, which might be likened to the difference between a right and left glove—a view which is still accepted by most chemists as correct.

To-day many substances are known which exist in the two forms and the third, a combination of the two, called the *racemic* form. This discovery of Pasteur's of two optically active forms of tartaric acid may seem at first sight of little real importance, but it was actually of the highest significance, for from this and other similar discoveries resulted a general explanation of such facts in which the *spacial* arrangement of the atoms was taken into account. This new generalization was made simultaneously by a Dutch chemist, van't Hoff, and a Frenchman, Le Bel.

It would be beyond the scope of this article to consider the details of this newer branch of chemistry, which is now known as *stereochemistry*, or the chemistry of space, but it will be sufficient to say that there seems to be a close connection between the phenomenon of optical activity and the spacial arrangement of the atoms.

The formation of compounds showing the property of optical activity is closely associated with the synthesis of substance in the living organisms. When an attempt is made to produce artificially in the laboratory a natural optically active substance, as, for instance, the lactic occurring in the body, which is dextro-rotary, it is the inactive form which is invariably obtained. Pasteur considered this difference "the greatest characteristic which establishes, perhaps, the only well-marked line of demarcation that can at present be drawn between the chemistry of dead matter and the chemistry of living matter." He even held the view at first that it was impossible to form a racemic compound artificially, an opinion, however, he was soon compelled to abandon.

It is possible in a variety of ways to decompose the artificial racemic compound into its optically active parts. One method makes use of certain living organisms, which destroy one of the forms without having any effect, or at least only a very slight one, upon the



other form. For instance, if the racemic form of tartaric acid, which consists of equal parts of the dextro or lævo rotary forms, is dissolved in water and a certain form of micro-organism, a common greenish mould, is allowed to grow in the solution, it will be found that the organism will gradually destroy the dextro form while leaving the other form practically undisturbed—while there is another micro-organism of exactly opposite but equally fastidious taste as regards tartaric acids, in that it will destroy the lævo form without affecting the dextro. It has been suggested that in cases like this there is some similarity in the configuration of the molecule attacked and the substances in the organism which effects the change, which may be likened to the relationship between a lock and its key. As has been suggested, optically active substances, such as we have described, exist in our bodies, and, indeed, in the animal and in the vegetable kingdoms in general. In this list are included, among other substances, the proteids, the sugars, many of the essential oils, and the alkaloids.

At present, although some progress has been made recently in the study of the problem, it is impossible to say how the forces of nature bring about the synthesis of such compounds in living tissues in such abundance and with such apparent ease. It is probable that the optically active substances already present in the sap and tissues of the organism have a great deal to do with the formation of new active molecules. It is generally accepted that the plant tissues combine with carbon dioxide and water to form an unstable optically active complex substance, from which similar active substances are formed. By making use of active substances in somewhat the same way some slight success has been reached in producing optically active substances artificially. But this is quite different from their *direct* synthesis without the use of *other* optically active substances.

Certain it is that there is an enormous difference between the manner in which most reactions go on in the test-tube and flask of the laboratory and in the living cell. Although such striking progress has been made in the artificial production of many naturally occurring

substances, although it is possible to reproduce by synthetic means many of the substances to which the colors, perfumes, and flavors of plants are due, it must be admitted that the processes of the factory, with its machinery, vats, its powerful acids and alkalies and the high temperatures often employed, appear in striking contrast to the slow and silent but effective reactions which take place in the tissues of plants and animals. When it has been discovered what forces and processes are necessary for the direct synthesis of an optically active substance, another important chapter will have been added to our book of nature.

Although strikingly successful results have been obtained in the attempts to produce, artificially, important substances occurring naturally in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the synthetic chemist has by no means confined his efforts to such substances. Dye-stuffs, to whose presence the color of no flower on earth is due, perfumes and photographic developers, many substances of therapeutic importance, distinct from the alkaloids and drugs of the vegetable kingdom—all these and many others are the work of his hands.

This remarkable progress in modern synthetic chemistry which has had so important a practical bearing on our everyday life has been in large measure due to a consideration of the relative positions occupied by the atoms in the molecule. On the other hand, although the structural formulas of the organic chemist have been an indispensable aid in the progress of synthetic chemistry and are destined to lead the investigator to still more important discoveries in the future, it should not be supposed that they represent the whole truth. They are in essence a shorthand method for recording the reactions of a substance. The representation of molecular structure by pictures is by no means in all respects satisfactory, and the present views will doubtless in the future undergo modification as the science of chemistry develops. If the value of a scientific theory is to be judged by its fruits, it may with confidence be said that the introduction of the idea of structure has marked a most important epoch in the history of chemistry.



# The Romance of the Jig-Saw Puzzle

BY MARIE VAN VORST

THE young man who lay outstretched on his bed in his room in one of the big houses of the Alpine sanitarium complained that there was visible nothing more enlivening than a peak like a sugar-loaf, dazzlingly, hopelessly white, and acres of sky whose prophecies he understood, whose color and presage he had grown to know by heart! To a young chap neither poet nor painter, the hard scene, uncompromising and cold, cut as it were from a big sheet of Nature's paper, possessed only brutal, insistent sameness. He had grown to hate everything that rhymed with "peaks," or "snow," or "cold."

His room—the bare hotel apartment—was devoid of objects which might charm his restless eye; the walls were hygienically painted white like the snow, the curtains were like a snow-drift themselves. Over and over again he sighed to himself: "Oh for a dash of crimson!" And gloomily decided that he could even bear Yale blue or Princeton yellow. On his chimneypiece, when he had first come to Ronda, he had taken pains to set out a photograph or two and a travelling-clock. Some kind friend had placed in a glass a rigid bit of edelweiss. There it was, "stiff as a poker," as Burnside said, and "too abominably Swiss. It couldn't wither like a decent flower," he thought after ten weeks, and he took "a scunner" against it as he had against the peaks and the sky.

He lay full length on his bed, with arms folded across his chest, his gloomy eyes staring at nothing, and his revolt against the "entire business" reached high-water mark.

The door opened and a *cameriera* came in. She was a small, dark, pretty creature from the Tyrol, and did not grate on the boy's nerves. Rodney Burnside spoke not a word of Italian, and she did not speak a word of English; but they talked a great deal together.

"The signorino," she said, comprehendingly, "is tired of looking out of the stupid window. I don't wonder, poor angel!"

"I wish to goodness," Rodney said to her, "that somebody would hang out a shifting advertisement on the Monte di Lilia. I'm tired of its plain face."

Nicoletta suggested, with a graceful gesture, "Now that the signorino is so much better, why do we not move his bed?"

Fascinated by what he could gather of her idea, the invalid exclaimed: "Good—let's get Romeo in here and be at it, quick. There's a dear girl." The idea that the doctor's orders were being disobeyed gave him further wicked satisfaction.

Together Romeo and Nicoletta—they were engaged and did everything they could "together"—very gently and with smiles of delight, with soft chatter in tones that did not offend the sick man's sensitive ears, very carefully moved the bed. As they did so Monte di Lilia grew smaller, less arrogant, less ridiculously important, "as if it were the whole Alps, confound it," Rodney Burnside muttered, and gradually the outlook changed. From his bed, finally brought to port, he could see a chalet, the roof well held down by rocks, and a path that wound thread-like against the snowy sides of the mountain—a path that grew larger as it wound and finally, down by a grass-green lake, was a real road.

"Nicoletta!" he cried to the *cameriera*. "Oh, but you *are* a brick! I don't know what Doctor Campinelli will call you, but I'll see to it that it's within the bounds of chivalry. If you had come in with a Swiss village and spread it out here on my counterpane, chalet, cows, little green trees and all for me to play with, you couldn't have done better. *Grazie*," he nodded, gratefully, "*mille*," which Burnside knew meant a thousand thanks.



For a long time he considered his view, and his eyes were bright when at five o'clock Doctor Campinelli stopped short on the threshold.

"Dio Mio," the man of drugs and régime exclaimed, "Signor Burnside!"

"Sit down," invited the patient, affably, "sit down, Doc, and look at my view."

"I wouldn't have had this happen for a thousand pounds."

"It only cost me a thousand thanks," answered his patient. "It was a cheap picture, wasn't it?"

"Do you realize what you're doing?"

The young invalid looked at the other man and his grave eyes seemed to question "I wonder if *you* know?"

Burnside said, however, "I know that Monte di Lilia was used up, Doctor Campinelli." He put out his fine long hand—a hand thin and white as a woman's. Down at the cuff line there was a touch of brown before the wrist met with the whiter, thinner arm. The young fellow smiled.

"Don't be alarmed, Doc. I feel like a bird already. You'll find my temp no higher, and I'm almost hungry. After walking down that path, you know, to the lake, it gives a chap an appetite. Jove, but the lake is green!"

The doctor took his thermometer from under his patient's arm. "Why didn't you tell me that you wanted to move, signorino?"

"Didn't know there *was* anything but that old hill," said the young fellow, disrespectfully, "and here you've got a wonderful country, haven't you?" He looked lovingly at it. "Do your patients walk much, doctor?"

"Sometimes," replied the physician, dryly. "Who moved you, Mr. Burnside?"

The patient was too loyal to give his humble friends away. "Can't remember," he replied, indifferently; "must have done it when I was asleep!"

"Nonsense." The doctor relaxed his scrutiny of the patient's face. "But you're no worse, grazie Dio." He tapped Burnside's shoulder lightly. "Don't do anything of this kind again."

"It will have to be *out* of the window next, and I'm ready for it now," smiled Burnside. He had long given up ask-

ing questions of his physician: When? How long? And what next? He had thrown them all aside. He was neither patient nor resigned, but he had learned to be still.

He had come up to Ronda with hope and faith, and, though he had been ten weeks under Campinelli's care, not once had he left his bed, not once had his doctor given him encouragement to believe he could be again as he was.

This evening, after the physician had gone, leaving behind him many warnings and soundly scolding Burnside's nurse, who had been late on her afternoon stroll, the invalid lay looking at his view. He had watched the sunset fade, and had hoped that somebody or something "live" would walk along his path. But it was late and cold and growing dark.

"I'll put your bed back now, sir," suggested the nurse, and the sick man rebelled.

"If you move me back, Miss Carson, it will be a game of chess between us. I'll move myself next, and I guess you don't want me to do that, do you?"

Miss Carson threw a fur rug over him, drew the white curtains, lit the lamp under a white shade, and left him on his new domain.

For weeks Burnside had not been allowed to use his arms. Miss Carson had written to America his few business letters. His personal correspondence appeared confined to one college friend, Mr. Biff Bowker. Miss Carson had murmured:

"That is an extraordinary name!"

"He's an extraordinary chap," Burnside replied. "Biff's a world beater."

"It would be nice," Miss Carson had once suggested, "if Mr. Bowker would come over and stop up a bit with you."

And her charge had responded: "Poor Biff, I wouldn't get him up here in this ice-box. He'd go crazy. But he's got a pretty sister all right. I'd like to see her."

As far as Miss Carson could judge, her patient had every reason in the world to live. A fortune was piling up for him in the West, he was young, good-looking, and his sweet temper had won her.

The autumn before, Burnside had fallen





*Drawn by Will Foster*

HE PRESENTED THE APPEARANCE OF AN ARCTIC EXPLORER AS HE LAY IN THE EXTREME COLD







on the field in a football game, and, as he said to Miss Carson, "The earth and Biff Bowker fell on my back," adding, "There was a matter of two hundred pounds in Biff."

He had never recovered from the shock of the injury. His back was well, Campinelli admitted, but there had arisen other complications, which Monte di Lilia and the snow and the celestial air were doing their best to heal.

But nothing, Burnside told Miss Carson, did so much good as the little path winding down to the green lake.

"Isn't there a story of some sort or other, Miss Carson, about 'a path to Camelot'? It seems to me I've read it in Lit."

Miss Carson thought he meant the "Lady of Shalott," and at his instigation took out Tennyson from the library and read to him.

Burnside was "an all-round, out-of-door sport," and frankly confessed to his nurse that he thought poetry rot, but he listened to this, looking out meanwhile at his path.

"Reversed," he said to her from his pillows when she had finished. "It's I who am watching out for 'the gay cloaks of the village girls.'" Then he said, "By George!" and leaned forward beyond his precaution. "By *George*," he repeated, softly, as though he might frighten her, "if there *doesn't* go a girl—village or not—red cloak and all, Miss Carson!"

Burnside's windows were kept open day and night. He presented the appearance of an arctic explorer as he lay in the extreme, wonderful cold. Muffled to his chin first in a sweater and then in a fur overcoat, his cap on his head, his pale wistful face, where a look of eagerness might have passed for the expectations of the watcher for the pole, his hands in furry gloves outside the coverlid—even then he said the darned things wouldn't get warm. He waited! . . . Waited for the vision of some dawn when a new country should appear to which the snows and whiteness and isolation and cold of Ronda were but a prelude. . . . A sport from whom all sports were debarred, a passionate lover of outdoor activities, he lay inert, and

the out-of-doors came in to him to bring what vigor and healing the pure strong winds might.

Down on his Alpine path there went many foot passengers, but he especially took notice of the figure of a red-cloaked young girl, a bright tam-o'-shanter on her head. Against the snow and the firs she suggested in her quick passing the flight of a cardinal-bird. Burnside could see her fairly well: she walked breezily, and he watched her every day.

"Not up here for *her* health, that's a sure thing, Miss Carson!"

He was told that the young lady was at Ronda with her family: a mother and sister. Miss Carson did not know her name.

"I do," Burnside laughed; "she's the Lady of Shalott." The idea put him in such good humor, made him so patient with medicines and orders, so agreeable to Doctor Campinelli, that Miss Carson played the game.

The young man had complained of cold and snow of late, and repeated over and over again that his nerves were giving away. That noon a parcel came for him in the post. Miss Carson was at luncheon when the mail arrived, and Burnside had the pleasure of opening his gift unobserved.

Biff Bowker's pretty sister had sent him a jig-saw puzzle. Monte di Lilia, calm and unperturbed, alone looked in upon the invalid as he opened the parcel, his face illumined with pleasure. He read the directions, let the bits of wood fall on the counterpane.

"Bully for her," he murmured. "Bully for Biff's little sister."

Just then Nicoletta fetched in his fresh drinking-water. She nodded and laughed sympathetically. "The signorino is gay. He has love-letters and gifts from America."

"I'm not going to let old Carson see this, Nicoletta!" he said, wickedly. "She'd want to do it herself." He gathered up the puzzle and hid it under his pillow.

"This isn't the sort of thing to play with a trained nurse," he confided. "Somebody's got to be up and doing, Nicoletta." He pointed out of the window. "Look there! Can you tell me who that signorina is?"



Nicoletta peered out. "That is the lady of the first floor."

"Not good enough! What is her name?"

"The mother," Nicoletta explained with much gesture, "has beautiful white hair, and very likely the sister will get well."

"The name, Nicoletta?" he pleaded. He touched his breast. "*I am the Signorino Burnside. You are Nicoletta.*" He pointed out of the window: "And that signorina . . . ?"

Nicoletta understood. "*Si chiama? Non so veramente io!*"

He was forced to apply to the doctor for information.

"Have you any rooted objections to jig-saw puzzles, doctor?"

Campinelli's sense of humor was not of the same quality as the young college student's. Campinelli spoke English fluently, but it was a stiff, prim language.

Rodney Burnside drew the puzzle from under his pillow. "Would you let your patient of the first floor monkey with this?"

Campinelli thought this young man had a very simple mind, and his opinion was confirmed when he was shown the game. But Burnside appeared serious in his proposition. "If your patient of the first floor can amuse herself, will you take this box down? Tell her it's from the chap who feeds on Monte di Lilia. It may pass an hour away for her."

"Miss Redmond," said Campinelli, "is a great advertisement for Ronda. She's not very ill. She will shortly go away."

Burnside, with regret in his voice, said, "Oh, *will* they?" But he comforted himself with the idea that somebody would come up to thank him probably, or send a note up, and he was so patient and cheerful that Miss Carson began to be more than ever anxious about him.

Every day the red cloak fluttered and flashed in the sunlight, now against the green pine trees, now against the bright snow.

"Up and down to Camelot," Burnside quoted to Miss Carson, and he fancied that the girl stopped and looked up at the sanitarium, where, muffled as if for a long arctic journey, Burnside lay in the

open air, which came in to him with all the good it could bring on its still, translucent wings.

The same day the lady with the white hair, described by Nicoletta, came to thank Burnside for giving her daughter pleasure. The amusement had proved absorbing. Had Mr. Burnside done this puzzle yet?

Not yet; indeed, it was the first puzzle he had seen.

"They won't—I mean Dr. Campinelli won't let you do this alone," said the lady. "I am quite sure it's too close application. But your nurse—?"

The white-haired lady regarded Burnside very kindly. His fur cap, too large for him, came down over his brow. They had bundled him up well in the icy air, and his hands looked pathetic in his furry gloves on the coverlid. Mrs. Redmond had taken note of the edelweiss and the photographs on the mantelpiece, the stand at his side with the medicine bottles, and, last of all, the face of the invalid. She understood wonderfully with her mother heart which yearned for this lonely boy. She knew why he had sent the puzzle down-stairs.

"You're quite alone here, in Ronda?"

And he answered, cheerfully, "There isn't any one to come over."

His valiant expression, his smile of cheer, did not encourage her to say more than, "If Doctor Campinelli is willing, sha'n't *we* come up?"

And he repeated, "*We?*"

"I mean to say my daughter, my well daughter Emily. Emily would love to do the puzzle out with you."

Burnside took the box from her hand and kept the triumph from his face. "It would be most awfully kind of you. Campinelli isn't half the brute he seems."

When the lady with the white hair had gone, Burnside sighed and lay quietly on his pillows watching Emily Redmond as she came back from her walk, her scarlet cloak gay against the snow. She paused a second opposite the sanitarium. He thought she waved—no doubt to the second-floor window. He reflected: "At any rate we've got to piece all these bits together, Lady of Shalott! It's better than breaking up mirrors and the rest of the poetry stuff. But I wish little



Nelly Bowker had sent her half a dozen jig-saw puzzles! . . ."

The next day the red cloak lay over one of his chairs.

Miss Carson had contrived a bed table, and the puzzle, a big one of some two hundred pieces, was spilled out ready, challenging their skill.

Miss Carson had gone down on the hotel 'bus to the lower village to buy some things she needed—for, professional as she was, she had personal needs when she could take time to recall them—and the white-haired lady took her place and, in the face of Monte di Lilia, sewed on linen as spotless as the snows. And Miss Lady of Shalott bent her bright head over the jig-saw puzzle.

Doctor Campinelli had been so little "the brute," that when Mrs. Redmond had spoken to him she had wept.

"Are you sure," she urged him, "quite sure? It seems so dreadful to me with my child cured and going away! Surely these wonderful mountains, doctor, this air, your skill?"

Campinelli shrugged. "Happily there is no mother to stand by and see."

Mrs. Redmond answered, "Oh, but if there *were* she *might* . . . !"

"My dear lady," returned the Italian, "it is as it is. Make him as happy as you can."

"If old Campinelli" (Burnside called him a "bear" and a "growler") "lets me monkey at this for an hour at a time and I *can* be so stupid as to put together only a couple of bits, what a time it will take to get the whole blame thing done!" . . . He cleverly planned how long he could make it last.

"Oh, Mr. Burnside," Miss Redmond protested, laughingly, "you *can't* fit a square bit in a round hole!"

"Lots of people try, don't they?"

She found the right piece and fitted the bit in.

"It's a waste of time, I know," Rodney went on. "And a chap like me doesn't want to waste any time, does he?"

His companion asked, "How do you mean 'a chap like me'?"

Mrs. Redmond from her window looked over at them. There could not have been a more beautiful picture of

health than Emily Redmond presented as she sat by that white bed, straight and vigorous, strong and alive. She seemed to hold health and force like sunlight. The first thing Mrs. Redmond heard in the mornings was Emily's singing voice. Whenever she thought of her eldest daughter, the girl passed before her eyes like a mountain breeze. It was, however, at the young man that Mrs. Redmond looked longest, at his pallor, his thinness, his fine features and his wistful appealing eyes. He was answering, "Oh, I mean a good-for-nothing, broken-up invalid."

"See," his companion said, "I've finished one corner while you've been sitting holding back that bit. There! give it me. I know where it goes!"

Campinelli came in before the visit ended, and brought the game to a close. "Just look at him!" exclaimed the doctor. "His cheeks are as red as a girl's." He bundled away the board.

"Oh, doctor," cried Miss Redmond, "you've broken up the whole puzzle."

"Tanto meglio," the Doctor was indifferent. "You can repiece it again to-morrow."

Burnside smiled with satisfaction to himself. "It's the cutest thing I ever saw Campinelli do. At *this* rate it 'll take a month!"

As he was, strangely enough, no worse for his dissipation, the visit was repeated, and the puzzle spread out again between them. Nicoletta and Romeo, both sensitive to the change in the atmosphere, had tried to beautify his room. A messenger had been sent to Ronda for flowers, and Miss Carson had been stirred by the interest of the young man to find some college flags in his trunk and drape them on the mantel. The board between them, Emily Redmond and Burnside began to piece together the disordered plan of the puzzle, whose complete picture they could only guess. Burnside took a new interest in himself, charmed by the vision of Emily's perfect health. People had been awfully kind to him all along, but nobody yet had looked at him out of such sweet gray eyes full of sympathy, or said to him in such a voice:

"Why, you'll be perfectly all right in a month; you're sure to be! It's so won-



derful here. People think Campinelli's *great*. And you seem better every time I see you."

Looking at her across the wooden board and the shattered pieces of an incomplete picture, Burnside asked in a hushed voice, "Do you really think that?"

The window was wide open in the room as ever. Burnside, bundled up to his chin, warmed one hand while he moved the puzzle bits with the other, and Emily Redmond had been glad of the warmth of her bright cloak.

Miss Redmond was seriously fitting the bits together. "*Think* so?" she exclaimed. "Why, I know it! There isn't any *think* about it."

He watched her hands—strong, fine, womanly—as they fitted in the little squares. "It wasn't any good for Campinelli to break it all up, was it?" Emily said. "I've fixed it in spite of him. All the work of yesterday is done over again."

The bright young face, the clear eyes, the curly hair under the cap, the curve of the full cheek, the breadth of shoulder and the rounded arm, the ample generous beauty, gave the young fellow an emotion that ran through his wasted body with a thrilling shock. If Campinelli had taken his patient's temperature then, he would have dismissed the disturbing visitor.

Gently rising in order not to disarrange the board, Miss Redmond said, "I must go for my walk before tea." And so stood up, strong, well, in life and of it. The invalid looked at her jealously, eagerly, and a line in Tennyson's poem ran through his head:

*"I am half sick of shadows. . . ."*

He thanked his guest warmly, as he bade her good-by, and as she went out Miss Carson said, "You'll all be goin' away soon, I expect, since your sister's well."

And the girl, finer fibred, hesitated to answer.

From his bed the young man, peering out from his furs, called, "Well, not till we've finished the puzzle, anyway, please!"

He did not speak again to his nurse until he had seen the red cloak flash through the mountain path and caught

the wave of a handkerchief whose signal he knew this time to be for him.

A dozen times during the next weeks Mrs. Redmond had occasion to recall the doctor's words: "Make him as happy as you can." And with a curious blindness in regard to her own child, she sacrificed Emily to the young man's need of her.

He now sat propped up in a chair each day. Winter had gone out of the canton. There was a mildness and a blueness in the air, and Monte di Lilia softened in the warmer sunsets, and became so rose-like that one actually began to think of summer eves.

The young man had discovered beauty in the mountain. It grew to have a friendly face and he could not, young as he was, and practical as he was, be indifferent to its glory when the sun in setting shone red and gold upon the peak.

In such a glory Emily Redmond and Burnside sat together, puzzle-board across his knees. The two were alone for the first time. Each remarked the fact, had longed for it, and was embarrassed by it. They had been together an hour a day for a fortnight. Burnside had called her his "new prescription," and declared that she did him a vast lot more good than Ronda and Campinelli both together.

Coming with a rush at one of the things that haunted him, he said, "When do you think all of you will be going on?"

"Soon, I am afraid."

The invalid looked incredulously at her, and repeated, "'Afraid?' Why, I should think you would be no end glad to leave this beastly place."

"Will you be so glad when you go?" Emily stopped herself. With a rush Campinelli's grave affirmation came over her, and Burnside looked out of his window. There Monte di Lilia seemed to swim in the light, and down from it the little path wound to the lake. He was about to answer, "There's not much question of my getting out!" but he was too manly to make a plea that might call upon her pity. He laughed. "I guess when you pass by Ronda some fifty years hence you'll find me stuck up here, a regular old man of the mountain."





*Drawn by Will Foster*

"I THOUGHT YOU WOULD PASS A FEW HOURS MORE HAPPILY FOR THE POOR BOY"







"Doing puzzles. . . . Mamma says we must finish this one."

He understood why she put it this way. He knew that they had prolonged their stay a day or two for him. He moved the board in his lap and stirred the bits toward one another. One whole side was done. The puzzle, so far, represented a snow scene, but they had not tried to make out the subject.

"When it's finished then you'll be going on?"

Emily put out her hand to the jig-saw puzzle, and her hand was caught and held, but set free so quickly that she almost doubted that she had felt an eager grasp. She heard her companion say, "When the puzzle's made then you'll be going on?"

"Yes, when it's all done."

Mrs. Redmond, who had missed her daughter's singing voice in the mornings, went one morning early into Emily's room. She found the young lady standing meditatively in the window, apparently absorbed in the coming of spring upon the far high Alps. The morning was so warm that the windows were open to the sun.

"Emily, I've done very wrong." As her daughter turned around, Mrs. Redmond saw how wrong. "My child! . . . I thought you would pass a few hours more happily for the poor boy. . . ."

Emily wiped her eyes. "I think I have done so."

"But now we're going away, and what *will* he do! . . . It is folly. . . . You mustn't let yourself. I've been fearfully unwise."

To her surprise Emily returned tranquilly: "Mr. Burnside's all right, mamma. Don't be tragic about him or me."

"*All right?*" her mother exclaimed. "But you're so perfectly strong and healthy you can't understand."

The girl assented. "I can't; and I don't want to try. You and Doctor Campinelli have given him his death warrant. Now let's see who's right."

"I must get you away from here at once," Mrs. Redmond exclaimed, desperately. "If Campinelli says we can we'll go down to-morrow."

"I've promised to finish the puzzle, mamma."

"I'll give you," Mrs. Redmond said, smiling through something close to tears, "till to-morrow, Emily, and no longer."

Pretty Nicoletta had been flitting in and out of Burnside's room, and Miss Carson was off on her daily walk. The signorino had been growing better fast this fortnight.

"Nicoletta, where are those tanned boots of mine that I fetched up here about 'steen hundred years ago? Ecco," Burnside said, using the word the maid herself used at every sentence. "I guess Romeo with the rest of you infidels think I'm out of the running for good. Is *he* wearing my boots perhaps?"

Nicoletta took Burnside's slippers, which he handed to her authoritatively.

"What am I to do with these, signorino?"

"Oh, pitch them after some bride and groom, if you like," he said, gayly. "I don't care what you do with them, but get me my big, real useful tan boots, like a good chap."

In his chair, dressed in his everyday clothes, Burnside sat serenely. His blue serge sack coat hung on him, his bright cravat made him paler than ever, but he was dressed, and he felt like a man again.

The daring of this act, contrary to every order of the sick-room, was enough to make him a man. Each day stealthily and slyly he had been little by little trying his strength when alone, and it had proved sufficient for this feat. Romeo had helped him dress all but his boots. Campinelli had not been able to understand the invalid's improvement. The bland spring that had been climbing as high as Monte di Lilia should rather have fatigued the patient, but he appeared to thrive.

"For the love of the Madonna," Nicoletta said, when she saw him lace his boots and lie back a little the worse for the exertion. "For the love of all the saints, go back to bed, signorino!" She patted the coverlid and prayed intelligibly.

Burnside shook his head. "You don't know an American sport, Nicoletta, when you see one! Didn't you ever hear of a desire 'to die with your boots on'?"

Nicoletta came quite close to him, and



bent down and urged him as if he were a little child. "Go back to bed, signorino, for the love of the Madonna."

And Rodney understood. He laughed as he said, "I've gotten up and dressed already, Nicoletta, for the love of one lady. . . ."

One reason why the maid liked to stay on at this hour was because there was usually a tap at the door at about five announcing Miss Redmond's visit, and Nicoletta was a sentimentalist.

"Oh dear," Emily Redmond exclaimed, as she came in, "how perfectly splendid!"

But the young man fully dressed was like a stranger to her.

"How splendid!" she repeated, and then hesitated on the threshold.

"Now the signorina will make the signorino listen to reason," Nicoletta said, eagerly.

"Aren't you coming in?" Burnside invited. "Don't you think it is proper now I'm up? I've been rehearsing this show a little bit every day, but this is the first performance."

"I like it immensely, but I didn't know you were so tall."

If the picture of such an athlete as Burnside—pathetically thin, his deep eyes set in his pale face—was touching, Emily Redmond did not make any sign that she thought him other than as she said, "splendid." Bright, gay, like a spirit of life and air, she came toward him smiling, threw her red cloak across the chair and sat down.

"Now for the puzzle! You know we must finish it to-day."

The puzzle-picture was carefully preserved and nearly completed. Nicoletta found it, and put it on Miss Redmond's knees. It represented an Alpine scene. Biff Bowker's sister had chosen it thinking of the snow country where "poor Rod Burnside was." Peaks and valley, setting and frame, had been worked out by the two puzzle-players, but the central figures they had not yet filled in.

Burnside said, "Old Campinelli doesn't know what to make of me. He's going to get some duffer or other up here from Germany to spy on me to-morrow."

Emily Redmond repeated, "To-morrow?" And then went on to fit in the rest of the puzzle.

"I know you people will be gone by then," Burnside responded. "I'll write you down a postal and tell you what the new duffer says."

"Don't forget to tell us when you are coming down. When will you come down?"

The young man leaned back in his chair, and with his fine dark eyes met hers. She had never considered him, as far as he could remember, as an invalid. At first he had wondered if she were heartless, but not for long, for his own courage and his desire for life had grown stronger. Everything in him responded to her normal healthy outlook, and with a renewal of his being, day by day, he had found himself reflecting something of her indifference to illness. But Campinelli had been there with his scepticism and his cautions and his fears. Miss Carson had been there, too, with her tyranny, her care and her warnings. Now, his charmed eyes on Emily's lovely face, he answered her slower: "I don't dare think much about coming down. Campinelli says I've got to stay right here in this altitude for two years." He held back the words that formed in his mind, their fatality terrified him. They were an admission of the end of everything—an admission of defeat—a warrant which Campinelli had read out to him. He wouldn't repeat these sentences aloud.

"Why don't you come on down with us to-morrow?" Emily was working out her part of the puzzle. A thrill ran through Burnside's wasted frame. Her confident words had a solemnity to him that the gloomy warnings of Campinelli had not been able to inspire. For a fortnight he had lived for her coming, strengthened by her vigor and her hope.

She was studying the jig-saw puzzle, apparently unconscious of what the moment meant to him. Burnside put his hand over his eyes, as though she were a sun too bright for him to look upon. Then, without speaking, he put his other hand down over hers, just as he had done before.

"Don't go on so fast with the puzzle. You're nearly done."

"Do yours, too," the color rose in her cheeks. Her voice lost its bell-like tone.



"See, it's an awfully pretty puzzle, isn't it? Such soft shades, like tapestry. See, here's the chalet and the mountain, like Monte di Lilia, and see, here's the man climbing the path. This piece makes his hat with the edelweiss. There, that's where that queer piece goes. Do yours, too."

"I don't wish to finish it."

"Then I will." She worked with her left hand, leaving the other held fast by his. "See, there's the figure of the girl. You remember you found the piece of her cloak long ago?"

Burnside said: "But it's brown. I like red cloaks better."

"See, she's climbing, too. You could tell it's an American puzzle, couldn't you? They've made the girl go on ahead. I wonder why? She's on the ledge. See, I've finished her cap with the long dark feather."

Burnside said, "Please stop, please, you're nearly done."

He took her other hand in his, still bending over the puzzle, and on meeting his eyes, Emily went on:

"She has got the ledge under her feet, and how free she seems to stand! She is holding her hand out. Won't you let me show you? Won't you let me finish it?"

Burnside said, "When you put the last pieces together they'll be taking you away."

She answered, "Yes. We're going down to-morrow," and added, "You'll come, too."

He began to see that the crisis of everything between them was reached. Before him like the doom of death stretched the time when she would be gone and he left to the fate of other lonely invalids.

"They tell me—" he began, but Emily interrupted him, ardently.

"Don't tell me, don't. I don't wish to hear." Through his hands Burnside felt the life of hers. He thought she clasped them. "I don't believe them. I don't believe a word of their gloomy doubts."

And Burnside said, "Do you know, since you came I haven't believed them myself."

Emily gave a little cry of triumph. "Oh, good, good! What are you afraid of, then? I've been against them all from the first. I know you're not as ill as they say. See, you're sitting up like a strong well man. Come with us, come with us to-morrow. Put away their scares and their fears."

Burnside, leaning over the puzzle, held her hands as if like the girl in the picture they drew him up indeed. In his eager voice, with his appealing eyes on hers, he said, breathlessly:

"Oh, as far as I am concerned, I could put a lot against them. What could you, *Emily*?"

Flushed as he was, agitated, young and frail, to the mind of science on the brink of death, he seemed to sway before the girl. His hands were as thin as a woman's. The hot tears rushed to her eyes, but she smiled through them.

"Rodney, Rodney, I'll put all the faith and love a girl's heart can hold."

The invalid felt her life go to him through the magical clasp of her hands, but from her face he took his great inspiration: lovely, uplifted, touched with tears, but alive with hope and confidence, there was a light on it, a conquest. . . .

He drew his breath in, and he found he could draw it deep.

"We'll win," he said, ardently, "we'll win." . . .

It had been his cry as he ran with the ball the day he fell on the field. . . .

A few moments later, Mrs. Redmond came up to fetch her daughter.

Burnside's room was so quiet that she pushed the door open gently, thinking he might be asleep. In the window through which the sunset shone Burnside was sitting with Emily by his side. The red glow bathed Monte di Lilia until the mountain blossomed like a rose. The light fell warmly upon the man and the girl. From the twilight Emily's voice said:

"Mamma, Rodney and I have finished the jig-saw puzzle."

And Mrs. Redmond understood. As she came forward to the two, they held out to her their united hands.



# A Captain of Industry of the Sixteenth Century

BY PAUL VAN DYKE

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IN the year 1367 Hans Fugger sold his farming-land in the village of Graben and moved to the neighboring city of Augsburg, where he engaged in making fustian and established quite a broadly extended trade in yarn and linen. He rose to be the representative of the guild of weavers in the council of the city, and died in 1409, leaving what was then the very respectable fortune of three thousand florins, and two sons, still children. When the boys grew up, the elder, Andreas, seems to have despised and rather ill-treated the younger, Jacob. He made more money than his quieter and plainer brother, and fifty-three years after the death of Hans, the peasant grandfather, Andreas's sons got from the Emperor the arms of a golden deer on a blue field. They were, however, unable to maintain either wealth or social position. Before the end of the century the family lost its importance, and some of them were earning their bread as day-laborers. It was the ever new and always old story of three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves.

The line of the younger son of Hans, Jacob the first, had either more skill or better luck. Some ten years later than their cousins, Jacob's sons also obtained arms from the Emperor, by helping him in trouble. Frederick III. came to Augsburg on his way to meet the Duke of Burgundy, to whose heiress he wanted to marry his son. Frederick felt sure that the Duke would be magnificent, and, as a matter of fact, he came to the conference in armor covered with jewels of enormous value. Their contemporaries measured power even more than the men of to-day by the display of wealth, and the Emperor dared not make a mean appearance. But he was so bare of cash that he had to leave the city without

paying the bills of the small tradesmen with whom he had dealt. They put chains around the stables, and when these were taken away a certain blacksmith seized the bridles of the Emperor's horses, refusing to let go until he was paid. To avoid scandal the city council finally lent the Emperor money, taking in pledge his gold and silver table service. An Emperor who could not pay his butcher and baker was of course very grateful to a family which let him have on credit the silk, satin, and cloth of gold needed to make a brave show when he was trying to arrange a good marriage for his son.

The right to bear a coat of arms did not lessen the energies of the younger line of the Fuggers. The sons of Andreas agreed that the heirs of the male line must always keep their inheritance in the common capital of the house, and that the shares of the daughters should be bought out by their dowries. This pooled capital soon fell into very strong hands, for after the death of his two brothers, Jacob the second became in 1510 sole manager of the house, and at once began to show distinguished abilities for high finance. He developed the combination between business skill and corrupt politics on which the great Fugger fortune was based.

Before this he had served a long apprenticeship and showed great capacity in ordinary trade. At the age of fourteen he went to Venice, where all German merchants who could afford it studied the methods of business. The trade of the house was extending, and in consequence about 1484 the Fuggers left the guild of the weavers and entered the higher guild of the merchants, though they still continued to make and export fustian and other stuffs to pay for the wares they brought back from



Venice. These were of the most varied kind. To the beautiful things made by Venetian artisans they added other articles bought out of the ships that landed there from the coasts of Asia and Africa; and the bales they carried over the Alps were filled with all sorts of objects to please the taste or the senses. These found a ready sale among burghers spending freely their new-won wealth, or among the German nobles hampered by debt but fond of display and avid of luxury. A list of goods deposited in the warehouse of Mittenwald, where the northern and southern pack-trains changed burdens, reads like the advertisement of a department store, minus, of course, several thousand of the things with which misapplied industry has encumbered modern life. Jacob saw to it that the house of Fugger was prepared to sell everything Germans were willing to buy at a good price. And when he married and settled down in Augsburg in 1498, twenty-five years after he went to the firm's office in Venice to learn the business, the chief trade lines of the concern stretched from Augsburg to the shores of the Baltic, to those of the North Sea at the mouth of the Rhine, and to Genoa and Venice on the Adriatic and the Mediterranean. And when men began to use the great ocean highways and to bring goods from Asia and the Moluccas, not only inland to the Mediterranean, but by sea to the Atlantic coast, the house of Fugger met the new situation promptly, and established branches at Lisbon and in Spain.

They had plenty of capital to open this new trade without losing their hold on the Baltic and Mediterranean, because another line of enterprise was beginning to bring in enormous profits. Jacob the elder seems to have begun mining in a small way about the middle of the fifteenth century. But it did not



JACOB FUGGER

From an old wood-cut

bring in a large income at first. It was in the days of his grandsons, and chiefly under the influence of Jacob the second, that the mining interests of the house became important. It was on this field that the Fuggers developed the system of bribery and helping princes to do what they wanted without the consent of their people, which gave them the monopolies and privileges from which their skill and energy made such huge gains.

They began it in Tyrol. Sigismund, the Archduke, cousin of the Emperor Frederick, was always in need of money.



Driven by debt or extravagant caprice and urged by some of his favorites, he declared war against Venice by seizing the goods of all the Venetian merchants at the market in Bozen. His armies won battles, but the protest of the Assembly of his own Estates compelled him to stop the useless conflict, and he had to pay back the value of the seized goods. To help him to do this and to pay his war debts without submitting to the control of his Estates, the Fuggers made him a large loan, and in return received privileges which in the end made them masters of the silver and copper mines at Schwaz. They used the product for their trade with the East, where copper was in great demand.

But the most profitable of the mining enterprises of the Fuggers was in Hungary. In Venice Jacob had made the acquaintance of Hans Thurzo, from the city of Cracow. He was the president of a company that furnished water-power to the mines of several Hungarian towns at a certain weekly rent per wheel and a sixth of the product in gold, silver, copper, lead, or quicksilver. Hungarian mining methods were imperfect. Thurzo went to Venice and, by pretending to be crazy, gained entrance to the secret workshops of the ore smelters and reducers. Returning to Hungary, he bought and leased mines and began to take out metal. In 1495 Jacob Fugger travelled to Pressburg and formed a partnership in the name of the Fugger brothers with Thurzo and his son. The Fuggers supplied capital, the Thurzos the mines, and the profits were to be divided between the two families. With this introduction the Fuggers extended their trade in Hungary, and in particular sold costly stuffs and jewels to the court. They lent money to the King, and took in pledge the mint at Kremnitz, from which Thurzo issued silver coins. In exchange for a jewelled hat for the Queen the Fuggers received the right to mine anywhere in Hungary, were relieved from the tax on the export of copper, and freed from the law that all silver must be sold to the royal treasury at a fixed price. Jacob Fugger married a niece to Thurzo's son George, and a nephew to his daughter, and the two families thus bound together went into great mining

enterprises defended very strongly by privileges. The profits were enormous. In ten years, after paying all expenses, they had made 120,000 gulden for each family, and had accounts collectable and metal on hand for 240,000 more. In the next four years each of them made about 240,000 gulden.

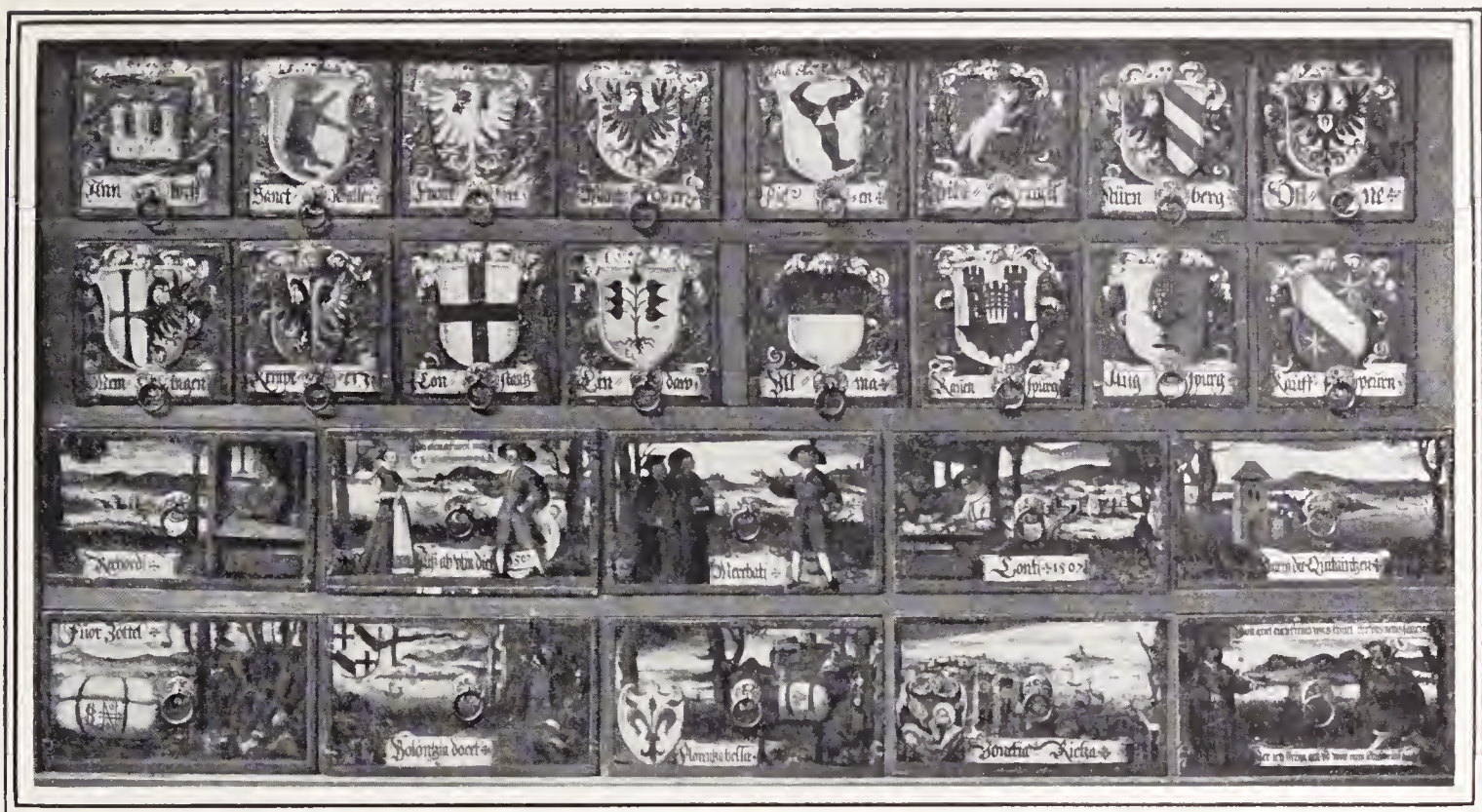
When Jacob Fugger became sole manager of the house for his young nephews, these experiences had doubtless taught him the possibilities of combining capital, skill, and the anxiety of men who had political power to keep or extend it.

Without abandoning trade or mining, he began to use the profits of the house more and more in loans, and chiefly in loans to great ecclesiastics and princes which might enable them to gratify their extravagance or carry out their plans without revision or control by the Assemblies of their Estates. This was the third change in emphasis in the affairs of the house, the first being from manufactures to trade, and the second from trade to mining. This third change in the now quadruple affairs of the Fuggers brought the emphasis on what, if honorable bankers will pardon the misuse of the term, we will, for lack of a better word, call banking.

In making this change Jacob had to brave public opinion in two forms. Public opinion condemned the terms on which many of his loans were made and the consideration he received. It would have condemned the purpose and terms of others if they had not been secret. And unless there is no such thing as a business morality in which the idea of the commonwealth and the rights of the people to fair play are factors, public opinion rightly condemned them.

Public opinion also took the form of prejudice in the minds of people who did not realize that business practices once thought harmful to the community were now under changed conditions plainly helpful to it. The first of these forms of public opinion Jacob and his relatives tried to evade by secrecy; where that failed they relied on their influence with rulers to protect them against the consequences. It may be that their gifts to religion and charity were, consciously or unconsciously, partly a salve to conscience or an attempt to placate public





JACOB FUGGER'S CORRESPONDENCE FILE

The arms and names of the cities are painted on their respective drawers

opinion; but such an assumption of mean motives for good actions is easier than it is just.

The popular prejudice Jacob tried to meet by argument. The age was like our own in that it was an age of transition. Methods of thought and organizations were of necessity changing, and people with an idea—vague but, on the whole, true—that certain business enterprises were unjust and corrupt did not always succeed in putting their finger on precisely the place where the wrong appeared. The mistaken grounds of accusation against his business of loaning money to princes Jacob tried to meet. The laws of the Church forbade the loaning of money for interest, and the prohibition was very old and explicit. From the ninth century on, the entire clergy had forbidden usury, by which was meant not high interest, but any interest at all, and in the beginning of the fourteenth century a papal bull ordered that he who defended the taking of interest as consistent with Christianity should be punished as a heretic—*i. e.*, put to death. These teachings had been slightly modified in the fifteenth century so as to admit the rightfulness of moderate profit from exchange and the purchase of rents, but they still remained in force. Martin Luther only

expressed in nervous German the rules of the canon law and the feeling of the majority of his contemporaries when he said: "Whosoever lends anything and takes back more than he lends is a usurer, and as much damned as a thief, a robber, and a murderer. Therefore, if you know any such, refuse him the sacrament and absolution until he repents, else you become a sharer in his usury and sin, and sell yourself to the devil for another man's wickedness."

This idea was false. In those ages and in those parts of Europe where agriculture and the simplest mechanic arts were the only calling, and trade merely the exchange of local products, money had been a dead thing. To ask interest for its use was taking advantage of a neighbor's necessity. But when commerce began, those engaged in carrying the products of one country for sale in another learned that to loan at interest was to help a neighbor's enterprise. For many generations great traders had been to some extent bankers, and in all probability none of the merchant class now suffered as their forefathers had from a sense of doing something sinful when they loaned money at interest. The Fuggers, while good churchmen, had therefore long been money-lenders, and now Jacob determined to remove the



general prejudice of public opinion against interest-taking, and to obtain a modification of the mistaken teaching of the Church about its sinfulness. In 1514, together with other great merchants of Augsburg, he employed Dr. Johann Eck, Professor of Theology at the University of Ingolstadt, to propose for learned debate theses defending the right of a Christian to take interest at the rate of five per cent. It does not appear that the Fuggers often loaned money at so low a rate as five per cent., but while Jacob Fugger knew that no successful defence of his actual practice as a money-lender was possible before the bar of public opinion, he doubtless believed that men might be shown, what he clearly saw himself, that money was productive, and its owner justly entitled to a reasonable payment for its use. Some jurists of the University of Bologna, Italians whose forefathers had for centuries watched the extension of trade by a credit system, accepted Eck's theses. But the theologians of the universities of Vienna and Leipzig were less aware of the change in economic conditions which had come over the world. Eck could not convince them. Jacob Fugger was very anxious to get a decision about the rightfulness of moderate interest, behind which he might shelter his lending at very high interest. He used means upon which he was coming to rely more and more—his influence with reigning princes. The Imperial Council, some of whom had invested in Fugger's enterprises, ordered the University of Vienna to give Eck a certificate that he had successfully defended his theses. Duke George of Saxony brought similarly effective pressure to bear upon the University of Leipzig.

But even if all the theological faculties in Christendom had refused to oppose the traditional teaching of the Church that interest-taking was wrong, Jacob Fugger need not have feared very serious danger from the canon law. The house of Fugger had long been useful to the Popes. A single instance shows how strong the influence with the head of the Church was, and suggests how it was gained and kept.

The highest officer of the Church in Germany was the Archbishop of Mayence. After he had been elected by the

Cathedral Chapter, he must, before he could perform the chief functions of his office, receive from Rome the pallium—a collar of lamb's wool. It was sent to him only in exchange for a large sum of money, which he raised from his province. When, in 1513, the third primate in eight years died, the authorities and people of Mayence were in despair. To pay a fourth pallium tax seemed impossible, and the offer of Albrecht of Brandenburg, younger brother of the Elector of Brandenburg, to pay all papal charges out of his own purse if he were elected, made his candidacy successful. At the age of eighteen he had become Bishop of Halberstadt and Archbishop of Magdeburg; now at twenty-three he became Primate of Germany. The Pope issued a dispensation freeing him from the laws of the Church which would have prevented him from holding two archbishoprics and a bishopric, and he paid the Pope 30,000 gulden, the customary dues for his confirmation to office. But 9,000 gulden was all the cash he had, and the Fuggers advanced the rest.

He could not raise the money to pay them, and a deal was arranged profitable to all parties concerned—the Fuggers, the Archbishop, and Leo the Tenth. The Pope had already begun that extravagance which in the end became notorious. He wished to raise money by the sale of a new indulgence. But the sale of indulgences was not always easy. Some governments would not allow them to be sold. Zurich drove an indulgence-seller from its territories. The Elector of Saxony seized the money raised by indulgence-peddlers and forbade them to enter his territory. Cardinal Ximenes, at the head of the Spanish government, refused to license their sale in Spain (1513). England compelled a papal collector to swear that he would send neither coin nor bills of exchange to Rome (1517). It was a good thing for the Pope to have the Primate of Germany, an Imperial Elector, whose brother and cousin ruled great states, take an agency for the sale of indulgences in Germany. It was a good thing for the Primate to be enabled to pay some of his growing debts to the Fuggers. And the influence of the Fuggers with both the principals in the affair sufficed to secure for them every



courtesy. The Archbishop was to take half the profits of the sale as commission; the Pope the other half. Fugger acted as financial manager for both. One of his clerks travelled with every preacher of indulgences, carrying a key of the chest into which the people's money was dropped when they bought. When it was full, the money was turned over to him and forwarded to Augsburg. Half the Fuggers sent to Rome, half they kept toward paying what the Archbishop owed them. And lest some preacher might hesitate to give the money to Fugger's agent, a threat of sentence of damnation was hung over the head of any one who refused to do so.

But such profitable connection with the court of Rome hardly repaid the house of Fugger for the great loss which came to them in 1525. It has already been suggested that their mining privileges in Tyrol and Hungary were making much hostile feeling. It is not to be wondered at. In Hungary, Thurzo and Fugger had wrested extraordinary exemptions from the greedy extravagance of the court, and were accused of pouring debased coin from the mint they had received in pledge for the royal debts. In Tyrol they gave an estate to the Finance Minister, who was earning universal hate by oppressive taxation and corrupt administration. In both lands their accounts indicate very large sums dispensed in "presents" to people connected with the government. In 1520 George Thurzo became so alarmed at the feeling in Hungary that he came to

Augsburg to persuade Fugger to withdraw from the mines. Jacob would not agree, saying that he "wanted to win as long as he could." He refused to let Thurzo draw out his share, and accused him of being "faint-hearted." "The money had been long in business; let it stay there. It cost nothing; they had made

so much that the capital was all sheer profit." The Hungarians evidently thought they had made enough. In 1522 the Assembly of the Classes removed Alexis Thurzo from the office of Royal Treasurer, and ordered an inquiry into the affairs of Thurzo and Fugger. Three years later their lease of the mine was revoked and the Fuggers were banished. Their machinery and stock of silver were confiscated. Thurzo was released from arrest only after paying large back dues to the treasury under the charge of smug-



THURZO

From a contemporary drawing

gling gold and silver out of Hungary. Jacob Fugger estimated his loss at 267,000 gulden, and his claim for damages was never allowed. As during the first fifteen years the Fuggers's profits had been about twice this sum, the thirty years' enterprise, counting in this disaster, could not have been a very bad one.

But the Fugger influence with the rising family of Hapsburg was to give them opportunities of gain which more than made up for their banishment from Hungary. The Emperor Maximilian had fallen very heavily into their debt, and at his death his grandson Charles turned to them for an enormous loan. Charles, who was already King of Spain and ruler of the Netherlands, wanted the election



as King of the Romans, which entitled him to be crowned by the Pope Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation. The choice lay in the hands of seven electors—three archbishops, four secular princes. One of these votes could be neglected. It was only cast in case of a tie. One elector was known to be honest; four could certainly be bought. For although the Golden Bull, or electoral constitution, strenuously forbade bribery in imperial elections, it was a regular system. The other candidate, Francis I., was said to be sending sacks of gold to his agent in Germany. Charles, therefore, borrowed 165,000 gulden from Genoese and Florentine bankers; 145,000 from the Welser, another large Augsburg house; and 543,000 florins from Fugger. The 850,000 florins made him Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire. Of this, the Archbishop of Mayence got 103,000 gulden, besides a pension of 10,000 gulden. Four of the other electors got cash, marriage alliances for their families, or privileges. The rest went to bribe councillors of the electors and smaller men all along the line, while incidentals swallowed up a large remnant. The bargain can now be traced in the correspondence of Francis and Charles. But the public of the time heard only the usual ceremonious phrases of patriotism dashed with piety.

This loan to the head of the empire brought to the Fuggers not only its own profit, but also several other advantages. To begin with, it gave security against the laws which had from time to time been vainly aimed in Germany against the monopolies of the great trading-houses, of which the Fugger companies were in the popular mind the symbol. Here again, as in the case of their money-lending, public condemnation of the Fuggers was partly based on prejudice and partly on truth. Trusts like theirs were not the sole cause of the rise of prices—that was largely caused by the fall in the value of the precious metals due to the opening of new mines. The public did not take this into account, but, nevertheless, there were strong grounds for their suspicion against the great commercial companies. Many of them sought monopolies with the object of increasing and maintaining profits.

They crushed competitors by unscrupulous means, and they did not give the public the benefit of decreased cost of production, which would have come under fair competition. For example, it cost less to bring pepper to Europe by sea than in the old way overland, but Germans had to pay more for it. Only, as companies of the sixteenth century were not compelled to publish accounts, they did not use the modern device of distributing great profits in small rates of dividend on heavily watered stock. The very wide-spread opinion that the existence and methods of the great commercial companies were an injury to the common good rested, therefore, on grounds partly false and partly just. The electors had expressed this feeling in the agreements they obtained from Charles at his election. In the nineteenth article he promises to dissolve the great companies of merchants, "as had often been determined but never carried out." The Fuggers had escaped all previous anti-trust laws by the favor of princes to whom they were useful. They had little to fear from this promise of an Emperor to whom Jacob wrote in April, 1523, a dunning letter in the following terms: "It is well known and clear as day that your Imperial Majesty could not have obtained the Roman crown without my help, as I can show by the signature of your Majesty's commissioners. In this I was not looking to my own gain. For if I had deserted the House of Hapsburg and supported France, I could have won much gold and land which was offered me. Your Imperial Majesty can well imagine what injury, had I done so, would have resulted to your Majesty and to the House of Hapsburg." It is little to be wondered at that the bold and able captain of industry, who could write a letter showing so clear a perception of the secret power of masses of money skilfully used among corrupt men, would be alert to turn into cash the gratitude or obligation of the King of Spain whom he had made Emperor of Germany.

Jacob Fugger was a devoted adherent of the Church. His orthodoxy was unquestioned, and he gave considerable sums to pious purposes. In this letter reminding the Emperor how he got the crown, Jacob insisted on the loyalty and





PALACE OF THE PRINCES FUGGER IN AUGSBURG

patriotism which had refused a more profitable loan to Francis of the money to put a French king on the throne of the German nation. But other incidents besides the few here mentioned suggest with unmistakable clearness that whenever the law, popular judgment, a fair chance for other firms, the interests of the commonwealth, or the teachings of Christ about human conduct were opposed to some way of making large profit, it might be assumed as the habit of Jacob Fugger and the policy of the house to back the concrete advantage of the family against all sentimental or ideal considerations. Jacob was an exceedingly able and entirely practical man of business, and his point of view was shared by his nephews. It is possible that by a process of casuistry, perhaps not altogether obsolete, he adjusted this practical point of view to a serene conscience. "He wanted," he said to Thurzo, "to win as long as he could," he enjoyed the game, he was giving his young nephews and nieces a good start in life, the bills of the house of Fugger were as good as gold, he furnished employment to large numbers of people, and he took great pleasure in devoting a part of his win-

nings to building churches, patronizing art, and endowing charities.

The Emperor was not able to give Jacob Fugger a monopoly of the banking business of the crown, but he was able to give them something just as good. The three Spanish Orders of St. Jago, Calatrava, and Alcantara had been founded during the wars with the Moors by pious knights sworn to devote their lives to fighting the enemies of the cross. They had lost their meaning but not their wealth. And King Ferdinand, Charles's grandfather, had persuaded the Pope to make him Grand Master of all three. Charles V. had obtained from his old tutor, made Pope by the Spanish adherents in the college of cardinals, the perpetual and hereditary possession for himself and family of the head-mastership. Eighteen months later he rented the income of the Orders for three years to Jacob Fugger for about 400,000 ducats, less 200,000 ducats still due on the money to bribe the Electors of the Empire. When the lease expired, the Fuggers got a renewal, in spite of the vote of the royal council to give it to the twenty-five per cent. higher bid of a company of Genoese and Spanish capitalists.



Charles needed money from the Fuggers, and they kept the lease for nearly a hundred years. The grain which they got as rent from the Orders' lands and the quicksilver which they took from the mines of Almaden in the estates of the Calatrava Order gave them large profits. For they had all sorts of privileges from the crown, freeing them from the laws imposed on other merchants or miners. The export of grain was forbidden. But the Fuggers seem to have had no difficulty in getting permission to export, except in years of scarcity; and then the price rose in Spain until they were willing to sell there. The laws forbade the purchase of grain in order to sell it again. Any one was allowed to buy from the Fuggers for that purpose. There was a heavy tax on sales in the markets. It was ordered that the customers of the Fuggers should pay this tax when they resold. It was unlawful for any but a baker to bake bread for sale. But the Fuggers served their large working force, including the miners, with bread. No quicksilver could be sold in Spain except what came from the Almaden mines, and the monopoly was continued under the Fuggers. What they made out of the quicksilver mines cannot be estimated, for lack of data, but their clear profit on the selling price, all expenses paid, was at one time thirty per cent.

From the grain of the three Orders they made a very heavy profit, for it appears from their private accounts that their average gain on the rental ran from fifty per cent. to eighty-five per cent. Apparently they did not care to have the public know about their business as it really was, for in the accounts issued in the year 1563, when they were negotiating for the renewal of the lease, it appears as if, during the just expired term, they had made a small loss. Such lack of frankness with the public is not elsewhere unknown to the Fugger book-keeping. There is a suggestion of the same thing in fragments of their Hungarian mining accounts. Later in the century the *juros de resguardo*—guarantees permitting crown creditors in case of failure of payment to recoup them-

selves from certain taxes—became hated in Spain because of the oppression practised in using them. The Fuggers falsely asserted that they had never accepted them from the crown. Their general agent in Spain in the middle of the century was married to the sister-in-law of a Spanish Minister of Finance. Every care was taken to keep from the public eye certain financial transactions between the brothers-in-law during a period when the privileges of the Fuggers were under fire. What these transactions were is not clear. Nothing is apparent but the desire to conceal them.

From trade to all parts of Europe and the New World and from mining the Fuggers had made great profits.\* But the most profitable of all their enterprises was the loaning of money to princes, from whom they received privileges, obnoxious to the feeling of the people, that enabled them to turn this money over with great rapidity. In 1511 the Fugger fortune amounted to 245,463 florins. For about a generation after Jacob's death in 1525 the property of the family continued to increase. In 1546 it was over 5,000,000 gulden. And this balance sheet meant that, besides paying the expenses of a very large family, they had twenty-five-folded their property in thirty-five years.

The Fugger capital was for the next hundred years more and more invested in loans to the Spanish Hapsburgs, though member after member of the family withdrew from the business and retired to his estates. By the middle of the sixteenth century they were probably the richest bankers, merchants, and promoters Europe had seen. But their huge fortune went as it came, and the Fuggers declined with the Spanish Hapsburgs as they rose with them. The estates they bought have remained with some of their descendants, become nobles and princes, but by the middle of the seventeenth century their five millions of gulden and three millions more were gone, lost in the decline of wealth and power of Charles V.'s descendants and successors.

The churches and charities they founded survive.



# Her Eyes Are Doves

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

"The King sits in Dunfermline town,  
Drinking the blude-red wine."

THE King sat alone in his chamber, where the Councillors had left him. The pages outside the door dozed among the cushions or made little bets about the flies buzzing in the panes. Faintly from distance came now and again glad cries of the wild people feeling already the thrill of to-morrow.

The crown was heavy on the King's head. It seemed to him as if, viewless though it were, it had worn its place there as the basinet frays a circle on the warrior's hair.

The question before the Council had been of peace or war. The King's voice would decide it.

It was desired to have affairs composed before the high Easter festival of the next day, when the time-honored jubilee began, and after which people scattered to their homes, the great nobles to the country houses beyond the Blue Forests or to the hunting-lodges and castles in snow-capped altitudes. And were it war, there would be time for family concerns; and were it peace—But who thought of peace!

His Majesty sat with his head propped upon his hand, leaning over the table, lost in thought, perhaps oppressed by the dissonant note of the profuse flowers about him. War, he reflected, meant the ruin of wide regions, his own and the enemy's; the destruction of myriads of strong men, of their families, of the purpose of their creation; the loosing of torrents of crime that follow, as rats do, on the heel of armies. It meant the stimulation of evil agencies in the commonwealth, the depletion of those of value; the absence of workers on the land, the cessation of crops except where grass grew rank on bloody battle-fields. With the death of grenadiers and veterans it meant an undersized race in the

next generation, such as Napoleon had bequeathed to France. It meant widows, orphans, beggars, desolate hearths, broken hearts, sorrow, sorrow, sorrow! It meant the unreckoned lowering of civilization, and lifetimes to repair the ravage.

But all that he knew before; every one knew it. It was part of the commonplace of civil economy. And he knew what peace meant, too. Yet in a far less degree; for who could tell into what blest meridians the harvests of peace might stretch! Peace hovering, brooding, over the land, was a vision too dazzling to be clearly seen—the well-tilled fields of heavy-headed grain, with the shadows of clouds sweeping over them; the harbors of the river ports—since the coveted sea was impossible—crowded with masts whose tops sparkled in sun or frost, and perhaps by special pact even the freedom of that great water; the whirring wheels of mills; the billowing blaze of forges by night; the steady headlights of loaded trains that, unlike the old burning brand sent from border tribe to border tribe for signal of the fight, drew out at every turn the longer length of that golden chain which binds the whole round earth about the feet of God; the glad workmen hurrying to their tasks and to their homes; the happy children swarming from schools; the happy wives and mothers waiting; the thronging universities; the young men with no cloud of cruel possibilities hanging over them; the will, the time, the strength, to penetrate the secrets of science, to nourish the flower of art, to portray the poetry of life; peace, white as those Easter lilies with which the huge jars had already been filled; peace that meant wide comfort and content embracing the land like the embrace of heaven; that meant the uplifting, the moulding of the realm into moral and material beauty, its civiliza-



tion a stride onward in the perfection of the race!

But all of this, as well, he knew before. All of this was the common breath. And the case in question must be decided irrespective of either.

The case in question was concerning certain territory, without which the realm was shut off from expansion in the most desirable direction, which gave ports on a great sea now inaccessible, and the possession of which by another, a strong Power, waiting on its arms, was ready to resist to the death. There might be, of course, doubt of the outcome; yet in the King's mind the doubt was slight. It was impossible that those armies of his, bristling with steel, had been trained and drilled to their present point for failure. For wars of one sort or another had always been waging with that kingdom. Oh no; victory was as sure to illumine his banners as the Easter sun was sure to rise on the morrow.

That was not the case, then. The case was—the case—

What was Eirene thinking of it all at this moment? What the courtiers thought was plain enough, what the Councillors thought, what the Queen Mother—the beautiful barbaric creature. What did Eirene think? If it were not for Eirene's thought the way would be so easy! Ah yes, Eirene had never thrown any veil over her thought, either. He had told her, before the Council met, that his purpose was peace; and she had spoken with joy of the disbanding of the army and the dismissal of every man to his home. And yet Ruvizan gave him pause. It was difficult to override the opinion of his father's lifelong minister, a man of wisdom. Yes, circumstances change purposes. Eirene would regret— And yet— Of what weight a woman's wish? After all, what could she know of statecraft?

Ruvizan had said that all women were sentimentalists. Was it sentimentality that had led her, when he found her in her chapel at prayer last night, her long hair fallen about her, the folds of her white cloak making her seem like a kneeling marble there? She was praying for peace, clasping to her heart the image of the Prince of Peace. Was Christ a sentimentalist?

It was not peace for which the Queen Mother prayed. Storm was her element. Her spirit was like a trumpet calling to battle. The Oriental ruby in her crown blazed no more hotly than that Oriental drop in her blood which fired all the rest. She saw the bounds of the kingdom retreat into far horizons; dreams of conquest curtained her sleep.

He remembered a day when she stood with him, a child, on the top of a tower on the border, her scarf blowing in the wind, and she pointed toward the great plains with their wandering tribes and grazing herds. "All that," she said, "is to be yours. When you have strength of body and soul to take it. Doubtless in the long-gone days it belonged to your house. Boundless, beautiful, inexhaustible! One day it is to be whitened with the tents of your armies. It is to give you the freedom of the great sea! You will not content yourself with a few paltry river ports!" Yet long before he came to the throne it had seemed to him that he would have enough to do with the provinces that already called him ruler.

He had been given soldiers for his toys from his infancy; he had never greatly enjoyed their manipulation. A pastime of war had been urged upon him; a boy, he had been made the Colonel of regiments, his own and foreign; the uniforms had interested him; but after the first he had found it all a stupid business. Still, he supposed war to be something necessary to the currents of life among nations. He had been made to study books and charts upon the theory and practice of war. It had, on the whole, seemed to him like making a fine art of murder.

Because he enjoyed none of this it had gone about that he was a listless youth who preferred the stringing of a lute to the clash of arms, and for whom ancestral and national glories paled before the light in woman's eyes. And it was true that he had been for a time willing to leave a large measure of responsibility in the government, autocratic as the Crown was, to his Councillors. But if he was not all that he should have been, there was that in his steadfast look which made the lesser eye quail; eye and brow alike belonged





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

THE FOLDS OF HER CLOAK MAKING HER SEEM LIKE A KNEELING MARBLE







to the pattern from which they sculpture gods.

It could not be said that he had loved another woman before Eirene came into his life. Unlike many another prisoner of his rank, the isolation of princely splendor had left his heart cold. Save for now and then, the court ladies had sailed by like phantoms; their smiles had been no more than sunbeams on the melting shapes of clouds.

Of course he could not know that it had been prearranged by the superior powers when he, a prince, first met the Princess Eirene. He would have supposed it was only the superior powers of wild nature that sent out their parallels and drew together two lives, two forces, that belonged to each other.

He was travelling, wearing the least of his titles, although attended by chamberlain and lords in waiting. He had reached that point in the Alps which, seeming the most remote from human life, is thronged with the pilgrims of a night. He had climbed with a companion from the castle where he had been lodged, and they had lingered on the long gallery of the inn, where in the last daylight people had been looking through the big telescope for a party lost to sight upon the mountain. Jew, Greek, and Mesopotamian made up the groups within and without when the deep velvet darkness came; a band gave gay, strange music; some danced, some played excitedly at games of chance, some smoked and talked and strolled along the narrow street with its ill-smelling runnel beside it, which not all the snows of all the peaks had purified. And over all hung the sinister Matterhorn with its dim glacier and the sidelong slant of its black Mephistophelian cap. Near the tip hung a young moon, a golden crescent in the black sky, cruel as a druid's sickle, and in a gap Mars blazed blood-red, while the great rock like some monstrous spirit of evil leaned over the place.

His sleep that night was haunted by the ill-boding thing; and it still threw a cloud over him as he went, next morning, in a special car up the Riffel Alp. It was after he had passed the great gorge on the left, where the peaks lead down a vast valley of snow-capped tops and purple slopes into a gloom like melted

amethyst, had left the car and climbed on past the incongruous place of resort to the open, that, standing in presence of the ring of great snow-clad monarchs in their eternal cold and calm, the Breithorn, the Liskam, the Silberhorn, the mightier Matterhorn, wearing a different aspect up here so close to heaven, beautiful Monte Rosa, and the rest, like gods in conclave, he saw Eirene, standing as a statue might, against the burning blue of the sky, the snow of the glacier, the wind blowing off the glacier fluttering her gown. And it seemed to him, remembering the dark and evil shadow of the night before, as if he had come from hell to heaven, and this young girl were born of the heavenly air.

She turned presently, and went back to her ladies. But not till her eyes had met his; and in that long slow glance, amid the solemn grandeur all about them, Fate found him.

They met formally a few days later at Montreux, as it had been intended they should do, before Fate interposed with her previous arrangement. They wandered then of mornings in the villa garden—a corner of Eden—or sat there at night, the evening air heavy with fragrance of lemon-leaf and jasmine, and listened to the voice fluting out of the unknown, the voice of a boy drifting in his boat on Leman. They were rowed at sunset in the white-hooded boats on the lake whose waters seemed distilled from the blueness of jewels, under the shadow of Chillon, under the beautiful shadow of the Dent du Midi. And the light of love kindled in that first look grew to a great and steady flame as they penetrated farther and farther into the recesses each of the other's nature. And through it all, and afterward, he held her in a sort of awe, as if she were a part of the serene and solemn scene where first he saw her. When, subsequently, having returned to the capital, he learned what had been done and was to be done, he recognized in his father, with quite another kind of joy, an unsuspected tenderness, in having made this possible for his son, instead of the cold and commanded marriage of state.

The days of the bridal, and, after his very immediate ascension to the throne, of his own coronation and of his Queen's



—what winged flights of splendor they seemed, as he recalled them! He saw her their radiant centre, like Helen's her beauty shadowed in white veils, streaming with a white light of jewels from head to foot, the Queen Mother's gifts and urgency. She had taken life then differently from the Queen Mother. The coronation oath had meant to her her share in the protection of the people entrusted to her husband's care. To the Queen Mother it had meant, and still meant, only influence toward aggrandizement, extension of boundaries, the ordering of tremendous armies, and supremacy among adjoining nations. The Councilors had more heartening from her than from the new King himself.

And so the Queen Eirene had gone her way into hospital charges, orphanages, the building of homes, the saving of young girls, the cleansing of communities; all things she felt, however, to be merely palliative and not reaching the root of the greater evils. And the Queen Mother smiled upon the work without regarding it, content that there was no interference with her own.

Sometimes Eirene induced her husband to go out with her, into places where she had been before, at night and unrecognized, in forlorn quarters of the town, so that he might come to know the common folk and feel them no mere puppets, but that they lived and breathed and were glad and suffered, as he might do himself. Sometimes they journeyed together into the remoter regions of the kingdom, where they saw the needs of this and that district, what irrigation would do here, what good roads there, what trained settlements, different methods, different taxes, what advantages might come from schools, from refuges for the old, what might be done with systems of rewards and encouragement. She had him go into cabins and huts at these times and talk with the old and the young. They accosted the laborer who ditched the rude path, the priest as he left his little church made half of sods, the fisher among the nets, the old beggar by the way, the crone at her hearth.

"Yes," said the Queen Mother once, when Eirene spoke of what she had seen, "perhaps they are alive, those others,

as worms are, not as we are. It hardly signifies, save that they exist for our purposes. They are our pawns."

"Yet pawns," said the Jester—still a feature of that court—speaking as if he were thinking to himself, "can become queens."

"They are souls!" said Eirene to her husband. "And they are given into our keeping."

"And we cannot keep our own!" said the King.

"Yesterday, as I went along the Dalskibanza Market—"

"Your hood drawn?"

"Oh yes," she said, smiling, "in eclipse. My people with me also. I spoke to a young woman carrying her child. 'It is a splendid one,' I said. 'It had better never have been born,' she answered me. 'Is it as bad as that?' I asked. 'It is as good as that!' she exclaimed. 'It is too good to be nothing but food for powder. That is all any man-child may look forward to! What every mother finds she has brought her son into the world for!' Then I said, 'Perhaps one day there will be no more wars.' And she passed on with her boy, crying, 'Will the sun rise in the west?' She was a dark and handsome girl, and when she looked at the boy her bitter laugh melted, in spite of her, into a smile of pride and joy."

"No more wars," said the King, half sadly. "No more dreams of empire."

"Surely," said his wife, "a city governed to its remotest rod, as the city descending out of heaven from God was governed, is better than an empire, vast as desert, whose people labor and groan and starve."

"Yes, I know all you would say. But this is the thing that has gone before me from my boyhood, a pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night. My father's dream; my mother's purpose. Increasing empire, and war its chariot wheels."

"We wake from our dreams," she said, sweetly.

"Now to and fro rides high and low  
The King of Heaven's son,  
But he will know the way to go,  
Though roads a-tangle run,"

the Jester on the terrace under the window was singing.



One day the Queen Eirene heard of the work of a famous painter of battle scenes, whose pictures represented with a terrible truthfulness the cruelest details of the field, the bleeding wounds, the headless shapes, the corpses trampled out of likeness by maddened horses plunging and rearing to their death, the agony that bit the dust, the gaping horror of the stone-dead face, the pools and rills of blood. She sent for the painter, and arranged that his work might be seen at court.

She shuddered as she stood before those canvases reeking with their pitiless detail of blood and fire. The Queen Mother, with various of the retinue, was present. "It is wonderful," said the Queen Mother, "the *vraisemblance*. Look, too, at that yellow-haired young hero riding to victory," she said, with a gay eagerness. "You would know he was of royal strain!" But at a second glance she saw that the hero had his death-wound and rode on dead. "Ah, well, another will replace him," she said. "He was a centaur. Myths are made of such men. But why do we have these pictures? They do not serve any interest of art. They give what is exaggerated and revolting. They do not give the thrill that shakes the blood in your veins at the blast of the trumpet. They should be suppressed. Men die in battle? They must die sometime. Better in the rush and the struggle than in bed of a fever!"

"Made of dust, ground to dust, returned to dust," said the Jester.

But the King saw the tear on Eirene's cheek as, in a corner of one canvas, she saw a woman with her frightened weanling on her arm, searching among the dead for her man. She turned and met his gaze. "Oh, if it were I, searching for you!" she murmured.

The King remembered these things now as he sat, his head upon his hand, his pen making idle tracings on the sheet.

There was an imperious knock on the door; and then it was quickly opened, and the heavy curtain was swept aside for his mother's entrance.

"I understand," she said, "that The Enemy has sent us proposals for a lasting peace." The Queen Mother always spoke of this Power, from which the

coveted territory was to be wrested, as The Enemy.

"That is so, your Majesty," he replied, rising to seat his mother. They were quite alone.

"They surrender, then, those provinces, and give us the open sea, and acknowledge our suzerainty."

"No, Madame. Nothing of the sort."

"What then?" she demanded.

"They set before us the advantages of an alliance, and those accruing to our kingdom through the long cessation from arms."

"The imbeciles! It is effrontery! How do they dare such trifling!"

"I am not sure that it is trifling."

"Not sure!" the red kindling on her dark cheek.

"We shall not find it trifling when there is a surplus in the treasury that has not been expended in feeding and clothing armies—"

"As if one could not always borrow!"

"And pay in life-destroying taxes. It will not have been trifling when we see our streets alive with traffic; when our arts have time to flourish—"

She made another impatient movement. "What has all that to do with the immemorial policy of this government, that has waited for the propitious moment for generations, till it has come to-day!"

"Other rulers had their policies, your Majesty. I may have mine. I confess peace has great attractions for me. Tomorrow is the Easter morning. I would like to send the dove of peace abroad—the dove of peace brooding here, like the spirit of Christ risen in my realm—"

"This is preposterous! This is child's play—"

"Madame, I am your son. But—"

"But you are also King. Then be a King! Are you going to give the lie to all your breeding with this sentimentality, play false to your traditions, your ancestors, your oaths, to the very blood in your veins? Will you, for the sake of pleasing a sentimentalist who gives you no heir to your crown, to your name, who puts an end to your race and dynasty, will you sit still and become a thing aside, degenerate into a tenth-rate principality, while other Powers seize these provinces and hem you in,



laugh at the fable of your old prestige, and make nothing of you?"

"But, my mother—"

"Peace! The attractions of peace!" she cried, not allowing him to stem the torrent of her words. "It is war, I assure you, war that is great and good, that is glorious! It makes towns hum like hives, it gives men all the strong traits, daring, will, determination! It makes great races. It made my own people. It made yours. And your father would turn in his grave to know that such a weakling dreamed in the place where he wrought and died! Think of it, Majesty, think twice before you make your country and your reign a byword in the mouths of the nations!" And she swept from the room as if every fold of her garments were purple with anger.

A strain of the song the Jester sang in the window of the great hall came through the door as it opened and closed:

"The lady with her bodkin plays,  
The bold knight with his sword,  
This world, they say, was made for them,  
But not for me, good Lord!"

The impetuous and imperious will of the Queen Mother had always had influence with her son. It had no less now. And by her husband's will she had a place in the Council that gave her a double claim to respect. Was it indeed true, then, that peace would lixivate the people? he asked himself, as her words rang in his ear. Born to battle, would they wither rather than flourish in the unaccustomed conditions of peace? After all, instead of blessing his subjects would he be banning them? And in refusing to enlarge his bounds was he not only curtailing the kingdom, but denying their rights to the people? There was immense treasure in those desired provinces, to say nothing of the sea. And to be had for the taking. There was that inexhaustible wealth of mines which, wherever found, means empire; there were the grain fields of the future; there were cities to be built, with harbors and docks and markets, all waiting for the victors. Was his personal love of ease, his hatred of bloodshed and all furious evil, his sympathy with suffering, indeed only unmanly weakness? Perhaps she was right. The Councillors, men grown

gray in the service of the state—was it by possibility an error to assume his own view to be more correct than theirs? It might be they should lead instead of follow—their wisdom more to the present point than his divine right. Yes—it might be best to refuse his signature to the proposals.

He threw down the pen. He leaned back in his chair, discomfited, disheartened. They wanted war—let them have it!

As he lingered, lost in his bitter thoughts, he hardly heard another tap, this time upon the door behind him, and after a moment a rustle and a light step. He knew then that it was his wife; but he did not turn his head. A gale of the sweet breath of the lilies followed her. She came up behind him and laid her hand on his shoulder. He lifted his own hand and laid it over hers. And then she bent her head till the fragrant hair swept his face and whispered a swift and broken sentence.

In the instant he forgot all else. He sprang up, and turned quickly, and caught her to his breast. "My wife! My child!" he murmured over and over in an ecstasy.

"It is God's seal upon your purpose of peace," she whispered. "A little child shall lead them. Oh, it seems as though it were His hand reaching out of heaven to bless us!"

He waited a moment, his pulses ringing in his ears like joy-bells. Still holding her, he bent and signed the paper. She bent and kissed the hand that did it. He led her to the window that overlooked the great prospect beyond the town, high on whose outer edge the royal palace stood. Far to the east the wide plains and forests rolled to the low hills, bathed in the first burst of spring's living sunlit green, fading to deeps of violet distance. "The day-star that rises there to-morrow has risen first in our hearts," he said. "Our little child shall not be born into a world of war."

And in the splendor of Easter morning, with the clash of countless bells from rocking spires, the wings of the symbolic dove flashed all across the land with Peace to the People, the Easter greeting of their King.





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

THE WIND BLOWING OFF THE GLACIER FLUTTERING HER GOWN







# A Morning with Pessimism

BY GRANT SHOWERMAN

IT was Saturday morning. The Professor's library was flooded with genial sunlight, and the Professor himself seemed somewhat under the same warm influence. He was lying back in his chair, his eyes resting on a little pile of books and a few sheets of manuscript lying on the table before him, and his features were relaxed in a smile of satisfaction. The books were not on literary topics. Quite the contrary, one of them bore the title *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Pessimismus*, and the others were suggestive of the same subject. The manuscript contained notes and excerpts, and the Professor's smiles were due to the character of his findings.

The Professor was studying Pessimism. He had chosen a sunshiny Saturday morning as a purely hygienic measure: morning because it was a cheerful time of day; Saturday morning because he fancied that his thoughts were saner on a day free from the mental habits of class-room instruction; and a sunshiny Saturday morning because he wanted all the cheer it was possible to get.

And he was studying not only Pessimism; he was studying the Professor also. To tell the truth, he had been called pessimist so many times of late that he had sometimes almost fallen prey to the fear that he really *was* a pessimist.

For example, he had not long before been called by the undesirable name as many as four times in a single day. In the first place, he had left his umbrella in the rack at the Carnegie Library; and when, on his arrival home and sudden recollection of the fact before his own umbrella-rack, his wife had said, "Never mind; your name is on it, and you will find it when you go back," he had replied, "Don't fool yourself; that's the last you'll ever see of *that* umbrella." At which his eldest daughter had looked up from her paradigms and exclaimed: "Now, papa, don't be such a pessimist!

We had that word yesterday. It comes from *malus*, *peior*, *pessimus*, and teacher says it isn't nice."

In the afternoon, meeting a friend while on the way to the college, he had ventured to predict, after deliberate scrutiny of the skies and wind, that it would rain for the next three days. He meant it, though of course his real motive was the desire to make conversation, which is a difficult art for college professors, because, unlike most of the other arts, it has not yet been reduced to the scientific method; but his friend had immediately pitched upon him with: "Man, what a pessimist you are! Don't you know we have a game to-morrow?"

Farther on he had overtaken another colleague. Prompted by the same abhorrence of the conversational vacuum, and vaguely recollecting the coming game, he had volunteered: "They say we have a fine team this year. Do you suppose we are going to win a game at last?"

An avalanche of protestation overwhelmed him in a moment. "See here, now! None of your pessimistic croaking! That's no way to talk! Of course we're going to win the game! We've *got* to win it!"

The Professor's thoughts were quicker than usual for a moment. He saw a way to redeem himself from the awful disgrace. "Don't be so swift," he said. "I've got four dollars that I'm going to put up on our team to-morrow, and *that* ought to show whether I am a pessimist or not." "I'll take you for about three dollars of that myself," his friend had replied—rather eagerly, the Professor afterward thought.

A fourth time before the day was done he had been called the Evil Thing again. The table conversation turning, in un-Horatian fashion, on the homes and villas of others, the Professor had somewhat gravely said: "It's possible for my friends the banker and corporation at-



torney, I know; but for a professor, like myself, I don't see how a man with my family and on my salary has any reason to expect to live in and own a ten-thousand-dollar home—at least in this life.”

This time it was his wife who spoke: “Dearie, what a pessimist you are! You are positively growing worse every day;” and added, in the same breath: “I saw a perfect love of a holiday hat at Chapeautier’s to-day, and only nineteen forty-nine! Don’t you really think I could afford it?”

Now the Professor’s umbrella was the forty-seventh he had lost in the sixteen years of his service; he was so weather-wise from long experience that he knew well enough which was the wind that brought the rain; his college had been defeated in every football game it had played with Atholimpia for nine years; and he never had been able to save from a year’s salary more than a hundred and twenty-five dollars. He saw no really good reason why he should be called by a term of reproach because of his recognizing the value of lessons learned by experience.

For the term *was* one of reproach, as every one knows. Of course the Professor was aware that few who employed it really intended to be unpleasant, or even critical, or indeed had more than a hazy idea of what it signified. Quite the contrary, he knew it was used by most people as a bit of wit, if not of humor, and was often only their barren way of commenting on what they failed to understand.

But his attention had been attracted; he liked nice definition; he was guiltily conscious, too, of one or two oblique fibres in his own temperament; and every repetition, however innocent, of the time-honored charge seemed more and more like an impeachment. He was really beginning to be annoyed.

For, whatever it was that people meant when they called him pessimistic, the Professor would not own to the charge. It is true,

“He was not gamesome; he did lack some part

Of that quick spirit which was in Antony;”

but he was nevertheless no lean and

hungry Cassius who seldom smiled. Most of the time he had a merry heart, and it kept on the windy side of care. He saw the humor of the world. He did not believe it had been created as a place of torment for sinful man; and in spite of still vivid impressions from the preaching of his childhood days, he strongly doubted that there was a devil going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it. He heard music, and when he went to the play he applauded the hero and shed tears for the heroine as readily as he hissed the villain. He loved his wife and children, enjoyed his home and his profession, possessed a fair measure of philosophic calm, and lived and worked with the zest of the active and aspiring mind.

No, the Professor was not a pessimist; he felt sure of it. And he felt sure that if others called him that, either in jest or earnest, it was because they did not know what pessimism was. So it had occurred to him that if he could give a few of his immediate acquaintances a handy definition of the term, they might not be quite so facile in its application. Good; such a handy definition he would construct.

But a comprehensive definition had not been so easy. The shortest he could formulate had filled half a page, and the first time he had tried to silence a friend with it he became involved in a four hours’ discussion in the effort to make his meaning clear.

This would never do. He liked talk, but at this rate he might as well have been a professor of comparative philosophy, or politics, or pedagogy. He must have a better definition.

In the library next day his eye had by the merest chance lighted on a neat little book in green binding with *Le Pessimisme* in gold on its back. Without the least disturbance to his æsthetic sensibilities because of the inappropriateness of the binding to the subject, he joyfully seized on the volume and bore it off home, together with a small armful of companion works of less modest bulk and more pretentious titles. As little did he stop to reflect that a college professor with such child-like faith in books had no need of trying to establish a claim to optimism. Here was a find indeed! He



was as good as rehabilitated in the eyes of his friends.

This explains how it came about that the Professor sat in his study before a pile of books on Pessimism; and it also accounts for his smile of satisfaction. It is true, he had not found a quotable definition; but he had revelled in the vast fields of learning, and accumulated much interesting and valuable information. He had found chapters on the origin of the term pessimism; on its use among the various philosophers of the nineteenth century; on the life of the learned German with the long name who had given it currency by the formulation of philosophical pessimism; on its possible but not probable connection with social, economic, pedagogic, literary, alimentary, and pathological change.

His principal interest, however, as befitted a professor of literature, was in the statistical data which these works presented. There were various tables of figures compiled by a Leipzig Doctor of Philosophy, of American origin, who now held the chair of English Literature in a neighboring institution: the word pessimism was found 725 times in Macaulay, whereas in Carlyle there were only 723 occurrences, which clearly overturned hitherto prevailing views of scholarship as to the respective temperaments of these great men. In Tennyson and Austin the word occurred an equal number of times, which made it probable that the one was influenced by the other, if not in collusion with him, or at any rate that both were influenced by a common but unknown original of the second decade of the century.

Again, in the dissertation of a sociologist who had been called to the Professor's own institution because of the brilliant results of this very investigation, he found that of 627 patients in 19 hospitals in 23 cities in 14 States and 2 Territories, 75.13 per cent. had declared themselves optimists. In lunatic asylums the percentage rose to 97.293, while in jails and poorhouses and prisons it sank respectively to 17.1, 3.0658, and 12.6. Of the 500 cases of the clergy, 98 per cent. of the 400 who had salaries of less than \$600 and families of more than 5 children had declared themselves optimists; while of 100 who received sal-

aries of over \$1,500 and had families of less than 3 members, children included, one had unreservedly confessed pessimism—but had afterward volunteered the further statement that if the remaining 99 had the courage, they would all make like confession, even though optimism *was* the fashion; because not even religion could endure the strain of being asked to live on a social level with \$25,000 parishioners when you had only a \$1,600 salary. The author of the dissertation, however, argued with mathematical accuracy that there was a clear connection between big salaries and optimism.

Another work—this was a book by a national authority on pedagogy—presented certain results of epistolary and oral inquiry among pupils in high schools, grades, and kindergarten. His most important deductions were: (1) 100 per cent. of children in the kindergarten and 99.5 per cent. of those in the grades did not know what optimism and pessimism meant; (2) among high-school students 32 per cent. of those in the Latin course and two per cent. of those in other courses had heard of the terms; (3) an examination of the temperamental characteristics of large numbers of children indicated that pessimism and optimism might exist even when the individual had never heard of the term. Such cases, however, were not frequent. Of 900 children under ten years of age, only five were pessimists, the fact in two of the cases being traceable to fathers who were drunk 84 per cent. of their waking time, and in the three remaining cases, which at first were baffling, to mothers who were on the managing committees of the Child Study Class and the Cribside Charities. Of conscious pessimists, the high school contained the greatest number, the causes most frequently assigned being the obligation to study what they didn't like and couldn't see the use of, and the disposition of the faculty to interfere with their social and athletic liberties.

But valuable as all this was, it did not in the least forward the Professor's project: he was compelled to resign himself to the conviction that it was impossible to find the desired definition in books. His only resort was to his own powers, after all.

So he would make a last attempt;



only, remembering his former failures, this time he would invoke the aid of popular definition. Perhaps, by skilful combination of expressions in vogue among ordinary people he might produce a formula which would serve to quote to the ordinary person. It was unscholarly and degrading, but he was desperate, and forgot for the moment his natural professorial horror of the popular.

So he began to assemble the witty and pithy utterances he had heard and read on optimism and pessimism. The pessimist looked only on the dark side of life, the optimist only on the bright. The optimist always saw the doughnut, the pessimist always saw the hole. The optimist went through life thinking that all milk was cream, the pessimist that all cream was milk.

As to this last, the Professor had behind him a boarding-house experience totaling at least a half-score of years, and recognized the inevitability of pessimism for boarders on the basis of this definition, though he conceded the desirability of optimism, provided it was leagued with real power of mind over matter, especially lacteal matter.

He continued. The pessimist looked through the wrong end of the telescope. The optimist used a magnifying-glass in contemplation of his joys, the pessimist in contemplation of his troubles. The optimist considered and treated every man as honest until he had proved himself a villain; the pessimist considered him a rascal until he had proved himself honest. The optimists were the robins of life, the pessimists were the ravens; mankind was divided into those whose usual note was "cheer up," and those who croaked.

To be sure, the Professor thought this a trifle unfair to the many-wintered prophet of the rain: who possessed at least the virtue of silence except when he foresaw trouble in the sky. And besides, warning of bad weather to come was no mean form of service to mankind, who ought to be grateful for it.

Recognizing the originality of this observation, the Professor was emboldened to enter the field of epigram himself: the pessimist acted on the assumption that everything was as bad as he was afraid it might be; the optimist, on

the assumption that everything was as good as it would be pleasant to have it be.

Or again—the Professor never could get away from books—the optimist was a Micawber, always expecting something good to turn up; the pessimist a Mrs. Gummidge, a lone lorn creetur', with whom everything went contrary. Or the pessimist was a Leopardi, considering life all bitterness and vexation, death the only gift of fate to the human race, and seeing in all existence only infinite emptiness—*l'infinita vanità del tutto*; while the optimist was a—but the Professor could think of no one in literature who was as hopeful as the Italian poet was hopeless. Somehow optimism seemed a less striking and, on the whole, a less attractive quality in literature than pessimism.

He bethought himself of another illustration—not bookish this time. One of his youngest children, when you held up before him a terra-cotta lamp, or a fragment of *giallo antico* from the veneering of the Rostra, or a bit of *opus reticulatum* from the Villa of Hadrian, or the latest Latin grammar, or any other of the playthings in ordinary use in the homes of classical professors, began without the least hesitation to pucker up and cry, taking for granted that the toy was to be denied him. The other, when the same act was repeated, straightway stretched out his hands and chuckled, already assured of possession, and filled with the joy of anticipation. Here, surely, were natural optimism and pessimism.

At this point the Professor paused and meditated. If his children went through life with that attitude, both were sure to have a great deal of trouble of their own making; for they were both inclined to draw wrong conclusions. They exaggerated. And what was true of them was likewise true of the optimists and pessimists in all the illustrations he had been reviewing. Here was at least one essential: it wasn't so much that the pessimist was gloomy and the optimist cheerful as that their cheer and gloom were always exaggerated. He was getting on with his definition; one foundation of pessimism was exaggeration.

And yet it was clear that ordinary



optimism was just as extreme as pessimism. Whatever their manifestations, the foundation was always the same for both: lack of equilibrium. Neither optimist nor pessimist was well poised. Neither optimist nor pessimist saw phenomena in their true relations. They lacked knowledge. Not necessarily book knowledge, of course. Rather, knowledge of life gained through various avenues. The intellectuality of the broadest experience was the prime foundation of that sanity and equipoise which every one must possess who was to be neither the pessimist nor the optimist of popular imagination. The truth should make men free.

But there were other foundations besides knowledge for the equilibrium that insured against pessimism. For there were persons, in apparent good health, with abundant knowledge of books and men and things, who were ill-balanced. When a professor with good digestion, who had studied and travelled, had married an heiress, sat in royal state high on the throne of departmental despotism, and had to work only an hour or two now and then—when such a personage was pessimistic, what was one to think?

The Professor didn't hesitate long. It was temperament that lay at the foundation of such cases. Just what temperament was he wasn't quite clear, but he thought it meant how you felt as a usual thing. And this depended upon how nature had fashioned you. The pessimist by temperament was ill-constructed by nature, as by an unskilful workman. And of course nature had also framed temperamental optimists.

But the Professor thought of optimists by temperament who suddenly became either temporary or permanent pessimists, and of the many who alternated between pessimism and optimism. There must be something else besides temperament. That something else was the state of one's health. Temperament was your native and permanent spiritual condition; the effect of health was temporary and accidental. You had a good digestion, and you were an optimist; your liver failed you, and you became pessimistic—all in the same day. Certainly there was nothing like physical ailment to overcast the skies.

The Professor himself was often depressed to the depths, when there was no cause for it visible either to himself or any one else, so far as external circumstances were concerned. Reason told him that his affairs were going well, had gone well, and would go well. His friends also told him so. In vain; on such days he suffered as much as if he really *were* in trouble.

At times he was tempted to believe that this kind of pessimism—for which you surely will not blame any one, however much you dislike it—depended altogether on health, and that no sort of education made the least difference with it.

But knowledge was not useless, even here, though it made but little headway. The Professor's intellectual judgments, based upon experience of men and books, acted as a great balance-wheel, or a governor, and helped him keep the machine going until new energy arrived and the crisis was past. Whenever he realized, from signs long since become familiar, that another visit of the enemy was imminent, he threw up his earth-works of philosophy and provisioned his garrison for another siege—or, in a more appropriate figure, when he saw the skies drooping again, he made ready his craft for another long drift through the fog. Ordinarily he sailed out into blue sky before his provisions were exhausted; though of course he knew that on some occasion the clouds would return after the rain.

But aside from temperament, ailment, and ignorance, there was still another foundation of pessimism—environment, of which his sociological friends had so much to say. And surely it was responsible for a great many of what the cheerful crowd called pessimists. A man might by fortune be so placed in the world as not to have the opportunity of seeing much that was bright. He might of necessity be poverty-stricken, or of diseased stock, or of an unsanitary neighborhood. It might be impossible for him to escape, do what he would. He might take a dark view of life, and yet a perfectly truthful one. There were the wise words of *Puck*: Possibly the fact that the optimist sees the doughnut and the pessimist the hole is due to the further fact that the optimist has mostly dough-



nut and the pessimist mostly hole. Why should such men be tagged with a vile name, when they were thinking and acting on the basis of reality?

As a matter of fact, many who were regarded by their laughing neighbors as pessimists were in reality only idealists. It was the sum total of a man's philosophy, and, above all, the sum total of his conduct, which determined whether he was a pessimist or an optimist. It was natural enough for an idealist sometimes to fall prey to discouragement, and to let it appear: the disparity between what was and what ought to be was so great.

But the discouragement and discontent of the idealist were not of the base and unhealthy sort. They were rather of the noble cast of Lowell's discontent, the longing for better things:

"Of all the myriad moods of mind  
That through the soul come thronging,  
What one was e'er so dear, so kind,  
So beautiful, as longing?

"The thing we long for, that we are  
For one transcendent moment,  
Before the present, poor and bare,  
Can make its sneering comment."

Such dissatisfaction with reality was not inconsistent with optimism, though it might be mistaken for pessimism. A proper amount of it was essential to the healthy spirit. And this was why some of the Professor's friends commended what he had written as being characterized by a healthy tone of optimism, while others had expressed regret at the detection of a note of pessimism in the self-same material. The truth or falsity of such criticism depended on what you held as your ideal. Those who looked from the foot-hills to the plain thought themselves high above the rest of mankind, and laughed; to those whose gaze was lifted to the mountain peak, the hills seemed insignificant, the way arduous. Their faces were serious, but full of calm and light.

So that when, at the end of his meditation, the Professor came to sum up his conclusions, they were these: an optimist was one who, by reason of limited experience, fortunate temperament, good health, favorable environment—any

or all—had come to entertain an unduly cheerful view of life; a pessimist was one who, by reason of limited experience, unfortunate temperament, ill health, unfavorable environment—any or all—had come to entertain an unduly cheerless view of life. If a man must be the one or the other, perhaps it was better to be a cheerfully foolish optimist than a foolishly gloomy pessimist; but if he wished to be satisfied with life and fortified against misfortune, and to be a reliable member of society, let him cultivate equilibrium. Let him get health and experience, and, above all, let him learn from what he saw and what he read. Wisdom was the principal thing.

Feeling something of relief, the Professor laid down his pencil and leaned back in his chair, and let vacant eyes rest for some time on the ceiling. He had reclined thus for a few minutes, when there swam gradually into the field of his consciousness a vaguely bright spot.

Being of an observant turn of mind, he began to wonder where the spot came from. It was not caused by a mirror, for there was none in the room. Could it be the small boy in the house opposite? He went to the window to investigate. When he moved, the spot vanished. He assumed his original position, and the spot was there. He rubbed his head in wonder; the spot came and went as he rubbed. Slowly but surely he realized that it was the reflection from his bald head.

Just then there was a knock, and his wife entered. The Professor called her attention to the phenomenon, and added, with a sigh, "How old I *am* getting!" "Nonsense!" she replied. "Don't be so pessimistic!"

The Professor put out his hand for the notes, with an incipient frown, but thought better of his intention, and leaned back again. He would wait until he had read, thought, and written a little more, and then he would overwhelm her.

But he did say: "My dear, you may order that hat. I have here the notes for a long article which I am going to send to a magazine, and they can never refuse it. We'll have the hat, and next summer that vacation trip we have talked of so long."

This was optimistic enough for the most insistent abuser of pessimists.



# A Man and His Freedom

BY CARL EASTON WILLIAMS

IT was late October. The heavy shades of night were gathering thickly over a little clearing in the midst of the great pine woods. At one end of the open space, which altogether comprised an area of not over twenty-five acres, one might have seen through the dusk of the evening two insignificant buildings, a straw stack, and a large pile of wood. At the other end of the clearing, beyond the intervening stubble and bare soil, and occupying perhaps one-third of the unwooded ground, the lines of dignified shocks of corn stood out like the diminutive tents of an army encamped.

Upon approaching these more closely one would have noted that two or three rows had been overturned, indicating the progress of the husking, and even now a man and a woman were silently at work. Near the woman a child of two or three years, roughly but warmly clad, busied himself at play among the cornstalks. Now and again he cried out peevishly, throwing himself upon his mother's knee and protesting that he was tired and hungry; but each time, as she soothed and petted him, he endeavored again to interest himself in his play.

A slight wind blew through the pines, its plaintive sighing only adding to the dreariness of the scene, and intensifying the general sense of silence which overhung the place, and which, apart from the faint whispering of the air in the trees, was broken only by the occasional fretful whimperings of the child. It was the primeval silence of the woods, a quietude which is soothing, restful, delicious to the victim of the noise and hubbub of the city's hysterical activity, but which when endured too long without interruption becomes an agony. Both the man and the woman felt it. They were lonesome. And they were wretchedly poor besides. Suddenly the man broke the silence harshly.

"Berta! Goin' to stay here all night? I want t' eat sometime."

Quietly and without a word the woman rose, took the little boy by the hand, and started toward the house, though glancing at her husband with an expression of mingled pleading and reproach. Oh, how could he! She had tried so hard, so eagerly, to help him, and he seemed to complain now simply because she helped. And husking corn is hard on the hands, even though her own were already hardened and calloused and stiff.

But the man did not look up as she passed; and he would not have noted her expression even if he could have seen it through the gloom of the evening. His own mind was clouded by other thoughts. And then, by way of consolation, she picked up the child and carried him in her arms, kissing him fervently, almost fiercely, as she hurried along.

As she came near the house she glanced at the sky. A few stars glittered like crystals of frost against the cold background of blue. She saw the moon, blood-red and angry, thrusting its forehead above the horizon in the east. The great florid sphere this night seemed a portent of evil, and, amid the dark desolation of the lonely place and the chilliness of the evening, the sight seemed to freeze the blood in her veins. She felt afraid, not of the dark, nor of objective things or of beasts, but of some vague, mysterious danger which she could not comprehend. More tightly then she gripped the hand of the little boy, now walking at her side, and hurried into the house.

"Never mind, Fritzie," she said, as she found the interior even more cheerless and cold than the scene outside. "Mamma 'll fix it now, all nice and warm." Having lighted a little kerosene-lamp, she handed him a piece of bread, over which she had spread a few drops of cheap molasses, and then proceeded to chop kindlings and start a fire in the little cook-stove.

As the room gradually warmed she



sliced some cold potatoes into a frying-pan, cut bread, placed a coffee-pot over the fire, and set the table. When the other things were nearly ready she went out and entered the cellar by way of the steps that led to it from the outside, and presently returned with some skimmed milk, a bit of lard, and a chunk of pickled fish, all of which were placed on the table just as she brought them. For nothing but skimmed milk was ever seen on that table, though Fritzie was sometimes treated to a drink of the fresh, warm milk just when the milking was finished. And as for butter, that would have been unheard-of extravagance. The cream must be used for butter, and the butter must be sold. And lard, while not so palatable for the same purpose, would nevertheless answer better than nothing. Buttermilk and clabber were available part of the time, but they usually went to fatten the pigs. As for the pickled fish, there was almost a barrel of it in the cellar, which would last nearly all winter.

The one room was kitchen, dining-room, bedroom, everything, all combined. The little building really consisted of two rooms, the larger of these, the living-room, being roughly constructed of cheap lumber, while next to it, in the form of a "lean-to," was a small log hut which at first had been the only "living-room" and was now utilized as a storage-place for grain, corn, or potatoes.

The table was of home construction, having been crudely fashioned from the material of one or two dry-goods boxes and perhaps the odds and ends of lumber left over from the building of the house. There was a cupboard of similar construction in one corner, and a large but cheap wooden bedstead in another. A fragment of a rag carpet served as a rug, clothing hung from hooks about the room, one or two gaudily colored calendars adorned the walls; and aside from two or three crude chairs, the dishes, pots, and pans, there was little else in the place.

Just before the meal was ready the woman went to the door and called. The man entered, washed his hands and face without a word, threw the water out of the door, and sat down at the table. As he helped himself to the warm potatoes he said:

"Looks like it's goin' to freeze all right."

"Yes, I guess," she returned, simply, and gave her attention to Fritzie.

He finished the meal in silence; then, rising moodily, put on his cap and coat, stuck a shaving into the stove to secure a light for his lantern, and prepared to go out and do the chores. "Feed the pigs?" he asked, indifferently.

"Why, no," she returned, as though protesting against his expected censure. "I hurried right back to help you as soon as I finished the milkin'."

He grunted.

"Fanny don't hardly give no milk any more," she added.

He grunted again. Then, after leaning against the door for a minute in a deep study, his brows clouded darkly, he exclaimed: "Guess we'll have to butcher Fanny, anyhow! Corn's goin' down, and we won't get much for it. Don't believe I'll take the pigs to town until next month." And picking up the lantern, he went out.

In spite of herself, she felt relieved as the door closed. She could not understand it, but there was something strained in her effort to remain at peace with him, or perhaps, more strictly speaking, to keep him at peace with her. It was not so much what he had yet said or done, but a strange fear of what he might say or do, the woman's "feeling" as to his mood and his possible actions, which of late had sometimes made his presence seem unendurable. In vain she tried to convince herself that everything was all right, but she could not ignore what she felt. And she could not avoid resenting it, in a way. But she argued with herself. Perhaps, after all, it was the import of his remarks that seemed so crushing—the hopelessness of their material circumstances. Of a naturally hopeful disposition, she had tried hard to persuade herself that their affairs were not so bad as they seemed, and that with the sale of the wood in the winter they would get on all right. But his flatly insisting upon facing the truth of their situation disturbed her deeply, filled her with a vague dread of the future. Perhaps this was all that she felt; but yet perhaps it was only part—perhaps it was the man himself. She could not tell. But she knew that she was miserable—and lonesome.



She could not shut her eyes to appearances, even though she tried to discredit them. He no longer seemed to care. He did not appreciate, did not even appear to notice, the numberless things she did for him; and a woman needs appreciation. Added to her burdens about the house, and the churning and making of butter twice each week, she had again and again gone out into the field to help, indeed had done so that very day, but he only seemed the more displeased with her, with everything. When anything went wrong about the little farm, misfortunes which no one could prevent, his entire resentment seemed to fall on her, and her alone.

She sat down and took the tired little Fritzie upon her lap, herself more weary than he, and having undressed the child, chanted him to sleep. In him she found her only source of comfort. . . . Tenderly she laid the relaxed little figure upon the bed, kissed the sleeping eyelids and pretty red lips, and turned with an aching heart to clear the table and wash the dishes. And then she made a brave effort to throw off her gloom, but it was of no avail. She tried to sing, but the first word stuck in her throat. It was impossible, utterly impossible! In spite of everything, her mind continued to dwell upon her woes.

She could have married Rudolph Swanke, as her father had wished. He had two hundred acres, some of the best land in the county. He was a good enough fellow, too, as men go, but he had not attracted her like Gustoff Henning. Yes, she had followed her heart in the making of her choice, but now, it seemed, it had all been a great mistake. What did she have but poverty, endless drudgery, and—a thankless husband? And there was the hopeless future. Poor and worthless as the little farm was, even under the best of circumstances, the fact that they lived under the shadow of a mortgage which might deprive them of it in a few months was enough to make one feel desperate. And in any event, there was the same drudgery awaiting her through the endless years, the toil, the isolation, the suffering, the thanklessness. To add to her burdens and strengthen the chains of her bondage, Fritzie would have a little brother in

the spring, or a sister, though as yet she had not told her husband. He would probably resent that, too!

Henning, outside, went about the watering, feeding, and bedding of the horses, the care of the pigs, and the many other small tasks which awaited him, in a state of mind still less pleasing. Even his surroundings were of the meanest. The little stable was built of logs and was covered with a straw-thatched roof. The pigs were not housed at all, but kept in an open pen. The chickens roosted in the stable with the horses. The cows, four in number, spent their nights under the scant shelter of the straw stack, though this was enclosed by a dilapidated rail fence, thus providing a sort of cow-yard. He had not yet been able to afford a plank flooring for the stable, and the dirt bottom had in the course of time been stamped into the consistency of thick, slimy mud, into which his boots sank as into the mire of the hog-pen.

His hay would soon be running short. Everything went wrong. There were more things to be done than he could find time to do. There were the chores, for instance. He had the satisfaction of knowing that when he completed them this night he would only have them to do all over again early in the morning, with the milking added—a task which she usually performed in the evening. And it was the same programme every eternal day, working hard in the field or the woods all day and doing chores half of the night, getting up at half past four or five in the morning and toiling until he went to bed. Nothing but poverty as the result. A poor shack of a home, the poorest food, no clothes, no company, no pleasures. He was sick of it. He had done his best, but everything had been against him; and, after all, he would not be able to meet the interest on the mortgage or save himself and his miserable farm from its clutches.

He had been a fool to marry! Ah, that was it! That was what tied him down, he said to himself. Had he been free, he could have gone into the army. He was only twenty-five years old now. He could have gone to the city and hired out as a teamster. He might have hired out on some prosperous farm for the summer, and gone to the big lumber-camps in the



woods for the winter. There was an idea! He might think of doing that yet. Anyway, a young man could get along very well by himself. But here he was, with no end of trouble and toil, and all because he was married. It was her fault! And there was Fritzie—and that was her fault, too. Of course he loved little Fritzie, his one solace amid it all, but he was not in a position to endure any unnecessary expense, and Fritzie was an expense and a burden just now—in fact, would be for five or six years more, at the end of which time the little fellow would learn to do work on the farm and be of use.

And his wife—well, no use in deceiving himself about it. She was not the gay and lightsome girl he had married four years before. She had been all laughter and sunshine then, while now she cried more than she laughed. Her shoulders were angular, her hands were bony and hardened, and her skin was tanned and rough from the work in the field; her face was lined with care; her chest was no longer round and full, and her back was slightly bent—the promise of worse to come. In short, she had come to be just a wife to him, and no more. And he was lonesome.

No doubt she resented it, too, he said to himself, the bitterness of his own thoughts leading him to assume the same frame of mind on her part. But why should she resent it, since it was not his fault? No doubt she felt that she had made a mistake; she probably wished that she were free from it all. Perhaps, indeed, she even regretted that she had not accepted Rudolph Swanke—the lucky dog. Confound him! *He* had enough! He had fine guns and the time to go hunting. He had a canvas canoe. He had machinery, improved ploughs, and the best threshing-machine and engine in the county, while he himself, Henning, had nothing. It wasn't a square deal; there was nothing fair about it!

In this mood he returned to the house, carrying with him a huge armful of wood. Having dumped this upon the floor back of the stove, he reached for a drink of water. The pail was empty. "Confound it all!" he exclaimed.

She turned and looked at him, but did not speak. He would have to go down

the hill to the clear little stream from which they secured all their water. It was a distance of more than a hundred yards. He paused for a moment, grunted, then jerked the pail off the table and started out.

When he returned she was seated at the table, darning, by the imperfect light of the little lamp. It was his own clothing that she was mending, though he did not notice this. He grumbled:

"Ought to have a well. Tired of chasin' 'way down there a hundred times a day. Can't you be a little careful 'bout wastin' it?"

She looked at him again, with the same expression of dumb appeal and reproach with which she had glanced at him in the corn field when he sent her in to get supper. But she said nothing, and he saw nothing. As a matter of fact, she had gone down for water as often as he—another evidence of his lack of recognition of her efforts. But the sight of the water reminded her. She arose and poured some beans into a kettle and covered them with water, to soak overnight.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"Why, we're goin' to have baked beans to-morrow."

"Beans! Beans again? Beans all the time! I'm tired of beans!"

"Gustoff! Why, we haven't had beans for a week." She knew well that it was not the thought of the beans that vexed him. Besides, beans were substantial, and they were cheap, just the thing for people who are poor. She was doing her very best with their limited means. Her lip trembled, but she controlled herself.

"Yas, and I'm tired of the old fish, too!"

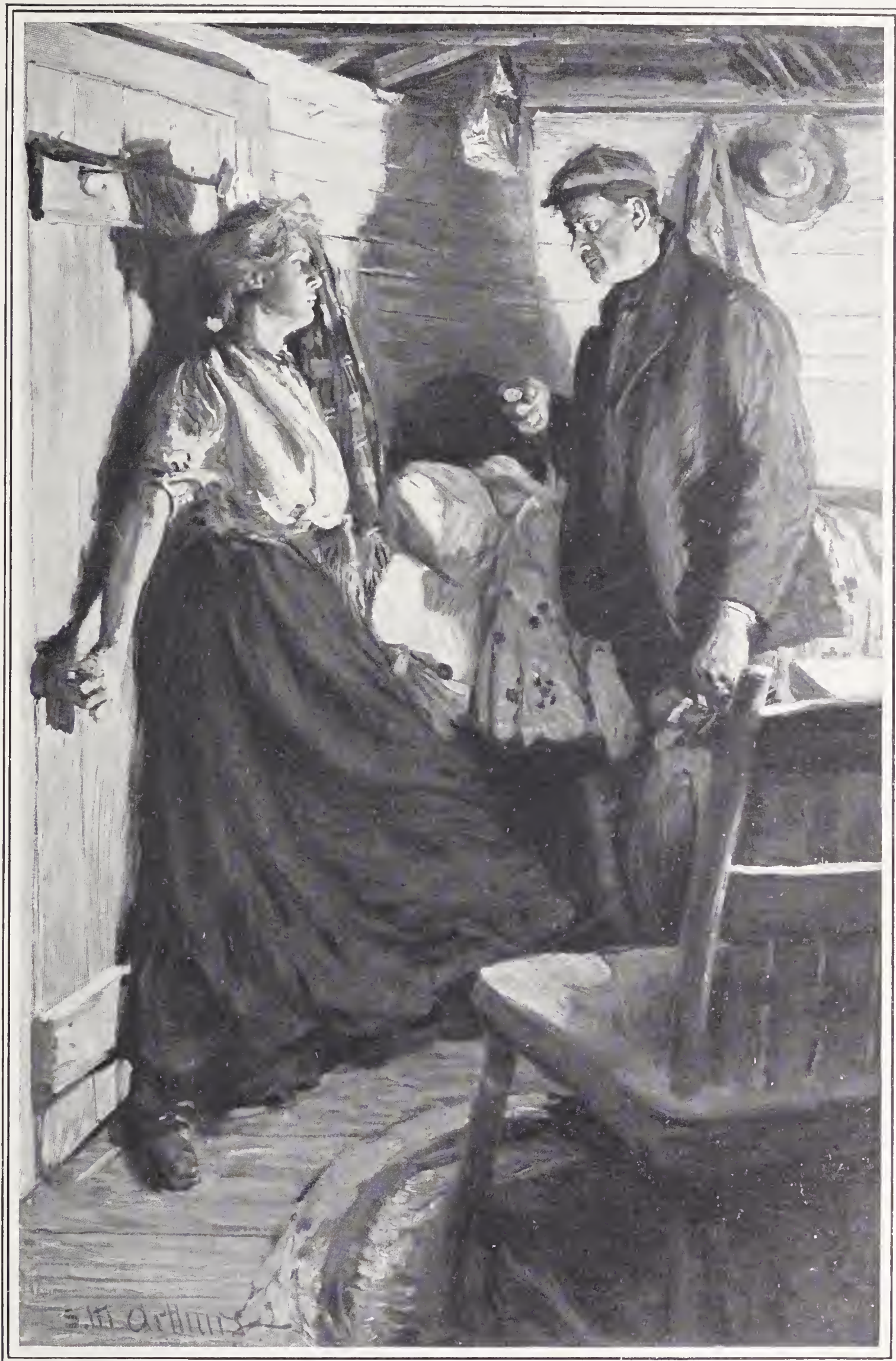
"You seem to be tired of everything," she ventured, quietly.

"I am!" he snapped. "I'm sick of it, the whole business."

There was contagion in his tone. Her spirits rose. She could not resist the impulse to speak. She had a feeling that she ought not to say anything, but she had already endured so much, in silence and for so long. Her emotions overcame what may have seemed better judgment, and she spoke, though softly: "Me, too?"

"Well," he growled, "what if I am! Sick and tired of everything. Who





*Drawn by S. M. Arthurs*

SHE THREW HERSELF AGAINST THE DOOR TO BAR HIS EXIT







wouldn't be? I've done my darndest, and yet—hell!" He snatched his cap off the table, where he had previously tossed it, and now threw it viciously on the floor in a corner of the room. The cat, dozing peacefully in front of the stove, started up in alarm, and then crawled underneath.

"Why, Gustoff! Is it any fault of mine that we don't get on?"

He turned on her savagely. "Now look here, you. Did I say it was your fault? No. Well, then, shut up!"

He had never said that before. The words cut deeply, so that she now was more hurt than angered. If she did not reply, it was not from a sense of obedience. Again her lips trembled; she sat down with her elbows on the table, burying her face in her hands. She felt her heart bruised and torn.

He paced the floor silently. He felt that he had wounded her, and somehow this expression of his ill nature had seemed to afford relief. At all events, he felt more calm, perhaps because he had hurt her so.

"It hain't fair!" he cried out, presently. "It hain't fair. I've done my darndest, worked like a mule, and then everything goes wrong. Both the pigs is sick, too."

"What's the matter?"

"I don't know," he grumbled. "Both actin' mighty queer. Been eatin' snakes again, mebbe. Can't afford to lose them. My God! I ought to have a front seat in heaven to make up for all this!"

"And me?"

"Well," he relented somewhat, though growling still, "I s'pose."

"Gustoff, it's wrong for you to talk like that."

"I don't care; I can't help it. Old man Schmidt says there isn't any God. Says it's all foolish."

"Oh, that's wicked! Gustoff, my dear, it will come out all right. We have both done our best; of course we have. It's just hard luck now. Perhaps God is only teaching us some lesson."

"Ach!" he snorted, losing all patience.

"I know you work hard, Gustoff, but so do I. You know I do. And I am going to have it harder than you."

"Huh!" he ejaculated. What was this she was saying?

She had not intended to tell him so soon, but it came out. And she would have to tell him before long, anyway.

"Next spring," she resumed, quietly. "Another baby."

"What!" he shouted. "That too!" He stood still and stared at her for a moment, trying hard to convince himself of the reality, and yet striving to disbelieve. It struck him with the force of the inexorable. There was utterly no chance of escape. It was as absolute as death, and they would have to face it. Then he continued to pace the floor in great agitation. He had not been able to provide for three, and now soon there would be four!

With a fearful determination he seized and donned his coat. He picked up his cap and reached for his gloves.

"Berta!" he cried, and there was something in his voice which terrified and chilled her. His eyes flashed and his chest heaved. "I'm goin' to quit!"

"What?" she gasped, strangely disturbed. "What are you goin' to do?"

"How do I know?" he retorted. "But I am goin' away."

"Where are you goin'?" she whispered, in suspense, her voice scarcely audible. Why, this was impossible! Her husband going away! Now that the idea pressed in upon her with full force, it stunned her. Negligent as he had been of late, and trying though she had sometimes found his presence, the thought of immediately losing him seemed to bring back in a flash something of her old-time feeling for him, seemed to make him again "her Gustoff." She saw that it was not merely his help and his strength that she would lose, but also the man, her man. The poor woman was in a panic.

"I don't know where I am goin'. Mebbe the army, anywhere, everywhere! I'm sick of it all; I can't stand it. I won't stand it!" Then for a moment he paused in his violent pacing of the room and added: "Besides, it will be better for you. I've spoiled everything for you, and I would only make it worse. You can sell the farm for anything you can get, and then take what's left from clearin' the mortgage and go back to your father."

"Never!" she cried. "With my step-mother!"

"Well—do what you like. I can't help



it. And I hain't goin' to stay here and make it any worse for you. Don't you understand?"

"Then you really don't love me any more?"

"Hell!" he returned, fiercely. "That's all you care about it!"

"Gustoff! Gustoff!" she cried out. "Oh, don't go, don't go! Oh, how can you go?" She threw her arms around his neck and clung to him desperately. "Why, Gustoff! Are you mad? Think of our little Fritzie! What will become of us?" She was almost hysterical, but roughly he brushed her off. He frowned darkly.

"I am goin', I tell you!" he muttered, in an ominous undertone, and the fact that she tried to deter him aroused still further his personal resentment toward her.

"It's all your fault," he continued. "It's all because I married you! I tell you I won't stand it!"

In despair she threw herself against the door to bar his exit, an act which only increased his determination. The fire leaped from his eyes. "Damn you!" he hissed through his clenched teeth, while his hand was raised to strike.

"Gustoff!" She spoke softly and tremulously, throwing open her arms and placing herself at his mercy.

The upraised hand was slowly and quietly lowered. The ticking of the cheap alarm-clock on the shelf was very loud. A strange calm came over the man—a calmness no less intense than the rage which had stirred him the moment previous.

"Oh, of course. Huh!" He hung his head, though only for an instant.

She was also calm now, even though her heart was still pounding violently and she trembled in every fibre. Quietly she moved from the door, for she would obstruct him no further. He was free to go if he wished. He drew on his gloves.

"And little Fritzie?" she asked.

He made no answer, but buttoned his coat, picked up the lantern, and reached for a light. His hand shook as he did so.

"Ain't you goin' to kiss him good-by?"

He paused. He did not dare! He feared even to look at the child on the bed, feeling that if he did so he might

not be able to carry out his plan. Then he turned to her.

"Oh, I know you're sick of it, just as sick of it as I am, but you haven't got the gumption to say so. I'm doin' this for your sake, mostly. You'll be glad enough to get rid of me." He opened the door and paused on the threshold. Though his words pierced her cruelly, like knives thrust into her bosom, yet she looked at him appealingly and held out her hands. But he was looking at the floor, his lips curled with a sneer that was intended to look like a laugh, as he added:

"And now you can make up with that—that Rudolph Swanke of yours. See? Have him if you like! You won't see me no more!" He stepped out and slammed the door.

The banging of the door seemed to drive in upon her consciousness the reality of the thing, and she broke down, falling upon the floor in a convulsion of hysterical sobs. Little Fritzie, over on the bed, was awakened by the sound. Frightened at the sight of his prostrate mother, who had never cried like this before, he slipped off the bed and made his way to her side, where through his own tears the little fellow cried out, insistently and continuously: "Mam-ma! Mam-ma!" It was many minutes before she became conscious of his cries; and then, taking him in her arms, she gradually recovered herself, finding the source of her own returning strength in the weakness and dependence of the child.

Outside, Henning harnessed and hitched his two horses to his lumber-wagon, the only vehicle that he owned; and then, having placed the lantern beside the door of the house, he drove to town in the moonlight. The village of High Bank was seven miles away, and he reached it shortly before eleven o'clock. The streets were dark, except for the windows of the three saloons. The man had formed no definite plans as yet, but he concluded now that the first thing he needed was something to strengthen him and steady his nerves, as well as to warm him up. For it was a chilly night. And, oh, how lonesome he had been on that ride from his home to the town! He had never felt so strange before;



his chest seemed stirred with a vague, unresting regret, or the rankling of anger, or something, he knew not what. He only felt that the influence of some jovial, enlivening society would be a relief. And so he passed by one saloon, which seemed rather quiet, and proceeded to Schwartz's, where he heard some one trying to sing.

True to his expectations, as he entered he found relief. A group of five or six men, whom he knew, welcomed him cordially, and Schwartz inquired after his family. Henning was not given to drinking, though he sometimes dropped in on Schwartz in his occasional visits to town. But then, everybody would "take a glass of beer now and then." However, just now he needed strength, and so asked for whiskey. He soon felt much brighter, and as the men treated he took another, and then a third. He saw that he had been taking things altogether too seriously at home. And so the evening wore along, until Henning was ready to sing or to fight. The men argued over the comparative strength of their horses, and then of themselves, and remarkable offers to bet were made.

Later the entire crowd melted away, while Henning, dizzy, and with Schwartz at his side, went out to his team. After the other had helped him into his wagon, and started the horses off, he dimly recalled, what he had succeeded so well in forgetting, the fact that he was going away. The horses were headed for home, but drowsily, stupidly, he turned them off at the first crossing he came to, and then sprawled back over the bottom of the wagon-box and slept.

The bed was hard and uncomfortable, however, and the night frosty. He awoke, therefore, just before dawn, filled with aches and stiffened with cold. Painfully rising to a sitting position, he looked around, surprised to find himself in front of his own barn. For a moment he felt a joy at being at home, and then he recalled his evening's quarrel and the subsequent events, though he was quite sober now. Nor did it occur to him to change his mind. That seemed impossible.

Almost his first thought was of the horses, for they deserved some rest and food. But he also wished to hurry away immediately. However, he concluded

that he could go without them, on foot, especially since he did not know where he was going or what to do with them. And Berta would scarcely be able to do anything on the farm without them. The struggle for her would be hard enough even with the team, whether she tried to stay on the little farm or whether she tried to sell it. And reflecting in this wise as he put the horses in their familiar stalls, he caught himself almost wishing that things were again the same as before his angry flight. He discovered that his personal animosity toward her was disappearing, giving place partly to shame, though he called it pride rather than shame, and leaving him anxiously considerate for her welfare. And now, having provided for the comfort of his faithful four-footed servants, he hurried off down the sandy road, his steps the more brisk from the necessity of getting warm after his chilling sleep.

Upon counting the change in his pocket, he saw that he had spent nearly all of the little money which he had possessed. However, he had not yet collected for the butter delivered to the grocery-store for a couple of weeks, and if he could settle this up he could take the train for Grand Falls. His ideas and plans now began to take more definite shape as the walk warmed his blood and quickened its movement. Very soon the work at the big lumber-camps would begin, and it would last all winter. He would no doubt be able to secure employment there. He would get his food as well as his wages, and could save practically all that he earned. He might even have done this before, he now said to himself, leaving Berta alone for the winter, if he had had sense enough. He knew the habits of the lumber "Jacks" only too well, but if they were content to come to the town or the city in the spring and in a week or less squander the earnings and savings of the entire half-year in the woods, still it would not be necessary for him to follow their example. If he had followed this plan, he could have added to the revenue derived from his poor little farm. He had sixty acres altogether, though more than half of it was covered with pine and brush, and he had busied himself in the winter with cutting and selling the wood.



Meanwhile the sun arose in the east, making his way upward through a few thin streaks of softly colored fleece which floated lightly above the horizon. The road now ran along the side of a string of hills. The air was sweet and fresh, there was no wind, and the tallest pines stood in dignified beauty. Two or three crows flew over the little clearings which occasionally relieved the landscape, but even their calls did not seem a disturbance, for they seemed to fit in with the rest. How quiet it all was! The peaceful scene reacted on the man until in the broad light of day his dark and stormy behavior of the night before seemed childish and mean. But to go back—that was impossible! Besides, was it not best that he leave her now, just for the reason that he had given? Better for her as well as for himself.

It was perhaps eight o'clock when he crossed the bridge over Red River. This meant that the town was only a mile away. Henning stopped and leaned against the railing of the bridge, looking down into the quiet but deeply stirring movement of the stream. He was gradually becoming more conscious of the fact that he felt concerned about Berta and her prospects. And now he was very glad that he had left the horses. No doubt she had finished the milking by this time. She would have all the chores from now on, including the chopping of wood. Oh, well, she had proved that she could do it, and it was not as bad as what would be worse.

But yet he felt disturbed. With the husking of the corn and the churning of butter and the sale of the eggs she would have to drive to the town. In the spring there would be ploughing and seeding and gardening, as well as the chores and what not, and later the reaping and digging. She could not possibly do it all; but then it would be best to sell the place, anyway, after which she could go to her father.

He sat down on a large rock near the side of the road, somewhat obscured from the view of passers-by. With his elbows on his knees, he pressed his forehead into his hands. Where his thoughts were leading him he could not tell. And, oh, how lonesome and wretched he felt, though he had supposed himself lonely

the day before! With all the hopelessness and emptiness of the life on the little farm, he could never have supposed it possible to feel so forlorn as this. He tried to persuade himself that it was the uncertainty of the new life in the great outside world that he proposed to lead which rested heavily on his mind, but the idea was not convincing. He found himself thinking of her as she had been when he married her, when she had captivated him with her girlhood. Then he thought of her later, when Fritzie was a new-born baby, and of the delightful sensation he felt those first few weeks of the child's life. Now that the break was made, and he had left her for good and all, he began to suspect that he loved her still, just a little bit. As he brooded he began to realize that strange doubts had already crept into his mind as to the wisdom of his departure. There came the horrible thought that in taking this step he was perhaps making the fatal mistake of his life, leaving behind him the possibility of happiness of any kind, and entering upon a career of recklessness which would be likely to reduce him to ruin. He knew vaguely of the depravity of the world—but pshaw! he had used the best judgment, and had made up his mind! The thing was already settled.

But yet she was all he had—she and Fritzie. No, not all; there were his folks, his mother, brother, and married sister, though he had lived apart from them now for several years. He might even go to them. No—that too, now, was denied him. For with what contempt would they not regard him in the face of the desertion of his wife and family! So that there was no course for him but to go away, far, and be lonesome. More than ever, now, he was beginning to feel that he was bringing himself unhappiness, and to perceive that he really did love her yet, at least somewhat; he did not know how much. But it was not these things that affected him most. He could have endured them. What gripped him with a power that he could not resist, seized him with a force against which he seemed to struggle in vain, was her obvious need of him. Stoutly he contended against this feeling, which seemed to draw like a mag-



net toward his home. Again he declared that he had made up his mind, and that he would stick to it, that he ought even now to be on his way. But yet he lingered. It was impossible for him to go back home! How could he think of it? But it was still more impossible to cross the bridge and carry his plan of flight into effect.

The sun mounted higher and grew warmer as he sat there, the contending forces of his nature struggling against each other. The chirping and singing of birds filled the air, but he did not hear. A partridge flew up from behind him, breaking in upon the peaceful serenity of the scene with the startling whir of its wings. Oblivious to everything, he did not even look up.

And then his mind turned again to his little boy. "Oh, my Fritzie, my little Fritzie!" he cried out, aloud, as his eyes were dim with the gathering tears. Suddenly he felt a smothering sensation in his throat, and rose involuntarily to his feet. With a tremendous effort to control himself he ran out upon the road and across the approach to the bridge, where he tightly gripped the railing. The river below seemed to rise up before his swimming eyes. His temples throbbed painfully and he trembled from head to foot, but he could not force the insistent ideas from his mind. What could they do without him? Would Berta and Fritzie face starvation by themselves? Then he said to himself that if he went to work in the woods he would send the most of his earnings to her by mail; but though the thought eased his mind to some extent, it did not set it at rest.

Suddenly he became conscious of a noise in the distance, and he lifted his head to listen. It was the rattle of an approaching wagon. The road forked at the entrance to the bridge, the main way running off to the right, while the other branch, which led to his own home, turned off to the left. He did not wish to be seen in his present mood, and the wagon was coming along the main road, so that he could either take the branch road to his home or cross the bridge and continue on his way to the town, or he could hide in the brush. He would have only a moment to think and decide.

Which would it be? His pride pointed to the town; for had he not made up his mind? But his feelings prompted the other choice. He endeavored hastily to sum up in his mind the entire problem, to comprehend everything; in doing so his mind turned to the little one that would come in the spring. How could he possibly get away from that, ignore its silent appeal? Ah no; had nothing else been of avail, this must have swayed him finally. The thought sent him hurrying off on the road to his home.

He hurried until he was out of sight of the fork of the road, and then he proceeded more leisurely, still debating somewhat with himself. He argued with his pride, assuring himself that he need not even yet return, but that he would at least go back for one last look at the place. And perhaps he could take his leave of his wife in a more friendly and kindly spirit. Besides, there might be two or three things that he ought to do before leaving for good and all. There was the break in the roof of the stable to mend, the loose board in the hog-pen fence, and even the corn to be attended to. Perhaps, after all, a few days of good hard work on his part would leave her better provided for when he finally went away. And he would at least kiss her and his little boy good-by.

Thus humoring himself, he tramped the several miles back to his home, coming in sight of the poor little house and the barn early in the afternoon. It seemed a week since he had seen them last. He had felt that the sight of the place would give him a throb of joy, but when he did see it there was nothing so startling about it. It looked just exactly as it always did, as though nothing whatever had happened. He did not see his wife about, so he approached the house eagerly, even if somewhat sheepishly. Perhaps it would be easier, he thought, if he would take in an armful of wood with him. However, the house was empty. Somewhat alarmed, he rushed out, and then he saw her husking corn. He made his way to the field, approaching her from behind. She wore the same blue-checkered sunbonnet and the same brown dress that he knew so well. His heart warmed, and he said to himself that he would find her with



eyes red with tears, and trembling as he had left her last evening. He would go and put his arms around her and kiss her to show her that he was sorry and that he loved her still. Little Fritzie, sitting at her side, was asleep, his head pressing softly against her.

When a few yards behind her, Gustave stepped on a cornstalk, which snapped, and at the sound Berta turned her head quickly. He stopped for a moment and looked at her. She was pale, and her face looked a little thinner, but her eyes were dry, after all. Apparently, she had been trying to harden herself to the situation, and there was something hopeless and cold in her eyes as she stared back at him. She did not speak. Shamefacedly and awkwardly he made his silent way to the next corn-shock and went to work.

For some minutes he worked on in silence, not knowing what to say, and striving in his application to his task to work himself into a frame of mind which would put an end to his blushing. He wanted to tell her that he loved her still, that it was not her fault, that he had been hasty, and—yes, a fool, but his pride, or his shame, or something, made it hard for him to speak. After a time she said,

"Gustoff!"

He turned quickly, brightening with the hope that she might prove equal to the occasion, even though he was not, and thus make it easier for him.

"What?" he returned, faintly.

"One of the pigs is dead." She spoke in an indifferent tone.

"Huh!" he replied, also in a disinterested tone. "And the other one?"

"Oh, the other one's all right."

And that was all. He wondered that the loss of a pig seemed of so little interest, a circumstance which would have upset him greatly a day or two before. He continued to work in silence, while she in turn did not choose to speak. As a matter of fact, bitterly as she had felt his going away, and eagerly as she had longed for his return, listening anxiously throughout the night, and watching the road all morning, yet now that she saw him again the difficulty seemed to have disappeared like a misty and unreal thing. Here was her husband,

behaving in his most commonplace manner; and her trouble seemed to have been a dream, a disagreeable bogie, which she should not have taken so seriously. Besides, she felt that he had been wholly in the wrong, and it was for him to make amends if he wished. It had been simply a nasty display of temper on his part. And so why should she have anything to say?

When Fritzie finally awoke and wandered over to his father's side, the man experienced the first keen pleasure of his return. He hugged and kissed the child until he protested.

Silence brooded over the supper table that night, as over the corn field. Afterward, Henning went out and brought up water, did his chores, and went to bed without saying a word. She in turn waited for him. The next day the two went about their labors, and the silence still continued. Ultimately five days passed, with never a word between them, except on the third day, when she asked:

"Have you made up your mind what you are going to do about Fanny?"

"Don't know yet," he returned, in the same indifferent tone. "I'll see."

The corn-husking was finished, the roof of the barn was mended, and Henning had turned his strength to the cutting of wood which he could sell in the winter. After figuring it out more carefully, he concluded that he could do better in this way than by hiring out in a lumber-camp; he promised himself that he would work exceptionally hard, and then, if he could do nothing else to stave off a foreclosure of the mortgage, he could sell one or two or all of the cows in the spring. Two or three times he thought again of flying from home, but whereas he had gone before with the impetus of his passion, he could not bring himself to do it now cold-bloodedly. Meanwhile Berta and he did not speak.

It was on Sunday evening, the fifth after his escapade, that Gustave finished his chores before nine o'clock and sat down by the table, studying his wife, who sat opposite. Fritzie was asleep on the bed, and everything was oppressively quiet. The suspense of this silence was becoming unendurable. Berta's apparent indifference troubled him deeply, and he could not understand it at all, though,





*Drawn by S. M. Arthurs*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

HE MADE HIS WAY TO THE FIELD, APPROACHING HER FROM BEHIND







on the other hand, it was really no more marked than his seeming coldness toward her. She appeared to be simply "mad" at him, he thought. Or did she no longer care, after his recent misbehavior? Perhaps she really would have preferred that he go away and stay away! The thought distressed him painfully. Or was she even thinking of Rudolph Swanke, whose name he had so flippantly thrown in her face that night? The very suspicion was agony, and he swore to himself that if it were true, he would kill him.

And just then he noted more closely the nature of the sewing she was engaged in. She was mending some old winter underwear—it was his own. She was putting on a couple of large patches, and had chosen for the purpose some very warm, soft flannel, the best in her rag-bag. How strange, he thought, that with all her indifference she should care to do this for him! It occurred to him then that she did many things. And he recalled that she had never to his knowledge hesitated to do any menial service for him. He was much affected. She pricked her finger with the needle and he saw the blood start, but she quietly wiped it off and proceeded without a word or a sign. But insignificant as it was, the incident touched the watching man. He looked at her care-worn face, still comely, but a bit pale and far from the bloom that it had worn four years before. How that little nose had appealed to him once, with its point very slightly turned up, suggesting the gay and blithesome spirit of its owner! As he looked more closely he could not help saying to himself that this woman was still nice—very, very nice—nice enough to take in his arms and kiss and love, even if she were a little faded by work and time—especially work, her kind of work. He noted the slightly bent back—a back which was once so straight—and he knew, much as he might excuse himself, that it was bent in her devotion and service to him, to his little boy and their home. The week before he had noted it too, and thought it unpleasant, blaming her for it as though she had chosen to bend and to fade. But in his present mood it was all so different. It made him love her the more. With a twinge of the heart he noted the back of her neck,

once so pretty and plump, but now how angular and stiff, lacking in pleasing contour and looking like two great cords running from back to head! Then how unhappy she seemed, and he the cause of it all! And yet so patient! Oh, how mean he had been that other evening—

"Berta!" he suddenly found himself saying out loud. And then he was startled to think of having broken the silence of days. But he felt that he must speak, even though he could not think what to say. She looked across at him, a soft light in her blue eyes, while he seemed to see his old sweetheart, as well as the mother of his baby.

"Berta—!" again he stammered. And then he choked. His elbows were on the table, his cheeks pressing against his clenched fists, his jaws set tensely. He was struggling to control the feelings which now surged up within him. But his emotions had been stifled too long, and they now swelled up tumultuously and filled his unwilling eyes with tears. In vain he struggled to keep them back, but Berta saw them. She saw his lips tremble and twitch convulsively, and laying down her sewing, she went around and stood at his side. He felt her hand laid gently upon his head. Caressingly it smoothed the tangled locks and then stole tenderly down over his forehead, face, and hands. It was something she had not done for many, many months, perhaps not since Fritzie was born. And he remembered that there had never seemed anything quite like the touch of her hand on his head and face. There was something restful about it, soothing and sweet, a charm of its very own, and unlike anything else. And then she whispered, softly, "My Gustoff!"

At this the storm broke forth, for he could restrain it no longer. "Berta! Berta! Berta!" he cried out, wildly, as he turned on his chair and threw his arms about her hips and buried his face in her side, sobbing tempestuously. Lovingly she bent over him, soothingly stroking his head with her hands and quietly patting his shoulders, her own eyes swimming with tears.

For a long time he wept with a violence of which only a strong man is capable, and then he raised his head. As he sat back in his chair she slipped



down upon his lap, her arm around his neck, while he folded her tightly in his arms, kissing her again and again. What miracle was this he did not know, but, strange as it seemed, they were again such lovers as they had not been for years, though more warmly, more deeply in love than before. He did not know just how it came about, but he was exquisitely, almost painfully, happy to know that it was so, and he continued to cry for joy, while she in her turn only twined her arms more snugly about his neck and pressed her lips more eagerly to his. "My Gustoff!" she whispered again and again.

"Berta," he said at length, while she was drying his tears, "I don't know what it is, but mebbe it 'd be a good thing if I went away more often."

"Oh, don't, don't!" she exclaimed. "Don't think of it!"

"Or else get good and mad," he suggested, with a smile.

"Oh, Gustoff dear, no! God forbid! But I'll tell you what."

"What?"

"We will just play we are mad, next time."

His strong arms closed around her, and there they sat. The hands of the cheap little alarm-clock went busily around. Little Fritzie stirred in his sleep. The cat arose and stretched himself, walked around the room, and again went back to the stove. Then gradually the fire went down and the room was getting cold. The kerosene in the little lamp burned low and the light grew dim, slowly filling the room with the deepening shades of the darkness. But what did they care for the warmth or the light? They had plenty of both for themselves. She only came closer, and he only held her the tighter. They would fight out their troubles together, working and striving and loving. And then, what did anything matter, if only they loved like this?

## "This is My Hour"

BY ZOE AKINS

I N rain and twilight mist the city street,  
Hushed and half-hidden, might this instant be  
A dark canal beneath our balcony,  
Like one in Venice, Sweet.

The street-lights blossom, star-wise, one by one;  
A lofty tower the shadows have not hid  
Stands out—part column and part pyramid—  
Holy to look upon.

The dusk grows deeper, and on silver wings  
The twilight flutters like a weary gull  
Toward some sea-island, lost and beautiful,  
Where a sea-siren sings.

"This is my hour," you breathe, with quiet lips,—  
And filled with beauty, dreaming, and devout,  
We sit in silence while our thoughts go out,  
Like treasure-seeking ships.



## Editor's Easy Chair

THEY had got to that point in their walk and talk where the talk might be best carried forward by arresting the walk; and they sat down on a bench of the Ramble in Central Park, and provisionally watched a man feeding a squirrel with peanuts. The squirrel had climbed up the leg of the man's trousers and over the promontory above, and the man was holding very still, flattered by the squirrel's confidence, and anxious not to frighten it away by any untoward movement; if the squirrel had been a child bestowing its first intelligent favors upon him the man could not have been prouder. He was an old fellow, one of many who pamper the corrupt rodents of the Park, and reduce them from their native independence to something like the condition of those pauper wards of the nation on our Indian Reservations, to whom a blurred image of the chase offers itself at stated intervals in the slaughter of the government's dole of beef-cattle.

The friend to whom this imperfect parallel occurred recalled his thoughts from it and said, with single reference to the man and the squirrel, "I suppose that's an expression of the sort of thing we've been talking about. Kindness to animals is an impulse, isn't it, of the 'natural piety' embracing the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man."

"I don't think it's quite so modern as that formulation," the other friend questioned. "I was thinking it was very eighteenth-century; part of the universal humanitarian movement of the time when the master began to ask himself whether the slave was not also a man and a brother, and the philanthropist visited the frightful prisons of the day, and remembered those in bonds as bound with them."

"Yes, you may say that," the first allowed. "But benevolence toward dumb creatures originated very much farther back than the eighteenth cen-

tury. There was St. Francis of Assisi, you know, who preached to the birds, didn't he; and Walter von der Vogelweide, who pensioned them. And several animals—cats, crocodiles, cows, and the like—enjoyed a good deal of consideration among the Egyptians. The serpent used to have a pretty good time as a popular religion. And what about the Stoics? They were rather kind to animals, weren't they? Why should Pliny's Doves have come down to us in mosaic if he cultivated them solely for the sake of broiled squabs? It's true that the modern Roman, before the extension of the S. P. C. A. to his city, used his horse cruelly upon the perfectly unquestionable ground that the poor beast was not a Christian."

"I don't remember about the Stoics exactly," the second friend mused aloud; and the first let this go, though they both understood that very likely he not only did not remember, but had never known. "They had so many virtues that they must have been kind to brutes, but I taste something more Cowperian, more Wordsworthian, than Marcus-Aurelian in our own kindness. These poets taught me, so far as I could learn, not to

'enter on my list of friends  
.....the man  
Who needlessly set foot upon a worm,'

and

'Never to mix my pleasure or my pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that  
breathes.'"

"Yes, but I don't like giving up the Stoics; we may have to come back to their ground if things keep on going the way they have gone for the last generation. The Stoics had a high ideal of duty; it's hard to see that the Christian ideal is higher, though they taught themselves to be proudly good, and we (if we may still say we when we say Christians) are always trying to teach ourselves to be humbly good."



"What do you mean," the second of the friends demanded, "by coming back to their ground?"

"Why," the first responded, picking up a twig that opportunely dropped at his feet, and getting out his knife to whittle it, "I suppose they were the first agnostics, and we who don't so much deny the Deity as ignore Him—"

"I see," the second answered sadly. "But aren't you throwing up the sponge for faith rather prematurely? The power of believing has a tremendous vitality. I heard a Catholic once say to a Protestant friend, 'You know the Church has outlived schisms much older than yours.' And inside of Protestantism as well as Catholicism there is a tremendous power of revival. We have seen it often. After an age of Unbelief an age of Belief is rather certain to follow."

"Well, well, I'm willing. I'm no more agnostic than you are. I should be glad of an age of faith for the rest to my soul, if for no other reason. I was harking back to the Stoics not only because they were good to animals, if they were good, but because they seemed to have the same barren devotion to duty which has survived my faith as well as my creed. But why, if I neither expect happiness or dread misery, should I still care to do my duty? And I certainly always do."

"What, always?"

"Well, nearly always."

The friends laughed together, and the first said, "What a pity the Gilbertian humor has gone out so; you can't adapt it to a daily need any longer without the risk of not being followed."

The other sighed. "Nearly everything goes out, except duty. If that went out, I don't think I should have much pleasure in life."

"No, you would be dead, without the hope of resurrection. If there is anything comes direct from the Creative Force, from

*'La somma sapienza e il primo amore,'*

it is the sense of duty, 'the moral law within us,' which Kant divined as unmistakably delivered from God to man. I use the old terminology."

"Don't apologize. It still serves our turn; I don't know that anything else

serves it yet. And you make me think of what dear old M. D. C—— told me shortly after his wife died. He had wished, when they both owned that the end was near, to suggest some comfort in the hope of another life, to clutch at that straw to save his drowning soul; but she stopped him. She said, 'There is nothing but duty, the duty we have wished to do and tried to do.'"

The friends were silent in the pathos of the fact, and then the first said, "I suppose we all wish to do our duty, even when we don't try, or don't try hard enough."

The other conjectured, "Perhaps, after all, it's a question of strength; wickedness is weakness."

"That formula won't always serve; still, it will serve in a good many cases; possibly most. It won't do to preach it, though."

"No, we must cultivate strength of character. I wonder how?"

"Well, your Stoics—"

"*My* Stoics?"

"*Anybody's* Stoics—did it by self-denial. When they saw a pleasure coming their way they sidestepped it; they went round the corner, and let it go by while they recruited their energies. Then when they saw a duty coming they stepped out and did it."

"It seems very simple. But aren't you rather cynical?"

"That's what people call one when one puts ethics picturesquely. But perhaps I've rather overdone it about the Stoics. Perhaps they wouldn't have refused to enjoy a pleasure at their own expense, at their cost in some sort of suffering to themselves. They really seem to have invented the Christian ideal of duty."

"And a very good thing. It may be all that will be left of Christianity in the end, if the Christian hope of reward goes as the Christian fear of punishment has gone. It seems to have been all there was of it in the beginning."

The second of the friends said at this, "I don't know that I should go so far as that."

The first returned: "Well, I don't know that I should ask you. I don't know that I go that far myself," he said, and then they laughed together again.

The man who was feeding the squirrel



seemed to have exhausted his stock of peanuts, and he went away. After some hesitation the squirrel came toward the two friends and examined their countenances with a beady, greedy eye. He was really glutted with peanuts, and had buried the last where he would forget it, after having packed it down in the ground with his paws.

"No, no," the first of the friends said to the squirrel; "we are on the way back to being Stoics and practising the more self-denying virtues. You won't get any peanuts out of us. For one thing, we haven't got any."

"There's a boy," the second friend dreamily suggested, "down by the boat-house with a basketful."

"But I am teaching this animal self-denial. He will be a nobler squirrel all the rest of his life for not having the peanuts he couldn't get. That's like what I always try to feel in my own case. It's what I call character-building. Get along!"

The squirrel, to which the last words were addressed, considered a moment. Then it got along, after having inspected the whittlings at the feet of the friends to decide whether they were edible.

"I thought," the second of the friends said, "that your humanity included kindness to animals."

"I am acting for this animal's best good. I don't say but that, if the peanut boy had come by with his basket, I shouldn't have yielded to my natural weakness and given the little brute a paper of them to bury. He seems to have been rather a saving squirrel—when he was gorged."

The mellow sunlight of the November day came down through the tattered foliage, and threw the shadows of the friends on the path where they sat, with their soft hats pulled over their foreheads. They were silent so long that when the second of them resumed their conversation he had to ask, "Where were we?"

"Cultivating force of character in squirrels."

"I thought we had got by that."

"Then we had come round to ourselves again."

"Something like that," the first friend reluctantly allowed.

"What a vicious circle! It seems to me that our first duty, if that's what you mean, is to get rid of ourselves."

"Whom should we have left? Other people? We mustn't pamper their egotism in chastising our own. We must use a great deal of caution in doing our duty. If I really loved that squirrel, if I were truly kind to animals, if I studied their best good, as disagreeable friends say they study ours, I should go after him and give him a hickorynut, that would wear down his teeth as nature intended; civilization is undermining the health of squirrels by feeding them peanuts, which allow their teeth to overgrow."

"That is true. Isn't it doing something of the same sort in other ways for all of us? If I hadn't lost my teeth so long ago, I'm sure I should feel them piercing from one jaw to another in their inordinate development. It's duty that keeps down the overgrowths that luxury incites. By the way, what set you thinking so severely about duty this beautiful Sunday morning? The neglected duty of going to church?"

"Ah, I call going to church a pleasure. No, I suppose it was an effect, a reverberation, of the tumult of my struggle to vote for the right man on Tuesday, when I knew that I was throwing my vote away if I did vote for him."

"But you voted for him?"

The first friend nodded.

"Which man was it?"

"What's the use? He was beaten—"

"That is all you know or need to know."

"Of course he was beaten, if it was your duty to vote for him," the second friend mused. "How patient the Creator must be with the result of His counsel to His creatures! He keeps on communing, commanding, if we are to believe Kant. It is His one certain way to affirm and corroborate Himself. Without His perpetual message to the human conscience He does not recognizably exist; and yet more than half the time His mandate sends us to certain defeat, to certain death. It's enough to make one go in for the other side. Of course, we have to suppose that the same voice which intimates duty to us intimates duty to them?"



"And that they would like to obey it, if they could consistently with ether interests and obligations?"

"Yes, they juggle with their sense of it; they pretend that the Voice does not mean exactly what it says. They get out of it that way."

"And the great vital difference between ourselves and them is that we promptly and explicitly obey it; we don't palter with it in the slightest; 'we don't bandy words with our sovereign,' as Doctor Johnson said. I wonder," the speaker added, with the briskness of one to whom a vivid thought suddenly occurs, "how it would work if one went and did exactly the contrary of what was intimated to the human conscience?"

"That's not a new idea. There are people who habitually do so, or rather to whom an inverted moral law is delivered."

"You mean the people who beat you at the polls last Tuesday?"

"No, I mean the people in the asylums, some of them. They are said to hear the voice that bids us do right commanding them to do wrong. 'Thou shalt kill,' they hear it say, 'thou shalt steal, thou shalt bear false witness, thou shalt commit adultery, thou shalt not honor thy father and thy mother,' and so on through the decalogue, with the inhibition thrown off or put on, as the case may be."

"How very hideous!" the second friend exclaimed. "It's like an emanation from the Pit. I mean the Pit that used to be. It's been abolished."

"And a very good thing. The noises from it went far to drown the voice of God, and bewildered some men so that they did not rightly know what the voice was saying. Now when people hear a voice bidding them do evil, we know what to do with them."

"And you think that the fellows who outvoted you on Tuesday heard the same voice that you heard; and they disobeyed it?"

"Ah, it's hard to say. We haven't got to the bottom of such things yet. Perhaps they disobeyed the voice provisionally, expecting to make a satisfactory explanation later on. Or perhaps they had put their civic consciences in the keeping of others, who gave them

an official interpretation of the command, with instructions not to take it literally."

"That's very interesting," the second friend said. "Then it's your idea that no one really prefers to do wrong?"

"Not outside of the asylums. And even there they can plead authority. No, no, no! In a world pretty full of evil there isn't any purely voluntary evil among the sane. When the 'wicked,' as we call them, do wrong, it is provisionally only; they mean to do right presently and make it up with the heavenly powers. As long as an evil-doer lives he means to cease sometime to do evil. He may put it off too long, or until he becomes ethically unsound. You know Swedenborg found that the last state of sinners was insanity."

"Dreadful!"

"But I've always thought very few reached that state. There's this curious thing about it all: we are not only ethically prompted by that inner voice, we are æsthetically prompted; it's a matter of taste as well as of conduct, too. The virtues are so clean, the vices so repulsively dirty. Justice is beautifully symmetrical; injustice is so shapeless, so unbalanced. Truth is such a pure line; falsehood is so out of drawing. The iniquities make you uncomfortable. The arts deny them."

The second friend drew a long breath. "Then I don't see why there are so many."

"Well," the first friend suggested, "there seems to be a difficulty. Some say that they have to be employed as antitheses; we can't get on without them, at least at this stage of the proceedings. Perhaps we shall advance so far that we shall be able to use historical or accomplished evil for the contrasts by which we shall know actual good."

"I don't see how you make that out."

"Why, there are already some regions of the globe where the summer does not require the antithesis of winter for its consciousness. Perhaps in the moral world there will yet be a condition in which right shall not need to contrast itself with wrong. We are still meteorologically very imperfect."

"And how do you expect to bring the condition about? By our always doing our duty?"

"Well, we sha'n't, by not doing it."





## Editor's Study

MEN, as men, are only incidentally the subject of twentieth-century comment. Probably that "visitor from another planet," so pitifully overworked in our speculations, if he were to work at all on his own motion and take the trouble to visit us, would infer from a casual survey of the things most obviously visible upon the surface of the earth—such as governments, farms, edifices, factories, railroads, subways, and other vehicular constructions, including automobiles and aeroplanes—that earthly civilization was predominantly masculine, and that women were merely housekeepers and shoppers or the subordinate factors of industry. But as soon as he became literate—which he is generally supposed to be at the start—and from journals and in other ways found what men and women were mostly talking and writing about, his view would be reversed, and he would see that men, though conspicuously enterprising, useful, and officious creatures, were a mere incident and not entitled to distinguished consideration, while women and children occupied the foreground.

But we must dismiss our celestial visitor as one incompetent to form a clear judgment from what he sees or hears. Even if we were to put him through a course of history, it would only add to his confusion, the elements and conditions of mortal experience on his own planet being so different. We must ourselves confess to dense obscurity of vision, whatever the extent of our knowledge and observation, and to our utter inability to answer the commonest questions as to the relative position of men and women in human progress and civilization—what it has been or what it is to be.

Some things are plain enough to the average understanding, because they are elemental. It is easy to see why woman should have engrossed conversation and figured prominently in literature from

the beginning, even when men did most of the talking and nearly all the writing. She has always been and is, to men, undeniably the most fascinating of all creatures and the most interesting, either attractively or poignantly. She flashes brightly upon us from majestic eminences, or luridly from coverts of intrigue, in the historic record. It may be that in legend, which has been mostly shaped by man, from the story of Eden down, she has been unfairly treated, made too poignantly rather than attractively interesting—the Pandora who unleashes evil, or Helen, at once the lure and the ruin of the world, maddening both gods and men, with here and there a docile Ruth or a patient Griselda. Neither the Hebrew nor the Greek imagination conceived of friendship as a possibility between man and woman, while there are abundant instances, mostly Greek, of the Damon and Pythias order of friendship between men. Depreciative comment concerning women seems to have been the habit of genius, ancient and medieval—a habit which survived the Renaissance; and chivalry veiled an implication of contempt. This was depreciation of womankind; admiration was ungrudgingly accorded to the beauty and heroic virtues of individual women. Homer, in his description of Ulysses's visit to Hades, gives even more attention to the shades of noble ladies than to those of masculine heroes, and invests them with greater dignity. Greek Tragedy presents no more appealing personages than Antigone and Electra.

The impersonations of women created by men, in that ancient order of art and literature the *motifs* of which were chiefly legendary, truly reflected man's general estimate of woman. She was indicted for the ruin of the race and punished by subjection to man—her desire should be to her husband and he should rule over her—but through her the race was to be redeemed, as Hope was reserved in Pan-



dora's casket after the gaol-delivery of all evils. It was her office to beguile, to bewitch, to comfort, and to serve mankind. Her most distinctive function—that of motherhood—has no exaltation in ancient poetic legend, entering into story or picture only as an incidental feature. The child, too, has here no prominence. The loftiest impersonation of Greek mythology is that of Athene, the Parthenos of the Pantheon, who was thus exalted because she had no mother and no childhood, and so transcended the bounds of Nature. It was only in the Sacred Mysteries of the popular religion—the survival of a faith so old that it knew no Olympus—that the idea of motherhood was the supreme conception.

This carries us back to a prehistoric society, or rather we should say a primordial humanity too provincial and earth-bound to have a social constitution in our sense of the term. It was to this period that the Matriarchate belonged—that peculiar institution to which a certain species of the New Woman reverts with exultation but with little comprehension of its meaning—as witnesses Miss Miniver, in H. G. Wells's keenly intellectual story of *Ann Veronica*:

"We are the species, men are only incidents. . . . In all the species of animals, the females are more important than the males; the males have to please them. . . . Only in man is the male made most important, and that happens through maternity; it's our very importance that degrades us. While we were minding the children they stole our rights and liberties. . . . It's the accidental conquering the essential. Originally in the first animals there were no males, none at all. . . . Then they appear among the lower things"—she made meticulous gestures to figure the scale of life—"among crustaceans . . . just as little creatures, ever so inferior to the females . . . and among human beings, too, women to begin with were rulers and leaders; they owned all the property; they invented all the arts. The primitive government was the Matriarchate. The Matriarchate! The Lords of Creation just ran about and did what they were told."

But the essential idea of the Matriarchate was that of motherhood, divine as well as human, for the deity supreme-

ly worshipped was of the Cybele or Demeter type, the Great Mother. The maternity, so detestable to Miss Miniver, was the ground of human kinship; paternity counting for nothing, as incapable of registration as Plato wished it to be in his ideal Republic. The human *gens* had a communal economy—no marriage, no families, and not much more ethical sense than belongs to a beehive—so little removed was humanity, in this period, above the plane of elemental instinct. Maternity was the glory of woman and, in the masculine regard, worthy of worshipful service. Men, of course, did all the chores. The mothers were well nourished, doubtless in every way pampered. We suspect that the arts, even of the ruder sort like embroidery and pottery, were of later origin. Human faith had not yet lifted its eyes heavenward, but looked only downward to the earth and to the *Mutterseele* of the underworld. It is not permitted us to behold this exceedingly primitive world in its uncorrupted, natural dignity.

We do not know how this order of things was broken up. Possibly it was because of the greater activity of the males, who through long service developed a kind of mastery and came into a more ambitious if not more enviable estate. The pastoral and agricultural habits led to the accumulation of property worth considering, and which, as soon as it became private, made the question of inheritance important, and thus led to the institution of marriage, when polygamy supplanted polyandry. The new dignity accruing to man made it possible for him to put aside his gay and tawdry attire, and most richly and elaborately to embellish and invest the women of his household.

The change was in the line of human progress, however it may have been away from Nature; it was the beginning of that medley order of things humiliating and triumphant which we call civilization, and which the Rousseau tribe of philosophers say should be repented of. It was not a revolution of masculine contrivance; it was in the course of things, something inevitably incident to a rationally conscious development of the race. Men did not revolt against women. There was in the primitive order no



oppression to avenge. Man was all the time physically stronger on the side of action as woman was on the passive side; his service had been a willing one, and it led him into a field of activities, like that of hunting, most congenial to his taste. The efforts prompted by his desire to please woman and to compete for her favor—if we are to assume that, as everywhere else in Nature, such competition was ordinary—must have sharpened his wits and quickened his inventive genius, preparing him for future distinction as *raconteur*, statesman, and artist. In one respect an immense advantage had, in the primitive order, been instinctively and in the fitness of things accorded to woman. As nearer to Nature and, especially by her sex, allied to the mother divinities, she had had a monopoly of communication with the benignant powers of darkness, which she presumably used for benignant purposes, though, in a later system of man's speculations, she was ungenerously rewarded therefor by being associated with witchcraft and necromancy, as, in the story of Eden, she alone had conversation with the serpent.

It cannot be denied that the transition from the placid and peaceful state of primitive naturalism to a warlike, intensely competitive, complexly ethical, strenuous civilization involved for ages peculiar hardship, cruelty, and injustice to womankind. As nearer to Nature, woman suffered more than man from the departure. She passed into a new world, shorn of her ancient distinction and of her sacred immunities, and averse by habit and inclination from the prizes sought by men. The mother deities retired before the burning brightness of Apollo and the gods of the open air; and their rites were celebrated in dark places. Motherhood itself came to be associated with servile conditions, exalted only by the birth of sons. Infant daughters were destroyed to such an extent that wives had to be supplied by violent seizure from neighboring and hostile tribes. In no respect was the singularity of the Hebrew race more manifest than in its exaltation of motherhood.

It is evident from the whole history of civilization that man, from the moment of his mastery, had to fulfil his peculiar destiny through an amazing

course of errors—follies, vanities, and cruelties innumerable. The course was inevitable, and if women were subjected to tyrannies, so were the vast majority of men. Every successive dominance all along the line—and it has been a line of progression in both the perception and the realization of truth—has been something to be repented of, with the justification of manhood finally in view, which can only come through the full emancipation of the woman and the child.

The consummation of civilization must be the complete justification of its departure from Nature through the creative evolution of a new human nature.

No spiritual thoroughfare is opened to us through the consideration of the comparative excellence of man and woman in intellectual attainments, ethical sensibility, or social efficiency. If these merits have been apportioned in different measure between the sexes, such data as we have do not fix the metes and bounds for either. Queens have been as wise and just rulers and administrators as kings. Women have been justices of peace in England, and sat on the bench with men. In all economies, political as well as industrial, educational, and domestic, there is every reason why men and women should co-operate on equal terms, since, whatever difference there may be between them, society would be more than doubly the gainer through this union. For it is not simply the multiplication of one by two but the increment of creative growth that comes through the perfect union of man and woman in any field of action that is not wholly formal or mechanical. As in the family there are not only two, husband and wife, but a third—the child—so in every organic human movement the miracle of fertility which is inseparable from creative evolution is not of man alone or of woman alone, but of both as one. Thus only emerge new species in the spiritual world. There is not merely formal progression, which is sterile, but genetic procedure into abundant life. Something of the eternal enters here. We do not ask which is superior—man or woman or child—but what is each in the harmony.

The things which men and women cannot do together have come to mean things that do not reflect qualities essentially



human, but mainly human weaknesses and limitations. We would not like to see women on police duty, in battle, or in a football scrimmage, though it would be well for society if they took part in councils that have to do with crimes and punishments, with determining whether there shall be a war, or with humanizing the football game.

The really new woman—not she who is so called—is, like the new man, the product of an evolution which has been going on for ages. We are not distinguishing between women who are suffragists and those who are anti-suffragists—we would that they were all suffragists—but between women, in either of these camps, who illustrate the evolutionary transformation in their life and in their expression of the new sense of life, socially and in art and literature, and those who do not.

This evolution has been a translation of all that is elemental in man and woman to a higher plane, through psychical inspiration and illumination. There has not really been any departure from Nature, which is always radical in us, but the humanization of every element in it—that is, the development of the Humanities. The inadequacy of this development, splendid and impressive though it may have been, in the older civilizations, the failure to realize all that was, in any of them, possible in their time, was due to the fact that it was so exclusively masculine. We note a like defect in our time in sections of the Middle West and on the Pacific coast, where the movements of most essential significance are largely committed to women. The deepest meanings and manifestations of modern humanity have been developed on the creative side of the blended experience of men and women, the diverse distinction of either sex being necessary to the birth of a new nature, completely human.

The union of men and women in all the essential things of life is a distinctively modern fact; and it is sure to become a union also in things only relatively important, thus having full organic completeness.

Elemental instinct and passion, in that crude stage of human development where man seems but a part of Nature and subject to her decrees, work in the darkness. The kingdom of the soul, subject to psychical dilection, is in the light, but only through a series of refractions passing into the clear light of truth. Most of what seems grandly impressive in old religions, art, and literature as well as life derives unreal magnitudes from these refractions. Divested of outward pomps and majesties there still remain for our discernment the spiritual motive and value, which in our time are expressed in plainly human terms.

Woman had little to do directly with the shaping of old civilizations; but we cannot help thinking that our modern sense of life and its more real and human investment are largely and directly due not only to spiritual qualities distinctively feminine, but to feminine initiative.

In the clarified light of the soul womanhood has been translated. The woman is still the mother, but maternity has for our modern vision a significance which is not merely physical, but spiritual—in its fullest meaning it is the liberation of humanity for finer uses. She is nearer than man to the new Nature as she was to the old. But our ultra-modern naturalism has a pellucid atmosphere, full of light, and there is a clearer vision of truth. The Humanities and, we might also say, the Divinities have been transformed. A delusive network of sophistication has vanished. The terms “masculine” and “feminine” have no longer their old elemental or conventional meanings. There is, or there is becoming, a new woman and a new man, and the distinction between them is not one of “spheres.” No exaltation of life, here or hereafter, could be humanly interesting or at all human in which woman did not have her proper share and her peculiar distinction.

This share and this distinction woman has had in the great modern renaissance. She first brought the creative imagination within homely bounds. But here we touch upon a field to which we must give separate consideration.



# Botts's Beautifier

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

IT was fully six months after the episode of the vibration disintegrator that my friend P. Tetherington Botts, the inventor, came to see me again.

I knew all the time why he was keeping shy of me. He realized that in backing that invention as I did I lost some money. Naturally, like all men who think in a rut, he believed the sinking of that money would make me feel unhappy when I saw him. After we had greeted each other with some formality, we drifted into a general talk on business. I noted that Botts was wearing his usual long frock coat, that his trousers were frayed and mud-spattered as usual at the bottom, and that his silk hat as usual had marks showing where his fingers had brushed the nap the wrong way.

"The trouble with you, Botts," I said, "is that, while you are a great inventor, you never invent anything that everybody wants.

"My inventions," Botts said, stiffening up, "are an art to me."

"Yes," I said, brutally. "They are an Art, with a capital A—and that's just the trouble. They appeal to curiosity and the higher thought. What you want to do is to invent something that appeals to vanity, to human nature, or to—to—to—"

"That's what I have invented," he interrupted. "And at the same time, if I may say it, I have preserved the dignity of my profession."

Dignity of his profession! Did you ever hear the inventor of a patent corn-shucker talking about dignity and profession after he had sold out for a million?

"What is it this time?" I asked, wearily. "A wireless photograph camera?"

"It is a beautifier," Botts informed me.

I laughed long and merrily.

"A beautifier!" I cried. "Cold-cream? Glycerine and rose-water? Freckle bleach? Peroxide and perfume? Something to remove hair from the face, neck, and arms overnight. Magic cold-cream that fills hollow cheeks? Do you give trading-stamps?"

Botts looked at me with a pained expression on his face. Your true idealist cannot understand badinage.

"Wait a minute, Miller," Botts said. "Do you know what you see when you look at anything or anybody? Do you know what it is that enables you to see?"

"My eyes, of course," I answered.

"True, in part. They are the means of sight, through their concentration of the rays of light, impinging them in a reflection upon the retina, from which the impression is conveyed to the brain along the delicate nerves composing the optic trunk."

I lit a cigar and smiled gently. Botts's face wore the rapt expression it always takes on when he is fifty thousand miles



I LAUGHED LONG AND MERRILY



from nowhere and going some mentally. He continued:

"You can't see after night, can you?"

"Sometimes I can, sometimes I can't."

"I mean, that when all is pitch dark you see nothing."

"When I see nothing, I see nothing."

"All well and good. Now, when we see an object we really see the reflection of the rays of light which strike upon it. These rays are thrown back to our eyes and we see it."

"We catch them on the first bounce," I agreed.

"To put it crudely, yes. Now, then. The reason we do not see when all is pitch dark is that no rays of light are reflected to us. Do you gather that?"

"Exactly."

"Now, then." Botts leaned over and tapped my knee with one long, bony finger. "Coat the back of a pane of glass with quicksilver and we have a mirror that throws the rays of light to us, do we not?"

"We do, Botts, we do."

"Now, then. Scrape some of that coating off and the mirror no longer reflects, does it?"

"It don't, Botts, it don't."

"Now, then. Suppose we coat an object, or part of an object, with a substance that will annihilate the reflection of the rays of light. We will not see that object, will we?"

"I suppose not."

"Now, then. One moment."

Botts opened the little grip he was carrying and took therefrom a bottle filled with a colorless liquid.

"I am not what you would call a handsome man, am I?" he inquired. "My nose is too long and there is a mole on my left ear. Aside from these defects, I am passable as to face?"

"Yes."

"Now, then." He pulled the cork of the bottle and I saw that it had attached to it a wire on the end of which was a sponge. (I found this out afterward. I didn't see either wire or sponge at that time. I am saying that I saw this merely figuratively.) He went to a mirror over the wash-stand and softly touched the end of his nose and the mole on his ear with the sponge. Then he turned to me.

His nose was just the right length it should be and the mole on his ear was gone!

"You see—" he began.

"I see I don't see," I answered, bewilderedly.

"Of course. I have discovered this liquid which annihilates the rays of light; stops them in their course, so to speak. It absolutely destroys the reflecting properties of any surface to which it is applied. Any facial blemish is, to all intents and purposes, immediately eradicated when this is applied, for if it is not seen it may as well not exist. Do you grasp that?"

I nodded.

"My name will resound through the ages!" he exclaimed, happily.

"What is the stuff?" I asked.

He explained it, but technically. As nearly as I could gather, it was pure water through which had been sent at high voltage four or five different kinds of electric waves, impulses, and currents.

"What do you call it?" I asked.

"The Reflection Annihilator."

"That won't do. No man or woman will walk into a drug-store and ask for a bottle of Reflection Annihilator. That's too technical."

My commercial mind was beginning to hum. Possibilities! I saw millions! It was the first time P. Titherington Botts had stumbled upon anything worth while—and I would bet ten dollars that he did it accidentally. But just the same, it was a case of striking oil.

"We will call it Botts's Beautifier," I decided. Botts protested weakly. I argued that it would link his name tangibly with his invention; I told him the alliterative title was not only easy to pronounce, but that it was self-explanatory and good advertising in a business sense. Finally he agreed with me.

The details of financing the proposition were soon arranged, as I had to do that thinking. Botts informed me he could manufacture the stuff cheaply; I was to attend to the bottling and distributing. I telephoned to my friend Mayne, the advertising expert, to come over and formulate a campaign. Over the phone I explained to Mayne what I had in mind, and to save time he brought with him his chief copy-writer on complexion specialties—a woman.

Miss Martha Samworth was the complexion specialty copy-writer. I would not for anything be disrespectful to a lady, but Miss Martha Samworth was the homeliest woman I ever saw. Mayne knew what he was doing when he retained her. I felt relieved. Hitherto the trouble had always been that we had engaged a really beautiful woman to assist us in our work, Botts had fallen in love with her, and things had gone to smash when she rejected him.

We went over the idea with Mayne and Miss Samworth. Miss Samworth grew interested in it when Botts illustrated the effect of the beautifier upon me by rubbing some of it on the place where my nose humps. I looked in the mirror, too, and you couldn't see the hump.

"Now, then," Botts said, "if Miss Samworth will allow me, I will demonstrate on her, although"—here for the first time in his life he showed the craft of a diplomat—"although it will be like trying to improve the tinting of a rose."

Miss Samworth looked homelier than ever as she smiled her pleasure. Botts rubbed the stuff on her cheeks and brow, going at it very deftly and carefully, putting on just the right amount. I can't tell you what a transformation there was. I can only say that if you were suddenly to see a cabbage turn into a lily you would have an idea of the Miss Samworth who came into my



office and the Miss Samworth who sat before us. She peeped once into the mirror and instantly began fluffing her hair and jerking at her neck ruching. Then she dived into her hand-bag for her powder-puff, but Botts stopped her.

"Don't!" he begged. "You will never need that again!"

Confound it! He was smashed right then and there. Miss Samworth had him tied hand and foot, ready to write sonnets to her eyebrows! But, unkind as it may sound, he had no chance. I was in the field. I, too, had seen Miss Samworth.

You remember the advertising campaign of Botts's Beautifier. I put just exactly one hundred and two thousand large iron dollars into the newspapers within two months, to say nothing of the sampling and demonstrating we did. Demonstrating was easy. We did not have to hunt for pretty girls to show the advantage of using the beautifier—we made the girls pretty. We had leased an old carbonated water factory, Botts installed his apparatus—and insisted that Miss Samworth be made advertising manager with an office in the factory, so that she could be right in the atmosphere.

I set up a desk there, too. I wanted the same atmosphere.

Botts and I almost had a little friction over Miss Samworth. First he would raise her salary as advertising manager and then I would give it another boost. And maybe she wasn't enjoying the rivalry between Botts and myself! We didn't allow it to interrupt our attention to our work, however. Business is business. But when I would go to call on her, Botts would either be there or he would come in right after me. And then the two of us would sit and glare at each other and Botts would keep right on telling Miss Samworth how beautiful she was.

Did I ever tell her anything like that? Only once or twice—just enough for politeness' sake. Botts couldn't realize, as I could, that when you mentioned her beauty you made her understand that you remembered how she looked before she got acquainted with the beautifier.

Nevertheless, Botts gave me a little worry. You take a homely man, and an awkward man, and a pessimistic man (all inventors are pes-

simists) and let him fall deeply in love with a woman, and for the time being he can make Romeo's rope-climbing act go into the supper show. I know. I had Botts for a rival.

One evening I tucked a box of American Beauties under my arm, stuck a box of imported bonbons in my coat pocket, concealed a ring in my vest pocket, and went to call on Miss Samworth. Never mind what my intentions were.

Botts was there. In spite of his use of his beautifier, his face was so long that his chin rubbed his shirt front. I did not need to be told what had happened, but I was told.

"Miller," Botts said, "I am the unhappiest man in the world. Miss Samworth loves another."

"I wouldn't let a little thing like that bother me," I smiled. I thought I knew pretty well who Mr. Other was.

I presented the American Beauties and the bonbons, but retained the ring. Two proposals in one evening is too rapid for even an extraordinary young woman to comprehend.

"I will see you to-morrow, Miss Samworth?" Botts mourned.

"Why, certainly, Mr. Botts; I shall be at the office as usual," she replied. "I hope you will not allow this—this incident—to break up our friendly relations which I so much enjoy."

"Not at all," Botts sighed, "not at all. Besides, I must apply the beautifier to-morrow. It is the regular day, you know."



P.N.

VERY DEFTLY AND CAREFULLY PUTTING ON THE RIGHT AMOUNT





SHE HAD NO FACE!

Out of sheer commiseration for Botts, I walked home with him.

"I wouldn't mind it so much," he told me, "if she hadn't referred to it as an incident!"

But next morning he was on deek as usual, and when Miss Samworth arrived he waited in the demonstration-room for her and personally applied the beautifier to her face. Afterward she came into my office. That was my opportunity. I was just about to say something when Botts came in for a moment. He held out his hand to me.

"Good-by for the present, Miller," he said. "I—I must get away for a little rest."

He looked wan. His nose was its old-time length and the mole on his ear was once more on duty. Evidently he was the victim of the most utter dejection. He took Miss Samworth's hand and held it tenderly while he bade her farewell. Then we saw him go to the cashier's cage and get a package of bank-notes. Then he walked on out.

"Too bad," murmured Miss Samworth. "Mr. Botts is such a lovely character."

"Botts is a fine fellow," I said, warmly.

"I am so sorry he takes my rejection of his hand so much to heart," she said, gently.

"But you couldn't help that," I answered. "Your affections, if I may be so bold, are given to another?"

"They are," she whispered, shyly.

I turned and looked out of the window while she straightened up the pages of the advertising copy. Quietly I slipped my thumb and finger into my vest pocket and secured the ring I had put there the night before. Calming and composing myself, I turned about to continue my remarks to her, and I got the greatest shock I ever had in all my life.

She had no face!

It was gone! Invisible! I realized in an instant what had happened. Botts had craftily applied a solution about a hundred times as strong as was necessary, with the result that he had utterly annihilated every ray of light that otherwise would have been reflected from her countenance.

From the position of her top hair I could see that she was looking down. From that empty space between her hair and her collar I heard:

"Yes, Mr. Miller, my affections are placed elsewhere. I am going to be married to Mr. Egbert Ponsonby the first of next month."

"May you have every happiness," I wished her. I couldn't say anything more. I couldn't see any expression of her face; consequently, I did not know whether she realized what a blow I had received. She took up her papers and walked out to her desk. I saw her turn to peep into her mirror and then she shrieked!

Four hours later we had succeeded in allaying her hysterics, but, as the physicians said, it is no easy task to treat a faceless patient. There was a note from Botts, saying that her face would return in two weeks.

There was also a note for me, in his usual broken-hearted vein, saying that he would feel himself the most guilty wretch on earth if he exposed other men to the crushing sorrow that had been his, and for that reason he had burned the formula of the beautifier, pulled the plugs of the reserve tanks, and wished the business to end. He might see me again, he did not know. At present all he could say was that there were wounds that even time could not heal.



# The Dinner at Grampa's

WHEN Christmas was—w'y, we all went  
To gramma's house, 'cause grampa, he  
Is got a leg 'at's stiff an' bent  
'Ith no *joint-water* in his knee.  
But *he* don't care! He say some folks  
Is *scurce* o' legs—not got a *pair*!  
My grampa cracks a lot o' jokes—  
An' we et Christmas dinner there.

My gramma—all her hair is white  
Like *snow* is, but it isn't *cold*.  
An' gramma say 'at my hair might  
Be white, too, when I'm just as old.  
My papa say we must be nice,  
But gramma call my papa "John,"  
An' say we don't need *his* ad-vice  
To put our comp'ny manners on.

I like my gramma 'most th' same  
As I do *mama*. Cousin Lou  
An' Cousin Fred an' Cousin Mame  
An' all th' others—they do, too.  
My gramma's hi-erd girl, she cooked  
Whole lots o' mincemeat pie, an' make  
More jelly! My, how good it looked!  
An' four-five dif'runt kinds o' cake!

Nen all of us we all sit still  
While grampa look down at his plate  
An' talk about th' he'v'nly will—  
An' it is pretty hard to wait!

He help us childern first, an' fill  
Our plates 'ith turkey stuffin', too,  
An' gravy, till it almost spill  
Off of th' plate on Cousin Lou!

Nen we all laugh—an' *ever*' one  
They laugh 'most nearly all th' time,  
Buhcause they're all a-havin' fun.  
Nen papa say 'at it's a crime  
To let 'at turkey go to waste  
Buhfore us able-bodied men.  
'At he ain't hardly had a *taste*—  
So grampa help our plates again.

So we had sody biscuits—*hot*!—  
An' eider 'at my grampa keep  
Down in a bar'l 'at he is got—  
It taste just like your foot's asleep.  
An' pickles, an' more turkey! Yes,  
An' quince puhserve, an' lots o' jam  
An' currant jelly—an' I guess  
I didn't know how full I am.

Oh yes! We had *plum-puddin'*, made  
O' lots o' things, an' set on fire!  
But ain't nobody is afraid  
To eat it. An' we all ad-mire  
Th' puddin', 'cause my gramma keep  
It 'most a year to have it there—  
An' nen, w'y, I'm gone sound asleep  
Right at th' table in my chair!

W. D. N.



“Revenge”





The Baby.

The Doctor.

The Nurse.

The Mother.

The Father.

Showing their relative Importance

### Up To Them

AFTER collection in a certain colored church in Georgia it was the custom of the minister to deposit the offerings in a box which he turned over to the sexton. The two would then hide the box, together with its key, in a place known only to themselves.

Despite these precautions, it was found that small sums of money were being regularly extracted. So one day there was a conference between the two.

"Joseph," said the minister, sternly, "some one is taking church money from the box, and you know that no one has access to it but you and myself."

The sexton was unmoved. "Well, minister," said he, "it's like this: if there's a deficiency, it's between you and me to make it up and say nothing about it."



Valuable

LUCY. "Oh! won't you give me a kitten?"

TOMMY. "I can't. There's only half a dozen, and we don't want to break the set."

### Changes Contemplated

AMONG the reports handed in to the Navy Department recently was one recommending certain changes to be made in the uniform shirt for the enlisted men. As a matter of briefness it was headed:

"Commander-in-chief desires to change shirt."

### Not In It

AN old dorky named Mose White, in one of the Southern States, walked down the main street one morning in his best black broadcloth suit, with a white rose in his buttonhole and cotton gloves on his large hands.

"Why, Mose," said the proprietor of a large store that he was passing, "are you taking a holiday?"

"Dish yere," said the old man, in a stately voice, "am mah golden weddin' sah. Ah'm sallybratin' hit."

"But your wife," said the storekeeper, "is working as usual. I saw her at the tub as I passed this morning. Why isn't she celebrating, too?"

"Her?" said Mose, angrily. "She hain't got nuffin' to do with hit. She am mah fouth."

### Domestic

"NAME the domestic animals?" asked the teacher one afternoon, when she was giving her small pupils a quiz.

Philip frowned, sucked his pencil, and then manfully did as he was told.

"The cat, the dog, and the hired girl," he wrote in his big, round hand.



### How It Was

AGAINST an old Georgia negro, charged with stealing a pig, the evidence was absolutely conclusive, and the judge, who knew the old darky well, said, reproachfully:

"Now, Uncle, why did you steal that pig?"

"Bekase mah pooh family wuz starvin', yo' hommoh," whimpered the old man.

"Family starving!" cried the judge. "But they told me you keep five dogs. How is that, Uncle?"

"Why, yo' honnoh," said Uncle, reprovingly, "you wouldn't 'spect mah family to eat dem dogs!"

### It Was Excusable

A PROMINENT Boston attorney tells of an American tourist hailing from the West who was out sightseeing in London. They took him aboard the old battleship *Victory*, which was Lord Nelson's flag-ship in several of his most famous naval triumphs. An English sailor escorted the American over the vessel, and, coming to a raised brass tablet on the deck, he said, as he reverently raised his hat:

"'Ere, sir, is the spot where Lord Nelson fell."

"Oh, is it?" replied the Westerner, blankly. "Well, that ain't nothin'; I nearly tripped on the blame thing myself."

### A Native Interpretation

"TELL me," requested the foreign sociologist, "what is the significance of the eagle that is shown on American money?"

"It is," responded the Son of Liberty, "an emblem of its swift flight."



### Infallible

NURSIE says that by the pool  
Where the great big willow grows,  
Is the place all dark and cool  
Where the fairies live, she knows.

And she said if we were good,  
And should creep on tippy-toes,  
All alone, right through the wood,  
We should see them—and she knows!

Wish they'd come, because we've stayed  
Pretty late, but I suppose  
I'm too big to be afraid.

Nursie says so—and she knows!

MARGUERITE DOWNING.

### Appropriate

A PHILADELPHIA clergyman tells the following story: "A few years ago I with some of my neighbors was invited to the wedding of a favorite negro cook. During the ceremony the white guests were ranged on one side of the room and the colored guests, in greater number, on the opposite side. After the rites had been performed the colored friends, by request, joined in the singing of:

"'Lead, Kindly Light,  
Amid the encircling gloom,' etc."





MR. CAT (*patriot*). "*I regret that I have only nine lives to give to my country.*"

## Brothers

BY S. E. KISER

MY little cousin Elmer he  
Has come to live with us; you see  
His pa and ma are dead, and so  
He had no other place to go.  
And he's just six, 'n' I'm 'most eight.  
And he can be my brother now;  
I'm sorry for him, but it's great  
To have him with us, anyhow.

My ma she takes him on her lap  
And hugs 'n' pets the little chap.  
And pats him on the cheeks 'n' chin.  
Because his ma was my ma's twin;  
The most fun 'at I ever had  
Was since we got him, and there's few  
Times when he isn't actin' glad  
Because he's got a brother, too.

I used to pray at night I'd get  
A little brother some time yet.  
But now when I lay down to sleep  
I know 'at we've got him to keep,  
And so I needn't pray no more.  
Not for a brother, anyway;  
I hardly ever thought before  
That it would pay so well to pray.

I can't see why ma cries and cries;  
'Most always there's tears in her eyes.  
And pa takes Elmer on one knee  
And keeps the other knee for me.  
And tells us stories of the time  
When he was little, 'n', somehow,  
It makes me proud to think that I'm  
A little boy's big brother now.









*Painting by Howard E. Smith*

Illustration for "The Umbrella Man"

HENCEFORTH DAVID PROSPERED IN A HUMBLE WAY



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXX

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. DCCXVII

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## The Wild Olive

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

"Thou, being a wild olive tree . . ."—ST. PAUL.

PART I.—FORD

### CHAPTER I

FINDING himself in the level wood-road, whose open aisle drew a long, straight streak across the sky, still luminous with the late-lingering Adirondack twilight, the tall, young fugitive, hatless, coatless, and barefooted, paused a minute for reflection. As he paused, he listened; but all distinctiveness of sound was lost in the play of the wind, up hill and down dale, through chasm and over crag, in those uncounted leagues of forest. It was only a summer wind, soft and from the south; but its murmur had the sweep of the eternal breath, while, when it waxed in power, it rose like the swell of some great cosmic organ. Through the pines and in the underbrush it whispered, and crackled, and crashed, with a variety of effect strangely bewildering to the young man's city-nurtured senses. There were minutes when he felt that not only the four country constables, whom he had escaped, were about to burst upon him, but that weird armies of gnomes were ready to trample him down.

Out of the confusion of wood-noises, in which his unpractised ear could distinguish nothing, he waited for a repetition of the shots which a few hours ago had been the protest of his guards; but, none coming, he sped on again. He

weighed the danger of running in the open against the opportunities for speed, and decided in favor of the latter. Hitherto, in accordance with a woodcraft invented to meet the emergency, and entirely his own, he had avoided anything in the nature of a road or a pathway, in order to take advantage of the tracklessness which formed his obvious protection; but now he judged the moment come for putting actual space between his pursuers and himself. How near, or how far behind him, they might be he could not guess. If he had covered ground, they would have covered it too, since they were men born to the mountains, while he had been bred in towns. His hope lay in the possibility that in this wilderness he might be lost to their ken, as a mote is lost in the air—though he built something on the chance that, in sympathy with the feeling in his favor pervading the simpler population of the region, they had given negative connivance to his escape. These thoughts, far from stimulating a false confidence, urged him to greater speed.

And yet, even as he fled, he had a consciousness of abandoning something—perhaps of deserting something—which brought a strain of regret into this minute of desperate excitement. Without having had time to count the cost or



reckon the result, he felt he was giving up the fight. He, or his counsel for him, had contested the ground with all the resourceful ingenuity known to the American legal practitioner. He was told that, in spite of the seeming finality of what had happened that morning, there were still loopholes through which the defence might be carried on. In the space of a few hours Fate had offered him the choice between two courses, neither of them fertile in promises of success. The one was long and tedious, with a possibility of ultimate justification; the other short and speedy, with the accepted imputation of guilt. He had chosen the latter—instinctively and on the spur of the moment—and while he might have repeated at leisure the decision he had made in haste, he knew even now that he was leaving the ways and means of proving his innocence behind him. The perception came, not as the result of a process of thought, but as a regretful, scarcely detected sensation.

He had dashed at first into the broken country, hilly rather than mountainous, which from the shores of Lake Champlain gradually gathers strength, as it rolls inland, to toss up the crests of the Adirondacks. Here, burying himself in the woods, he skirted the unkempt farms, whose cottage lights, just beginning to burn, served him as signals to keep farther off. When forced to cross one of the sterile fields he crawled low, blotting himself out among the boulders. At times a patch of tall, tasselled Indian corn, interlaced with wandering pumpkin vines, gave him cover, till he regained the shelter of the vast Appalachian mother-forest, which, after climbing Cumberlands, Alleghanies, Catskills, and Adirondacks, here clambers down, in long reaches of ash and maple, juniper and pine, toward the lowlands of the north.

As far as he had yet been able to formulate a plan of flight, it was to seek his safety among the hills. The necessity of the instant was driving him toward the open country and the lake, but he hoped to double soon upon his tracks, finding his way back to the lumber camps, whose friendly spirit-ing from bunk-house to bunk-house would baffle pursuit. Once he had

gained even a few hours' security, he would be able to some extent to pick and choose his way.

He steered himself by the peak of the Raven, black against the last coral-tinted glow of the sunset, as a sailor steers by a star. There was further assurance that he was not losing himself or wandering in a circle, when from some chance outlook he ventured to glance backward, and saw the pinnacle of Hurricane Mountain, or the dome of the Giant, straight behind him. There lay the natural retreats of the lynx, the bear, and the outlaw like himself; and as he fled farther from them, it was with the same frenzied instinct to return that the driven stag must feel toward the bed of fern from which he has been roused. But, for the minute, there was one imperative necessity—to go on—to go on anywhere, anyhow, so long as it took him far enough from the spot where masked men had loosed the handcuffs from his wrists and stray shots had come ringing after him. In his path there were lakelets, which he swam, and streams—windings of the Bouquet River—which he forded. Over the low hills he scrambled through an undergrowth so dense that even the snake or the squirrel might have avoided it, to find some easier way. Now and then, as he dragged himself up the more barren ascents, the loose soil gave way beneath his steps, in miniature avalanches of stone and sand, over which he crept, clinging to tufts of grass or lightly rooted saplings, to rise at last with hands scratched and feet bleeding. Then, on again!—frantically, as the hare runs—and, as the crow flies, without swerving—on, with the sole aim of gaining time and covering distance!

He was not a native of the mountains. Though in the two years spent among them he had come to acknowledge their charm, it was only as a man learns to love an alien mistress, whose alternating moods of savagery and softness hold him with a spell of which he is half afraid. More than any one suspected or he could have explained, his reckless life had been the rebellion of his man-trained, urban instinct against the domination of this supreme earth-force, to which he was of no more value than a falling leaf or a dissolving cloud. Even now, as he flung



himself on the forest's protection, it was not with the solace of the son returning to the mother; it was rather as a man might take refuge from a lion in a mammoth cavern, where the darkness only conceals dangers.

After the struggle with crude nature the smooth, grass-carpeted wagon-track brought him more than a physical sense of comfort. It not only made his flight swift and easy, but it had been marked out by man, for man's purposes, and to meet man's need. It was the result of a human intelligence; it led to a human goal. It was possible that it might lead even him into touch with human sympathies. With the thought, he became conscious all at once that he was famished and fatigued. Up to the present he had been as little aware of a body as a spirit on its way between two worlds. It had ached, and sweated, and bled; but he had not noticed it. The electric fluid could not have seemed more tireless or iron more insensate. But now, when the hardship was somewhat relaxed, he was forced back on the perception that he was faint and hungry. His speed slackened; his shoulders sagged; the long second wind, which had lasted so well, began to shorten. For the first time it occurred to him to wonder how long his strength would hold out.

It was then that he noticed a deflection of the wood-road toward the north, and down over the brow of the plateau on which for a mile or two its evenness had been sustained. It was a new sign that it was tending toward some habitation. Half an hour ago he would have taken this to mean that he must dash into the forest again; but half an hour ago he had not been hungry. He did not say to himself that he would venture to any man's door and ask for bread. So far as he knew, he would never venture to any man's door again; nevertheless, he kept on, down-hill, and down-hill, nearer and nearer the lake, and farther and farther from the mountain and the lairs of safety.

Suddenly, at a turning, when he was not expecting it, the wood-road emerged into a rough clearing. Once more he stopped to reflect and take his bearings. It had now grown so dark that there was little danger in doing so; though, as he

peered into the gloom, his nerves were still taut with the expectation of shot, or capture, from behind. Straining his eyes, he made out a few acres that had been cleared for their timber, after which Nature had been allowed to take her own way again, in unruly growths of saplings, tangles of wild vines, and clumps of magenta fireweed.

Without quite knowing why he did so, he crept down the slope, feeling his way among the stumps, and stooping low, lest his white shirt, wet, and clinging limply to his body, might betray him to some keen-eyed marksman. Presently one of the old root-hedges, common to the countryside, barred his path—a queer, twisted line of long, gray tentacles that had once sucked sustenance from the soil, but now reached up idly into a barren element, where the wild grape was covering their grotesque nakedness with masses of kindly beauty. Below him he saw lights shining clearly like the planets, or faintly like the mere star-dust of the sky, while between the two degrees of brightness he knew there must lie the bosom of the lake. He had come to the little fringe of towns that clings to the borders of Champlain, here with the Adirondacks behind him, and there with the mountains of Vermont, but keeping close to the great, safe waterway, as though distrusting the ruggedness of both.

It was a moment at which to renew his alarm in this proximity to human dwellings. Like the tiger that has ventured beyond the edge of the jungle, he must slink back at the sight of fire. He turned himself slowly, looking up the heights from which he had come down, as they rolled behind him, mysterious and hostile, in the growing darkness. Even the sky, from which it seemed impossible for the daylight ever to depart, now had an angry red glare in it.

He took a step or two toward the forest, and paused again, still staring upward. Where was he going? Where *could* he go? The question presented itself with an odd pertinence that drew his set beardless lips into a kind of smile. When he had first made his rush outward the one thing that seemed to him essential was to be free; but now he was forced to ask himself: For what purpose? Of what use was it to be as free as wind



if he was to be as homeless? It was not merely that he was homeless for the moment; that was nothing; the overwhelming reflection was that he, Norrie Ford, could never have a home at all—that there was scarcely a spot within the borders of civilized mankind where the law would not hunt him out.

This view of his situation was so apparent and yet so new that it held him stock-still, gazing into space. He was free—but free only to crawl back into the jungle and lie down in it, like a wild beast.

“But I’m not a wild beast,” he protested, inwardly. “I’m a man—with human rights. By God, I’ll never let them go!”

He wheeled round again, toward the lower lands and the lake. The lights glowed more brightly as the darkness deepened, each lamp shining from some little nest, where men and women were busied with the small tasks and interests that made life. This was liberty! This was what he had a claim upon! All his instincts were civilized, domestic. He would not go back to the forest, to herd with wild nature, when he had a right to lie down among his kind. He had slept in the open hundreds of times; but it had been from choice. There had been pleasure then, in waking to the smell of balsam and opening his eyes upon the stars. But to do the same thing from compulsion, because men had closed up their ranks and ejected him from their midst, was an outrage he would not accept. In the darkness his head went up, while his eyes burned with a fire more intense than that of any of the mild beacons from the towns below, as he strode back to the old root-hedge and leaped it.

He felt the imprudence, not to say the uselessness, of the movement, as he made it; and yet he kept on, finding himself in a field in which cows and horses were startled from their munching by his footstep. It was another degree nearer to the organized life in which he was entitled to a place. Shielded by a shrubbery of sleeping goldenrod, he stole down the slope, making his way to the laue along which the beasts went out to pasture and came home. Following the trail, he passed a meadow, a potato field,

and a patch of Indian corn, till the scent of flowers told him he was coming on a garden. A minute later, low, velvety domes of clipped yew rose in the foreground, and he knew himself to be in touch with the civilization that clung, like a hardy vine, to the coves and promontories of the lake, while its tendrils withered as soon as they were flung up toward the mountains. Only a few steps more, and, between the yews, he saw the light streaming from the open doors and windows of a house.

It was such a house as, during the two years he had spent up in the high timberlands, he had caught sight of only on the rare occasions when he came within the precincts of a town—a house whose outward aspect, even at night, suggested something of taste, means, and social position for its occupants. Slipping nearer still, he saw curtains fluttering in the breeze of the August evening, and Virginia creeper dropping in heavily massed garlands from the roof of a columned veranda. A French window was open to the floor, and within, he could see vaguely, people were seated.

The scene was simple enough, but to the fugitive it had a kind of sacredness. It was like a glimpse into the heaven he has lost caught by a fallen angel. For the moment he forgot his hunger and weakness, in this feast for the heart and eyes. It was with something of the pleasure of recognizing long-absent faces that he traced the line of a sofa against the wall, and stated to himself that there was a row of prints hanging above it. There had been no such details as these to note in his cell, nor yet in the courtroom which for months had constituted his only change of outlook. Insensibly to himself he crept nearer, drawn by the sheer spell of gazing.

Finding a gate leading into the garden, he opened it softly, leaving it so, in order to secure his retreat. From the shelter of one of the rounded yew trees he could make his observations more at ease. He perceived now that the house stood on a terrace, and turned the garden front, its more secluded aspect, in his direction. The high hedges, common in these lakeside villages, screened it from the road; while the open French window threw a shaft of brightness down the





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

TO LOOK ONCE MORE INTO KINDLY HUMAN FACES AND STEAL AWAY







yew-tree walk, casting the rest of the garden into gloom.

To Norrie Ford, peeping furtively from behind one of the domes of clipped foliage, there was exasperation in the fact that his new position gave him no glimpse of the people in the room. His hunger to see them became for the minute more insistent than that for food. They represented that human society from which he had waked one morning to find himself cut off, as a rock is cut off by seismic convulsion from the mainland of which it has formed a part. It was in a sort of effort to span the gulf separating him from his own past that he peered now into this room, whose inmates were only passing the hours between the evening meal and bedtime. That people could sit tranquilly reading books or playing games filled him with a kind of wonder.

When he considered it safe he slipped along to what he hoped would prove a better point of view, but finding it no more advantageous he darted to still another. The light lured him as it might lure an insect of the night, till presently he stood on the very steps of the terrace. He knew the danger of his situation, but he could not bring himself to turn and steal away till he had fixed the picture of that cheerful interior firmly on his memory. The risk was great, but the glimpse of life was worth it.

With powers of observation quickened by his plight, he noted that the home was just such a one as that from which he had sprung—one where old engravings hung on the walls, while books filled the shelves, and papers and periodicals strewn the tables. The furnishings spoke of comfort and a modest dignity. Obliquely in his line of vision he could see two children, seated at a table and poring over a picture-book. The boy, a manly urchin, might have been fourteen, the girl a year or two younger. Her curls fell over the hand and arm supporting her cheek, so that Ford could only guess at the blue eyes concealed behind them. Now and then the boy turned a page before she was ready, whereupon followed pretty cries of protestation. It was perhaps this mimic quarrel that called forth a remark from some one sitting within the shadow.

"Evie dear, it's time to go to bed. Billy, I don't believe they let you stay up as late as this at home."

"Oh yes, they do," came Billy's answer, given with sturdy assurance. "I often stay up till nine."

"Well, it's half past now; so you'd both better come and say good night."

With one foot resting on the turf and the other raised to the first step of the terrace, as he stood with folded arms, Ford watched the little scene, in which the children closed their book, pushed back their chairs, and crossed the room to say good night to the two who were seated in the shadow. The boy came first, with hands thrust into his trousers pockets in a kind of grave nonchalance. The little girl fluttered along behind, but broke her journey across the room by stepping into the opening of the long window and looking out into the night. Ford stood breathless and motionless, expecting her to see him and cry out. But she turned away and danced again into the shadow, after which he saw her no more. The silence that fell within the room told him that the elders were left alone.

Stealthily, like a thief, Ford crept up the steps and over the turf of the terrace. The rising of the wind at that minute drowned all sound of his movements, so that he was tempted right on to the veranda, where a coarse matting deadened his tread. He dared not hold himself upright on this dangerous ground, but, crouching low, he was blotted from sight, while he himself could see what passed within. He would only, he said, look once more into kindly human faces and steal away as he came.

He could perceive now that the lady who had spoken was an invalid reclining in a long chair, lightly covered with a rug. A fragile, dainty little creature, her laces, trinkets, and rings revealed her as one clinging to the elegancies of another phase of life, though Fate had sent her to live, and perhaps to die, here on the edge of the wilderness. He made the same observation with regard to the man who sat with his back to the window. He was in informal evening dress—a circumstance that, in this land of more or less primitive simplicity, spoke of a sense of exile. He was slight and middle-aged, and though his face was hidden,



Ford received the impression of having seen him already, but from another point of view. His habit of using a magnifying-glass as, with some difficulty, he read a newspaper in the light of a green-shaded lamp, seemed to Ford especially familiar, though more pressing thoughts kept him from trying to remember where and when he had seen some one do the same thing within the recent past.

As he crouched by the window watching them, it came into his mind that they were just the sort of people of whom he had least need to be afraid. The sordid tragedy up in the mountains had probably interested them little, and in any case they could not as yet have heard of his escape. If he broke in on them and demanded food, they would give it to him as to some common desperado, and be glad to let him go. If there was any one to inspire terror, it was he, with his height, and youth, and wildness of aspect. He was thinking out the most natural method of playing some small comedy of violence, when suddenly the man threw down the paper with a sigh. On the instant the lady spoke, as though she had been awaiting her cue.

"I don't see why you should feel so about it," she said, making an effort to control a cough. "You must have foreseen something of this sort when you took up the law."

The answer reached Ford's ears only as a murmur, but he guessed its import from the response.

"True," she returned, when he had spoken, "to foresee possibilities is one thing, and to meet them is another; but the anticipation does something to nerve one for the necessity when it comes."

Again there was a murmur in which Ford could distinguish nothing, but again her reply told him what it meant.

"The right and the wrong, as I understand it," she went on, "is something with which you have nothing to do. Your part is to administer the law, not to judge of how it works."

Once more Ford was unable to catch what was said in reply, but once more the lady's speech enlightened him.

"That's the worst of it? Possibly; but it's also the best of it; for since it relieves you of responsibility it's foolish for you to feel remorse."

What was the motive of these remarks? Ford found himself possessed of a strange curiosity to know. He pressed as closely as he dared to the open door, but for the moment nothing more was said. In the silence that followed he began again to wonder how he could best make his demand for food, when a sound from behind startled him. It was the sound which, among all others, caused him the wildest alarm—that of a human footstep. His next movement came from the same blind impulse that sends a hunted fox to take refuge in a church—eager only for the instant's safety. He had sprung to his feet, cleared the threshold, and leaped into the room, before the reflection came to him that, if he was caught, he must at least be caught game. Wheeling round toward the window-door through which he had entered, he stood defiantly, awaiting his pursuers, and heedless of the astonished eyes fixed upon him. It was not till some seconds had gone by, and he realized that he was not followed, that he glanced about the room. When he did so it was to ignore the woman, in order to concentrate all his gaze on the little, iron-gray man who, still seated, stared at him, with lips parted. In his own turn, Norrie Ford was dumb and wide-eyed in amazement. It was a long minute before either spoke.

"You?"

"You?"

The monosyllable came simultaneously from each. The little woman got to her feet in alarm. There was inquiry as well as terror in her face—inquiry to which her husband felt prompted to respond.

"This is the man," he said, in a voice of forced calmness, "whom—whom—we've been talking about."

"Not the man—you—?"

"Yes," he nodded, "the man I—I—sentenced to death—this morning."

## CHAPTER II

"EVIE!"

Mrs. Wayne went to the door, but on Ford's assurance that her child had nothing to fear from him, she paused with her hand on the knob to look in curiosity at this wild young man, whose doom lent him a kind of fascination. Again, for a minute, all three were silent in the ex-



cess of their surprise. Wayne himself sat rigid, gazing up at the newcomer with strained eyes blurred with partial blindness. Though slightly built and delicate, he was not physically timid; and as the seconds went by he was able to form an idea as to what had happened. He himself, in view of the tumultuous sympathy displayed by hunters and lumber-jacks with the man who passed for their boon companion, had advised Ford's removal from the pretty toy prison of the county-town to the stronger one at Plattsburg. It was clear that the prisoner had been helped to escape, either before the change had been effected or while it was taking place. There was nothing surprising in that; the astonishing thing was that the fugitive should have found his way to this house above all others. Mrs. Wayne seemed to think so too, for it was she who spoke first, in a tone which she tried to make peremptory, in spite of its tremor of fear.

"What did you come here for?"

Ford looked at her for the first time—in a blankness not without a dull element of pleasure. It was at least two or three years since he had seen anything so dainty—not, in fact, since his own mother died. At all times his mind worked slowly, so that he found nothing to reply till she repeated her question with a show of increased severity.

"I came here for protection," he said then.

His hesitation and bewildered air imparted assurance to his still astonished hosts.

"Isn't it an odd place in which to look for that?" Wayne asked, in an excitement he strove to subdue.

The question was the stimulus Ford needed in order to get his wits into play.

"No," he replied, slowly; "I've a right to protection from the man who sentenced me to death for a crime of which he knows me innocent."

Wayne concealed a start by smoothing the newspaper over his crossed knees, but he was unable to keep a shade of thick-ness out of his voice as he answered:

"You had a fair trial. You were found guilty. Your appeal was denied by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court. You have had the benefit of all the other resources allowed by the law. You

have no right to say I know you to be innocent."

Wholly spent, Ford dropped into a chair from which one of the children had risen. With his arm hanging limply over the back he sat staring haggardly at the judge, as though finding nothing to say.

"I have a right to read any man's mind," he muttered, after a long pause, "when it's as transparent as yours. No one had any doubt as to your convictions—after your charge."

"That has nothing to do with it. If I charged in your favor, it was because I wanted you to have the benefit of every possible plea. When those pleas were found insufficient by a jury of your peers—"

Ford emitted a grunting sound that might have been a laugh, had there been mirth in it.

"A jury of my peers! A lot of thick-headed country tradesmen, prejudiced against me from the start because I'd sometimes kicked up a row in their town! They weren't my peers any more than they were yours!"

"The law assumes all men to be equal—"

"Just as it assumes all men to be intelligent—only they're not. The law is a very fine theory. The chief thing to be said against it is that five times out of ten it leaves human nature out of account. I'm condemned to death, not because I killed a man, but because you lawyers won't admit that your theory doesn't work."

He began to speak more easily, with the energy born of his desperate situation and his sense of wrong. He sat up straighter; the air of dejection with which he had sunk to the chair slipped from him; his gray eyes, of the kind called "honest," shot out glances of protest. The elder man found himself once more struggling against the wave of sympathy which at times in the court-room had been almost too strong for him. He was forced to intrench himself mentally within the system he served before bracing himself to reply.

"I can't keep you from having your opinion—"

"Nor can I save you from having yours. Look at me, judge!" He was



bolt upright now, throwing his arms wide with a gesture in which there was more appeal than indignation. "Look at me! I'm a strong, healthy-bodied, healthy-minded fellow of twenty-four; but I'm drenched to the skin, I'm half naked, I'm nearly dead with hunger, I'm an outlaw for life—and you're responsible for it all."

It was Wayne's turn for protest, and though he winced, he spoke sharply.

"I had my duty to perform—"

"Good God, man, don't sit there and call that thing your duty. You're something more than a wheel in a machine. You were a human being before you were a judge. With your convictions you should have come down from the bench and washed your hands of the whole affair. The very action would have given me a chance—"

"You mustn't speak like that to my husband," Mrs. Wayne broke in, indignantly, from the doorway. "If you only knew what he has suffered on your account—"

"Is it anything like what I've suffered on his?"

"I dare say it's worse. He has scarcely slept or eaten since he knew he would have to pass that dreadful sen—"

"Come, come," Wayne exclaimed, in the impatient tone of a man who puts an end to a useless discussion. "We can't spend time on this subject any longer. I'm not on my defence—"

"You *are* on your defence," Ford declared, instantly. "Even your wife puts you there. We're not in a court-room, as we were this morning. Circumstantial evidence means nothing to us in this isolated house, where you're no longer the judge, as I'm no longer the prisoner. We're just two naked human beings, stripped of everything but their inborn rights—and I claim mine."

"Well—what are they?"

"They're simple enough. I claim the right to have something to eat, and to go my way without being molested—or betrayed. You'll admit I'm not asking much."

"You may have the food," Mrs. Wayne said, in a tone not free from compassion. "I'll go and get it. Mind," she added, as she turned the knob—"mind you don't hurt my husband while I'm away."

For a minute or two there was no sound but that of her cough, as she sped down a passage. Before speaking, Wayne passed his hand across his brow as though in an effort to clear his mental vision.

"No; you don't seem to be asking much. But, as a matter of fact, you're demanding my pledge to my country. I undertook to administer its laws—"

Ford sprang up.

"You've done it," he cried, "and I'm the result. You've administered the law right up to its hilt, and your duty as a judge is performed. Surely you're free now to think of yourself as a man and to treat me as one."

"I might do that, and still think you a man dangerous to leave at large."

"But do you?"

"That's my affair. Whatever your opinion of the courts that have judged your case, I must accept their verdict."

"In your official capacity—yes; but not here, as host to the poor dog who comes under your roof for shelter. My rights are sacred. Even the wild Arab—"

He paused abruptly. Over Wayne's shoulder, through the window still open to the terrace, he saw a figure cross the darkness. Could his pursuers be waiting outside for their chance to spring on him? A perceptible fraction of a second went by before he told himself he must have been mistaken.

"Even the wild Arab would think them so," he concluded, his glance shifting rapidly between the judge and the window open behind him.

"But I'm not a wild Arab," Wayne replied. "My first duty is toward my country and its organized society."

"I don't think so. Your first duty is toward the man you know you've sentenced wrongly. Fate has shown you an unusual mercy in giving you a chance to help him."

"I can be sorry for the sentence and yet feel that I could not have acted otherwise."

"Then what are you going to do now?"

"What would you expect me to do, but hand you back to justice?"

"How?"

There was a suggestion of physical disdain in the tone of the laconic question, as well as in the look he fixed on the



neat, middle-aged man doing his best to be cool and collected. Wayne glanced over his shoulder toward the telephone on the wall. Norrie Ford understood and spoke quickly:

"Yes; you could ring up the police at Greenport, but I could strangle you before you crossed the floor."

"So you could; but would you? If you did, should you be any better off? Should you be as well off as you are now? As it is, there is a possibility of a miscarriage of justice, of which one day you may get the benefit. There would be no such possibility then. You would be tracked down within forty-eight hours."

"Oh, you needn't argue; I've no intention—" Once more he paused. The same shadow had flitted across the dark space outside, this time with a distinct flutter of a white dress. He could only think it was some one getting help together; and while he went on to finish his sentence in words, all his subconscious faculties were at work, seeking an escape from the trap in which he was taken.

"I've no intention of doing violence unless I'm driven to it—"

"But if you are driven to it—?"

"I've a right to defend myself. Organized society, as you call it, has put me where it has no further claim upon me. I must fight against it single-handed—and I'll do it. I shall spare neither man nor woman—nor *woman*"—he raised his voice so as to be heard outside—"who stands in my way."

He threw back his head and looked defiantly out into the night. As if in response to this challenge a tall, white figure suddenly emerged from the darkness and stood plainly before him.

It was a girl, whose movements were curiously quick and silent, as she beckoned to him, over the head of the judge, who sat with his back toward her.

"Then all the more reason why society should protect itself against you," Wayne began again; but Ford was no longer listening. His attention was wholly fixed on the girl, who continued to beckon noiselessly, fluttering for an instant close to the threshold of the room, then withdrawing suddenly to the very edge of the terrace, waving a white scarf in token that he should follow her. She had repeated her action again and again, beckoning

with renewed insistence, before he understood and made up his mind.

"I don't say that I refuse to help you," Wayne was saying. "My sympathy with you is very sincere. If I can get your sentence commuted—In fact, a reprieve is almost certain—"

With a dash as lithe and sudden as that which had brought him in, Ford was out on the terrace, following the white dress and the waving scarf which were already disappearing down the yew-tree walk. The girl's flight over grass and gravel was like nothing so much as that of a bird skimming through the air. Ford's own steps crunched loudly on the stillness of the night, so that if any one lay in ambush he knew he could not escape. He was prepared to hear shots come ringing from any quarter, but he ran on with the indifference of a soldier grown used to battle, intent on keeping up with the shadow fleeing before him.

He followed her through the garden gate he himself had left open, and down the lane leading to the pasture. At the point where he had entered it from the right, she turned to the left, keeping away from the mountains and parallel with the lake. There was no moon, but the night was clear; and no sound but that of the shrill, sustained chorus of insect life.

Beyond the pasture the lane became nothing but a path, zigzagging up a hillside between patches of Indian corn. The girl sped over it so lightly that Ford would have found it hard to keep her in sight if from time to time she had not paused and waited. When he came near enough to see the outlines of her form she flew on again, less like a living woman than a mountain wraith.

From the top of the hill he could see the dull gleam of the lake with its girdle of lamp-lit towns. Here the woodland began again; not the main body of the forest, but one of its long arms, thrust down over hill and valley, twisting its way in among villages and farm lands. That which had been a path now became a trail, along which the girl flitted with the ease of habit and familiarity.

In the concentration of his effort to keep the moving white spot in view Ford lost count of time. Similarly he had little notion of the distance they were covering. He guessed that they had been ten



or fifteen minutes on the way, and that they might have gone a mile, when, after waiting for him to come almost near enough to speak to her, she began moving in a direction at an acute angle to that by which they had come. At the same time he perceived that they were on the side of a low wooded mountain and that they were beating their way round it.

All at once they emerged on a tiny clearing—a grassy ledge on the slope. Through the starlight he could see the hillside break away steeply into a vaporous gorge, while above him the mountain raised a black dome amid the serried points of the sky-line. The dryad-like creature beckoned him forward with her scarf, until suddenly she stopped with the decisive pause of one who has reached her goal. Coming up with her, he saw her unlock the door of a small cabin, which had hitherto not detached itself from the surrounding darkness.

“Go in,” she whispered. “Don’t strike a light. There are biscuits somewhere, in a box. Grope for them. There’s a couch in a corner.”

Without allowing him to speak, she forced him gently over the threshold and closed the door upon him. Standing inside, in the darkness, he heard the grating of her key in the lock, and the rustle of her skirts as she sped away.

### CHAPTER III

FROM the heavy sleep of fatigue Ford woke with the twittering of birds that announces the dawn. His first thought before opening his eyes, that he was still in his cell, was dispelled by the silky touch of the Sorrento rugs on which he lay. He fingered them again and again in a kind of wonder, while his still half-slumbering senses struggled for the memory of what had happened, and the realization of where he was. When at last he was able to reconstruct the events of the preceding night, he raised himself on his elbow and peered about him in the dim morning twilight.

The object he discerned most readily was an easel, giving him the secret of his refuge. On the wooden walls of the cabin, which was fairly spacious, water-color sketches were pinned at intervals,

while on the mantelpiece above a bricked fireplace one or two stood framed. Over the mantelpiece a pair of snow-shoes were crossed as decorations, between which hung a view of the city of Quebec. On a lay-figure in a corner was thrown carelessly the sort of blanket coat worn by Canadians during winter sports. Paints and palettes were arranged on a table by the wall, and on a desk in the middle of the room were writing materials and books. More books stood in a small suspended bookcase. Beside a comfortable reading-chair one or two magazines lay on the floor. His gaze travelled last to the large apron, or pinafore, on a peg fastened in a door immediately beside his couch. The door suggested an inner room, and he got up promptly to explore it. It proved to be cramped and dark, lighted only from the larger apartment, which in its turn had but the one high north window of the ordinary studio. The small room was little more than a shed, or “lean-to,” serving the purposes of kitchen and storeroom combined. The arrangements of the whole cabin showed that some one had built it with a view to passing in seclusion a few days at a time without forsaking the simpler amenities of civilized life; and it was clear that that “some one” was a woman. What interested Ford chiefly for the moment was the discovery of a sealed glass jar of water, from which he was able to slake his twenty hours’ thirst.

Returning to the room in which he had slept, he drew back the green silk curtain covering the north light in order to take his bearings. As he had guessed on the previous night, the slope on which the cabin was perched broke steeply down into a wooded gorge, beyond which the lower hills rolled in decreasing magnitude to the shore of Champlain, visible from this point of view in glimpses, less as an inland sea than like a chain of lakelets. Sunrise over Vermont flooded the waters with tints of rose and saffron, but made of the Green Mountains a long, gigantic mass of purple-black, twisting its jagged outline toward the north into the Hog’s Back and the Camel’s Hump with a kind of monstrous grace. To the east, in New York, the Adirondacks, with the sunlight full upon them, shot up jade-colored peaks into the electric blue—the scarred pyra-



mid of the Raven standing forth dark, detached, and alone, like a battered veteran sentinel.

In an access of conscious hatred of this vast panoramic beauty which had become the background of his tragedy, Ford pulled the curtain into place again and turned once more to the interior of the room. It began to seem more strange to him the more it grew familiar. Why was he here? How long was he to stay? How was he to get away again? Had this girl caught him like a rat in a trap, or did she mean well by him? If, as he supposed, she was Wayne's daughter, she would probably not be slow in carrying out her father's plan of handing him back to justice—and yet his mind refused to connect the wraith of the night before with either police work or betrayal. Her appearance had been so dim and fleeting that he could have fancied her the dryad of a dream, had it not been for his surroundings.

He began to examine them once more, inspecting the water-colors on the wall one by one, in search of some clue to her personality. The first sketch was of a nun in a convent garden—the background vaguely French, and yet with a difference. The next was of a trapper, or voyageur, pushing a canoe into the waters of a wild northern lake. The next was of a group of wigwams with squaws and children in the foreground. Then came more nuns; then more voyageurs with their canoes; then more Indians and wigwams. It occurred to Ford that the nuns might have been painted from life, the voyageurs and Indians from imagination. He turned to the two framed drawings on the chimney-piece. Both represented winter scenes. In the one a sturdy voyageur was conveying his wife and small personal belongings across the frozen snow on a sled drawn by a team of dogs. In the other a woman, apparently the same woman as in the preceding sketch, had fallen in the midst of a blinding storm, while a tall man of European aspect—decidedly not the voyageur—was standing beside her with a baby in his arms. These were clearly fancy pictures, and, so it seemed to Ford, the work of one who was trying to recapture some almost forgotten memory. In any case he was too deeply

engrossed by his own situation to dwell on them further.

He wheeled round again toward the centre of the room, impatiently casting about him for something to eat. The tin box, from which he had devoured all the biscuits, lay empty on the floor, but he picked it up and ate hungrily the few crumbs sticking in its corners. He ransacked the small dark room in the hope of finding more, but vainly. As far as he could see, the cabin had never been used for the purpose it was meant to serve, nor ever occupied for more than a few hours at a time. It had probably been built in a caprice that had passed with its completion. He guessed something from the fact that there was no visible attempt to sketch the scene before the door, though the site had evidently been chosen for its beauty.

He had nothing by which to measure time, but he knew that precious hours which he might have utilized for escape were passing. He began to chafe at the delay. With the impulse of youth to be active, he longed to be out, where he could at least use his feet. His clothes had dried upon him; in spite of his hunger he was refreshed by his night's sleep; he was convinced that, once in the open, he could elude capture. He pulled back the curtain again in order to reconnoitre. It was well to be as familiar as possible with the immediate lay of the land, so as to avail himself of any advantages it might offer.

The colors of sunrise had disappeared, and he judged that it must be seven or eight o'clock. Between the rifts of the lower hills the lake was flashing silver, while where Vermont had been nothing but a mass of shadow, blue-green mountains were emerging in a triple row, from which the last veils of vapor were being dragged up into the firmament. On the left, the Adirondacks were receding into translucent dimness, in a lilac haze of heat.

With an effort to get back the woodcraft suddenly inspired by his first dash for freedom, he ran his eye over the landscape, noting the points with which he was familiar. To the west, in a niche between the Raven and the double peak of Hurricane Mountain, he could place the county-town; to the north, beyond



the pretty headlands and the shining coves, the prison of Plattsburg was waiting to receive him. Farther to the north was Canada; and to the south the great waterway led toward the populous mazes of New York.

With an impatience bordering on nervousness he realized that these general facts did not help him. He must avoid the prison and the county-town, of course; while both New York and Canada offered him ultimate chances. But his most pressing dangers lurked in the immediate foreground; and there he could see nothing but an unsuggestive slope of ash and pine. The rapidity of instinct by which last night he had known exactly what to do gave place this morning to his slower and more characteristic mental processes.

He was still gazing outward in perplexity, when, through the trees beyond the grassy ledge, he caught the flicker of something white. He pressed closer to the pane for a better view, and a few seconds later a girl, whom he recognized as the nymph of last night, came out of the forest, followed by a fawn-colored collie. She walked smoothly and swiftly, carrying a large basket with her right hand, while with her left she motioned him away from the window. He stepped back, leaping to the door as she unlocked it, in order to relieve her of her burden.

"You mustn't do that," she said, speaking quickly. "You mustn't look out of the window or come to the door. There are a hundred men beating the mountain to find you."

She closed the door and locked it on the inside. While Ford lifted her basket to the desk in the centre of the room she drew the green curtain hastily, covering the window. Her movements were so rapid that he could catch no glimpse of her face, though he had time to note again the curious silence that marked her acts. The dog emitted a low growl.

"You must go in here," she said, decisively, throwing open the door of the inner room. "You mustn't speak or look out unless I tell you. I'll bring you your breakfast presently. Lie down, Micmac."

The gesture by which she forced him across the threshold was compelling rather than commanding. Before he realized that he had obeyed her he was

standing alone in the darkness, with the sound of a low voice of liquid quality echoing in his ears. Of her face he had got only the hint of dark eyes flashing with an eager, non-Caucasian brightness—eyes that drew their fire from a source alien to that of any Aryan race.

But he brushed that impression away as foolish. Her words had the unmistakable note of cultivation, while a glance at her person showed her to be a lady. He could see, too, that her dress, though simple, was according to the standard of means and fashion. She was no Pocahontas; and yet the thought of Pocahontas came to him. Certainly there was in her tones, as well as in her movements, something akin to this vast aboriginal nature around him, out of which she seemed to spring as the human element in its beauty.

He was still thinking of this when the door opened and she came in again, carrying a plate piled high with cold meat and bread and butter.

"I'm sorry it's only this," she smiled, as she placed it before him; "but I had to take what I could get—and what wouldn't be missed. I'll try to do better in future."

He noted the matter-of-fact tone in which she uttered the concluding words, as though they were to have plenty of time together; but for the moment he was too fiercely hungry to speak. For a few seconds she stood off, watching him eat, after which she withdrew, with the light swiftness that characterized all her motions.

He had nearly finished his meal when she returned again.

"I've brought you these," she said, not without a touch of shyness, against which she struggled by making her tone as commonplace as possible. "I shall bring you more things by degrees."

On a chair beside that on which he was sitting she laid a pair of slippers, a pair of socks, a shirt, a collar, and a necktie.

He jumped up hastily, less in surprise than in confusion.

"I can't take anything of Judge Wayne's—" he began to stammer; but she interrupted him.

"I understand your feelings about that," she said, simply. "They're not Judge Wayne's; they were my father's. I have plenty more."





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

"THERE ARE A HUNDRED MEN BEATING THE MOUNTAIN TO FIND YOU"







In his relief at finding she was not Wayne's daughter he spoke awkwardly.

"Your father? Is he—dead?"

"Yes; he's dead. You needn't be afraid to take the things. He would have liked to help a man—in your position."

"In my position? Then you know—who I am?"

"Yes; you're Norrie Ford. I saw that as soon as I chanced on the terrace last night."

"And you're not afraid of me?"

"I am—a little," she admitted; "but that doesn't matter."

"You needn't be—" he began to explain, but she checked him again.

"We mustn't talk now. I must shut the door and leave you in the dark all day. Men will be passing by, and they mustn't hear you. I shall be painting in the studio, so that they won't suspect anything, if you keep still."

Allowing him no opportunity to speak again, she closed the door, leaving him once more in darkness. Sitting in the constraint she imposed upon him, he could hear her moving in the outer room, where, owing to the lightness of the wooden partition, it was not difficult to guess what she was doing at any given moment. He knew when she opened the outer door and moved the easel toward the entrance. He knew when she took down the apron from its peg and pinned it on. He knew when she drew up a chair and pretended to set to work. In the hour or two of silence that ensued he was sure that, whatever she might be doing with her brush, she was keeping eye and ear alert in his defence.

Who was she? What interest had she in his fate? What power had raised her up to help him? Even yet he had scarcely seen her face; but he had received an impression of intelligence. He was sure she was no more than a girl—certainly not twenty—and yet she acted with the decision of maturity. At the same time there was about her that suggestion of a wild origin—that something not wholly tamed to the dictates of civilized life—which persisted in his imagination, even if he could not verify it in fact.

Twice in the course of the morning he heard voices. Men spoke to her through the open doorway, and she replied. Once he distinguished her words.

"Oh no," she called out to some one at a distance. "I'm not afraid. He won't do me any harm. I've got Micmac with me. I often stay here all day, but I shall go home early. Thanks," she added, in response to some further hint. "I'd rather not have any one here. I never can paint unless I'm quite alone."

Her tone was light, and Ford fancied that as she spoke she smiled at the passers-by who had thought it right to warn her against himself; but when, a few minutes later, she pushed open the door softly, the gravity that seemed more natural to her had returned.

"Several parties of men have gone by," she whispered. "They have no suspicion. They won't have, if you keep still. They think you have slipped away from here, and have gone back toward the lumber camps. This is your lunch," she continued, hastily, placing more food before him. "It will have to be your dinner, too. It will be safer for me not to come into this room again to-day. You must not go out into the studio till you're sure it's dark. No noise. No light. I've put an extra rug on the couch in case you're chilly in the night."

She spoke breathlessly, in whispers, and having finished, slipped away.

"You're awfully good," he whispered back. "Won't you tell me your name?"

"Hush!" she warned him, as she closed the door.

He stood still in the darkness, leaving his food untasted, listening to the soft rustle of her movements beyond the wall. Except that he heard no more voices, the afternoon passed like the morning. At the end of what seemed to him interminable hours he knew by acute attention that she hung her apron on its peg, put on her hat, and took up her basket, while Micmac rose and shook himself. Presently she closed the door of the cabin and locked it on the outside. He fancied he could almost hear her step as she sped over the grass and into the forest. Only then did the tension of his nerves relax, as, dropping to his chair in the darkness, he began to eat.

#### CHAPTER IV

THE two or three days that followed were much like the first. Each morning she came early, bringing him



food, and such articles of clothing as she thought he could wear. By degrees she provided him with a complete change of raiment, and though the fit was tolerable, they laughed together at the transformation produced in him. It was the first time he had seen her smile, and even in the obscurity of the inner room where she still kept him secluded he noted the vividness with which her habitually grave features lighted up. Micmac, too, became friendly, inferring with the instinct of his race that Ford was an object to be guarded.

"No one would know you now," the girl declared, surveying him with satisfaction.

"Were these things all your father's?" he asked, with a new attempt to penetrate the mystery of her personality.

"Yes," she returned, absently, continuing her inspection of him. "They were sent to me, and I kept them. I never knew why I did; but I suppose it was—for this."

"He must have been a tall man," Ford hazarded, again.

"Yes, he must have been," she returned, unwarily. Then, feeling that the admission required some explanation, she added, with a touch of embarrassment, "I never saw him—not that I can remember."

"Then he died a long time ago?"

Her reply came reluctantly, after some delay.

"Not so very long—about four years ago now."

"And yet you hadn't seen him since you were a child?"

"There were reasons. We mustn't talk. Some one may pass and hear us."

He could see that her hurry in finishing the small tasks she had come in to perform for him arose not so much from precaution as from a desire to escape from this particular subject.

"I suppose you could tell me his name?" he persisted.

Her hands moved deftly, producing order among the things he had left in confusion, but she remained silent. It was a silence in which he recognized an element of protest, though he ignored it.

"You could tell me his name?" he asked, again.

"His name," she said at last, "wouldn't convey anything to you. It wouldn't do you any good to know it."

"It would gratify my curiosity. I should think you might do as much as that for me."

"I'm doing a great deal for you as it is. I don't think you should ask for more."

Her tone was one of reproach rather than of annoyance, and he was left with a sense of having committed an indiscretion. The consciousness brought with it the perception that in a measure he was growing used to his position. He was beginning to take it for granted that this girl should come and minister to his wants. She herself did it so simply, so much as a matter of course, that the circumstance lost much of its strangeness. Now and then he could detect some confusion in her manner as she served him, but he could see too that she surmounted it, in view of the fact that for him the situation was one of life and death. She was clearly not indifferent to elementary social usages; she only saw that the case was one in which they did not obtain. In his long, unoccupied hours of darkness it distracted his thoughts from his own peril to speculate about her; and when she appeared his questions were the more blunt because of the small opportunity she allowed for asking them.

"Won't they miss you at home?" he inquired on the next occasion when she entered his cell.

She paused with a look of surprise.

"At home? Where do you mean?"

"Why—where you live; where your mother lives."

"My mother died a few months after I was born."

"Oh? But even so, you live somewhere, don't you?"

"I do; but they don't miss me there, if that's what you want to know."

"I was only afraid," he said, apologetically, "that you were giving me too much of your time."

"I've nothing else to do with it. I shall be only too glad if I can help you to escape."

"Why? Why should you care about me?"

"I don't," she said, simply; "at least I don't know that I do."



"Oh, then you're helping me just—on general principles?"

"Quite so."

"Well," he smiled, "mayn't I ask why again?"

"Because I don't like the law."

"You mean that you don't like the law as a whole?—or—or this law in particular?"

"I don't like any law. I don't like anything about it. But," she added, resorting to her usual method of escape, "we mustn't talk any more now. Some men passed here this morning, and they may be coming back. They've given up looking for you; they are convinced you're up in the lumber camps, but all the same we must be careful still."

He had no further speech with her that day, and the next she remained at the cabin little more than an hour.

"It's just as well for me not to excite curiosity," she explained to him before leaving; "and you needn't be uneasy now. They've stopped the hunt altogether. They say there's not a spot within a radius of ten miles of Greenport that they haven't searched. It would never occur to any one that you could be here. Every one knows me; and so the thought that I could be helping you would be the last in their minds."

"And have you no remorse at betraying their confidence?"

She shook her head. "Most of them," she declared, "are very well pleased to think you've got away; and even if they weren't I should never feel remorse for helping any one to evade the law."

"You seem to have a great objection to the law."

"Well, haven't you?"

"Yes; but in my case it's comprehensible."

"So it is in mine—if you only knew."

"Perhaps," he said, looking at her steadily, "this is as good a time as any to assure you that the law has done me wrong."

He waited for her to say something; but as she stroked Micmac's head in silence, he continued.

"I never committed the crime of which they found me guilty."

He waited again for some intimation of her confidence.

"Their string of circumstantial evi-

dence was plausible enough, I admit. The only weak point about it was that it wasn't true."

Even through the obscurity of his refuge he could feel the suspension of expression in her bearing, and could imagine it bringing a kind of eclipse over her eyes.

"He was very cruel to you—your uncle?—wasn't he?" she asked at last.

"He was very cantankerous; but that wouldn't be a reason for shooting him in his sleep—whatever I may have said when in a rage."

"I should think it might be."

He started. If it were not for the necessity of making no noise he would have laughed.

"Are you so bloodthirsty—?" he began.

"Oh no, I'm not; but I should think it is what a man would do. My father wouldn't have submitted to it. I know he killed one man; and he may have killed two or three."

Ford whistled under his breath.

"So that," he said, after a pause, "your objection to the law is—hereditary."

"My objection to the law is because it is unjust. The world is full of injustice," she added, indignantly, "and the laws men live by create it."

"And your aim is to defeat them?"

"I can't talk any more now," she said, reverting to an explanatory tone of voice. "I must go. I've arranged everything for you for the day. If you are very quiet you can sit in the studio and read; but you mustn't look out at the window, or even draw back the curtain. If you hear a step outside, you must creep in here and shut the door. And you needn't be impatient; because I'm going to spend the day working out a plan for your escape."

But when she appeared next morning she declined to give details of the plan she had in mind. She preferred to work it out alone, she said, and give him the outlines only when she had settled them. It chanced to be a day of drenching summer rain, and Ford, with a renewed effort to get some clue to her identity, expressed his surprise that she should have been allowed to venture out.

"Oh, no one worries about what I do,"



she said, indifferently. "I go about as I choose."

"So much the better for me," he laughed. "That's how you came to be wandering on old Wayne's terrace, just in the nick of time. What stumps me is the promptness with which you thought of stowing me away."

"It wasn't promptness, exactly. As a matter of fact, I had worked the whole thing out beforehand."

His eyebrows went up incredulously. "For me?"

"No, not for you; for anybody. Ever since my guardian allowed me to build the studio—last year—I've imagined how easy it would be for some—some hunted person to stay hidden here, almost indefinitely. I've tried to fancy it, when I've had nothing better to do."

"You don't seem to have had anything better to do very often," he observed, glancing about the cabin.

"If you mean that I haven't painted much, that's quite true. I thought I couldn't do without a studio—till I got one. But when I've come here, I'm afraid it's generally been to—to indulge in day-dreams."

"Day-dreams of helping prisoners to escape. It wouldn't be every girl's fancy, but it's not for me to complain of that."

"My father would have wanted me to do it," she declared, as if in self-justification. "A woman once helped him to get out of prison."

"Good for her! Who was she?"

Having asked the question lightly, in a boyish impulse to talk, he was surprised to see her show signs of embarrassment.

"She was my mother," she said, after an interval in which she seemed to be making up her mind to give the information.

In the manifest difficulty she had in speaking, Ford sprang to her aid.

"That's like the old story of Gilbert à Becket—Thomas à Becket's father, you know."

The historical reference was received in silence, as she bent over the small task she had in hand.

"He married the woman who helped him out of prison," Ford went on, for her enlightenment.

She raised her head and faced him.

"It wasn't like the story of Gilbert à Becket," she said, quietly.

It took some seconds of Ford's slow thinking to puzzle out the meaning of this. Even then he might have pondered in vain had it not been for the flush that gradually overspread her features, and brought what he called the wild glint into her eyes. When he understood he reddened in his own turn, making matters worse.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I never thought—"

"You needn't beg my pardon," she interrupted, speaking with a catch in her breath. "I wanted you to know. . . . You've asked me so many questions that it seemed as if I was ashamed of my father and mother when I didn't answer. . . . I'm not ashamed of them. . . . I'd rather you knew. . . . Every one does—who knows me."

Half unconsciously he glanced up at the framed sketches on the chimney-piece. Her eyes followed him, and she spoke instantly:

"You're quite right. I meant that—for them."

They were standing in the studio, into which she had allowed him to come from the stifling darkness of the inner room, on the ground that the rain protected them against intrusion from outside. During their conversation she had been placing the easel and arranging the work which formed her pretext for being there, while Micmac, stretched on the floor, with his head between his paws, kept a half-sleepy eye on both of them.

"Your father was a Canadian, then?" he ventured to ask, as she seated herself with a palette in her hand.

"He was a Virginian. My mother was the wife of a French-Canadian voyageur. I believe she had a strain of Indian blood. The voyageurs and their families generally have."

Having recovered her self-possession, she made her statements in the matter-of-fact tone she used to hide embarrassment, flicking a little color into the sketch before her as she spoke. Ford seated himself at a distance, gazing at her with a kind of fascination. Here, then, was the clue to that something untamed which persisted through all the effects of training and education, as a





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

"IT WILL BE SAFER FOR YOU IN THE END NOT TO KNOW ANY OF OUR NAMES."







wild flavor will last in a carefully cultivated fruit. His curiosity about her was so intense that, notwithstanding the difficulty with which she stated her facts, it overcame his prompting to spare her.

"And yet," he said, after a long pause, in which he seemed to be assimilating the information she had given him—"and yet I don't see how that explains *you*."

"I suppose it doesn't—not any more than your situation explains you."

"My situation explains me perfectly, because I'm the victim of a wrong."

"Well, so am I—in another way. I'm made to suffer because I'm the daughter of my parents."

"That's a rotten shame," he exclaimed, in boyish sympathy. "It isn't your fault."

"Of course it isn't," she smiled, wistfully. "And yet I'd rather suffer with the parents I have than be happy with any others."

"I suppose that's natural," he admitted, doubtfully.

"I wish I knew more about them," she went on, continuing to give light touches to the work before her, and now and then leaning back to get the effect. "I never understood why my father was in prison in Canada."

"Perhaps it was when he killed the man," Ford suggested.

"No; that was in Virginia—at least the first one. His people didn't like it. That was the reason for his leaving home. He hated a settled life; and so he wandered away into the northwest of Canada. It was in the days when they first began to build the railways there—when there were almost no people except the trappers and the voyageurs. I was born on the very shores of Hudson Bay."

"But you didn't stay there?"

"No. I was only a very little child—not old enough to remember—when my father sent me down to Quebec, to the Ursuline nuns. He never saw me again. I lived with them till four years ago. I'm eighteen now."

"Why didn't he send you to his people? Hadn't he sisters?—or anything like that?"

"He tried to, but they wouldn't take me. They wouldn't have anything to do with me."

It was clearly a relief to her to talk about herself. He guessed that she rarely had an opportunity of opening her heart to any one. Not till this morning had he seen her in the full light of day; and though but an immature judge, he fancied her features had settled themselves into lines of reserve and pride from which in happier circumstances they might have been free. Her way of twisting her dark hair—which waved over the brows from a central parting—into the simplest kind of knot gave her an air of sedateness beyond her years. But what he noticed in her particularly was her eyes—not so much because they were wild, dark eyes, with the peculiar fleeing expression of startled forest things, as because of the pleading, apologetic look that comes into the eyes of forest things when they stand at bay. It was when—for seconds only—the pupils shone with a jet-like blaze that he caught what he called the non-Aryan effect; but that glow died out quickly, leaving something of the fugitive appeal which Hawthorne saw in the eyes of Beatrice Cenci.

"He offered his sisters a great deal of money," she sighed, "but they wouldn't take me."

"Oh? So he had money?"

"He was one of the first Americans to make money in the Canadian northwest; but that was after my mother died. She died in the snow, on a journey—like that sketch above the fireplace. I've been told that it changed my father's life. He had been what they call wild before that—but he wasn't so any more. He grew very hard-working and serious. He was one of the pioneers of that country—one of the very first to see its possibilities. That was how he made his money; and when he died he left it to me. I believe it's a good deal."

"Didn't you hate being in the convent?" he asked, suddenly. "I should."

"N-no; not exactly. I wasn't unhappy. The Sisters were kind to me. Some of them spoiled me. It wasn't until after my father died, and I began to realize—who I was, that I grew restless. I felt I should never be happy until I was among people of my own kind."

"And how did you get there?"

She smiled faintly to herself before answering.



"I never did. There are no people of my kind."

Embarrassed by the stress she seemed inclined to lay on this circumstance, he grasped at the first thought that might divert her from it.

"So you live with a guardian! How do you like that?"

"I should like it well enough if he did—that is, if his wife did. You see," she tried to explain, "she's very sweet and gentle, and all that, but she's devoted to the proprieties of life, and I seem to represent to her—its improprieties. I know it's a trial to her to keep me, and so, in a way, it's a trial to me to stay."

"Why do you stay, then?"

"For one reason, because I can't help myself. I have to do what the law tells me."

"I see. The law again!"

"Yes; the law again. But I've other reasons besides that."

"Such as—?"

"Well, I'm very fond of their little girl, for one thing. She's the greatest darling in the world, and the only creature, except my dog, that loves me."

"What's her name?"

The question drove her to painting with closer attention to her work. Ford followed something of the progress of her thought by watching the just perceptible contraction of her brows into a little frown, and the setting of her lips into a curve of determination. They were handsome lips, mobile and sensitive—lips that might easily have been disdainful had not the inner spirit softened them with a tremor—or it might have been a light—of gentleness.

"It isn't worth while to tell you that," she said, after long reflection. "It will be safer for you in the end not to know any of our names at all."

"Still—if I escape—I should like to know them."

"If you escape you may be able to find out."

"Oh, well," he said, with assumed indifference, "since you don't want to tell me—"

Going on with her painting, she allowed the subject to drop; but to him the opportunity for conversation was too rare a thing to neglect. Not only was

his youthful impulse toward social self-expression normally strong, but his pleasure in talking to a lady—a girl—was undeniable. Sometimes in his moments of solitary meditation he said to himself that she was "not his type of girl"; but the fact that he had been deprived of feminine society for nearly three years made him ready to fall in love with any one. If he did not precisely fall in love with this girl, it was only because the situation precluded sentiment; and yet it was pleasant to sit and watch her paint, and even torment her with his questions.

"So the little girl is one reason for your staying here. What's another?"

She betrayed her own taste for social communion by the readiness with which she answered him.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you that; and yet I might as well. It's just this: they're not very well off—so I can help. Naturally I like that."

"You can help by footing the bills. That's all very fine if you enjoy it, but everybody wouldn't."

"They would if they were in my position," she insisted. "When you can help in any way it gives you a sense of being of use to some one. I'd rather that people needed me, even if they didn't want me, than that they shouldn't need me at all."

"They need your money," he declared, with a young man's outspokenness. "That's what."

"But that's something, isn't it? When you've no place in the world you're glad enough to get one, even if you have to buy it. My guardian and his wife mayn't care much to have me, but it's some satisfaction to know that they'd get along much worse if I weren't here."

"So should I," he laughed. "What I'm to do when I'm turned adrift without you, Heaven only knows. It's curious—the effect imprisonment has on you. It takes away your self-reliance. It gives you a helpless feeling, like a baby. You want to be free—and yet you're almost afraid of the open air."

He was so much at home with her now that, sitting carelessly astride of his chair, with his arms folded on the back, he felt a fraternal element in their mutual relation. She bent



more closely over her work, and spoke without looking up.

"Oh, you'll get along all right. You're that sort."

"That's easy to say."

"You may find it easy to do." Her next words, uttered while she continued to flick color into her sketch, caused him to jump with astonishment. "I'd go to the Argentine."

"Why not say the moon?"

"For one reason, because the moon is inaccessible."

"So is the Argentine—for me."

"Oh no, it isn't. Other people have reached it."

"Yes; but they weren't in my fix."

"Some of them were probably in worse."

There was a pause, during which she seemed absorbed in her work, while Ford sat meditatively whistling under his breath.

"What put the Argentine into your head?" he asked at last.

"Because I happen to know a good deal about it. Everybody says it's the country of new opportunities. I know people who've lived there. The little girl I was speaking of just now—whom I'm so fond of—was born there. Her father is dead since then, and her mother is married again."

He continued to meditate, emitting the same tuneless, abstracted sound, just above his breath.

"I know the name of an American

firm out there," she went on. "It's Stephens & Jarrott. It's a very good firm to work for. I've often heard that. And Mr. Jarrott has helped ever so many—stranded people."

"I should be just his sort, then."

His laugh, as he sprang to his feet, seemed to dismiss an impossible subject; and yet as he lay on his couch that evening in the lampless darkness the name of Stephens & Jarrott obtruded itself into his visions of this girl, who stood between him and peril because she "disliked the law." He wondered how far it was dislike, and how far jealous pain. In her eagerness to buy the domestic place she had not inherited she reminded him of something he had read—or heard—of the wild olive being grafted into the olive of the orchard. Well, that would come in the natural course of events. Some fine fellow, worthy to be her mate, would see to it. He was not without a pleasant belief that in happier circumstances he himself might have had the qualifications for the task. He wondered again what her name was. He ran through the catalogue of the names he himself would have chosen for a heroine—Gladys, Ethel, Mildred, Millicent!—none of them seemed to suit her. He tried again. Margaret, Beatrice, Lucy, Joan! Joan possibly—or, he said to himself, in the last inconsequential thoughts as he fell asleep, it might be—the Wild Olive.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Two Deaths

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THEY stopped the clock the hour he died,  
And they quenched the candle's flame.  
But the dawn came up the earth's steep side . . . .  
And the hours run on the same.

They stopped the clock, they quenched the light,  
And into the house the mourners came.  
How could they know two died that night? . . . .  
And the hours run on the same.



# The New Science of Animal Behavior

BY JOHN B. WATSON

Professor of Experimental and Comparative Psychology, Johns Hopkins University

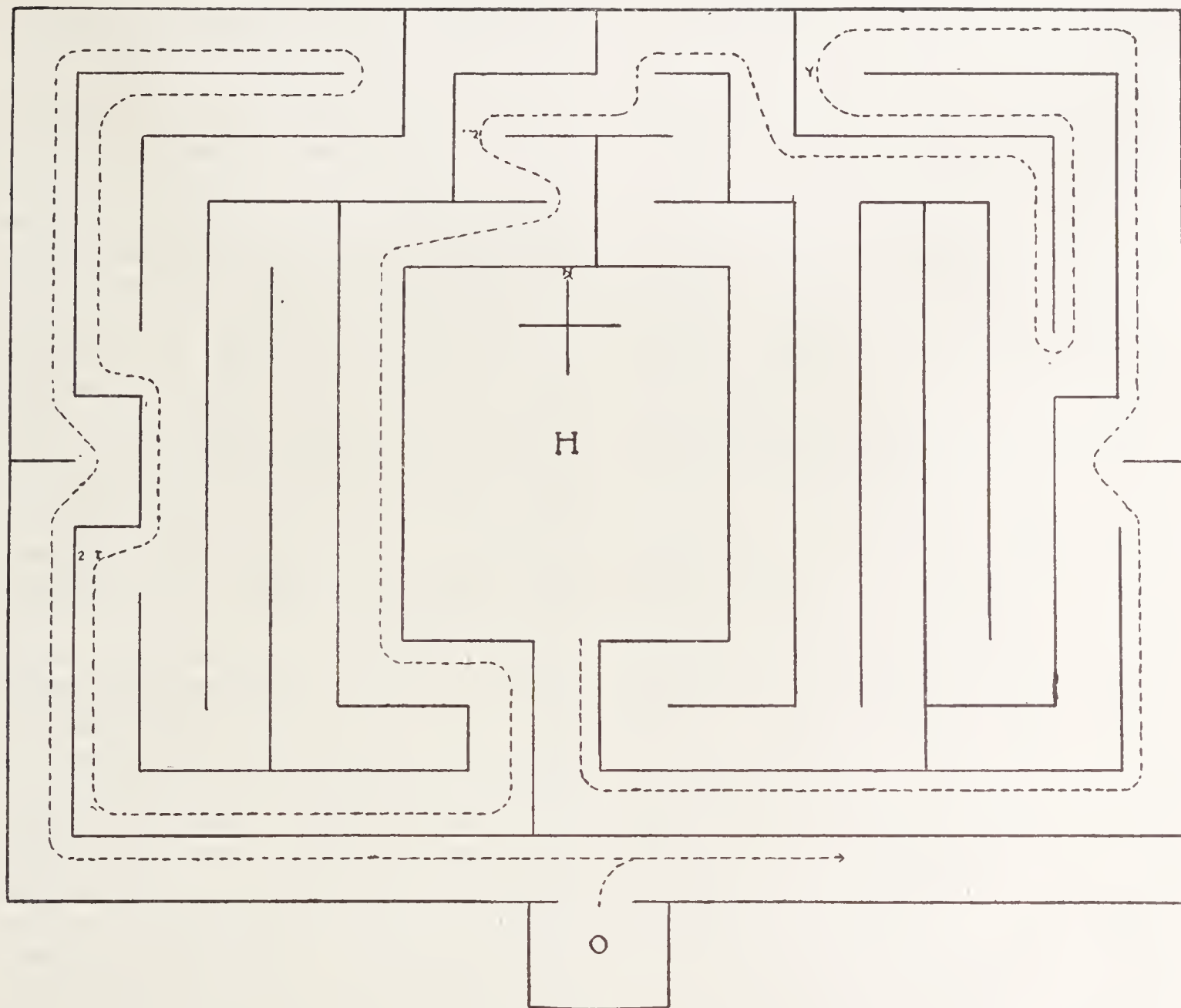
A FEW decades ago we heard much of the new science of experimental psychology. The "new psychology," as it was called, flourished vigorously and supplanted its rival, the older, speculative or metaphysical type. In its infancy this science had as its province the experimental analysis of the human mind. As time went on it became evident that the human mind, like the human body, had passed through developmental stages before reaching its present relatively high stage of perfection. If this is true—and there can no longer be a doubt of it—it becomes as necessary to study the minds of animals as it is to study the human mind. This new branch of experimental psychology is called animal psychology or animal behavior. The latter term is probably the preferable one, since many biologists are studying the behavior of animals, and some of them, being ignorant of the aims and methods of experimental psychology, object to any naming of the field which would imply that its workers are in any measure psychologists. The subject is large enough, however, for both the psychologist and the biologist. The goal of both is the same—the right understanding of all the factors which enter into the development of human life.

Not later than ten years ago our knowledge of the behavior of animals consisted largely of the chance observations made by naturalists and of the anecdotes which the lovers of animals had recorded about their own pets or the pets of their neighbors. The status of animal psychology at that time was similar to that of physics when the latter science concerned itself with the question as to whether the sun revolved daily around the earth. The older naturalists, by the mistaken way in which they carried on their observations, gave us what has aptly been called a supranormal psychology of ani-

mals. If a cat, which has been shut up in a room while its mistress is away, goes to the window and turns a button, thereby permitting the window to swing open, what more natural on the part of the mistress when she returns and finds the cat gone and discovers the mode of exit than to assume that the cat understood the relation existing between the button and the window and reasoned that if it turned the button the window would swing open? And when this anecdote comes to the ear of the naturalist, why does he not have the right to generalize upon this single incident and conclude that "reasoning" is a part of the cat's mental equipment? Or, if the squirrel during the time of plenty buries a store of nuts, and when the time of scarcity comes goes and scratches them up, why not assume that the squirrel "remembers" that he buried the nuts in such and such places, and realizes that if he goes to these spots he can again find food? Again, if one of these naturalists were asked whether or not animals have color vision, the reply would be: "Certainly. Is not the bull angered by the flaunting of a red rag? Does not the female bird select her mate by reason of his attractive plumage? Why else, from an evolutionary standpoint, should the males put on their gaudy plumage in the mating season?"

Gradually, in the course of time, after a sufficient number of such observations were at hand, there appeared numerous books, which took as their subject-matter the mental life of animals. Animals high and low in the zoological scale were accredited with all the sensations which man possesses, and with many which man does not possess. It was affirmed in these books that animals consciously remember their past acts; that they have emotions similar in most respects to those displayed by man. It was even





A MODIFIED HAMPTON COURT MAZE

Used by the writer in experiments with the white rat. The animal placed at O must go to H in order to obtain food. The correct route, shown by the dotted line, is 43 feet long. After learning the route the animal can traverse it in ten seconds without error, either in darkness or light

affirmed that the sentiments of justice, charity, religion, and other social virtues are not wholly wanting. These books are of no value to the science. They consist simply of tabulations of clever acts, which, if performed by man, would presumably call for the exercise of conscious processes. It is impossible to find in these publications a single carefully conducted experimental test of the acts in question. As fit companions to this type of books, we have the extravagant creations of the "literary naturalists." Unfortunately, the literary naturalists exist even at the present time. These men spend a day or two in the woods watching the animals at work and at play. They may or may not make written notes of the results of their observations, but when it comes time to write up the story their mental notes are rounded into

beautiful literary form. If there arises a conflict between the fact observed and what the author really wants to say, so much the worse for the fact.

It is easy now to point out the mistake which the early naturalists made and which the untrained man makes to-day in observing the behavior of animals. In our example the cat probably did turn the button, but this part of the observation is not the whole story—by what tedious and long-drawn-out process did the animal first stumble upon the right movement? To complete the observation, it would be necessary to take a number of such animals, put them in the same situation, and observe the whole process of learning the act. In other words, we should have to resort to experiment. It was the recognition of the need of experiment which led Principal Lloyd Morgan of Bris-

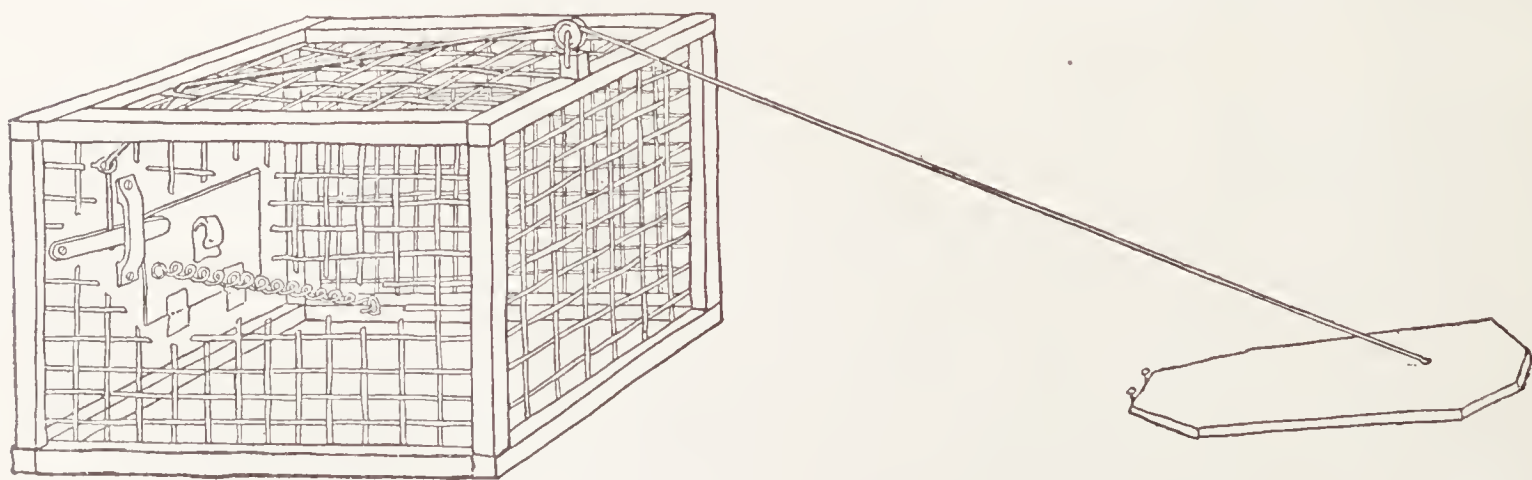


tol College, England, to separate himself some twenty years ago from the "anecdotal" school and begin an experimental investigation of the behavior of higher animals. Time and laboratory facilities were not at his disposal, but he made many tests upon chicks and upon his pet dog, which usually accompanied him on his morning walks. Morgan's work did not attract many followers until some ten years ago, when Thorndike of Columbia University took up the study in the United States. Since then many other American and Continental students have begun studies upon animals, and to-day, in this country at least, the field of animal behavior is one of the most active in the whole of science. The work is now no longer confined to the study of higher vertebrates. It has been extended until it includes the study of all living organisms.

How do we make a laboratory study of the mind of an animal? It is not possible to get into its mind and see for ourselves the drama of mental events which is taking place there, consequently how is it ever possible to get any clear insight into the working of its mind? At first sight we seem to have here an insuperable obstacle to the study. A little reflection, however, will show that we are forever debarred from studying the mind of our human neighbor in this direct way; yet surely no one in this day would be hardy enough to deny that we can and do get a very definite and scientific notion of the way our neighbor's mind works. We study our human subject in two ways—by watching what he does under given and controllable

conditions, and by attending to what he says under those conditions. Still further reflection will show that speech is only a refined and highly organized way of acting or behaving. Instead of reacting with the arm or leg our human subject when speaking reacts with the muscles of his throat. If it is admitted that speech is only a refined mode of behavior (and of this there is no doubt), we are forced to the conclusion that all of our knowledge of the minds of others comes from our observation of what they do. If we control the conditions under which a human subject reacts, and record such reactions, as is done in the psychological laboratory, we get that body of knowledge which is called "human experimental psychology."

In a similar way we take our animal subjects into the laboratory, preferably when they are young (very often at birth), and watch the gradual way in which their instinctive life develops. This gives us a key to what all animals of a particular species naturally and instinctively do—*i. e.*, the acts which they perform without training, tuition, or social contact with their fellow animals. It teaches the psychologist, too, the way to go about the animal's education—*i. e.*, gives him a notion of the problems which the structural peculiarities of the animal will permit him to learn. He would not give a starfish the same problems that he would give the bird, nor the amœba (the lowest form of animal life) the same problems as the monkey. But it is very desirable before the detailed work of any animal's education



A FORM OF PROBLEM BOX

Here the animal must walk up the inclined plane to release the latch on the spring door. The conditions for opening the box may be widely varied. For example the task may be the pulling of a string suspended at the side of the box, or the clawing or pushing of the latch itself



is begun to know something about the way his sense organs work. We must know the avenues through which we may appeal to him. Is our animal normal in his color vision? If not, what are the defects? Is he totally color-blind, or only partly so? How keen is his ability to discriminate between two equally illuminated circles when they differ only in size? Can he discriminate between a circle and a square, a square and a triangle, or between a circle and an ellipse? Is he more sensitive to differences in the intensity of white light than a human being, or less so? It sometimes takes months or even years for an investigator to answer accurately a single one of these questions; yet every sense organ—smell, hearing, touch, etc.—should be tested in this careful way before it can be said that we know our animal and are ready to begin his education.

How can we answer the question, for example, whether an animal has color vision? I have already said, "by watching what he does." Let me illustrate, from some of my own experiments upon the color vision of monkeys, how the psychologist makes the animal tell whether it has color vision or not. Two colors (obtained by passing sunlight through a prism), red and green, or yellow and blue, are made to illuminate two small metal food-boxes, set flush with the floor of the apparatus, the whole being placed in an otherwise dark room. In the food-box (closed by a hinged lid which the animal must pull open) illuminated by the red we place a single grape; in the box illuminated by the green we also place a grape, but arrange the conditions so that the animal can open only the box illuminated by the red light. The grape is kept in the other box so that we may be sure that the animal is not being guided by smell. We first train our animal outside the dark room to get food by pulling open these little boxes. What happens when we take him into the dark room and confront him with the two boxes illuminated by the two different lights? Obviously he can choose either of the two boxes; he does not know which one to open, no association has as yet been established between red light and food and green light and no food. As a matter of fact,

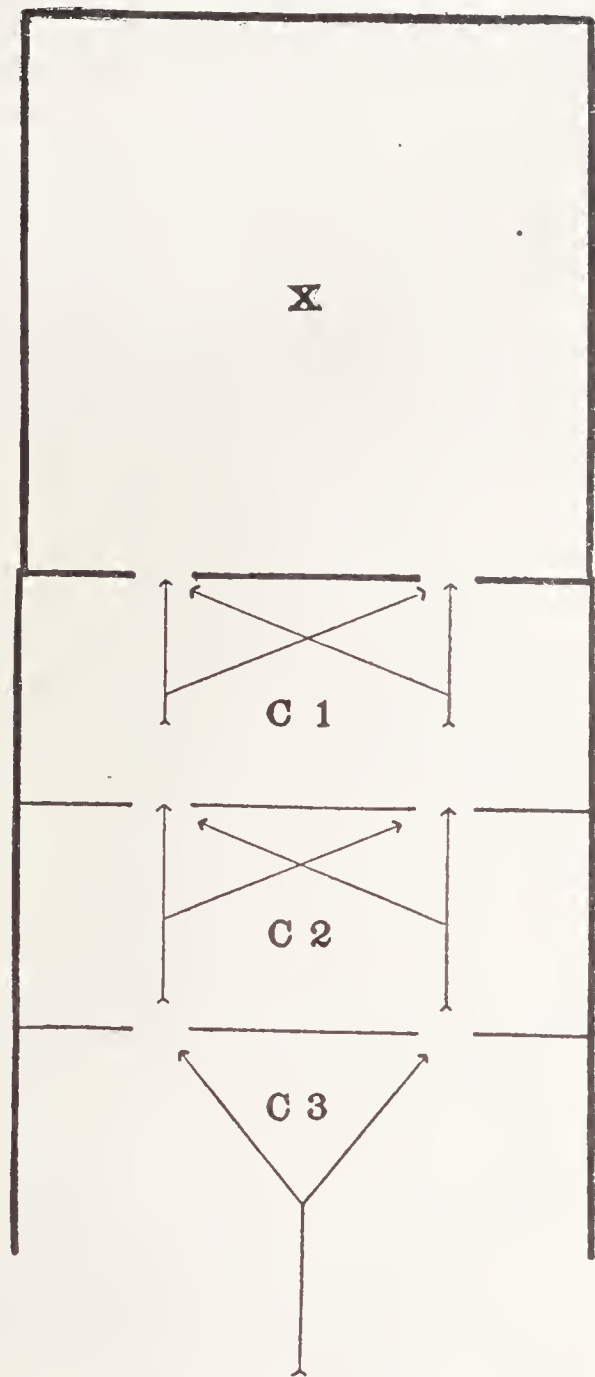


FIG. 22.

## A SIMPLE FORM OF MAZE

For testing the early stages of memory in young white rats. The mother and young are placed in the compartment X. When eight days old the young rat is placed at C 3 and allowed to find its way back. Very clear evidence of memory of a particular pathway is evidenced at the age of thirteen days

he is just as likely to go to one as to the other—*i. e.*, make as many wrong choices as right. If we leave the red color on the same side always, the animal will learn to go to that side even though it is color-blind, by merely forming the habit of going always to the right or left—a so-called position habit. We must guard against this by having our apparatus so arranged that we can present the red now on the right, now on the left. The animal must learn to follow the red light regardless of its position. If our tests are continued long enough, an association is established between red color and food. It required about twenty-five days for Jimmie, a rhesus monkey



of mine, to form this simple association. At the end of this time he would choose the red (color with food) about ninety times out of a hundred on the average. It began to look as though he might have color vision, but our test had not been carried far enough. So far we have said nothing about the difference in the brightness or intensity of the two colors.

We know that colors as they are seen in the sunlight spectrum differ to our eyes quite a little in their brightness. A color-blind person could learn to distinguish between red and green in the above test by reason of the fact that they differ so in brightness. The apparatus must be so constructed that we can easily and immediately change the brightness of either the red or the green, and the monkey

must be able to choose the red always if he has color vision, under these several conditions: red very bright, green very dark; red very dark, green very bright; both red and green dark; both red and green bright. Many such changes were introduced into my tests in order to confuse the monkey if possible, but without much success. The monkey apparently possesses to a very high degree the ability to choose between colors.

Only a few of the animals have been tested in this careful way. When the results are all in, we will know as much about the animal type of vision as we do about the vision of a human being. The results, so far attained, seem to indicate that monkeys have color vision. The common cat is apparently defective or wholly lacking in it. Opinion is divided about dogs—the evidence seems fair, however, that the Russian hunting-dog is without it. The dancing mice (tests made by Professor Yerkes of Harvard)

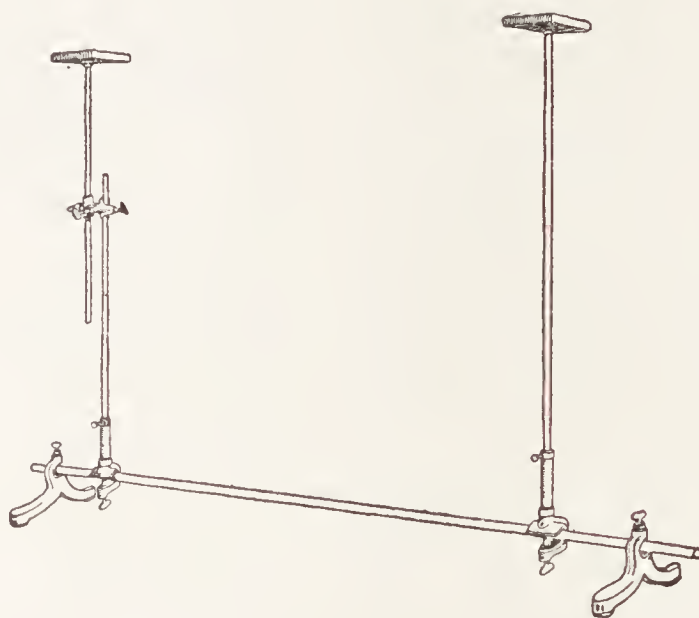
and white rats are very defective in color vision. We know very little about the color vision of birds, but there is some evidence that they possess it in a high degree. It can thus be seen that when we have carefully studied the color vision in all the main types of animals, we will have a set of facts giving us the complete evolutionary history of color vision. That

human color vision has had such an evolutionary history comes out very clearly from the fact that studies on the human cup-shaped retina (the sensitive coat or lining of the eye) have shown it to be almost if not totally color-blind upon the periphery; sensitive only to yellow and blue in the middle region, and sensitive to all the colors of the rainbow only in a very small region near its geometric

centre. When we consider this atavistic condition of our own retina the need of such studies upon the color vision of animals is fully apparent.

The students of behavior are as busily engaged in testing the other senses of animals as in testing vision. The dog has been shown to have a wonderful power of analyzing musical chords and of detecting very slight differences in pitch. Other animals have been shown to have extremely defective hearing; even some fairly highly developed animals seem to be almost, if not wholly, lacking in hearing.

Apparatus and methods are at hand for forcing the animal to tell us about the kind of world he lives in. If it is a smell world, we shall find it out. If it is a world of vision in which there are no colors, we shall not long remain ignorant. When all such evidence is in, we shall have an invaluable body of facts which will all but revolutionize



RICHARDSON'S JUMPING DEVICE

After the animal is taught to jump a fixed distance from one platform to the other, the distance is suddenly increased or decreased. Only animals with keen vision take the jump perfectly under the changed conditions

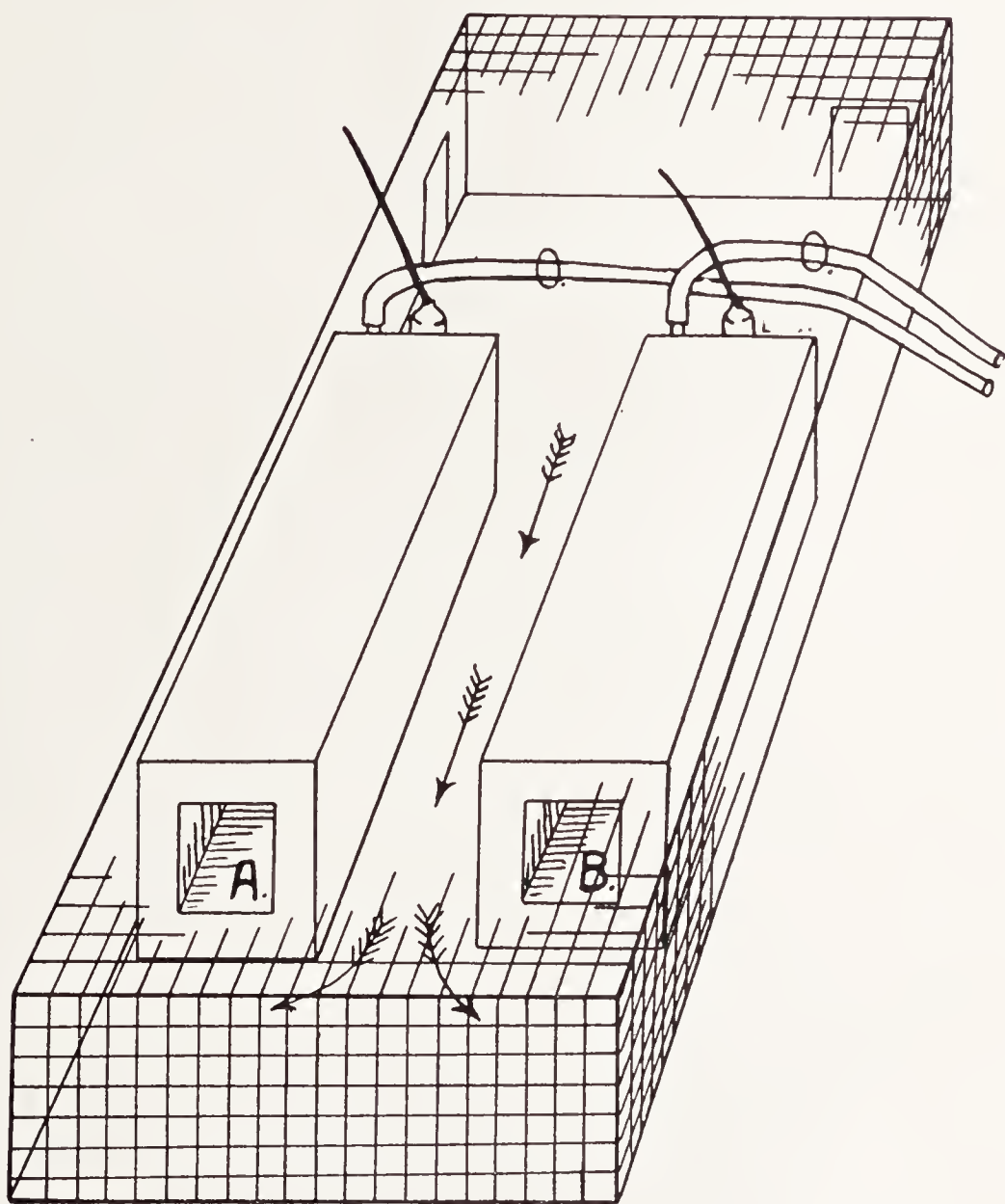


the present popular way of looking upon mind as the proud possession of the human race.

Having found by our previous studies what sense organs of our animal may be appealed to, our next step is to find out how he learns. Learning is the great problem in all human psychology, and any facts we can gather about the way the animal learns will be helpful to us. We can find such facts only by resorting to experiment. We choose some problem for the animal to solve: He must raise a latch, pull a string, slide out a bar, or thread a maze, before the goal is reached—*i. e.*, before food can be obtained. The animal, like the human being in this respect, will work at a problem only so long as it compels his interest. We must keep his interest by providing a stimulus. This stimulus may be food, escape from confinement, punishment for wrong action, etc. So long as we keep the stimulus constant, the animal will work steadily at the task from day to day.

By such experiments we have established the fact that when animals learn to open doors, run mazes, etc., by their own unaided efforts, they achieve the first success in nearly all cases by some happy accident. If a rat is hungry and is confined in a large cage with a small box containing food which it can get access to only by raising a latch, it begins its task by the display of a repertoire of instinctive acts, common to every member of the rat race. It runs around

and over the box, gnawing the wires, pushing into every mesh of the wire with its nose, clawing, etc. This random instinctive exercise of energy results early in the knowledge of the fact that the door of the box is the only movable portion. The rat's activity becomes centred here. Since the latch is attached to the small door, the chance has rapidly become better that some movement of the rat, such as butting or clawing, may raise the latch from the socket. In a period of time, which may vary from two minutes to twenty, or even longer, this happy accident will occur, the door will then fall open, and the rat get the food. Will the animal on the second trial run immediately to the latch and raise it? I have hundreds of records, not only upon the rat, but upon other animals as well, which show that



DR. YOAKUM'S TEMPERATURE APPARATUS

The tunnels, A and B are surrounded by water-jackets so that the temperature of the air within can be regulated and changed at will. Food is placed in the warmer tunnel, and the animal following the arrow must turn either to the right or to the left according to the position of the warmer tunnel which by previous trials he has found contains food



such is not the case. The individual animal may take longer on the second trial than upon the first, but the average of the second trial of a number of animals will be shorter than the average of the first. On successive trials the time of success gets shorter and shorter, until finally the animal will open the latch as soon as confronted with the box. This is the type of hundreds of similar experiments which have been made upon animals ranging in development from the monkey to the mouse. Most of the numerous acts of the trained animals on the vaudeville stage are acquired in this laborious way (as the trainer well knows, would he but confess it). Such a mode of learning is the rule, and any higher method (so called "reasoning") is an exception so rare that it is doubtful if it exists.

The question immediately arises, Cannot the animal be aided in its learning? Cannot instruction be given by the experimenter, or by another trained animal? Students of animal behavior are more or less unsettled in their minds about this question. Thorndike was not able to impart instruction to his monkeys, dogs, and cats. They were likewise unable to profit by watching a trained animal perform the act, or by being "put through" the act—*i. e.*, by having the experimenter make their limbs go through the act. My experiments upon monkeys agree with those of Thorndike. I was not able to get them to imitate such simple acts as lifting a latch, pushing a banana from a large glass cylinder by means of a large, light stick, or dragging in grapes beyond their reach by means of a light wooden rake. In the Harvard psychological laboratory results confirmative of imitation in animals have been obtained. Berry has found that the white rat has some slight ability to imitate, and that the Manx cat is somewhat better equipped in this respect. Lately, Haggerty, whose article appeared in a recent number of *The Century*, finds a fairly well advanced stage of imitation in monkeys. It is unfortunate in one sense that this conflict of evidence exists. Fortunate in another, in that interest has been so aroused that more work will be undertaken upon the problem. This much has been unquestionably established: Animals do not

possess the function of imitating in anything like the degree which they were formerly supposed to. The function is certainly rudimentary.

The fact that animals learn by such a "trial-and-error method" as that just described for the rat does not mean that its methods are far different from those of a small child. Nearly all of the early co-ordination of infants, from the proper manipulation of the milk-bottle onward, are formed in this laborious way. Imitation appears as an actual new method of learning only after the proper control of the various separate muscles of the arms and legs has been learned by the "trial-and-error method"—at the beginning of the tenth month; it develops slowly, reaches its maximum in the third and fourth years, when the elementary social habits, language, personal, etc., are forming, and then declines. Reasoning in the older use of the term appears much later. It is a very much over-rated psychological process, even in adults. The amount of actual reasoning going on in the minds of most of us, after the pattern of the old conventional type—

All men are mortal;

Socrates was a man;

Therefore, Socrates was mortal—is just about *nil*. What we do is to *think*. Past connections and associations will appear in the mind when we are in a situation which demands some action. If the situation is wholly new, no proper action will take place. It is only when our memory can supply the separate steps in the act demanded by the present difficult situation that we find the proper (and new) combination springing at first haltingly and then boldly into our mind. We can reason about playing the piano all we care to, but we cannot play the *Spring Song* until we have learned to control each separate movement by the slow and very same process that the animal employs. The point that I would make in all this is that there is no royal road to habit and knowledge. Man gets his first steps in exactly the same way as does the animal. Studies in animal behavior, while not fulfilling the hopes of the early students of evolution in showing that animals have exalted types of intellect, nevertheless are forcing us to reconsider our extravagant notions of



the all-sufficiency of the human mind. Continuity between the mind of man and brute, the idea of the early students, will still be shown to exist, not by exalting the mind of the brute, but rather by the reverse process of showing the defects in the human mind.

It is a far cry from such theoretical questions—questions, however, which always have interested the human race and always will—to that of the practical value of animal psychology. It is not a difficult matter to show that there is a practical import to the study. At present the routine of studies in the secondary schools, high schools, and even in the colleges, is based upon custom and tradition and not upon experimental studies which show its fitness. If the question were asked why we have four fifty-minute periods each day, each devoted to one topic—for example, to algebra, literature, Latin, physiography, respectively—there would be no answer, unless it were that it is customary. No explanation could be vouchsafed as regards the time allotted to each subject, nor as to why these specific subjects were chosen. Experimental studies may sometime show that quite a different routine is desirable. Certain types of study may be found to be antagonistic, certain others mutually supplementary. Educational systems dealing with that most precious article, the human child, are necessarily conservative, and are slow to introduce changes and to have resort to

experiment. Fortunately, there is no such sentiment in regard to the courses of study prescribed for animals. We may vary the course of training *ad libitum*. Suppose it is desired that our animals learn five problems in the shortest time; do we get our best results by forcing them to work intensively upon one problem at a time, then, when it is learned, by putting them to work upon another, and so on until all five are learned; or shall they be allowed to work at regular intervals on all five each day until all are learned? Which is the more economical as regards time, and which method fixes the problem more firmly in memory? Or again, if the animal has to learn one problem at a time, shall he work upon it once each day for sixty days (assuming that he can learn it perfectly in sixty trials), or four times each day in rapid succession for fifteen days; does he learn it better by doing it a larger number of times each day for a shorter number of days, or by the other method? Which method enables the animal to retain (“remember”) the act better? Such questions cannot be answered speculatively, but must be answered by actually carrying out the experiment. That the reply the animal psychologist returns to such and similar questions has an intimate bearing upon instruction in schools can readily be seen. The ability to cope with such problems gives to the study of animal behavior its practical *raison d'être*.

## Man

BY SUSIE M. BEST

I AM not Man till in my single guise  
 All that on earth hath ever been is told;  
 I must Life's whole experiences hold;  
 The Race itself I must epitomize.



# Don Harvey and the Shadow

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE AND CAROLINE MORRISON

“HELLO, Pills-'u'-bones, would you give a feller a licorice?” Don inquired, buoyantly.

The man at the counter glanced up from the quinine capsules he was filling.

“My hand would make it taste bad—help yourself, Don,” he said, with that odd, listless, hushed tone that people get in a pestilence-swept city.

Barefoot, bright-eyed, with cap on ear, the boy flashed in like a sunbeam and out again, only nodding and grinning his thanks; the tired eyes followed him, a bit refreshed.

“In Dixie land I'll take my stand; away down South in Dixie!” he howled—it could scarcely be termed singing—the words all running together in a trail of rollicking sound as he ambled down the street.

The driver of the dead-wagon turned his head to see who had the heart to sing in that town.

“Hey, Suaith—gimme a ride,” Don bantered him, conversationally.

“Not yet,” returned the man, with grim humor, shaking his head. “If you sing much that-a-way somebody might make you fit for my load.” He flicked an ineffectual whip-lash in Don's direction.

“That's the only song I know—and I don't know that,” shouted the boy, leaping aside like a shot at the last moment.

“What a young limb you are!” muttered the driver, as he prodded up his tired mule. Yet the day was lightened by the sound of a blithe voice singing in his ears.

For the fever had done what Watauga folk had protested desperately to the last it would never do—it had climbed high enough up the river to attack their little mountain city. People fled with their goods and their children till, the railroads refusing, they could flee no more, and established themselves in frightened camps in the woods upon the hillsides, where an alienated population warned

them off from all supplies with shotguns. Don's father was the editor of the paper, and an editor could not run any more than a doctor or a preacher. Mrs. Harvey stayed with her husband, and Don stayed with them both, finding large experience and new fields of activity in this altered Watauga—this hushed, trembling town, where most of the better houses were closed and shuttered, where gardens blossomed and orchards ripened their fruit unheeded, save by some straying animal who might push open a nailed-up gate and venture in. A new and interesting sensation was the delicious shiver of the infected district, into which he was forbidden to go; but the line of it was moved every day or two, so that there was a fearful delight in scudding past the shut houses of the prohibited precinct, and telling mother when you got home that you “never knew Chestnut Street was in it” till you was right in front of Farley's—and then didn't you run!

“Where are you going now, Don?” his mother had called after him that morning, anxious, yet always tolerant and comradely.

“Play-ball-'th-Bent-Kinsale,” he gave her back in one word.

“Well, be careful about that infected district to-day,” the quiet tones warned him. “Don't you come home and tell me again that you forgot, Don. We don't dare forget in fever times.”

“All right, ma.” Don grinned excessively. The Harvey house stood on a side-hill, in a district exempt. He ran down the road and stopped in the middle of Broad Street, where bridges crossed the open, ill-odored sewer.

“Hoo-ee — hoo-ee — hoo-ee — oo-ee—oo-ee!” he yodelled, cupped hands to his lips to make the sound carry. A cheerful voice in such a spot roused the attention of the sallow, tired-eyed policeman.

“Lord, it's Don Harvey!” he muttered,





*Drawn by Emlen McConnell*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"YOU CHEATED—YOU KNOW YOU DID!"



as one who scants even to wonder greatly over a matter admittedly beyond his depth. "Lord—that boy!"

Old Doctor Kennedy, so called because his partner was younger, jogging along behind his white horse, a heroic figure to be recalled in after-times through memory's grateful tears, heard a sharp, between-the-teeth whistle and a shrill yell. "Cut behind, doc!" He glanced back over the sagging buggy into the eyes of the freckled, heedless, irrepressible boy.

"Now, Don," he reproved, almost mechanically, "you ought to go right home and stay with your mother. A town like this is no place for a chap of your size to be round loose in."

Yet, as the lad dropped off and began to race over the hot, velvety dust with happy bare feet, he sent after him a wistful smile—the one specimen of natural, joyous, human depravity to be encountered in a mournful morning's round.

Don was on his way to a garden—such a garden! Magnolias richly shaded it; roses rioted everywhere; pears, big, sweet, luscious, dropped and rotted in the grass because no boy came to eat them; peaches golden-hearted, grapes with the sunny beauty of far-away France in their purple curve—all going to waste unless Don climbed the hill and scrambled over the locked gate. At that gate Bent Kinsale was waiting for him. They flew at each other, when Don came up, like gladiators and, closing in a bear-hug on the wall top, went rolling into the miniature Paradise together.

"Quit now!" Bent cried, fretfully, as Don hammered him in mere friendliness. "I've had about enough of that. You stop, Don Harvey. Aw, stop it now, I say!"

Don forbore in surprise, stared at his companion a moment, then subsided among lavishly piled heaps of fruit and bloom and, stretching on his back, began to gorge and discuss the day's programme. The resources for entertainment before the two boys were unlimited. In a sense the town was all their own; they might choose one garden or another to loll and feast in; they might play ball in the very square itself without reproof during those halcyon, terrible times.

"Nothin' don't taste just right 'cep' the grapes," Bent cried. And again Don stared at him. Full to the teeth, his gusto had not flagged.

"The Pattersons left their croquet set on the back porch"—Bent offered the information to divert attention from his lack of appetite; "let's go get it and set it up and play."

"Naw—I don't want to play girl games," Don objected. "Let's mosey round to the shootin'-gallery. It's in the infected district, and nobody 'll disturb us. I know a way to get in the back window—better than that side door they nailed up yesterday."

"Them blamed guns ain't been cleaned since it was shut up, and they kick." Bent rubbed his shoulder reminiscently. "I believe them guns kicking so is what makes me ache all over to-day."

Now indeed Don examined his companion with astonishment and regret.

"Ain't you even goin' swimmin'?" he asked, as though that were the limit of futile self-denial. The long afternoon swim was the never-failing finish to each twenty-four hours of their companionship.

"Well, let's don't till after sundown," Bent returned, with unusual caution. "I'm awful hot, but somehow I don't want to go into the water right now."

Don, who took no interest whatever in the weather, rolled on his side, hauled two battered dice from his pocket and proposed craps, with pigeons for stakes—each boy had a cooing loftful. They set to playing; but Bent scarcely roused to "seven come eleven." He only began presently to show a certain febrile anger each time he lost, and finally struck a glancing blow at the other boy, crying:

"You cheated—you know you did. Don Harvey—you cheated then!"

Don dodged automatically, too amazed to do more than throw up a hand to ward the stroke. They called each other names—the worst they could think of—and they wrestled and fought like a couple of bear cubs; but this was real rage and veritable accusation. Don stared back at his companion with eyes in which anger grew.

"Look here," he remarked, gruffly, getting to his feet, "I'll not associate with you any more. I'm going right in that



house now. You can stay here or hike out—or do what you please, for all of me.”

He turned his back, expecting to be followed. But there was neither detaining hand upon his shoulder nor coaxing, apologetic voice at his ear as he swung to the water-spout and shinned up toward a chamber window which his sharp eyes had noted was unfastened. Leg over sill, he hesitated. It was not like Bent to do that way. The boy sat humped, arms about knees, just where his companion had left him.

“If you want to come in I’ll go down and open the back door,” Don called, stiffly.

Bent made no answer. He did not even turn his head. But from within there came an unexpected response, tones that rose hollow in the empty house and called:

“Hello there! Is there anybody upstairs? Don’t come any closer—there’s fever here.”

Don scrambled across the sill instantly. He ran into the hall and peeped over the banisters. Below him, swimming like a drowned face in the well of shadow, Doctor Kennedy’s countenance stared up.

The boy twiddled a friendly thumb against his nose—not in derision of the doctor, but as a masonic sign of recognition and a signal of his defiance of yellow-fever germs.

“Say, doc, are you sawing up somebody down there?”—he put it briskly. “Lemme hold your knives and sharpen ’em up for you if you are.”

It was an old jest between the two, but it failed to bring any smile to the doctor’s weary eyes and tense lip.

“Don Harvey—my God!” exclaimed Kennedy, and the boy could see him gripping the table top. “Go back—I’ve got the fever.”

Don’s face changed a little. The fever was only a vast, rude playfellow that turned the town topsyturvy and made it full of alluring novelty for him. But if Doctor Kennedy was sick, that was different.

“Don,” went on the voice from the foot of the stair, “you’ve been somewhat exposed already. I’m going to make use of you to send a message to Doctor Jimmy. You tell him that I came up



“SAY, DOC, ARE YOU SAWING UP SOMEBODY?”

here to get some things out of the house, and that I was taken pretty bad. You tell him after he’s been his rounds—*after*, do you hear, Don Harvey? I will give you five dollars if you’ll do this; and the worst whipping you ever had if you run to him right away, or tell anybody else.”

“Yep.” Don spoke up with renewed cheerfulness. Doctors never died of fever. Besides, Jimmy Crane would cure him all right. “But I ain’t doin’ it for money, doc. Money ain’t no good in this dead-and-alive, kill-’em-and-drag-’em-out town any more.”

To the ears of the listening man came the sound of soft scraping down the rain-pipe, then a thud of bare feet that struck the grass outside and ran swiftly along the yard. Bent Kinsale still sat where Don had left him. Don hung a moment on his heel, then turned and pitched himself down beside his chum, announcing indifferently: “I got an errand to do, Bent. There’s somebody in the house there. Want to come along?”



"Gee, how my head aches!" groaned Bent, apparently forgetting that they had parted in anger. "I can't go. My mouth feels all mossy inside. Say, Don, I guess I'll wait here till you get back."

It came dimly to Don that his chum ought not to lie there in the yard if there was a fever case in the house.

"Say, come on," he urged. "Don't be such a mamma's baby. Your head didn't ache bad enough to keep you from punchin' me all right a while ago."

"Aw, now, Don, my head does ache." But the boy got to his feet and draggingly followed his companion.

"You Don Harvey!" Doctor Jimmy grumbled, as the boy unceremoniously climbed up over the back of his buggy an hour and more later. "Some day you'll be killed swinging on to vehicles that way, or have a limb torn off, like a young fellow I heard of once."

"Limb?" grinned Don. "I reckon anything that has limbs can sprout new ones if they get torn off. The doctor told me to tell you"—Don had never admitted Jimmy Crane's right to this title—"he's up at—I mean, have you made all your calls?"

"What about Doctor Kennedy?" inquired his young partner impatiently, ignoring Don's singular question. These were times of dread, and a message from your nearest friend might mean almost any calamity; but Don was not listening. He had turned his head and was looking back to where Bent Kinsale lay by the side of the road.

"That's funny," he muttered. "Did he fall down, or just lay down and go to sleep? He—he kep' a-sayin' his head ached. Come back here and have a look at him," he added, authoritatively, to young Crane.

Doctor Jimmy turned his buggy and drove to the prostrate lad. Bentley was breathing heavily; his face was scarlet, his eyes closed.

"He's got the fever," said Jimmy Crane.

"He ain't!" flared Don, indignantly—why, these make-believe doctors would just kill you with words! "Him and me has been playin' all day, and I guess he—I guess he played too hard," he finished on a falling note, remembering how curiously Bent had behaved.

The young doctor resented nothing. Instead, "Well, you've been exposed to it now," he said, in that apathetic tone an epidemic brings with it. "You take hold and help me with him."

Don looked sovereign contempt at the man who could suppose he needed any urging not to desert a chum just because somebody said he had the fever. But Doctor Jimmy, his mind full of sad matters, never saw the boy's scornful glances. Together they lifted Bentley Kinsale and got him to the little house, where his frightened grandmother looked after the half-conscious lad as best she could. Bent had carried the fever in his system for days; this day was properly well along in its sequence of terrors. The young physician recognized the type of case; he had had several such; and he knew at once that he was too late.

"I've got a few more patients to see on this street, Mrs. Kinsale. I may as well go on. There's nothing here I can do," he said, wearily.

"No, you don't!" At the threshold Don stopped him with blazing eyes. "You give Bent something out of your satchel. You ain't much of a doctor, but I reckon you know what Doctor Kennedy would give him if he was here."

Even the heavy stoicism of those strange, terrible days was stirred by the bald insolence of the speech. Doctor Crane hesitated between indignation and astonishment. As he opened his mouth for a sharp reply, Bentley, on the bed, unclosed his eyes and recognized his chum.

"It's awful hot here, Don," he moaned; "but I'm playin' the best I can." Don Harvey was captain of the baseball team, and Bent had been his most faithful second always.

Don ran to the bedside and clutched the covers, staring down at Bent with incredulous eyes. "Sure, you're playin' good," he quavered at last. "And Jimmy Crane he's goin' to help you. You do what he says, Bent."

He looked imploringly at the young physician, in those red-brown eyes of his the dumb apology and appeal one sees in the eyes of a dog who has offended. Crane stepped to the bed foot. It was no use to dose the dying boy. The fever was killing him with its first onslaught—



he would go in this congestion where the brain is attacked, Crane thought. He shook his head. The queer twisted pathos of the thing, so very real, and yet so strangely obscured by survivals of Don's every-day manner of cheerful impudence, took him by the throat.

"I hit it," whispered Bent, gazing up into the other boy's face. "You said I couldn't, but I did. Now I got to run. Golly, I hit it so hard I can make a home run! A home—a home—run—Don!" The whispering voice trailed off into silence, the eyes closed.

"I must make those calls, Don." Doctor Crane said, softly. "Remember there are plenty of other people sick just that way in this town to-day—and dying, too. I'll come back."

Don held his head down and suffered the young man to go. He could not let anybody see his face just then. Once Doctor Jimmy was away, he brought his whole resolute young soul to caring for the sick boy on the bed. Old Mrs. Kinsale, coming and going forlornly on pottering errands, peering now and again at Bentley over Don's sturdy shoulder, was to him as though she had not been—no more than the breeze that stirred the curtains, or the motes dancing in the slant sun-ray in the farther corner.

Through long hours the boy sat beside the bed and kept the covers over Bent. "They tell me that's the great



ONLY A WHITE, FRIGHTENED FACE PEERED BACK AND VANISHED

thing," he repeated, distressfully, "to keep 'em covered."

Toward mid-afternoon Mrs. Kinsale once more crept up behind the boy at the bedside. She looked again at the face on the pillow; she lifted Bent's hand, which fell from hers inert; then laid a tremulous touch on his forehead. And at last Don was aware that the old grandmother was weeping. She had been through a fever epidemic before, and she knew the routine so well. The scanty, difficult tears of age followed one another down her wrinkled cheeks. Don looked at her, at Bent on the bed. He felt dazed. He was conscious only of a desire to stop the weeping of the old woman. It jarred all through him in a dull way, and he wondered why he cared.

"Don't cry," he found himself saying over and over. "Don't cry. I'll make it all right. I'll fix it, Mrs. Kinsale. Don't cry."



"It ain't just that he died," she quavered, and Don's hands slackened their hold on the bedclothes; they ceased to grip them around the boy on the bed; Don's glance wavered from Bentley's face to the door. "But who'll wash him or tend to anything? Oh, he ought to be laid away clean—and I can't—I can't do anything. I'm mighty poorly myself. I tried to rub out a few pieces to-day, and I wasn't able to."

The boy humped stupidly at the bedside was familiar with the hallucination of women on the subject of cleanliness. He had always thought it a pity that, under the circumstances, they seemed to have such a horror of water where it could be had in quantity—in the river. This struck him as inconsistent. However, he was tolerant of a weakness shared by his mother. And then he remembered suddenly, with a sense of blindness and a swelling in the throat, that he and Bent had not gone swimming to-day.

"I'll get clean things," he said, huskily, "and then we'll wash him."

"I'll try to," said the hopeless old woman. "I used to wash him when he was a little fellow. You won't run off and leave me here by myself, Donnie?"

Don shook his head. "No, I won't go. I'll help," he said, heavily. Silently, with capable hands, he rolled the quiet form over on the bare mattress; then, with a strange, hesitating, bewildered look at Bentley, he took the bucket and started out. A group of women were huddled at the well in the vacant lot next door, where the water-supplies were got for that neighborhood. Don turned methodically back, and, going to the front door, tore in two the yellow flag that young Crane had hung there, carried a strip with him, and pinned it with the blade of his jackknife upon the lintel at the side entrance. When he looked up from that task the women were gone. Only a white, frightened face peered back over a tall fence and vanished. He brought water from the well and filled the basin, searching out cloths and towels.

"Now, do the best you can." He encouraged the old woman as he might have spoken to a member of his team. "If you think you can go it alone, I'll pike out after the clean clothes."

"You'll sure come back, will you, Donnie?" the tremulous voice persisted.

"I'll sure come," answered Don, gravely. Then he went out and down Elm Street (which looked queer to-day, somehow, like a painted picture of a street) toward Snapp's store. It was nearly three o'clock; but the boy had not once thought of dinner, or mother at home wondering why he didn't come. Near the corner of Henry Street there was a break in the house fronts, where in a weedy yard a low-roofed cottage stood. A child sat on the door-stone weeping; not loud nor insistently, but with the desolate down-pour of a long, weary sorrow. The windows of the house on either side were barred up, and a dog howled in one of the grass-grown yards. Don stopped sharply.

"Hello! what's the matter with you, kid?" he hailed.

"I'm so lonesome," choked the child. "They come for my papa and took him away in a wagon; and I laid my doll on his bed when he was sick, and the big men burned my doll up when they burned up papa's bed. Mamma won't let me go outside the gate. I wish I had my doll." And she returned to her weeping, as the boy, shaking his shoulders a bit, moved on.

Don knew his home town as a mouse knows the cracks and crannies of the granary in which it was born, and he made short work of breaking into the ill-fastened back window of Snapp's store. Snapp had fled the fever. Don had bought things at that store all his life, and knew where they were kept. He helped himself to a pair of sheets, showing judgment in the selection; also to a boy's white night-shirt, the best he could find. He was about to climb out of the rear window, when his eyes fell on a chubbily smiling wax doll, brave in its pink silk frock and lace stockings. That would comfort one woe that he knew of, and he was beginning to learn of woes which found no comfort. If he only had some way of carrying the toy to the child without touching it. The boy was wise in the lore of infection. He set down his bundle, scrambled through the window, and ran to an angle in the back wall where a number of fishing-poles leaned. Securing one,





"CAUGHT A FISH. WANT TO TAKE IT OFF FOR ME?"

he returned, and worked its slender tip beneath the belt of the continuously smiling doll. With his bundle under one arm, and the long bamboo slanted over his shoulder, its gay freight nodding and dipping to his step, he took his way through the empty afternoon streets.

The child still sat where he had left her. She was not crying now; she seemed to have wept the fountain dry. Her wobegone little face looked as though tears or laughter would be impossible to her. But when Don, poking his long pole over the gate, reached toward her the rosy miracle on the end of it, calling, "Caught a fish. Want to take it off for me?" she stretched up thin little arms with such a shout of delight as brought a strange glow of comfort to the boy's heart. He turned from his alms-giving, and the one policeman of the district accosted him gruffly.

"Where did you get them things?"

"Down 't Snapp's store."

"I didn't know Snapp's was open," countered the policeman, warily.

"Well, it is," returned Don; and when

he had put sufficient distance between himself and the guardian of the peace he added, succinctly, "It is open—I opened it."

The policeman barely threatened him with a shake of the head. The times were such that absolute protection of a fleeing merchant's goods was scarcely possible.

Don found when he got back that he had to help the old woman bathe her dead. He did the task with unaccustomed, awkward gentleness, clothing the body in the white gown and wrapping it in the snowy sheets, bound and tied about it like a mummy, since who knew whether there would be coffins enough? Through it all he had a sense of doing this for Bent's grandmother. It was never Bent they were working over; Bent, with no elbow guard, no gruff "Quit that, Don!" as he was lifted and shifted. No—no—he was helping poor old Mrs. Kinsale do something. He'd be through presently, and go whistling down the street, giving the signal for Bent to come out and play—good old Bent who never failed him.



Doctor Crane came back with the wagon—he knew it would be needed. Don made no movement as they lifted his chum and laid him with others. But he gave a curious half-wild look about him, and then mutely began to run after the rolling wheels as soon as the horse was started up. He'd got to stop them. Bent must come back. They must try again.

Doctor Crane's grasp on his arm restrained him. "It's no use, Don," the young physician said. "And now I'm worried to death about you. I can't send you home to your folks after this. What shall I do with you? I'll have to ask Doctor Kennedy."

Doctor Kennedy! At the words it all came back to Don. He clutched Jimmy Crane's coat and shuddered.

"Doctor Kennedy's got the fever," he said, thickly. "He's up at Mrs. Mason's house. He told me not to tell you till after you had made your calls; and I—and after Bent—after we—I forgot all about it."

"My God!" cried young Crane, as his partner had cried earlier in the day. "Kennedy down—Kennedy! I haven't got a nurse—I haven't got a soul to hand him a cup of water. What'll I do now?"

He turned irresolutely to the buggy. Don gave one last despairing glance over his shoulder, then climbed in on the other side while Jimmy Crane was untying the horse.

"I'll wait on the old doctor," the boy said, nervelessly. "I can't go home and take the fever to mother, and I don't want to be taken to the pest-house."

He and Bent would have gone in swimming when it got cooler this evening. He thought of it with an awful inrush of despair as he noted the red in the western sky. "I wisht I hadn't paid any attention to his talk this morning. I wisht I hadn't punched him so hard," Don muttered under his breath.

"What? Oh, don't you know there isn't any more pest-house, Don? All the houses are pest-houses," said the young doctor. "I must get to Kennedy. What am I going to do with you?"

"I tell you I want to go up to Mrs. Mason's house and wait on Doctor Kennedy," Don persisted. "I could do it. You know I could. You go and tell

father I want to, and see if he won't let me go."

So Crane left Don at Committee Headquarters and drove over as near to the *Herald* office as he deemed prudent. He hailed a negro boy and bade him call Mr. Harvey out. When the father came and stood on the corner, a strange conference took place between the two men, nearly half a block apart. It was short and terribly to the point, as things had to be in those days in Watauga. Young Crane made his statement with almost none of the considerate preface which would have marked it in times less strenuous.

"You see, he's been exposed to the fever—thoroughly exposed," Doctor Crane concluded. "That wasn't my fault. It seems from what he tells me that he and this Kinsale boy that's just died have been playing all over the infected district in the past few weeks. I do not think Don will take the fever. He's healthy—hard as nails—now, and he's had as good a chance as the other child had to be down with it. But we couldn't let him go home to Mrs. Harvey."

"My God—no!" broke in Mr. Harvey. "She's hardly able to be about, herself. I don't know what to do, or how she would bear this."

"Well," said the young doctor, "he couldn't go home to her, anyhow. You ask her, Harvey, and let us know what she says. It means Kennedy's chance for life, I expect. I'll leave the boy at headquarters, and I'll come back here to know what Mrs. Harvey says, after I go and see the old doctor."

An hour later Crane was back near the *Herald* corner again, to learn that Don Harvey's parents left their son in the hands of God.

"She says," Harvey's grave, controlled voice sounded along the silent street to his weary, pale-faced listener in the buggy, "that Den wouldn't be alive to-day if it were not for the old doctor. She can't say no to the dear old man—we owe him too much. She'll let the boy choose for himself."

"Remember it's the Mason place, Harvey—a clean house, on high ground," Crane urged, with pitiful eagerness, as he gathered up his lines to turn. "The boy's perfectly healthy. I'll give him all



the care I can; he seems to have a physique that nothing touches—and this is life and death for Kennedy. God bless you and Mrs. Harvey.”

And so it came about that Don—vigorous young animal, intolerant of all confinement—watched out the last days of the epidemic in a sick-room. He learned to go softly, to speak scarcely above his breath, to close doors without slamming, and set things down silently. He learned, too, to look for Jimmy Crane’s appearance as men in the dark welcome light. The young physician, fagged, driven almost beyond human endurance by the round of heart-shaking work, used to come in at all hours when he was in the vicinity of the Mason place, straightening his care-worn face, finding a smile for stout-hearted Don at his task. During the first days he sent a man named Finnegan, his own right hand, an Irishman who had kept a saloon before the fever, and who had closed up the place and volunteered as nurse. Finnegan was not a professional attendant, but he knew what to do for Doctor Kennedy; and after the Irishman was down and out young Crane found a nurse who could give part time to the case. But after it was all over, it always seemed to Don that there was nobody there but himself and Jimmy Crane, since they were alone through the worst days. It was during those last, worst days, when Crane was the boy’s only counsellor and guide, as well as his untiring, devoted fellow worker—when Don grew to listen for that step in the hall, to watch the young doctor’s pale face, with its purple-shadowed eyes, come in at the door at all hours of the night—that he began to call Jimmy Crane doctor; and between the boy and the man, struggling for Kennedy’s life, there was knit a bond of mutual esteem and understanding.

When at last the prayed-for frost descended on the scorched, smitten, agonized remnant of life left in the little town; when Kennedy was up and creeping about, weak, but full of gratitude and sober rejoicing; when their season

of quarantine was past, and they had been duly fumigated and made ready, Don went down the front walk with young Crane’s hand on his shoulder and climbed into a waiting carriage which was to take them back home. It was a thinner and a subtly changed Don that looked about upon the streets and squares of the old town, which seemed strange to him in the autumn sunlight. They drove past a little girl with a pink-clad doll on the sidewalk in front of a small, shabby cottage. He leaned forward and stared at the two. It seemed wonderful—after all these centuries—to find the child and her toy unchanged. She recognized her benefactor, and ran toward them, holding up the doll at arm’s length, crying out gayly some childish greeting and thanks.

“Hey, kid!” responded Don, in something of his old tone. “You got your fish yet, have you?”

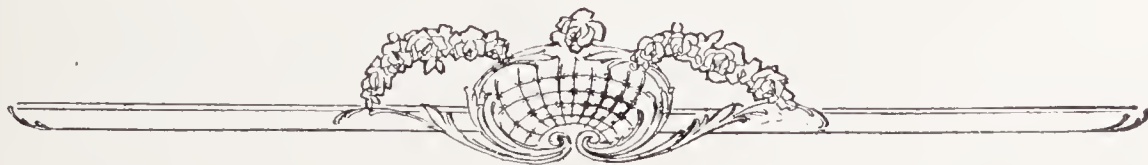
But the next moment they turned into Elm, from which opened the little side street where the Kinsale cottage stood; and Don dropped his head. Some things could be mended, and some could not. Jimmy Crane’s hand gripped the young shoulder in a grasp of quick, unspoken comprehension. A few moments later his voice, deep and hearty, was in the boy’s ear.

“Look up, Don; see; there they are. This is a great day for them.”

Don lifted his gaze. In the gateway of his home, only two blocks away, stood his father and his mother, red and yellow leaves from the maples at the curb drifting all about them. As the carriage drew nearer, the boy—whose blurred eyes at first made sad work of the bright foliage and his mother’s pale, patient little face—began to realize what the past weeks must have meant to her. She was clinging to his father’s arm and staring toward the carriage with a wonderful look.

“It’s a great day for them,” Jimmy Crane’s voice repeated.

“Yep,” Don agreed, huskily. And the next moment he stumbled across the sidewalk to his mother’s waiting arms.





# An Old Circle

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

SAYS Thackeray:

On his way to the City, Mr. Newcome rode to look at the new house, No. 120 Fitzroy Square, which his brother, the Colonel, had taken in conjunction with that Indian friend of his, Mr. Binnie. . . . The house is vast but, it must be owned, melancholy. Not long since it was a ladies' school, in an unprosperous condition. The scar left by Madame Latour's brass plate may still be seen on the tall black door, cheerfully ornamented, in the style of the end of the last century, with a funereal urn in the centre of the entry, and garlands and the skulls of rams at each corner. . . . The kitchens were gloomy. The stables were gloomy. Great black passages; cracked conservatory; dilapidated bath-room, with melancholy waters moaning and fizzing from the eistern; the great large blank stone staircase—were all so many melancholy features in the general countenance of the house; but the Colonel thought it perfectly cheerful and pleasant, and furnished it in his rough-and-ready way.—*The Newcomes.*

And it was in this house of Colonel Newcome's that my eyes first opened, if not to the light of day, at least to any visual impression that has not since been effaced. I can remember vividly, as a very small boy, shuddering as I stood upon the door-step at the thought that those great stone urns, lichened, soot-stained, and decorated each with a great ram's head by way of handle, elevated only by what looked like a square piece of stone of about the size and shape of a folio book, might fall upon me and crush me entirely out of existence. Such a possible happening, I remember, was a frequent subject of discussion among Madox Brown's friends.

Ford Madox Brown, the painter of the pictures called *Work* and *The Last of England*, and the first painter in England, if not in the world, to attempt to render light exactly as it appears, was

at that time at the height of his powers, of his reputation, and of such prosperity as he enjoyed. His income from his pictures was considerable, and since he was an excellent talker, an admirable host, extraordinarily and indeed unreasonably open-handed, the great, formal, and rather gloomy house had become a meeting-place for almost all the intellectually unconventional of that time. Between 1870 and 1880 the real Pre-Raphaelite Movement was long since at an end: the *Æsthetic* Movement, which also was nicknamed Pre-Raphaelite, was, however, coming into prominence, and at the very heart of this movement was Madox Brown. As I remember him, with a square, white beard, with a ruddy complexion, and with thick white hair parted in the middle and falling to above the tops of his ears, Madox Brown exactly resembled the king of hearts in a pack of cards. In passion and in emotions—more particularly during one of his fits of gout—he was a hard-swearing, old-fashioned Tory: his reasoning, however, and circumstances made him a revolutionary of the romantic type. I am not sure, even, that toward his later years he would not have called himself an anarchist, and have damned your eyes if you faintly doubted this obviously extravagant assertion. But he loved the picturesque, as nearly all his friends loved it.

About the inner circle of those who fathered and sponsored the *Æsthetic* Movement there was absolutely nothing of the languishing. They were to a man rather burly, passionate creatures, extraordinarily enthusiastic, extraordinarily romantic, and most impressively quarrelsome. Neither about Rossetti nor about Burne-Jones, neither about William Morris nor P. P. Marshall—and these were the principal upholders of the firm of Morris & Company which gave *æstheticism* to the Western world—was there any inclination to live upon the



smell of the lily. It was the outer ring, the disciples, who developed this laudable ambition for poetic pallor, for clinging garments, and for ascetic countenances. And it was, I believe, Mr. Oscar Wilde who first formulated this poetically vegetarian theory of life in Madox Brown's studio at Fitzroy Square. No, there was little of the smell of the lily about the leaders of this movement. Thus it was one of Madox Brown's most pleasing anecdotes—at any rate it was one that he related with the utmost gusto—how William Morris came out on to the landing in the house of the "Firm" in Red Lion Square and roared down-stairs:

"Mary, those six eggs were bad. I've eaten them, but don't let it occur again."

Morris, also, was in the habit of lunching daily off roast beef and plum pudding, no matter at what season of the year, and he liked his puddings large. So that, similarly, upon the landing one day he shouted:

"Mary, do you call that a pudding?"

He was holding upon the end of a fork a plum pudding about the size of an ordinary breakfast cup, and having added some appropriate objurgations, he hurled the edible down-stairs on to Red-Lion Mary's forehead. This anecdote should not be taken to evidence settled brutality on the part of the poet-craftsman. Red-Lion Mary was one of the loyalest supporters of the "Firm" to the end of her days. No, it was just in the full-blooded note of the circle. They liked to swear, and, what is more, they liked to hear each other swear. Thus, another of Madox Brown's anecdotes went to show how he kept Morris sitting monumentally still, under the pretence that he was drawing his portrait, while



FORD MADOX BROWN

Mr. Arthur Hughes tied his long hair into knots for the purpose of enjoying the explosion that was sure to come when the released Topsy—Morris was always Topsy to his friends—ran his hands through his hair. This anecdote always seemed to me to make considerable calls upon one's faith. Nevertheless, it was one that Madox Brown used most frequently to relate, so that no doubt something of the sort must have occurred.

No, the note of these aesthetes was in no sense ascetic. What they wanted in life was room to expand and to be at ease. Thus I remember, in a sort of golden vision, Rossetti lying upon a sofa in the back studio with lighted candles at his feet and lighted candles at his head, while two extremely beautiful ladies dropped grapes into his mouth. But Rossetti did this not because he desired to present the beholder with a beautiful vision, but because he liked lying on sofas, he liked grapes, and he



particularly liked beautiful ladies. They desired, in fact, all of them, room to expand. And when they could not expand in any other directions they expanded enormously into their letters. And—I don't know why—they mostly addressed their letters abusing each other to Madox Brown. There would come one short, sharp note, and then answers occupying reams of note-paper. Thus one great painter would write:

"Dear Brown,—Tell Gabriel that if he takes my model Fanny up the river on Sunday I will never speak to him again."

Gabriel would take the model Fanny up the river on Sunday, and a triangular duel of enormously long letters would ensue.

Or again, Swinburne would write:

"Dear Brown,—If P—— says that I said that Gabriel was in the habit of ——, P—— lies."

The accusation against Rossetti being a Gargantuan impossibility which Swinburne, surely the most loyal of friends, could impossibly have made, there ensued a Gargantuan correspondence. Brown writes to P—— how, when, and why the accusation was made; he explains how he went round to Jones, who had nothing to do with the matter, and found that he had eaten practically nothing for the last fortnight, and how between them they had decided that the best thing that they could do would be to go and tell Rossetti all about it, and of how Rossetti had had a painful interview with Swinburne, and how unhappy everybody was. P—— replies to Brown that he had never uttered any such words upon any such occasion: that upon that occasion he was not present, having gone round to Ruskin, who had the toothache, and who read him the first hundred and twenty pages of *Stones of Venice*; that he could not possibly have said anything of the sort about Gabriel, since he knew nothing whatever of Gabriel's daily habits, having refused to speak to him for the last nine months because of Gabriel's intolerable habit of backbiting, which he was sure would lead them all to destruction, and so deemed it prudent not to go near him. Gabriel himself then enters the fray, saying that he has discovered that it is not P. at all who made the accusation, but

Q., and that the accusation was made not against him, but about O. X., the Academician. If, however, he, P., accuses him, Gabriel, of backbiting, P. must be perfectly aware that this is not the case, he, Gabriel, having only said a few words against P.'s wife's mother, who is a damned old cat. And so the correspondence continues. Jones and Swinburne and Marshall and William Rossetti and Charles Augustus Howell and a great many more joining in the fray, until at last everybody withdraws all the charges, six months having passed, and Brown invites all the contestants to dinner, Gabriel intending to bring old Plint, the picture-buyer, and to make him, when he has had plenty of wine, buy P.'s picture of the *Lost Shepherd* for two thousand pounds.

These tremendous quarrels, in fact, were all storms in teacups, and although the break-up of the "Firm" did cause a comparatively lasting estrangement between several of the partners, it has always pleased me to remember that at the last private view that Madox Brown held of one of his pictures, every one of the surviving Pre-Raphaelite brothers came to his studio, and every one of the surviving partners of the firm of Morris & Company.

The arrival of Sir Edward Burne-Jones and his wife brought up a characteristic passion of Madox Brown's. Sir Edward and his wife had persuaded the president of the Royal Academy to accompany them in their visit. They were actuated by the kindly desire to give Madox Brown the idea that thus at the end of his life the Royal Academy wished to extend some sort of official recognition to a painter who had persistently refused for nearly half a century to recognize their existence. Unfortunately it was an autumn day and the twilight had set in very early. Thus not only were the distinguished visitors rather shadowy in the dusk, but the enormous picture itself was entirely indistinguishable. Lady Burne-Jones, with her peculiarly persuasive charm, whispered to me, unheard by Madox Brown, that I should light the studio gas, and I was striking a match, when I was appalled to hear Madox Brown shout, in tones of extreme violence and of apparent alarm:



"Damn and blast it all, Fordie! Do you want us all blown into the next world?"

And he proceeded to explain to Lady Burne-Jones that there was an escape of gas from a pipe. When she suggested candles or a paraffin lamp, Madox Brown declared with extreme violence that he couldn't think how she could imagine

that he could have such infernally dangerous things in the house. The interview thus concluded in a gloom of the most tenebrous, and shortly afterward we went downstairs, where, in the golden glow of a great many candles set against a golden and embossed wall-paper, tea was being served. The fact was that Madox Brown was determined that no "damned Academician" should see his picture. Nevertheless, it is satisfactory to me to think that there was among these distinguished and

kindly men still so great a feeling of solidarity. They had come, many of them from great distances, to do honor, or at least to be kind, to an old painter who at that time was more entirely forgotten than he has ever been before or since.

The lily tradition of the disciples of these men is, I should imagine, almost entirely extinguished. But the other day, at a particularly smart wedding, there turned up one stanch survivor in garments of prismatic hues—a mustard-colored ulster, a green wide-awake, a blue shirt, a purple tie, and a suit of tweed. This gentleman moved distractedly among groups of correctly attired people. In one hand he bore an extremely minute painting by himself. It was, perhaps, of the size of a visiting-card set in an

ocean of white mount. In the other he bore an enormous spray of Madonna lilies. That, I presume, was why he had failed to remove his green hat. He was approached by the hostess, and told her that he wished to place the picture, his wedding gift, in the most appropriate position that could be found for it. And upon her suggesting that she would at-

tend to the hanging after the ceremony was over, he brushed her aside. Finally he placed the picture upon the ground beneath a tall window, and perched the spray of lilies on top of the frame. He then stood back and, waving his emaciated hands and stroking his brown beard, surveyed the effect of his decoration. The painting, he said, symbolized the consolation that the arts would afford the young couple during their married life, and the lily stood for the purity of the

bride. This is how in the seventies and the eighties the outer ring of the æsthetes really behaved. It was as much in their note as were the plum pudding and the roast beef in William Morris's. The reason for this is not very far to seek. The older men, the Pre-Raphaelites and the members of the "Firm," had too rough work to do to bother much about the trimmings.

It is a little difficult nowadays to imagine the acridity with which any new artistic movement was opposed when Victoria was Queen of England. Charles Dickens, as I have elsewhere pointed out, called loudly for the immediate imprisonment of Millais and the other Pre-Raphaelites, including my grandfather, who was not a Pre-Raphaelite. Blas-



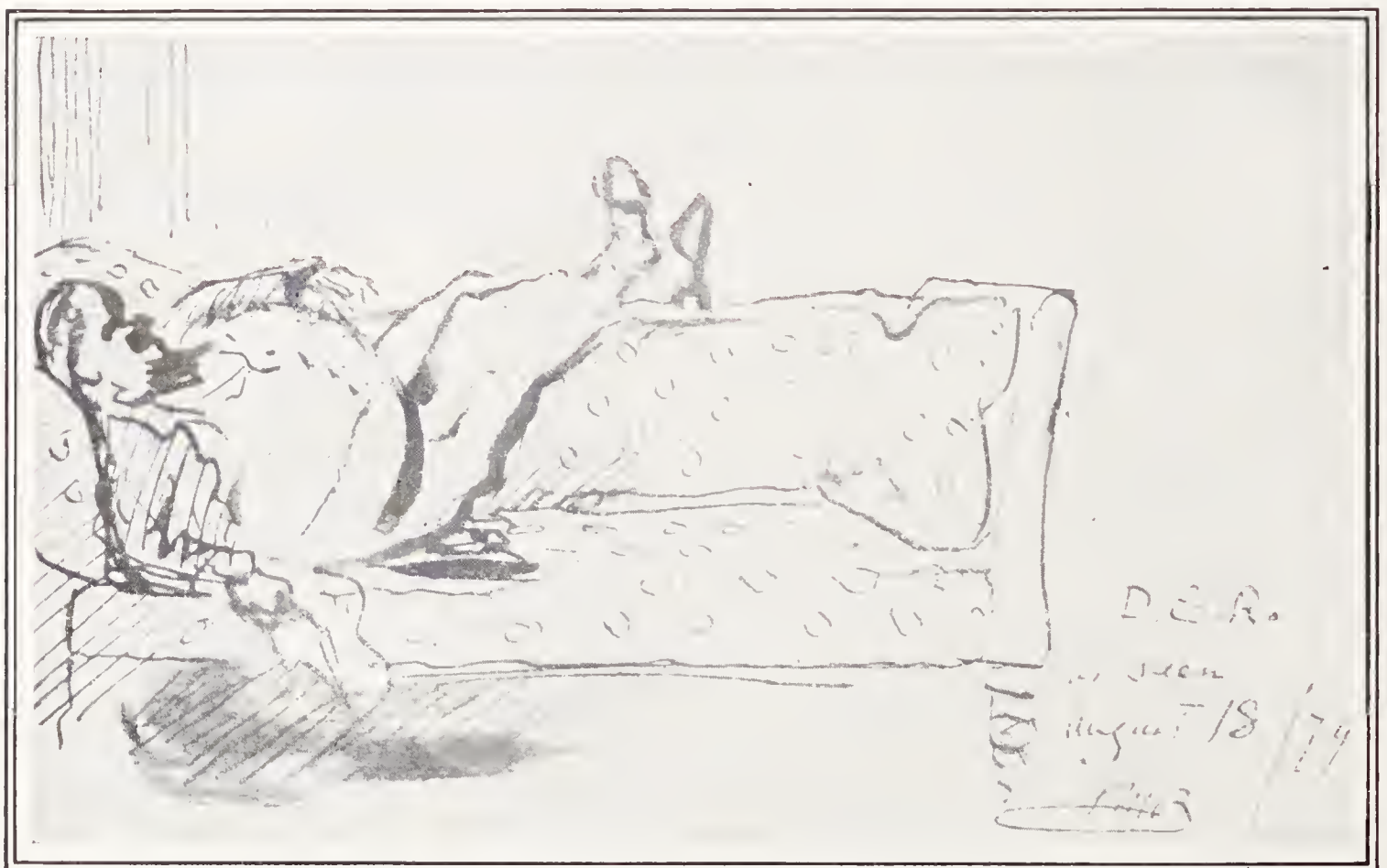
WILLIAM MORRIS

From a drawing by C. Rowe



phemy was the charge alleged against them, just as it was the charge alleged against the earliest upholders of Wagner's music in England. This may seem incredible, but I have in my possession three letters from three different members of the public addressed to my father, Dr. Francis Hueffer, a man of great erudition and force of character, who, from the early seventies until his death, was the musical critic of the *Times*. The writers stated that unless Doctor Hueffer abstained from upholding the blasphemous music of the future—and in each case the writer used the word blasphemous—he would be respectively stabbed, ducked in a horse-pond, and beaten to death by hired roughs. Yet to-day I never go to a place of popular entertainment where miscellaneous music is performed for the benefit of the poorest classes without hearing at least the overture to *Tannhäuser*. Nowadays it is difficult to discern any new movement in any of the arts. No doubt there is movement, no doubt we who write and our friends who paint and compose are producing the arts of the future. But we never have the luck to have the word "blasphemous" hurled at us. It would, indeed, be almost inconceivable that such

a thing could happen, that the frame of mind should be reconstructed. But to the Pre-Raphaelites this word was blessed in the extreme. For human nature is such—perhaps on account of obstinacy or perhaps on account of feelings of justice—that to persecute an art, as to persecute a religion, is simply to render its practitioners the more stubborn and its advocates in their fewness the more united, and the more effective in their union. It was the injustice of the attack upon the Pre-Raphaelites, it was the fury and outcry, that won for them the attention of Mr. Ruskin. And Mr. Ruskin's attention being aroused, he entered on that splendid and efficient championing of their cause which at last established them as of perhaps more immediate importance than, as partners, they exactly merited. As pioneers and as sufferers they can never sufficiently be recommended. Mr. Ruskin, for some cause which my grandfather was used to declare—with some reason; I do not know how much—was purely personal, was the only man intimately connected with these movements who had no connection at all with Madox Brown. I do not know why this was, but it is a fact that, although Madox Brown's pictures were in consider-



CARICATURE OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Sketch by Ford Madox Brown now in the possession of the author



able evidence at all places where the pictures of the Pre-Raphaelites were exhibited, Mr. Ruskin in all his works never once mentioned his name. He never blamed him; he never praised him: he ignored him. And this was at a time when Ruskin must have known that a word from him was sufficient to make the fortune of any painter. It was sufficient, not so much because of Mr. Ruskin's weight with the general public as because the small circle of buyers, wealthy and assiduous, who surrounded the painters of the moment, hung upon Mr. Ruskin's lips and needed at least his printed sanction for all their purchases.

Madox Brown was the most benevolent of men, the most helpful and the kindest. His manifestations, however, were apt at times to be a little thorny. I remember an anecdote which Madox Brown's housemaid of that day was in the habit of relating to me when she used to put me to bed. Said she—and the exact words remain upon my mind:

"I was down in the kitchen waiting to carry up the meat, when a cabman comes down the area steps and says: 'I've got your master in my cab. He's very drunk.' I says to him"—and an immense intonation of pride would come into Charlotte's voice—"My master's a-sitting at the head of his table entertaining his guests. That's Mr. —. Carry him up-stairs and lay him in the bath.'"

Madox Brown, whose laudable desire it was at many stages of his career to redeem poets and others from dipsomania, was in the habit of providing several of them with labels upon which were inscribed his own name and address. Thus, when any of these geniuses were found incapable in the neighborhood they would be brought by cabmen or others to Fitzroy Square. This, I think, was a stratagem more characteristic of Madox



FORD MADOX BROWN'S WIFE AND SECOND DAUGHTER

From a sketch in the possession of the author

Brown's singular and quaint ingenuity than any that I can recall. The poet being thus recaptured would be carried up-stairs by Charlotte and the cabman and laid in the bath—in Colonel Newcome's very bath-room, where, according to Thackeray, the water moaned and gurgled so mournfully in the cistern. For me, I can only remember that room as an apartment of warmth and lightness: it was a concomitant to all the pleasures that sleeping at my grandfather's meant for me. And indeed, to Madox Brown as to Colonel Newcome—they were very similar natures in their chivalrous, unbusinesslike, and naïve simplicity—the house in Fitzroy Square seemed perfectly pleasant and cheerful.

The poet having been put into the bath would be reduced to sobriety by cups of the strongest coffee that could be made (the bath was selected because he would not be able to roll out and to injure himself). And having been thus reduced to sobriety, he would be lectured, and he would be kept in the house, being given nothing stronger than lemonade to drink, until he found the régime intolerable. Then he would disappear, the label sewn inside his coat collar.



to reappear once more in the charge of a cabman.

Of Madox Brown's acerbity I witnessed myself no instances at all, unless it be the one that I have lately narrated. A possibly too stern father of the old school, he was as a grandfather extravagantly indulgent. I remember his once going through the catalogue of his grandchildren and deciding, after careful deliberation, that they were all geniuses with the exception of one, as to whom he could not be certain whether he was a genius or mad. Thus I remember reading with astonishment the words of a critic of distinction with regard to the exhibition of Madox Brown's works that I organized at the Grafton Gallery ten years ago. They were to the effect that Madox Brown's pictures were very crabbed and ugly—but what was to be expected of a man whose disposition was so harsh and distorted? This seemed to me to be an amazing statement. But upon discovering the critic's name I found that Madox Brown once kicked him down-stairs. The gentleman in question had come to Madox Brown with the proposal from an eminent firm of picture-dealers that the painter should sell all his works to them for a given number of years at a very low price. In return they were to do what would be called nowadays "booming" him, and they would do their best to get him elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. That Madox Brown should have received with such violence a proposition that seemed to the critic so eminently advantageous for all parties justified that gentleman in his own mind in declaring that Madox Brown had a distorted temperament. Perhaps he had.

But if he had a rough husk he had a sweet kernel, and for this reason the gloomy house in Fitzroy Square did not, I think, remain as a figure of gloom in the minds of many people. It was very tall, very large, very gray, and in front of it towered up very high the mournful plane trees of the square. And over the porch was the funereal urn with the ram's heads. This object, dangerous and threatening, has always seemed to me to be symbolical of this circle of men, so practical in their work and so romantically impractical, as a whole, in their

lives. They knew exactly how, according to their lights, to paint pictures, to write poems, to make tables, to decorate pianos, rooms, or churches. But as to the conduct of life they were a little sketchy, a little romantic, perhaps a little careless. I should say that of them all Madox Brown was the most practical. But his way of being practical was always to be quaintly ingenious. Thus we had the urn. Most of the Pre-Raphaelites dreaded it: they all of them talked about it as a possible danger, but never was any step taken for its removal. It was never even really settled in their minds whose would be the responsibility for any accident. It is difficult to imagine the frame of mind, but there it was and there to this day the urn remains. The question could have been settled by any lawyer, or Madox Brown might have had some clause that provided for his indemnity inserted in his lease. And, just as the urn itself set the tone of the old immense Georgian mansion fallen from glory, so perhaps the fact that it remained for so long the topic of conversation set the note of the painters, the painter-poets, the poet-craftsmen, the painter-musicians, the filibuster verse-writers, and all the singular collection of men versed in the arts, who assembled and revelled comparatively modestly in the rooms where Colonel Newcome and his fellow directors of the Bundelcund Board had partaken of mulligatawny and spiced punch before the sideboard that displayed its knife-boxes with the green-handled knives in their serried phalanxes.

But, for the matter of that, Madox Brown's own sideboard also displayed its green-handled knives, which always seemed to me to place him as the man of the old school he was born and remained to the end of his days. If he was impracticable, he hadn't about him a touch of the Bohemian; if he was romantic, his romances took place along ordered lines. Every friend's son of his who went into the navy was destined in his eyes to become, not a pirate, but at least a port-admiral. Every young lawyer that he knew was certain, even if he were only a solicitor, to become Lord Chancellor, and every young poet who presented him with a copy of his first work



was destined for the Laureateship. And he really believed in these romantic prognostications, which came from him without end as without selection. So that if he was the first to give a helping hand to D. G. Rossetti, his patronage in one or two other instances was not so wisely bestowed.

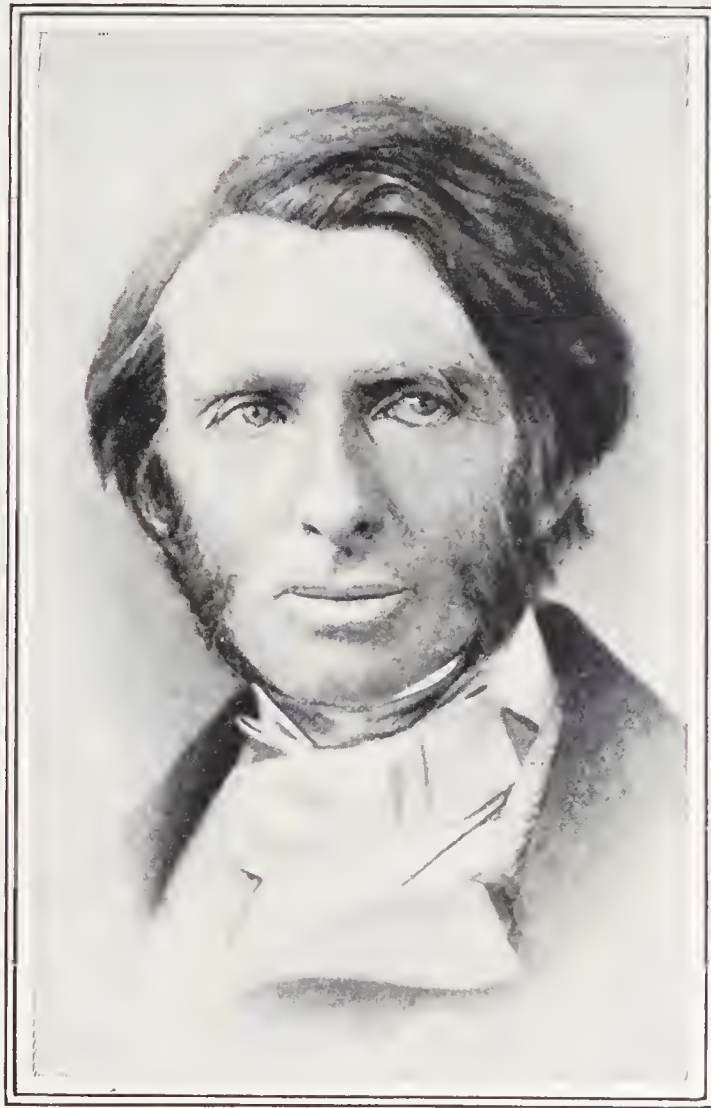
He was, of course, the sworn foe of the Royal Academy. For him they were always, the members of that august body, "those *damned* Academicians," with a particular note of acerbity upon the expletive. Yet I very well remember, upon the appearance of the first numbers of the *Daily Graphic*, that Madox Brown, being exceedingly struck by the line engravings of one of the artists that paper regularly employed to render social functions, exclaimed:

"By Jove! if young Cleaver goes on as well as he has begun, those *damned* Academicians, supposing they had any sense, would elect him president right away!" Thus it will be seen that the business of romance was not to sweep away the Royal Academy, was not to found an opposing salon. But it was to capture the established body by storm, leaping as it were on to the very quarter-deck, and setting to the old ship a new course. The characteristic, in fact, of all these men was their warm-heartedness, their enmity for the formal, for the frigid, for the ungenerous. It cannot be said that any of them despised money. I doubt whether it would even be said that any of them did not, at one time or another, seek for popularity, or try

to paint, write, or decorate pot-boilers. But they were naively unable to do it. To the timid—and the public is always the timid—what was individual in their characters was always alarming. It was alarming even when they tried to paint the conventional dog-and-girl pictures of the Christmas supplement. The dogs were too like dogs and did not simper;

the little girls were too like little girls. They would be probably rendered as just losing their first teeth.

In spite of the Italianism of Rossetti, who was never in Italy, and the medievalism of Morris, who had never looked medievalism, with its cruelties, its filth, its stoniness, and its avarice, in the face—in spite of these tendencies that were forced upon them by those two contagious spirits, the whole note of this old, romantic circle was national, was astonishingly English, was Georgian even. They seemed to



JOHN RUSKIN

From an early photograph

date from the Regency, and to have skipped altogether the baneful influences of early Victorianism and of the commerciality that the Prince Consort spread through England. They seem to me to resemble in their lives—and perhaps in their lives they were greater than their works—to resemble nothing so much as a group of old-fashioned ships' captains. Madox Brown, indeed, was nominated for a midshipman in the year 1827. His father had fought on the famous *Arethusa* in the classic fight with the *Belle Poule*. And but for the fact that this father quarrelled with Commodore Coffin, and so lost all hope of influence at the Admiralty, it is prob-





THE LAST OF ENGLAND  
Painting by Ford Madox Brown

able that Madox Brown would never have painted a picture or have lived in Colonel Newcome's house. Indeed, on the last time when I saw William Morris I happened to meet him in Portland Place. He was going to the house of a peer, that his firm was engaged in decorating, and he took me with him to look at the work. He was then a comparatively old man, and his work had grown very flamboyant, so that the decoration of the dining-room consisted, as far as I can remember, of one huge acanthus-leaf design. Morris looked at this absent-mindedly, and said that he had just been talking to some members of a ship's crew whom he had met in Fenchurch Street. They had talked to him for some time under the impression that he was a ship's captain. This had pleased him very much, for it was his ambition to

be taken for such a man. I have heard, indeed, that this happened to him on several occasions, on each of which he expressed an equal satisfaction. With a gray beard like the foam of the sea, with gray hair through which he continually ran his hands, erect and curly on his forehead, with a hooked nose, a florid complexion, and clean, clear eyes, dressed in a blue serge coat, and carrying, as a rule, a satchel, to meet him was always, as it were, to meet a sailor ashore. And that in essence was the note of them all. When they were at work they desired that everything they did should be shipshape; when they set their work down they became, as it were, Jack ashore. And perhaps that is why there is, as a rule, such a scarcity of artists in England. Perhaps to what is artistic in the nation, the sea has always called too strongly.



# The Umbrella Man

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

**I**T was an insolent day. There are days which, to imaginative minds at least, possess strangely human qualities. Their atmospheres predispose people to crime or virtue, to the calm of good-will, to sneaking vice, or fierce, unprovoked aggression. The day was of the last description. A beast, or a human being in whose veins coursed undisciplined blood, might, as involuntarily as the boughs of trees lash before storms, perform wild and wicked deeds after inhaling that hot air, evil with the sweat of sin-evoked toil, with nitrogen stored from festering sores of nature and the loathsome emanations of suffering life.

It had not rained for days, but the humidity was great. The clouds of dust which arose beneath the man's feet had a horrible damp stickiness. His face and hands were grimy, as were his shoes, his cheap, ready-made suit, and his ignoble hat. However, the man felt a pride in his clothes, for they were at least the garb of freedom. He had come out of prison the day before, and had scorned the suit proffered him by the officials. He had given it away, and bought a new one with a goodly part of his small stock of money. This suit was of a small-checked pattern. Nobody could tell from it that the wearer had just left jail. He had been there for several years for one of the minor offences against the law. His term would probably have been shorter, but the judge had been careless, and he had no friends. Stebbins had never been the sort to make many friends, although he had never cherished animosity toward any human being. Even some injustice in his sentence had not caused him to feel any rancor.

During his stay in the prison he had not been actively unhappy. He had accepted the inevitable—the yoke of the strong for the weak—with a patience which brought almost a sense of enjoyment. But, now that he was free, he

had suddenly become alert, watchful of chances for his betterment. From being a mere kennelled creature, he had become as a hound on the scent, the keenest on earth—that of self-interest. He was changed, while yet living, from a being outside the world to one with the world before him. He felt young, although he was a middle-aged, almost elderly man. He had in his pocket only a few dollars. He might have had more, had he not purchased the checked suit, and had he not given much away. There was another man whose term would be up in a week, and he had a sickly wife and several children. Stebbins, partly from native kindness and generosity, partly from a sentiment which almost amounted to superstition, had given him of his slender store. He had been deprived of his freedom because of money; he said to himself that his return to it should be heralded by the music of it scattered abroad for the good of another.

Now and then as he walked, Stebbins removed his new straw hat, wiped his forehead with a stiff new handkerchief, looked with some concern at the grime left upon it, then felt anxiously of his short crop of grizzled hair. He would be glad when it grew only a little, for it was at present a telltale to observant eyes. Also now and then he took from another pocket a small mirror which he had just purchased, and scrutinized his face. Every time he did so he rubbed his cheeks violently, then viewed with satisfaction the hard glow which replaced the yellow prison pallor. Every now and then, too, he remembered to throw his shoulders back, hold his chin high, and swing out his right leg more freely. At such times he almost swaggered, he became fairly insolent with his new sense of freedom. He felt himself the equal if not the peer of all creation. Whenever a carriage or a motor-car passed him on the country



road he assumed, with the skill of an actor, the air of a business man hastening to an important engagement. However, always his mind was working over a hard problem. He knew that his store of money was scanty, that it would not last long even with the strictest economy; he had no friends; a prison record is sure to leak out when a man seeks a job. He was facing the problem of bare existence.

Although the day was so hot, it was late summer; soon would come the frost and the winter. He wished to live to enjoy his freedom, and all he had for assets was that freedom; which was paradoxical, for it did not signify the ability to obtain work, which was the power of life. Outside the stone wall of the prison he was now enclosed by a subtle, intangible, yet infinitely more unyielding one—the prejudice of his kind against the released prisoner. He was to all intents and purposes a prisoner still, for all his spurts of swagger and the youthful leap of his pulses, and while he did not admit that to himself, yet always, since he had the hard sense of the land of his birth—New England—he pondered that problem of existence. He felt instinctively that it would be a useless proceeding for him to approach any human being for employment. He knew that even the freedom, which he realized through all his senses like an essential perfume, could not yet overpower the reek of the prison. As he walked through the clogging dust he thought of one after another whom he had known before he had gone out of the world of free men and had bent his back under the hand of the law. There were, of course, people in his little native village, people who had been friends and neighbors, but there was not one who had ever loved him sufficiently for him to conquer his resolve to never ask aid of them. He had no relatives except cousins more or less removed, and they would have nothing to do with him.

There had been a woman whom he had meant to marry, and he had been sure that she would marry him; but after he had been a year in prison the news had come to him in a roundabout fashion that she had married another suitor. Even had she remained single he could

not have approached her, least of all for aid. Then, too, through all his term she had made no sign, there had been no letter, no message; and he had received at first letters and flowers and messages from sentimental women. There had been nothing from her. He had accepted nothing, with the curious patience, carrying an odd pleasure with it, which had come to him when the prison door first closed upon him. He had not forgotten her, but he had not consciously mourned her. His loss, his ruin, had been so tremendous that she had been swallowed up in it. When one's whole system needs to be steeled to trouble and pain, single pricks lose importance. He thought of her that day without any sense of sadness. He imagined her in a pretty, well-ordered home with her husband and children. Perhaps she had grown stout. She had been a slender woman. He tried idly to imagine how she would look stout, then by the sequence of self-preservation the imagination of stoutness in another led to the problem of keeping the covering of flesh and fatness upon his own bones. The question now was not of the woman; she had passed out of his life. The question was of the keeping that life itself, the life which involved everything else, in a hard world, which would remorselessly as a steel trap grudge him life and snap upon him, now he was become its prey.

He walked and walked, and it was high noon, and he was hungry. He had in his pocket a small loaf of bread and two frankfurters, and he heard the splashing ripple of a brook. At that juncture the road was bordered by thick woodland. He followed, pushing his way through the trees and undergrowth, the sound of the brook, and sat down in a cool green solitude with a sigh of relief. He bent over the clear run, made a cup of his hand, and drank, then he fell to eating. Close beside him grew some winter-green, and when he had finished his bread and frankfurters he began plucking the glossy, aromatic leaves and chewing them automatically. The savor reached his palate, and his memory awakened before it as before a pleasant tingling of a spur. As a boy how he had loved this little green low-growing plant! It had been one of the luxuries of his



youth. Now, as he tasted it, joy and pathos stirred in his very soul. What a wonder youth had been, what a splendor, what an immensity to be rejoiced over and regretted! The man lounging beside the brook, chewing wintergreen leaves, seemed to realize antipodes. He lived for the moment in the past, and the immutable future, which might contain the past in the revolution of time. He smiled, and his face fell into boyish, almost childish, contours. He plucked another glossy leaf with his hard, veinous old hands. His hands would not change to suit his mood, but his limbs relaxed like those of a boy. He stared at the brook gurgling past in brown ripples, shot with dim prismatic lights, showing here clear green water lines, here inky depths, and he thought of the possibility of trout. He wished for fishing-tackle.

Then suddenly out of a mass of green looked two girls, with wide startled eyes, and rounded mouths of terror which gave vent to screams. There was a scuttling, then silence. The man wondered why the girls were so silly, why they ran. He did not dream of the possibility of their terror of him. He ate another wintergreen leaf, and thought of the woman he had expected to marry when he was arrested and imprisoned. She did not go back to his childish memories. He had met her when first youth had passed, and yet, somehow, the savor of the wintergreen leaves brought her face before him. It is strange how the excitement of one sense will sometimes act as stimulant for the awakening of another. Now the sense of taste brought into full activity that of sight. He saw the woman just as she had looked when he had last seen her. She had not been pretty, but she was exceedingly dainty, and possessed of a certain elegance of carriage which attracted. He saw quite distinctly her small irregular face and the satin-smooth coils of dark hair around her head; he saw her slender dusky hands with the well-cared-for nails and the too prominent veins; he saw the gleam of the diamond which he had given her. She had sent it to him just after his arrest, and he had returned it. He wondered idly whether she still owned it and wore it, and what her husband thought of it. He speculated childishly—somehow im-

prisonment had encouraged the return of childish speculations—as to whether the woman's husband had given her a larger and costlier diamond than his, and he felt a pang of jealousy. He refused to see another diamond than his own upon that slender dark hand. He saw her in a black silk gown which had been her best. There had been some red about it, and a glitter of jet. He had thought it a magnificent gown, and the woman in it like a princess. He could see her leaning back, in her long slim grace, in a corner of a sofa, and the soft dark folds starry with jet sweeping over her knees, and just allowing a glimpse of one little foot. Her feet had been charming, very small and highly arched. Then he remembered that that evening they had been to a concert in the town hall, and that afterward they had partaken of an oyster stew in a little restaurant. Then back his mind travelled to the problem of his own existence, his food and shelter and clothes. He dismissed the woman from his thought. He was concerned now with the primal conditions of life itself. How was he to eat when his little stock of money was gone? He sat staring at the brook; he chewed wintergreen leaves no longer. Instead he drew from his pocket an old pipe and a paper of tobacco. He filled his pipe with care—tobacco was precious; then he began to smoke, but his face now looked old and brooding through the rank blue vapor. Winter was coming, and he had not a shelter. He had not money enough to keep him long from starvation. He knew not how to obtain employment. He thought vaguely of wood-piles, of cutting winter fuel for people. His mind travelled in a trite strain of reasoning. Somehow wood-piles seemed the only available tasks for men of his sort.

Presently he finished his filled pipe, and arose with an air of decision. He went at a brisk pace out of the wood, and was upon the road again. He progressed like a man with definite business in view until he reached a house. It was a large white farmhouse, with many outbuildings. It looked most promising. He approached the side door, and a dog sprang from around a corner and barked, but he spoke, and the dog's tail became eloquent. He was patting the



dog, when the door opened and a man stood looking at him. Immediately the taint of the prison became evident. He had not cringed before the dog, but he did cringe before the man who lived in that fine white house, and who had never known what it was to be deprived of liberty. He hung his head, he mumbled. The house-owner, who was older than he, was slightly deaf. He looked him over curtly. The end of it was he was ordered off the premises, and went; but the dog trailed, wagging, at his heels, and had to be roughly called back. The thought of the dog comforted Stebbins as he went on his way. He had always liked animals. It was something, now he was past a hand-shake, to have the friendly wag of a dog's tail.

The next house was an ornate little cottage with bay-windows, through which could be seen the flower patterns of lace draperies; the Virginia creeper which grew over the house walls was turning crimson in places. Stebbins went around to the back door and knocked, but nobody came. He waited a long time, for he had spied a great pile of uncut wood. Finally he slunk around to the front door. As he went he suddenly reflected upon his state of mind in days gone by; if he could have known that the time would come when he, Joseph Stebbins, would feel culpable at approaching any front door! He touched the electric bell and stood close to the door, so that he might not be discovered from the windows. Presently the door opened the length of a chain, and a fair girlish head appeared. She was one of the girls who had been terrified by him in the woods, but that he did not know. Now again her eyes dilated, and her pretty mouth rounded! She gave a little cry and slammed the door in his face, and he heard excited voices. Then he saw two pale, pretty faces, the faces of the two girls who had come upon him in the wood, peering at him around a corner of the lace in the bay-window, and he understood what it meant—that he was an object of terror to them. Directly he experienced such a sense of mortal insult as he had never known, not even when the law had taken hold of him. He held his head high and went away, his very soul boiling with a sort of shamed rage.

"Those two girls are afraid of me," he kept saying to himself. His knees shook with the horror of it. This terror of him seemed the hardest thing to bear in a hard life. He returned to his green nook beside the brook and sat down again. He thought for the moment no more of wood-piles, of his life. He thought about those two young girls who had been afraid of him. He had never had an impulse to harm any living thing. A curious hatred toward these living things who had accused him of such an impulse came over him. He laughed sardonically. He wished that they would again come and peer at him through the bushes; he would make a threatening motion for the pleasure of seeing the silly things scuttle away.

After a while he put it all out of mind, and again returned to his problem. He lay beside the brook and pondered, and finally fell asleep in the hot air, which increased in venom, until the rattle of thunder awoke him. It was very dark—a strange livid darkness. "A thunder-storm," he muttered, and then he thought of his new clothes—what a misfortune it would be to have them soaked. He arose and pushed through the thicket around him into a cart path, and it was then that he saw the thing which proved to be the stepping-stone toward his humble fortunes. It was only a small silk umbrella with a handle tipped with pearl. He seized upon it with joy, for it meant the salvation of his precious clothes. He opened it and held it over his head, although the rain had not yet begun. One rib of the umbrella was broken, but it was still serviceable. He hastened along the cart path; he did not know why, only the need for motion, to reach protection from the storm, was upon him; and yet what protection could be ahead of him in that woodland path? Afterward he grew to think of it as a blind instinct which led him on.

He had not gone far, not more than half a mile, when he saw something unexpected—a small untenanted house. He gave vent to a little cry of joy, which had in it something childlike and pathetic, and pushed open the door and entered. It was nothing but a tiny, unfinished shack, with one room and a



small one opening from it. There was no ceiling; overhead was the tent-like slant of the roof, but it was tight. The dusty floor was quite dry. There was one rickety chair. Stebbins, after looking into the other room to make sure that the place was empty, sat down, and a wonderful wave of content and self-respect came over him. The poor human snail had found his shell; he had a habitation, a roof of shelter. The little dim place immediately assumed an aspect of home. The rain came down in torrents, the thunder crashed, the place was filled with blinding blue lights. Stebbins filled his pipe more lavishly this time, tilted his chair against the wall, smoked, and gazed about him with pitiful content. It was really so little, but to him it was so much. He nodded with satisfaction at the discovery of a fireplace and a rusty cooking-stove.

He sat and smoked until the storm passed over. The rainfall had been very heavy, there had been hail, but the poor little house had not failed of perfect shelter. A fairly cold wind from the northwest blew through the door. The hail had brought about a change of atmosphere. The burning heat was gone. The night would be cool, even chilly.

Stebbins got up and examined the stove and the pipe. They were rusty but appeared trustworthy. He went out and presently returned with some fuel which he had found unwet in a thick growth of wood. He laid a fire handily and lit it. The little stove burned well, with no smoke. Stebbins looked at it, and was perfectly happy. He had found other treasures outside—a small vegetable garden in which were potatoes and some corn. A man had squatted in this little shack for years, and had raised his own garden-truck. He had died only a few weeks ago, and his furniture had been pre-empted with the exception of the stove, the chair, a tilting lounge in the small room, and a few old iron pots and frying-pans. Stebbins gathered corn, dug potatoes, and put them on the stove to cook, then he hurried out to the village store and bought a few slices of bacon, half a dozen eggs, a quarter of a pound of cheap tea, and some salt. When he re-entered the house he looked

as he had not for years. He was beaming. "Come, this is a palace," he said to himself, and chuckled with pure joy. He had come out of the awful empty spaces of homeless life into home. He was a man who had naturally strong domestic instincts. If he had spent the best years of his life in a home instead of a prison, the finest in him would have been developed. As it was, this was not even now too late. When he had cooked his bacon and eggs and brewed his tea, when the vegetables were done, and he was seated upon the rickety chair, with his supper spread before him on an old board propped on sticks, he was supremely happy. He ate with a relish which seemed to reach his soul. He was at home, and eating, literally, at his own board. As he ate he glanced from time to time at the two windows, with broken panes of glass and curtainless. He was not afraid—that was nonsense; he had never been a cowardly man, but he felt the need of curtains or something before his windows to shut out the broad vast face of nature, or perhaps prying human eyes. Somebody might espy the light in the house and wonder. He had a candle stuck in an old bottle by way of illumination. Still, although he would have preferred to have curtains before those windows full of the blank stare of night, he *was* supremely happy.

After he had finished his supper he looked longingly at his pipe. He hesitated for a second, for he realized the necessity of saving his precious tobacco; then he became reckless: such enormous good fortune as a home must mean more to follow; it must be the first of a series of happy things. He filled his pipe and smoked. Then he went to bed on the old couch in the other room, and slept like a child until the sun shone through the trees in flickering lines. Then he rose, went out to the brook which ran near the house, splashed himself with water, returned to the house, cooked the remnant of the eggs and bacon, and ate his breakfast with the same exultant peace with which he had eaten his supper the night before. Then he sat down in the doorway upon the sunken sill and fell again to considering his main problem. He did not smoke. His tobacco was nearly exhausted, and



he was no longer reckless. His head was not turned now by the feeling that he was at home. He considered soberly as to the probable owner of the house, and whether he would be allowed to remain its tenant. Very soon, however, his doubt concerning that was set at rest. He saw a disturbance of the shadows cast by the thick boughs over the cart path by a long outreach of darker shadow which he knew at once for that of a man. He sat upright, and his face at first assumed a defiant, then a pleading expression, like that of a child who desires to retain possession of some dear thing. His heart beat hard as he watched the advance of the shadow. It was slow, as if cast by an old man. The man was old and very stout, supporting one lopping side by a stick, who presently followed the herald of his shadow. He looked like a farmer. Stebbins rose as he approached; the two men stood staring at each other.

"Who be you, neighbor?" inquired the newcomer.

The voice essayed a roughness, but only achieved a tentative friendliness. Stebbins hesitated for a second; a suspicious look came into the farmer's misty blue eyes. Then Stebbins, mindful of his prison record and fiercely covetous of his new home, gave another name. The name of his maternal grandfather seemed suddenly to loom up in printed characters before his eyes, and he gave it glibly. "David Anderson," he said, and he did not realize a lie. Suddenly the name seemed his own. Surely old David Anderson, who had been a good man, would not grudge the gift of his unstained name to replace the stained one of his grandson. "David Anderson," he replied, and looked the other man in the face unflinchingly.

"Where do ye hail from?" inquired the farmer; and the new David Anderson gave unhesitatingly the name of the old David Anderson's birth and life and death place—that of a little village in New Hampshire.

"What do you do for your living?" was the next question, and the new David Anderson had an inspiration. His eyes had lit upon the umbrella which he had found the night before.

"Umbrellas," he replied, laconically,

and the other man nodded. Men with sheaves of umbrellas, mended or in need of mending, had always been familiar features for him.

Then David assumed the initiative; possessed of an honorable business as well as home, he grew bold. "Any objection to my staying here?" he asked.

The other man eyed him sharply. "Smoke much?" he inquired.

"Smoke a pipe sometimes."

"Careful with your matches?"

David nodded.

"That's all I think about," said the farmer. "These woods is apt to catch fire jest when I'm about ready to cut. The man that squatted here before—he died about a month ago—didn't smoke. He was careful, he was."

"I'll be real careful," said David, humbly and anxiously.

"I dun'no' as I have any objections to your staying, then," said the farmer. "Somebody has always squat here. A man built this shack about twenty year ago, and he lived here till he died. Then t'other feller, he come along. Reckon he must have had a little money, didn't work at nothin'! Raised some garden-truck and kept a few chickens. I took them home after he died. You can have them now if you want to take care of them. He rigged up that little chicken-coop back there."

"I'll take care of them," answered David, fervently.

"Well, you can come over by and by and get 'em. There's nine hens and a rooster. They lay pretty well. I ain't no use for 'em. I've got all the hens of my own I want to bother with."

"All right," said David. He looked blissful.

The farmer stared past him into the house. He spied the solitary umbrella. He grew facetious. "Guess the umbrellas was all mended up where you come from if you've got down to one," said he.

David nodded. It was tragically true, that guess.

"Well, our umbrella got turned last week," said the farmer. "I'll give you a job to start on. You can stay here as long as ye want if you're careful about your matches." Again he looked into the house. "Guess some boys have been helpin' themselves to the furniture, most



of it," he observed. "Guess my wife can spare ye another chair, and there's an old table out in the corn-house better than that one you've rigged up, and I guess she'll give ye some old bedding so you can be comfortable. Got any money?"

"A little."

"I don't want any pay for things, and my wife won't; didn't mean that; was wonderin' whether ye had anything to buy vittles with."

"Reckon I can manage till I get some work," replied David, a trifle stiffly. He was a man who had never lived at another than the State's expense.

"Don't want ye to be too short, that's all," said the other, a little apologetically.

"I shall be all right. There are corn and potatoes in the garden, anyway."

"So there be, and one of them hens had better be eat. She don't lay. She'll need a good deal of b'ilin'. You can have all the wood you want to pick up, but I don't want any cut. You mind that or there'll be trouble."

"I won't cut a stick."

"Mind ye don't. Folks call me an easy mark, and I guess myself I am easy up to a certain point, and cuttin' my wood is one of them points. Roof didn't leak in that shower last night, did it?"

"Not a bit."

"Didn't s'pose it would. The other feller was handy, and he kept tinkerin' all the time. Well, I'll be goin'; you can stay here and welcome if you're careful about matches and don't cut my wood. Come over for them hens any time you want to. I'll let my hired man drive you back in the wagon."

"Much obliged," said David, with an inflection that was almost tearful.

"You're welcome," said the other, and ambled away.

The new David Anderson, the good old grandfather revived in his unfortunate, perhaps graceless grandson, reseated himself on the door-step and watched the bulky receding figure of his visitor through a pleasant blur of tears, which made the broad rounded shoulders and the halting columns of legs dance. This David Anderson had almost forgotten that there was unpaid kindness in the whole world, and it seemed to him as if he had seen angels walking up and down.

He sat for a while doing nothing except realizing happiness of the present and of the future. He gazed at the green spread of forest boughs, and saw in pleased anticipation their red and gold tints of autumn; also in pleased anticipation their snowy and icy mail of winter, and himself, the unmailed, defenceless human creature, housed and sheltered, sitting well fed and warm before his own fire. This last happy outlook aroused him. If all this was to be, he must be up and doing. He got up, entered the house, and examined the broken umbrella which was his sole stock in trade. David was a handy man. He at once knew that he was capable of putting it in perfect repair. Strangely enough, for his sense of right and wrong was not blunted, he had no compunction whatever in keeping this umbrella, although he was reasonably certain that it belonged to one of the two young girls who had been so terrified by him. He had a conviction that this monstrous terror of theirs, which had hurt him more than many apparently crueller things, made them quits.

After he had washed his dishes in the brook, and left them in the sun to dry, he went to the village store and purchased a few simple things necessary for umbrella-mending. Both on his way to the store and back he kept his eyes open. He realized that his capital depended largely upon chance and good luck. He considered that he had extraordinary good luck when he returned with three more umbrellas. He had discovered one propped against the counter of the store, turned inside out. He had inquired to whom it belonged, and had been answered to anybody who wanted it. David had seized upon it with secret glee. Then, unheard-of good fortune, he had found two more umbrellas on his way home; one was in an ash can, the other blowing along like a belated bat beside the trolley track. It began to seem to David as if the earth might be strewn with abandoned umbrellas. Before he began his work he went to the farmer's and returned in triumph, driven in the farm wagon, with his cackling hens and quite a load of household furniture, besides some bread and pies. The farmer's wife was one of those who are able to give, and make receiving greater than



giving. She had looked at David, who was older than she, with the eyes of a mother, and his pride had melted away, and he had held out his hands for her benefits, like a child who has no compunctions about receiving gifts because he knows that they are his right of childhood.

Henceforth David prospered—in a humble way, it is true, still he prospered. He journeyed about the country, umbrellas over his shoulder, little bag of tools in hand, and reaped an income more than sufficient for his simple wants. His hair had grown and also his beard. Nobody suspected his history. He met the young girls whom he had terrified on the road often, and they did not know him. He did not, during the winter, travel very far afield. Night always found him at home, warm, well fed, content, and at peace. Sometimes the old farmer on whose land he lived dropped in of an evening, and they had a game of checkers. The old man was a checker expert. He played with unusual skill, but David made for himself a little code of honor. He would never beat the old man, even if he were able, oftener than once out of three evenings. He made coffee on these convivial occasions. He made very good coffee, and they sipped as they moved the men and kings, and the old man chuckled, and David beamed with peaceful happiness.

But the next spring, when he began to realize that he had mended for a while all the umbrellas in the vicinity and that his trade was flagging, he set his precious little home in order, barricaded door and windows, and set forth for farther fields. He was lucky, as he had been from the start. He found plenty of employment, and slept comfortably enough in barns, and now and then in the open. He had travelled by slow stages for several weeks before he entered a village whose familiar look gave him a shock. It was not his native village, but near it. In his younger life he had often journeyed there. It was a little shopping emporium, almost a city. He recognized building after building. Now and then he thought he saw a face which he had once known, and he was thankful that there was hardly any possibility of any one recognizing him.

He had grown gaunt and thin since those far-off days; he wore a beard, grizzled, as was his hair. In those days he had not been an umbrella man. Sometimes the humor of the situation struck him. What would he have said, he the spruce, plump, head-in-the-air young man, if anybody had told him that it would come to pass that he would be an umbrella man lurking humbly in search of a job around the back doors of houses? He would laugh softly to himself as he trudged along, and the laugh would be without the slightest bitterness. His lot had been so infinitely worse, and he had such a happy nature, yielding sweetly to the inevitable, that he saw now only cause for amusement.

He had been in that vicinity about three weeks when one day he met the woman. He knew her at once, although she was greatly changed. She had grown stout, although, poor soul! it seemed as if there had been no reason for it. She was not unwieldy, but she was stout, and all the contours of earlier life had disappeared beneath layers of flesh. Her hair was not gray, but the bright brown had faded, and she wore it tightly strained back from her seamed forehead, although it was thin. One had only to look at her hair to realize that she was a woman who had given up, who no longer cared. She was humbly clad in a blue cotton wrapper, she wore a dingy black hat, and she carried a tin pail half full of raspberries. When the man and woman met they stopped with a sort of shock, and each changed face grew like the other in its pallor. She recognized him and he her, but along with that recognition was awakened a fierce desire to keep it secret. His prison record loomed up before the man, the woman's past loomed up before her. She had possibly not been guilty of much, but her life was nothing to waken pride in her. She felt shamed before this man whom she had loved, and who felt shamed before her. However, after a second the silence was broken. The man recovered his self-possession first.

He spoke casually.

"Nice day," said he.

The woman nodded.

"Been berrying?" inquired David. The woman nodded again.





*Drawn by Howard E. Smith*

"WE SHA'N'T BE ROLLING IN RICHES, BUT WE CAN BE COMFORTABLE"







David looked scrutinizingly at her pail. "I saw better berries real thick a piece back," said he.

The woman murmured something. In spite of herself a tear trickled over her fat, weather-beaten cheek. David saw the tear, and something warm and glorious like sunlight seemed to waken within him. He felt such tenderness and pity for this poor feminine thing who had not the strength to keep the tears back, and was so pitifully shorn of youth and grace, that he himself expanded. He had heard in the town something of her history. She had made a dreadful marriage, tragedy and suspicion had entered her life, and the direst poverty. However, he had not known that she was in the vicinity. Somebody had told him that she was out West.

"Living here?" he inquired.

"Working for my board at a house back there," she muttered. She did not tell him that she had come as a female "hobo" in a freight car from the Western town where she had been finally stranded. "Mrs. White sent me out for berries," she added. "She keeps boarders, and there were no berries in the market this morning."

"Come back with me a piece and I will show you where I saw the berries real thick," said David.

He turned himself about, and she followed a little behind, the female failure in the dust cast by the male. Neither spoke until David stopped and pointed to some bushes where the fruit hung thick on bending, slender branches.

"Here," said David. Both fell to work. David picked handfuls of berries and cast them gayly into the pail. "What is your name?" he asked, in an undertone.

"Jane Waters," she replied, readily. Her husband's name had been Waters, or the man who had called himself her husband, and her own middle name was Jane. The first was Sara. David remembered at once. "She is taking her own middle name and the name of the man she married," he thought. Then he asked, plucking berries, with his eyes averted:

"Married?"

"No," said the woman, flushing deeply.

David's next question betrayed him. "Husband dead?"

"I haven't any husband," she replied, like the Samaritan woman.

She had married a man already provided with another wife, although she had not known it. The man was not dead, but she spoke the entire miserable truth when she replied as she did. David assumed that he was dead. He felt a throb of relief, of which he was ashamed, but he could not down it. He did not know what it was that was so alive and triumphant within him: love, or pity, or the natural instinct of the decent male to shelter and protect. Whatever it was, it was dominant.

"Do you have to work hard?" he asked.

"Pretty hard, I guess. I expect to."

"And you don't get any pay?"

"That's all right; I don't expect to get any," said she, and there was bitterness in her voice.

In spite of her stoutness she was not as strong as the man. She was not at all strong, and moreover the constant presence of a sense of injury at the hands of life filled her very soul with a subtle poison to her weakening vitality. She was a child hurt and worried and bewildered, although she was to the average eye a stout, able-bodied, middle-aged woman; but David had not the average eye, and he saw her as she really was, not as she seemed. There had always been about her a little weakness and dependency which had appealed to him. Now they seemed fairly to cry out to him like the despairing voices of the children which he had never had, and he knew he loved her as he had never loved her before, with a love which had budded and flowered and fruited and survived absence and starvation. He spoke abruptly.

"I've about got my business done in these parts," said he. "I've got quite a little money, and I've got a little house, not much, but mighty snug, back where I come from. There's a garden. It's in the woods. Not much passing nor going on."

The woman was looking at him with incredulous pitiful eyes like a dog's. "I hate much goin' on," she whispered.

"Suppose," said David, "you take those berries home and pack up your things. Got much?"

"All I've got will go in my bag."

"Well, pack up; tell the madam where



you live that you're sorry, but you're worn out—"

"God knows I am," cried the woman, with sudden force, "worn out!"

"Well, you tell her that, and say you've got another chance, and—"

"What do you mean?" cried the woman, and she hung upon his words like a drowning thing.

"Mean? Why, what I mean is this. You pack your bag and come to the parson's back there, that white house."

"I know—"

"In the mean time I'll see about getting a license, and—"

Suddenly the woman set her pail down and clutched him by both hands. "Say you are not married," she demanded; "say it, swear it!"

"Yes, I do swear it," said David. "You are the only woman I ever asked to marry me. I can support you. We sha'n't be rolling in riches, but we can be comfortable, and—I rather guess I can make you happy."

"You didn't say what your name was," said the woman.

"David Anderson."

The woman looked at him with a strange expression, the expression of one who loves and respects, even reveres, the isolation and secrecy of another soul. She understood, down to the depths of her being she understood. She had lived a hard life, she had her faults, but she was fine enough to comprehend and hold sacred another personality. She was very pale, but she smiled. Then she turned to go.

"How long will it take you?" asked David.

"About an hour."

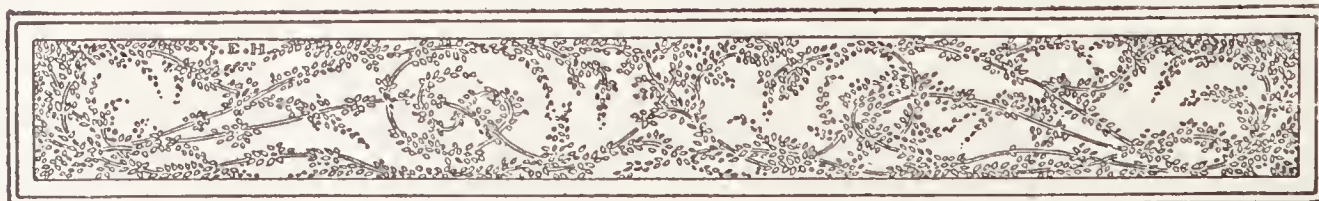
"All right. I will meet you in front of the parson's house in an hour. We will go back by train. I have money enough."

"I'd just as soon walk." The woman spoke with the utmost humility of love and trust. She had not even asked where the man lived. All her life she had followed him with her soul, and it would go hard if her poor feet could not keep pace with her soul.

"No, it is too far; we will take the train. One goes at half past four."

At half past four the couple, made man and wife, were on the train speeding toward the little home in the woods. The woman had frizzled her thin hair pathetically and ridiculously over her temples; on her left hand gleamed a white diamond. She had kept it hidden; she had almost starved rather than part with it. She gazed out of the window at the flying landscape, and her thin lips were curved in a charming smile. The man sat beside her, staring straight ahead as if at happy visions.

They lived together afterward in the little house in the woods, and were happy with a strange crystallized happiness at which they would have mocked in their youth, but which they now recognized as the essential of all happiness upon earth. And always the woman knew what she knew about her husband, and the man knew about his wife, and each recognized the other as old lover and sweetheart come together at last, but always each kept the knowledge from the other with an infinite tenderness of delicacy which was as a perfumed garment veiling the innermost sacredness of love.





# Landscape in Music

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

THE history of creative music is rich in attempted transcriptions of what Henry More called "the Out-world." There have been landscapists in music ever since Don Marco Uccellini, capellmeister to the Duke of Modena, composed in 1669 his *Sinfonie Boscareccie*, or "Wood Symphonies." Even before him, the Englishman John Mundy was writing pieces for the virginal which constituted a vague and tentative order of descriptive nature-painting—as, for example, a "Fantasia" wherein he assumes to portray "A Clear Day," "Lightning," "Thunder," "Calm Weather." Indeed, a large part of the early history of instrumental programme-music is concerned with recording more or less determined attempts at landscape-painting on the part of various composers enamored of the picturesque. The student delving in the music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries will find a long succession of "Forest" symphonies, "Spring" symphonies, and smaller pastoral pieces of a varying degree of *naïveté*; and later he will come upon the classic instance afforded by the nature-music in the oratorios of the admirable Josef Haydn, with their delineation of various ornithological, meteorological, and zoological phenomena.

But though the musical landscapist is a very familiar apparition in musical history, he has not always been an impressive figure there. His early attempts at nature-painting were for the most part crude, childish, and inept—either imitation of the baldest and feeblest kind, or mere musical sentimentalizing, barren of artistic worth or visualizing imagination. There were giants in those days, but they were excellent and indispensable in other fields than that of tonal landscape-painting. It is true that there were exceptions. In the nature-music of Couperin, Rameau, Gluck, for example, there are memorable

passages of descriptive writing. Later, in the hands of the resourceful and ingenious Haydn, the art of naturalistic depiction assumed a more important aspect. In "The Creation" and "The Seasons" there is nature-painting which is often remarkable for its genuine power and felicity—Haydn was, indeed, considerably more noteworthy as a writer of programme-music than as a composer of gracefully superficial symphonies, sonatas, and string quartets, despite the importance of his contribution to the history of musical form. Still later we find the Romantic composers of the early nineteenth century essaying, with various degrees of impressiveness, tonal portraiture inspired by what the poet of "The Excursion" piously called "God's works in His visible creation"—as Beethoven in his "Pastoral" symphony; Berlioz in his "Fantastic" and "Harold in Italy" symphonies; Spohr in his "Consecration of Sound"; Mendelssohn in his "Scotch" and "Italian" symphonies, in his music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," in his perpetually delightful overtures; Schumann in his "Spring" symphony and "Forest Scenes" for piano.

But for tonal landscape-painting in its finer estate one must look to the music of the last fifty years—at its best it is peculiarly a modern art. The marvellous increase in expressional efficiency which is the most salient result of the last half-century of musical progress has had no more fortunate issue than the disclosure of means whereby the composer of imagination has been enabled to realize his conceptions with a measure of eloquence undreamed of by his predecessors. The harmonic effects which are to-day at the disposal of any graduate from a conservatory class in composition simply did not exist for Schumann—not to speak of Beethoven or Mozart; for in musical art the innovation of yesterday



is the platitude of to-day. Certain forms of musical expression which, when first used by path-breakers like Chopin, Liszt, and Wagner, occasioned shrill protests from the critical conservatives—who alone are timeless and unchanging—have now passed into the common language of the art, and are at the service of any tyro who has learned how to put notes together.

No true analogy for this condition is to be found, as might be supposed, in the case of the poet or the artist, by whom words and pigments may undeniably be manipulated to novel and unexpected ends. In the case of the composer, it is the actual substance of his art which is added to and enriched by the practice of successive generations of creative pioneers. While the artist in words must, in our day, work with virtually the same materials which were used by Keats and Shelley, over whom he has in this respect no fundamental advantage, the contemporary music-maker is very differently circumstanced. He has, at the start, as important an advantage over his predecessor of a century ago as the modern poet would possess if that part of the vocabulary of the English language which is poetically available were unimaginably enlarged by the accretion of a mass of wholly new words, as potent and magical as the old. Mr. Yeats and Mr. Stephen Phillips can, of course, speak of winds and waters with a beauty and an emotion which suffer no impairment from the fact that they are using practically the same verbal materials that were used by Keats and Shelley. But whereas the modern music-maker can speak of winds and waters through the forms of utterance that served Beethoven and Schubert and Schumann, he can also—and herein lies the incalculable superiority of his medium—speak of them in terms that are, in essence, absolutely new. He must still, of course, work within the limits of a few dozen tones of varying pitch; but these correspond, not to the words of language, but to its alphabet; and from this tonal alphabet new words—harmonic and melodic forms—are being evolved with a rapidity and profusion for which in no other kind of æsthetic language is there any compari-

son. The most uninspired music-wright of to-day can, by the employment of certain harmonic expedients, produce effects which Beethoven would have bartered his soul to be able to achieve.

It will thus be evident why, as I have said, it has been possible for musical landscape-painting to achieve an unexampled pitch of expressiveness within the last fifty years, and why it is peculiarly a modern art, an art of our own time.

Since there is everything in Wagner—the most comprehensive master of musical utterance that the world has yet known—it is natural that his scores should contain nature-painting of an exceptional kind. Wagner ranged freely over the whole field of human consciousness and experience. He looked into the heart of man, and wrote, with unequalled poignancy, of its griefs and joys, its passions and aspirations. He looked, too, outward upon the created earth, and he responded lovingly to its multiform aspects—its woods, meadows, hills, streams, gardens; its sunrises and sunsets; the pageant of the seasons; wind, rain, mists, storms: he was alive to them all, and he has celebrated many of their aspects in music that is not merely vivid and graphic in its pictorial quality, but deeply poetical and often of superlative beauty.

But though Wagner was the first of those modern composers who have made the art of naturalistic tone-poetry, within the last half-century, a unique and unexampled thing, he was considerably less remarkable as a poet of nature than as a poet of human emotion, an historian of souls. He speaks with a higher eloquence, a greater power, when he is telling us of the ecstasy of Isolde or the despair of Amfortas, than when he is picturing for us the depths of Siegfried's forest or the majestic flow of the Rhine. He is not pre-eminently a master of musical landscape, fine and memorable as are his excursions in that field.

The supreme achievements of musical landscape-painting are of our own time. We shall find them in the music of four composers of the present day (one, alas! no longer active), who, by reason of the eloquence and power of their delineation of external nature, are without peers in this field. They are the Frenchmen,



Claude Debussy and Vincent d'Indy, and the Americans, Charles Martin Loeffler and Edward MacDowell. We shall see these men not only producing nature-music of incomparable excellence, but approaching their subject-matter from a new and unprecedented standpoint.

Wagner, no less than his predecessors among the naturalistic tone-poets, viewed the natural world quite simply: either as a congeries of impressive or lovely subjects to be put upon the orchestral canvas, or as the cause of certain responsive moods in himself. With him, as with all of his forerunners in this field, it was either sheer delineation of external aspects that was attempted, or—as Beethoven said of his “Pastoral” symphony—an “expression of feeling,” of moods provoked by the contemplation of Nature under various conditions. Wagner was able to surpass his predecessors in this kind of writing by reason of his superlative genius as a master of musical imagery, and also because of the greater richness, variety, and plasticity of the medium which he was able to employ—a medium the enormously increased efficiency of which he himself had done much to bring about.

When we come to the tonal landscapists who were contemporary with Wagner, or who came after him—such representative men as (to name but a few) Raff, Smetana, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Dvorák, Grieg, all of whom have wrought effectively as nature-painters—we find that for the most part they approached Nature in the same spirit as their predecessors: either as a subject to be faithfully rendered, or as the provocator of direct emotional reactions in themselves.

But in the landscape-music of those chief contemporary exponents of it whom I have named—Debussy, d'Indy, Loeffler, and MacDowell—we find different conditions and other aims. Aside from effects secured through the far subtler expressional means which the cumulative enrichment of musical material has enabled it to utilize, we shall find that it discloses an attitude toward its subject-matter—toward the natural world as a theme—which we have not previously encountered among the musical landscapists, though one which is familiar

enough in poetic art. For these men the world of external nature is no longer merely a group of phenomena, lovely or terrible, whose picturesque aspects, or the moods which they awaken, are to be sympathetically recorded. It is become rather a kind of magic mirror, throwing back an infinitude of images, fantastic or wayward, entrancing or grotesque, serene or tragic, horrible or sublime—a faithful and impartial reflector of the temperaments and prepossessions with which it is confronted. Or—to alter the figure—it is a strung harp, an instrument of unlimited range and inexhaustible responsiveness, upon which the performer may improvise at his pleasure. It is Nature made sympathetic and psychical, Nature suffused with subjective emotion. In short, we are witnessing the outcome of that relationship between the mystical imagination and an infinitely adaptive and compliant Nature which, in literature, resulted in such various poetry as that of Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Whitman, Poe, Baudelaire, Verlaine. We are no longer in the presence of that natural world which for Couperin, Haydn, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, as for Homer and Theocritus, Catullus and Virgil, Milton and Cowper, was in the main an unalterably objective fact—an environing panorama, rather than an enchanted glass in which each observer saw only the image of his own soul. We have found a condition which, though present in literature for a century, has had no existence in the far less mature art of music before our own day.

In the music of those men whom I have named there are, of course, the widest differences in individual manner of approach—differences so marked as that, for example, which lies between a habit of seeing in the outward world a majestic apparition of the Divine, and the prepossession which finds in it only dark presences and unspeakable omens; but in each we shall find disclosed an attitude which is typical, so far as music is concerned, of our own time.

Claude Debussy is best known to the world as the composer of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, a setting of Maeterlinck's poignant drama in which the musician has swept all the emotional strings and searched the chambers of the heart. But



Debussy is more than a subtle psychologist on the plane of human emotion; he is also a landscape-painter of an uncommon order. A mercurial being, a protean temperament—by turns rhapsodist, dramatist, lyrist, dreamer, Greek, Oriental; a master of line, yet a superb colorist; a classicist, yet an incorrigible Romantic—Debussy is before all else a visionary and mystic, a dweller in the spiritual border-lands. "Our normal, waking, rational consciousness," wrote William James in one of his lucid generalizations, "is but one special type of consciousness, whilst all about it, parted from it by the filmiest screens, there lie potential forms of consciousness entirely different." Debussy, having the piercing sight of the mystic, finds no impediment in these "filmy screens." His usual emotional life is passed on the farther side of the boundary of that field of consciousness which most men would call "normal," and he is forever bringing back across the border rumors of the aspects and occupations of an unexplored country: tales of desires and dreams that come to fulfilment in some

". . . . shadowy isle of bliss  
Midmost the beating of the steely sea,"

where he, too, like St. Martin, has seen "flowers that sounded" and heard "notes that shone": where, as in the traditions known to the old Celtic poets, "the noise of the sunfire on the waves at daybreak is audible for those who have ears to hear." That is the world which is native to him. His music gleams more often with "the light that never was on sea or land" than with the light of common day; when it is most typical, it seems like a precipitation from an authentic world of dreams.

Debussy's nearest kin among landscapists of the brush—with whom he suggests analogies more frequently than with the landscapists of literature—are such various spirits as Böcklin, Corot, and Whistler. He combines the rich and fantastic imagination of the Swiss and the limpid surfaces of the Frenchman with the American's mastery of *nuance*. But in Debussy these traits are etherialized, alembicated—transposed to the remoter and more aerial region where this singular tone-poet has his essential being.

In music there are no analogies to be found for him, save among his imitators. There is in his tonal landscapes no hint of the elemental Nature of Haydn, Beethoven, Wagner, Mendelssohn, Dvorák. His nature-painting has no smack of the soil, of the solid earth, nothing of the clear outlines, definite forms, and familiar images which we find in the musical scene-painting of the older landscapists. For him, as for Shelley, "Nature is not a picture set for his copying, but a palette set for his brush"; and the colors with which his brush is loaded are such as no painter in tones had ever before employed. His landscapes have radiance rather than light, substance, but not density; yet they are always luminous, vibrant, wonderfully alive, and they are aglow with a delicate iridescence of which he alone, apparently, knows the secret.

Debussy delights not only in translating into subtle images of tone such obvious phases of the picturesque as reflections in quiet waters and the descending slant of moonbeams, but such less accustomed themes as the stillness of breathless summer noons, the slow procession of the clouds, the mystery of a ruined temple under the moon, the vague melancholy that lies in the distant sound of bells heard through autumn woods; or, as in his inexpressibly lovely setting of Mallarmé's "Afternoon of a Faun," he evokes a tonal vision the beauty of which seems to have been miraculously recovered from the golden ages of the world: a picturing of sun-spotted, nymph-haunted woodland, and the incarnate Pan in lazy sensuous reverie, for which there is no companion-piece in music. Nothing in the least like it had ever before been attempted. No one but Debussy could have conceived and accomplished it. But from whatever angle he chooses to transcribe the external world, it is never disclosed to his vision save as some enchanted and miracle-breeding apparition. He views it always through a waving curtain of necromantic golden vapor, which imbues with fantastic light its woods and streams and cloudy turrets, peoples its glades and meadows with strange beings and anonymous presences, and transmits to his ears alluring and mysterious voices.



In his attitude toward the things of the external world he thus stands always, as Francis Thompson has said (not altogether aptly) of Shelley, "at the very junction lines of the visible and invisible, and can shift the points as he wills." But it is from the remoter position that he addresses us most often and most engagingly: from that many-colored land of the imagination which is known to those, even the least gifted, for whom the Gates of Wonder have been opened.

With Vincent d'Indy, another member of the "younger school" of contemporary French music-makers, we come upon a tonal landscapist of different calibre. Like Debussy, he is a mystic; but whereas for Debussy the beauty and wonder of the visible earth are merely so many stimuli to his inflammable and transmuting imagination, for d'Indy they are august revelations of the Divine. He is deeply devout; like Vaughan and Wordsworth, a religious mystic of the purest type. For him the green earth and the majestic canopy of heaven are only, in Wordsworth's phrase, "the garment of God"—an expression of unseen spiritual realities. The spectacle of external Nature, in winsome, forbidding, or awful guise, calls forth in him reverent and exalted emotions. One can conceive him giving Blake's answer to the questioner who asked: "What! when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire, something like a guinea?" "No! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host, crying, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord God Almighty.'"

For d'Indy the winds and the waters are eloquent of supernal things. The terrible majesty of dawn, the evening light on mountain summits, the peace that falls upon the valley, all discourse to him of divine and immortal things—all are to him, as to that true seer, Jonathan Edwards, "adumbrations of His glory and goodness, of His mildness and gentleness."

It is doubtless a far cry from the austere and excellent Puritan to the exponent of modern musical Paris; yet they view the natural world from fundamentally the same standpoint—the old mystic, who found that "God's excellency, wisdom, purity, and love seemed to ap-

pear in everything: in the clouds, the blue sky, in the grass, flowers, trees, in the water, and all nature," and who declared that he was forever "singing forth, with a low voice," his "contemplations of the Creator"; and the gifted artist of our own time, whose most characteristic achievement, "A Summer Day on the Mountain," is in essence a gravely ecstatic hymn, a tonal pæan in praise of the eternal miracle of created Nature.

Charles Martin Loeffler, an American of Alsatian birth, Franco-German training, and French affiliations, is, like Debussy and d'Indy, a landscapist of mystical temper, though he lacks the blitheness of the one and the austerity of the other. He is primarily a tragedian, with much of Thomas Hardy's feeling for the ominous and terrible in Nature—indeed, he might not unreasonably be regarded as a living commentary upon that passage of Hardy's concerning Egdon Heath wherein the novelist speaks of those human souls who may come to find themselves "in closer and closer harmony with external things wearing a sombreness distasteful to our race when it was young." Loeffler betrays this instinctive sympathy with the tragical in nature. His spiritual brethren are Poe, Baudelaire, Maeterlinck, Verlaine, in their darker and disconsolate hours. In the mood which is most frequent with him, he is native to a world oppressed by nameless and immemorial griefs, dolorous with the shadow of death, where the winds are heavy with bodement and vague menace. Images of the King of Terrors haunt his imagination; a vast and bitter melancholy encompasses him.

Thus he is drawn to contrive tonal analogues for such a desolate and sinister landscape as he has found in Maurice Rollinat's dire poem, "The Pool," with its mordant picturing of dank and lonely marshes, lowering twilight skies, complaining frogs, and the vacuous, spectral face of the moon. He has sought musical expression also for Rollinat's other and yet more woeful picture of the ghostly bagpipe-player whose groaning tune is heard by night, under a bleak sky, "near the cross-roads of the crucifix"; and among his smaller pieces there is none more characteristic than his superb setting of Verlaine's unutterably mournful



fantasy of sobbing horn notes borne at sunset upon winter winds—"Le Son du Cor s'afflige vers les Bois."

He can paint, it is true, in other colors. There are few more captivately buoyant pictures of the dawn than that which he has given us in his orchestral transcription of the exquisite aubade which Verlaine, in "La Bonne Chanson," addressed to his bride—music of such enchanting freshness, sweetness, and lyric rapture as to recall the saying of Whitman: "What subtle tie is this between one's soul and the break of day?" But in his nature-painting we find for the most part canvases of sable hue: landscapes upon which the sun has forever set, situate in some "dim empire of sorrow," where—as in the grievous fantasy of wailing horn tones which he has paraphrased—"all the air is like an autumn sigh."

Edward MacDowell was a landscapist who would have compelled the delighted attention of Matthew Arnold, had that sensitive gauger of poetic values been as responsive to musical as to literary influences. MacDowell was, strangely enough, the only Celt who has ever written music of first-rate quality; and he was also the only valid exponent of Celtic feeling and Celtic perception that is to be found in the whole range of what we call "artistic" music, as distinguished from folk-music. Though an American by birth, he was a Celt by virtue of ancestry and innate affiliation, and he enjoyed that deep and abiding intimacy with natural things which is the incontestable heritage of the Celt. He was tenderly and acutely aware of every phase and alteration of the earth, sea, and sky. To him, as to Richard Feverel, the fields and the waters "shouted to him golden shouts." He had Keats's delight in the sheer actuality and presence of the natural world. He

was halted by the echo of the wind along the shore, the aromatic breath of the woods, the smell of the warm turf, the color and bloom and opulence of Nature in its immediate and elemental appeal. To such varied persuasions as these he responded with exceptional quickness and intensity, and he knew how to capture and convey the sense of them in music which, regarded as sheer nature-painting, stands alone in the intimacy and vividness of its rendering.

But there was another and more notable side to his relations with the outer world. He had the Celt's peculiar and instinctive sensibility toward the appeal of that which is remote, solitary, of strange beauty and import—the imaginative leaning toward "old, forgotten, far-off things," and the wistful sadness in the contemplation of them, which sets the Celt, as an artist, definitely apart. Above all, he had that distinctively Celtic way of transcribing Nature which Arnold has called "magical." Those are the chief, the distinguishing, possessions of his nature-music when it is most typical: the feeling of the remote and irreclaimable which underlies and pervades it; and the magical power with which that feeling is expressed and communicated. He can achieve, as we have seen, vivid similes of near and familiar things: the flavor of woods, fields, gardens, the salt tang of the sea winds, the wide, tonic spaces of moor and sky. But what is unique and unparalleled in his music is its quality of Celtic magic, which touches and transfigures even his frankest rendering of the sunlit scenery of the accustomed world; though it is never so seizing as when it carries the rumor of some wild Ossianic night, "when the Gael-strains chant themselves from the mists"; or when—and perhaps, then, most poignantly—its burden is "the ancient sorrow of the hills."





# Little Gray Father

BY KEENE ABBOTT

THESE elderly people, who have so little blood in their bodies, what a wonder that so much of it can fly into their faces with the least excitement! At a corner drug shop a small, frail, shabby old man sometimes used the telephone, and it was affecting to see how he trembled as he clamped the receiver to his ear, how he stammered and how loudly he shouted with his husky, worn-out voice!

Was Jamie at home? he would inquire. Was he working? Would it be all right to come and see him?

Being assured that the hour was most propitious for a visit to his son, the old fellow hastened at once to the flat where Jamie and Mr. Tompkins occupied lodgings on the second floor.

Those two men held positions in the same newspaper office—a circumstance which had often been of curious assistance to the shabby little man, for Tompkins would patiently answer all his questions and perhaps give him courage to go up-stairs when, every Sunday, he came for a visit. The satisfaction of calling oftener upon his son than once a week, much oftener, was not for him. Jamie would not have it.

The truth is that these visits were a prodigious bore. Always the old fellow chatted endlessly of trivial things. If allowed to do so, he would talk by the hour of the time when he had not been a carpet-weaver; for indeed he had once been a clerk in railway headquarters, but had lacked even the meagre ability required to keep his insignificant place; and yet he invariably babbled of that period of his life, told over and over again the small happenings which he had repeated hundreds of times before.

That the young man should sometimes have been far from cordial in receiving his father had made the carpet-weaver very cautious about entering his son's room, but summoning the required forti-

tude, he knocked falteringly at Jamie's door. Before going in, it was his unvarying practice to peer cautiously about. Shyly his face—it was a crumpled rather than a wrinkled face—appeared in the room, and if Jamie said, "Hello, dad!" he would briskly enter, quietly close the door after him, then take off his rusty top-coat and his battered stiff hat, which had shrunk so much and was so tight a fit that it always left a red crease across his forehead and a smooth channel pressed into his tousled gray hair.

"Excuse me if I only drop in for a minute. I can't stay long," he announced with ceremony, if he observed that Jamie was not in a mood for receiving visitors, and often he would apologetically add some bit of news, such as this: "I just wanted you to know that Clara's boss has raised her wages." He always had something pleasant to relate, either about his daughter or about himself, even if he had to invent it, for to tell of his disagreeable life at home would only be to feel that he was carrying complaints to a very poor market. Yet he might reasonably have claimed a little sympathy, for ever since the death of his wife he had been meekly submitting to the rigid exactions imposed upon him by a widowed sister who, five years ago, had come to live with him as his housekeeper.

A weaver of rugs and rag carpet, he earned a good living, but little of the money went into his pocket. Doubtless the woman felt justified, on account of his bibulous habits, in making it her business to collect most of the cash. She gave him nothing for tobacco, nor did she allow him to smoke in the house, and this, of course, put the ban upon his friends. The ones who used to call of an evening for a pipe and a bit of neighborhood gossip had quite forsaken his shop. Even his son had given up coming to see him.

Visiting, if there was to be any of it, entirely devolved upon the old man, and



when he found Jamie rather inhospitable he would quickly take his leave. If it happened to be a rainy day, he invariably squeezed his wet, green umbrella tightly in the middle, as though to punish it for having dripped offensively upon the red ingrain carpet of his son's room.

Often Jamie became rather severe with him, but the old man did not take offence; he only grew more humble, trying ever more earnestly not to be a nuisance. And he went on worshipping his son, both for love of the boy and for love of the boy's mother—her who had given Jamie his blue eyes, his fine forehead, and his well-curved mouth.

This affection was indeed of sufficient strength to cast a glow of warmth over his son's most indifferent reception of him, and once, in late December, after an especially brief call, he was almost hilarious when he hooked elbows with Tompkins on the stair landing.

"Have you a little time? Can I talk with you a minute?" he asked, as he was led away into the room of the genial newspaper man. "Next week," the old fellow added, in a confidential tone, "next Thursday is a holiday. That means I will call on Jamie, and he'll hardly know me, I will look so fine—a clean shave, a clean shirt, and a clean collar!"

"A holiday next Thursday, Mr. Oliver? Isn't that a mistake? Christmas, you know, isn't for two weeks yet."

"That so?" said the carpet-weaver, and then smiled mysteriously. "Yes, but I don't mean Christmas. It's a—a—a—well, a kind of a private Christmas." He put his hands on Tompkins's shoulders, and added affectionately: "That was the day that Jamie's mother and I got married. The first year I got her an anniversary present, but the second year she asked me not to; instead of that we gave *him* a present, she and I together, and always afterward we did the same, when it came our wedding-day."

The old man had the idea of buying a lamp for his son, and he was come to beg the assistance of his friend in selecting the gift. Tompkins complied with the request, and the more willingly since for some time past he had been intending to buy himself a reading-lamp. Both purchases, he thought, could be made at the same time.

The task, however, was not easily accomplished. The weaver had but a dollar and a half to spend, and with that amount he could not get any of the costly lamps which pleased him most. The cheap ones were not good enough, the others bore price-marks that were a mockery. After endless investigation, endless bargaining, the old man sighed in bewilderment.

"I guess I won't get him anything—not now," he said. "I guess I better wait till Christmas-time."

Tompkins understood the situation, and quietly rose to the emergency.

"Over here," he observed, "is a fine lamp, with a beautiful green shade—the very thing that Jim ought to have."

"A fine lamp, yes," said the old man, and with the ball of his thumb he felt how smooth was the curve of the cool green shade. "But the cost of it?—how much?"

The old man took his money out of his pocket, looked forlornly at the coins as he spread them out in the palm of his unsteady hand, and then shifted them to another pocket.

"No," he added, "give me rather one of the plainer kind."

Tompkins was seized with an impulse to advance the cash necessary for the purchase, and yet he did not like to make the offer, for often poverty is very sensitive, very easily offended.

"Suppose I lend you the money," Tompkins gently suggested by way of experiment, and straightway the old fellow felt in his watch pocket, then reddened with shame.

"It can't be done; I have no security to give you," he observed; and it was the recollection of having pawned his silver watch with a barkeeper that had so put him to confusion.

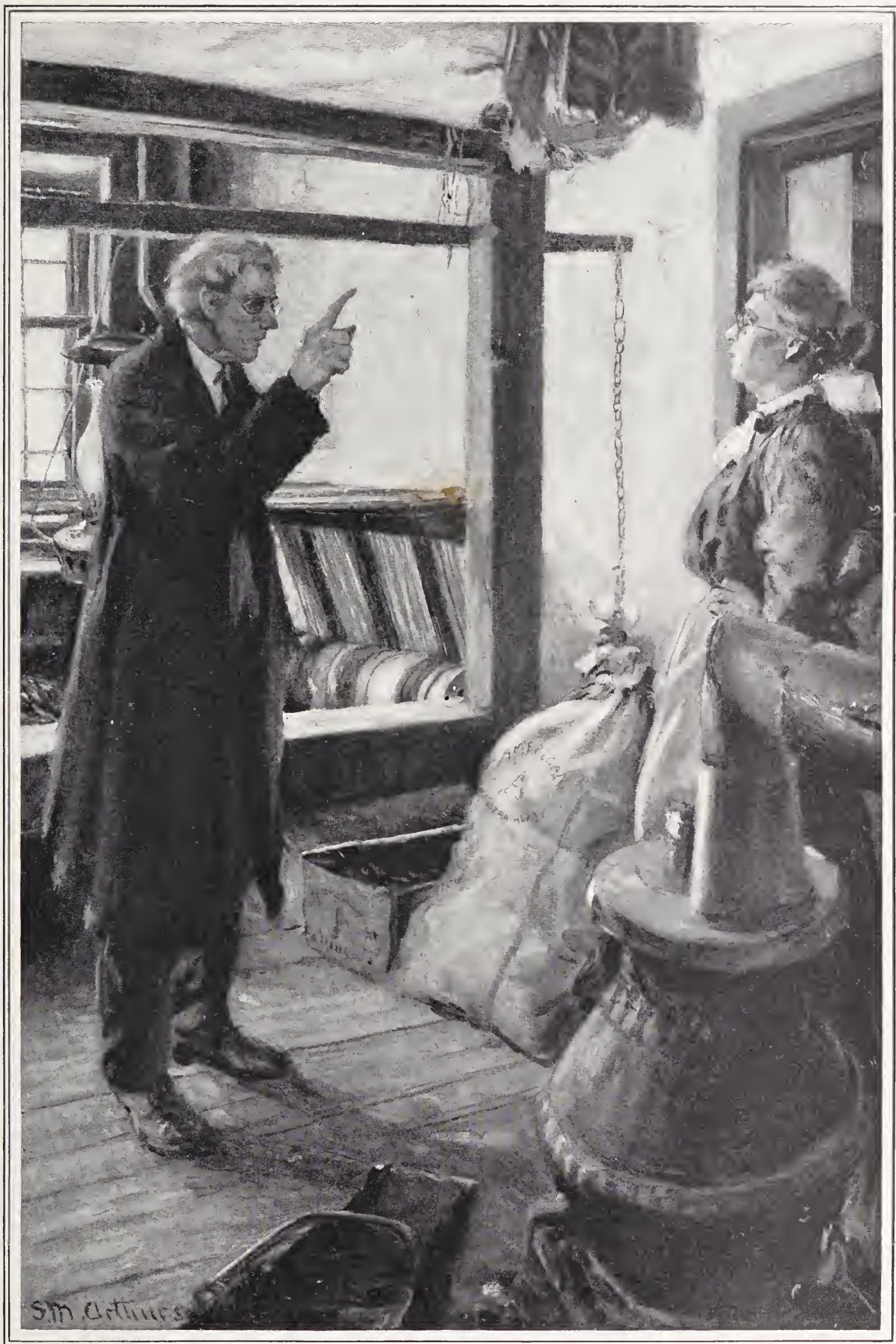
"Security?" Tompkins repeated, with a shrug of amusement. "Why should I want security?"

"It can't . . . be done," the carpet-weaver stammered, and he confessed shamefacedly, "I am not a good creditor. I drink, you understand; I drink too much; I am too much of a drinker."

After an interval of reflection, Tompkins propounded an alternative.

"Christmas, you know, is not far off, and I've been thinking that you and I





*Drawn by S. M. Arthurs*

"SOMETIME MAYBE I WILL TURN YOU RIGHT OUT OF THIS HOUSE!"



together might make Jim a Christmas present of this lamp."

The abruptness of the proposal so astonished the old man that he winked rapidly, and then, all of a sudden, joy kindled in his faded eyes. What more natural, he was thinking, than that Tompkins should want to remember Jamie with a gift at Christmas-time?

"A present?—from both of us?" the weaver breathlessly asked. "All right. Yes. Thanks. But say . . . look here, now: do you mean that we will have to wait until Christmas before we give him the lamp?" The face of the old fellow had grown very grave.

"Why wait?" said Tompkins. "Better let him have the good of it now; for in winter, when he gets home from the office in the morning, after his night's work, it is still dark, you know. He always reads an hour or more before going to bed."

"And we can give him the lamp . . . next Thursday?"

"That's it—next Thursday, if you like."

The old man doubtfully considered the point, being reluctant to let any one share in the gift, and regretting more and more that he had not the money to make the purchase on his own account. All the joy had gone out of his face, and by and by he was timidly suggesting:

"Maybe you better take most of the lamp, the standard and the burner and all the other parts, and leave me the shade. Those things you can give him; they will be from you, your present to him. Then I, his father, I will have the shade, and that, you see, will be mine—my own individual gift to him."

"Fine idea, that!" Tompkins heartily exclaimed, and turned his head that the old man might not see him smiling. But to a discriminating ear there might have been a suspicion of brusque tenderness in the voice of the newspaper man as he said: "Give it to him yourself; that's the thing to do! I will lend you the money to buy it."

"I give it to him?" questioned the carpet-weaver.

"Yes."

"The lamp?"

"Yes, the lamp."

"Give it *all* to him?"

"Yes, every part of it, all of it."

"How all? I have not the money. That is, do you mean you will let me have the money, without security, so that I can give him all of the lamp?"

"Yes, of course."

"And I can give it to him from myself?"

"That's it—that's what I mean."

"Next Thursday?—I can give it to him then?"

"Certainly."

"Give all of the lamp to him from me?—from me alone?"

"Surely!" Tompkins exclaimed.

The old man was too astonished, too much bewildered, to credit the boldness of such a transaction. Mr. Tompkins could not be in earnest about it; he must be joking! But no, after all, he did not appear to be joking; he was actually taking the money out of his pocketbook.

Five minutes afterward the lamp had been paid for, had been wrapped up, and was safely in the old man's possession. But the generosity of his friend, which even allowed him to keep fifty cents, was not good for him; it meant trouble; for he was so elated over his gift that he decided to be very brave in demanding of his penurious sister that she instantly give him the money to pay for it. He decided to show her openly what he had been buying, to tell her that hereafter he was going to be master in his own house, and plainly give her to understand that he was an independent man.

However, he concluded that it might be unwise, after all, to let her see the lamp. Very likely she would say disagreeable things about it, and in dread of her sharp tongue he made haste to conceal his gift as soon as he had entered the shop. Under a mass of gay-colored balls, rag-carpet balls of all sizes, he quickly hid the lamp. Then he called his sister and demanded of her that she instantly give him the sum of eleven dollars.

"What?" she asked, and her gray eyes, with their yellow lashes, opened wide in astonishment.

In a stout voice he said: "You heard me—eleven dollars!"

With the back of her red hand she smoothed some wisps of hair off her shiny forehead.



"I'm to give you that much, am I? Umh!" said she, and smiled sarcastically.

The old fellow flew into such a rage that he even lighted his pipe in her presence. He defied her by smoking very fast. But this did not seem to do any good. It did not help in the least to have a quarrel, a regular fight with her.

"How much whiskey, this time, have you been bringing into the house?" she inquired.

"How much? What's that?" he demanded.

"Maybe you think I didn't see you sneaking it in!" she exclaimed.

"Maybe it—it—maybe it's some of your business!" he retorted, and was quite amazed to be talking so bravely to this woman who commonly did what she pleased with him.

"Are you going to make a row and maybe get arrested for disturbing the peace?" she asked.

His voice shrilled in defiance, and he brought his fist down with a whack against his thigh.

"Are you going to give me that money?" he shouted.

"Oh yes," she replied, and again smiled mockingly at him.

"Sometime, when you make me mad," he stammered, "maybe I—I—maybe I will turn you right out of this house!"

She called him then a miserable sot, and left him, going quietly into the kitchen. And the bad name she had called him rankled deep, for to be talked to like that when he was sober, perfectly sober, when he had not been drinking anything at all, made him feel mightily abused.

What right, in any case, had she to keep the money, *his* money, the money he had earned? By heavens, he would not stand that! Only, without drinking a little, he did not have the courage again to demand the eleven dollars; but having spent the fifty cents which remained after the purchase of the lamp, he felt very bold. Energetically he braved his sister, but a mistake it was, decidedly a mistake, to use a weapon for the enforcement of his claim. No matter that it should have been a worthless relic, a broken pistol which could not possibly be fired off, it was still such an ominous thing that when his sister, his niece, and even his

daughter reported the incident to the authorities, it was quite sufficient to make them conclude that he was not a safe character. And under a State law providing for the care of dipsomaniacs a hearing was conducted by the Board of Insanity in court-room Number Five.

It was then shown that bibulous habits had nearly wrecked the old man's usefulness. He was said to have grown slovenly, irresponsible, almost wholly incapacitated for work. As to the matter of the pistol, his sister did not wish to make too much of that. If he had been himself, she was sure he would not have done such a thing, but how was she to know that he would not again attempt some act of violence? He might be all right, she thought, if only he would leave liquor alone.

To that assertion the old man retorted:

"She says that, yes, but just wait till Jamie gets here. He'll tell you, Jamie will, whether I ought to be locked up or not."

The woman assumed an air of sorrow and long-suffering. She had prayed for patience to bear with him, she said, and had done everything possible to save his earnings. This final protestation of hers made the old man redden to the roots of his tousled gray hair. He trembled all over, and defiance quavered in his shrill voice as he exclaimed:

"It's my property they're after! First they want a guardian appointed for me, and now they want me locked up in a crazy-house!"

He excitedly shook a thin finger at those who had testified against him—at the hard-featured middle-aged woman, at a plain-faced younger woman, and at a bewildered, sad-faced girl.

It was a demonstration which quite astonished the three members of the commission, for until this point in the hearing the carpet-weaver had seemed a very timorous individual. Doctor Tilden, the white-haired and white-bearded president of the board, indicated by his manner that the case was both puzzling and troubling to him, and his voice was fatherly in tone when he presently said to the shabby little old man:

"Well, now, Mr. Oliver, suppose you were to give up drinking altogether? But a man with your habits can scarcely



do that unless he has some help. If, then, you were to go to a hospital for a few months, don't you think that you and your family would be better off?"

The weaver did not take kindly to the suggestion. With bloodshot eyes he glared at his sister, and in a voice choking with anger he said:

"If you knew her, if you knew that woman, you wouldn't blame me for drinking!"

Then he bethought him that to talk so much, to get so excited, was not a wise thing to do. But perhaps all this could make no difference, for presently Jamie would be coming. While the old man impatiently awaited the arrival of his son he smiled a little in his confidence that he would be strongly defended. He saw his troubles at an end, for James Oliver, being night editor of the *Herald*, was thought to be a person of influence.

Yet when the young man finally arrived, he looked displeased, solemnly dejected and harassed. His father, however, saw nothing of this, so sure was the old fellow that his deliverance was at hand. Just wait! They would see how quickly this muddle would get straightened out! Maybe, after all, the whole stupid affair would not be a bad thing; maybe it would be a good thing, for now there would be no question, there *could* be no question, of having to live with that woman any more. The old man feebly rejoiced, but he was not altogether pleased, for Jamie, he thought, did not speak as promptly as a son should have spoken; Jamie even seemed reluctant to say anything at all.

"Gentlemen," he finally began, but had to pause to clear the huskiness out of his voice. "you already know, I think, that I have done what I could to have my father properly taken care of." He was speaking with the nervous haste of one who knows he must not falter in a disagreeable duty. "I suppose my sister has told you that we tried to have him go to a private sanitarium. He would not go, and there was no way of compelling him to do so. Now, since we are powerless to help him, I am afraid it becomes necessary . . . that is . . . well, *you* understand."

Before young Oliver had finished, the old man was staring helplessly at the

floor. His hands knitted together, and he kept wetting his lips with his tongue. He said nothing. He did not even wipe the tears away. Grief lashed his wrinkled old face, and he huddled down in his chair, a bent, pitiable wreck of a man.

Doubtless that woful figure had deeply impressed young James Oliver, and it may be that he was a little troubled, yet he was not the man to show what he felt. A reserved and uncommunicative individual, it was only at rare intervals that he confided even in Tompkins, the night telegraph editor; but one morning, after they had left the newspaper office and were on their way home in the cold darkness of that early hour, the young man presently said to his companion:

"I do hate to think of dad being sent away to an asylum."

"Going to be sent away, is he?" was Tompkins's laconic question.

"Yes; this afternoon he's to go."

"Couldn't you have it put off a little while?"

"What good would that do?" young Oliver asked, a note of resentment in his tone that such a thing should be suggested.

"It wouldn't do *any* good, I suppose," Tompkins replied, and no more was said; but it happened that when Thursday, the old man's wedding anniversary, finally arrived, he was still in town, and, more surprising still, he was allowed to visit his son.

At noon he and his friend, the telegraph editor, appeared in Jamie's room. More bent, more timid, and more tremulous than ever, the old fellow carried a bulging parcel wrapped in yellow paper. His battered hat, faded to a greenish hue, had been carefully brushed, his rusty coat lacked not a single button, his linen was clean, and he kept on his rubbers, that his broken shoes might be hidden.

Upon entering the house he was careful to set his bundle down in order to unbutton his jacket in front for a display of the proud apparel which lay beneath: an old-fashioned waistcoat with glass buttons, a waistcoat of brocaded silk, turned a bit yellow with age. It was all that remained to him of the suit he had worn, years and years ago, on his wedding-day.

Upon seeing his son, the old man tried





*Drawn by S. M. Arthurs*

THE OLD MAN WAS STARING HELPLESSLY AT THE FLOOR



to smile a little, and then, with a shining wetness in his faded eyes, he began the speech which he had carefully prepared for the occasion:

"For those who read a lot, a lamp is very useful." That much he spoke distinctly, but afterward his words went into confusion, and by and by he said with cringing abjectness: "A man must not be a swine, he must not drink too much; it's wrong, you understand. But all the same, I sometimes—that is, I get loaded, very much so. If life gets unpleasant, or things happen wrong, or I get sad about anything, I am not reasonable in my drinking. I drink too much, I am too much of a drinker. And it's not agreeable; it's wrong. You scold me, Jamie, you get on your ear about it, but I don't listen to you. So now I want to show you . . . show you what a temperance crank I have come to be. I give you this lamp, Jamie, to remember me by when I am gone away to—to—to

the sanitarium, or to the asylum, or wherever it is you want me to go to."

James Oliver, it appeared, had been invaded by a sudden accession of feeling. His hands fumbled in accepting the gift; awkwardly he held it, awkwardly set it down upon his desk, and then, to the astonishment of his friend, he took in his arms that little gray father of his.

"Dear old dad," he said, "don't talk like that. Don't think I want to shut you up. It was only for treatment. . . . But maybe you could get along without that. If you had things a little pleasanter, maybe you could . . . maybe. . . . Well, you see, we might live together—you and Clara and I. Would you like that?"

The father could scarcely speak, there was such a choking in his throat. And when he finally did find his voice again, it was only to say:

"A lamp, you understand—a lamp is very useful for those who read a lot."

## Oriflamme

BY *ETHEL M. HEWITT*

IF you had need of me, your call would come—  
 Vivid and strenuous as an oriflamme;  
 But since it comes not, then, it seems to me.  
 You need me most, Beloved, where I am.

So, I keep silence, sitting very still—  
 For you are busy with so many things;  
 You have no time to break it. Even thus,  
 The winter's silence shapes the coming springs.

And yet, I wonder, watching, at my work,  
 (I, too, am very busy where I am);  
 Whether you ever guess my need of you,  
 Strenuous and vivid as an oriflamme?



# The Romancing of a Square Party

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

WHEN the Young Man and the Young Woman who were travelling with a party, and whom we had met at Monte Carlo and grown to like, told us that they would enjoy the trip across northern Italy because it would be "improving to the mind," we edged off uncomfortably toward the Casino and lost a few more unimproving francs. But even the absorbing of our silver did not blot out the gloomy prospect of motoring an intellectual pair through an emotional country.

We, as a middle-aged couple (the expression had been forced upon us, until we finally accepted it), had considered the inviting of the Young Man and the Young Woman as near an approach to a revival of tender sentiment as our slightly silvered hair would permit. It had been our vague intention to hold the mirror up to them—and see ourselves. We wished the young couple, for the trip at least, to engage in a sort of delicate exchange of gallantries, which we should have enjoyed with ourselves in the principal rôles had not the stigma of "middle age" weighted us down with its awful dignity. We hoped for a sort of flirtation pleasing to the eye, which would blossom under the Italian sky, then, later, gently die. I made this statement to the Illustrator with no knowledge of the rhyme until he laughed. Since then I have been repeating it proudly.

The Illustrator, as he bitterly slung in their books of reference amid the oil-cans and made ready for an intellectual departure, had no hope of their vulnerability, but I was not bereft of all attacking methods. The first one, I admit, was frustrated, for at the start the young girl beckoned me to the rear seat, where she had already installed herself, with a mental firmness which no romantic couple in middle age could well combat—and remain unashamed. The

Young Man settled himself in my favorite place by the driving Illustrator; the satiated retinue of the Monte Carlo hostelry bowed their adieus; and with my heart beating expectantly at re-entering the land of rich sensations, we made for Italy.

The Young Woman, who must have heard the prancing of this artery of mine which refuses to grow old, smiled at me kindly, with a question in her eyes.

"I am wishing," I said to her, conscious of my effort at careful phrasing, "that the first of the little dramas of the roadside which come to us so thickly in this country will greet us at the Customs, just as we slip past the tricolor and draw up at the post of green and white and red. Don't you think that would be splendid?"

The Young Woman looked dubious. "An episode that will give a clue to the character of the country?"

I nodded, flattened but defiant. After all, she had my thought. So she leaned forward, one hand upon her note-book, pencil poised.

At the French barrier the clean children bade us "bon voyage," then a climb across a gorge—muleteers along the way—a donkey-boy singing half French and half Italian—a sudden turn—the colors, green and white and red, upon a rock—a small stucco house with an official lounging waitingly—and in the doorway a signora gravely examining the tousled head of a small, dirty child.

"How awful!" cried the girl, shutting her note-book with a snap.

"How Italian!" I replied, well satisfied.

If one follows the Corniche road after passing into Italy, only the man of wildest imaginings can feel an appreciable difference between it and the country that is left behind. There are still the colorful sea, the baked white road,



and the pink villas, where surely no one was ever born or has ever died. There is not the dignity of these simple events about their vapid architecture. But twist the motor to the left after leaving Ventimiglia, thrust its nose into the Maritime Alps, and let it smell out Tenda, and one's forgotten Italian speech comes back to him by the aid of sign-posts and road warnings. It is a way of sharp turns bitten into the rock, across mountain torrents busily furnishing electric power to the gambling-houses back on the Riviera, and past vineyards, hanging from crevices, which soften the grim visage of Mother Earth as do long eyelashes beautify a stern-faced woman.

The Young Man and the Young Woman gave forth expressions.

"It is volcanic," they agreed.

"It is glorious," I asserted.

"It is every bit on the high speed," said the Illustrator, whose mind was on his engine.

At Tenda the young couple agreed to make up their notes. Our windows looked upon a pale-green Alp, and, below, in the main street—the one street—the diligences came and went. Still they were wishful to make notes. But after dinner we took our coffee on the pavement, and the light was dim. More than that, there was an "episode." She, the lady of the episode, sat at the table next to us, and there were men about her. She was pretty, plump, provincial, and she had a way of lifting her eyelids as though held down by cognac. That is rare in Italy. The Young Man and the Young Woman grew almost interested. The lady was evidently doing the wrong thing, and was pleased about it. I suppose life is dull in Tenda. The Italian officers and their wives, who appeared to know her, were surprised, and whispered over their coffee.

After a while, out of the gloom—for the pale-green Alp threw a black shadow at night—a stumpy little husband appeared; one dressed as though having come from a journey—a journey, we assumed, that should have brought him back at ten instead of nine. He made no scene, he bowed to her companions, and, in tones tinged with as much sarcasm as he dared, begged his *sposa* not to incommode herself—he asked only

for the key. At this the wife, with an insolence born of brandy, told him that was simple, and thrusting her hand into her pocket, withdrew a key such as Bluebeard would have relished. It was ten inches long at least. It was so much more impressive than its master that we went over somewhat to the side of *la sposa*, although we shouldn't. Then he trudged out into the road again, lugging the key, knowing that he should fight, yet a scared little man. But after another round of cognac a boy appeared, a servant; in his hand he carried a lantern, and in his mouth a message from the signore: he had come to take her home. There was a forceful quality about him which the signora recognized, for though she tried to shake him off he would have none of it; and while one can with dignity quarrel with one's husband—yes, and well within one's rights—how absurd becomes the situation when one quarrels with a serving-lad! So the lady went out into the darkness too, only she would not walk with the boy. He went ahead, and showed her mud-holes, which she hazily avoided while pretending not to hear him.

That was absolutely all, and we shall never know the end, which is most tantalizing; still, the young couple could not make their notes for watching, and he was heard to say to her, "Think of a heartache in a little town!" So the evening wasn't altogether wasted.

Yet the next day they had become stiff-necked and unregenerate once more, for the morning is ever provocative of high resolves. Although I descended early, I found the Young Man occupying my place by the driver, and the Young Woman from the back seat was full of alarming erudition concerning rock formations. It made me wonder why the Creator had spent so much time carving her features prettily, when almost any face would answer for the study of geology. The Illustrator, who wished to be helpful in their emotional development, responded to the rocky dissertation by a few clumsy hints as to the tunnel we would shortly reach, and the opportunity its two miles of blackness would offer "to the foxy." Poor wit this, and most unfortunate in its result. The fine shoulders of the Young Man





THE "SKY-SCRAPERS" OF CREMONA

assumed so moral an uprightness that no possible flight of fancy could conjure a blond head resting on their heights. The blond head itself was being proudly tossed by its owner in the back seat, while I sat silent, controlling my writhing feet, which longed to press a wifely warning on the *Illustrator's* ankles.

The tunnel, as it turned out, was a black and chilling experience, and our lunch in Cuneo at the Bar of Iron, while provocative of chuckles from the *Illustrator* at the appropriate name, was not entirely a mirthful occasion. Still, as we descended into the plain my spirits

soared aloft, for the necessity of high-sounding epithets is diminished when on less aspiring land; the "soul" (as defined by the young couple) retires, and our mean shell puts powder on its nose, and takes an interest in its dinner.

Yet was I uncomfortable over the thought that this dinner must be at Turin—yes, and the stay for the night. It is a place reeking with self-improvement, and there are museums to be visited. "A city conspicuous for the regularity of its construction," I heard her read to him, and I cast about me for more irregular beguilements. But Italy



will never fail one emotionally if he limits himself to street scenes. After the Young Woman and the Young Man had taken a regular walk (and as darkness softens the lines of this rectangular town, the lights are alluring, museums closed, and there is music in the air, the walk could not have been dangerously instructive)—and after they had returned they found us peering into the lives of other people from the rear windows. Since we refused to budge from our balcony they were necessarily squeezed into one themselves. To my surprise and delight they accommodated themselves to this without effort. More than that, the girl made a discovery—a “human find.” Above the little café, at an open window, sat a woman crying. She was good-looking, but with the thinness of those who feel too keenly. At the next window sat a hard man—her husband, I was sure—reading a paper while she wept. Now and then she found that she could not sit quietly and cry—she must walk about the room, with her arms upraised and hands talking a great

deal. The man read on. The young couple approached agitation; the Illustrator and I held hands—as an example. Once the grief-stricken creature crossed to a shelf on which were vials, and we held our breath while her eyes swept the labels. The man at the other window didn't care. Yet she thought better of it; she came back again and looked down into the street—life held her there. For a long while she stood shaking her head as though it hardly mattered one way or the other; then a street fight, which is always one of words in Italy, claimed her attention, and when quiet was restored below she put her head down on the window ledge and rested. At this point the man, whom we were all hating vehemently, arose and folded up his paper. Our hopes revived in him; now, we decided, he would kiss her. Even the young pair longed for a reconciliation. But he didn't. He approached the lamp which was burning near him, there was a fumbling at the wick, then he was left in darkness; but the woman on the other side of the wall which sep-



THE PIAZZA, VICENZA



arated them remained bathed in the radiance of a light which we could not see! As they probably never knew of the existence of each other, it was a blow to my romancing. Still, as the girl said, tears were tears whether the one for whom they were expended was in Turin or in Toronto, and the Young Man, greatly mellowed, admitted that it must be rather satisfying to be cried for.

"Perhaps she had the toothache," the Illustrator started, but I could reach his foot.

The next day it rained, although, emotionally and territorially speaking, this did not delay our progress. Indeed, it was the Illustrator's day. "Be human," was my insistent plea to him, and while he took advantage of my directions, I don't deny but that the halting at the various *cantine* along the watery way did much to bridge the chasm between the front and the back seat. A *cantina*, according to the small red dictionary, is "a cellar, a cave, or a cavern," and this definition was the Illustrator's argument that his continual patronage of them could stand the pure white light of scrutiny. No one, he continued to the young couple, who were uneasy at first, could be criticised for entering "a cellar, a cave, or a cavern"; and it was not his fault that, as time went on, the "cellar, the cave, and the cavern" had thrust themselves up through the earth like mushrooms, until they became houses with bars at



A WAY OF SHARP TURNS BITTEN INTO THE ROCK

one end, across which the signora dispensed simple mixtures known to the Illustrator as "dryers."

Since there was always a stove or fireplace for our simpler drying purposes, the Young Woman finally overcame her scruples, and I was surprised to find how soon the fire which had served as the girl's reason became her excuse. At the sixth drying-place she nodded to the Young Man, who lifted his glass and cried "*Salute*" as though ashamed of nothing. The Illustrator winked at me, which I at first endeavored not to see, but as he kept on doing it under the impression that I did not grasp the situation, I finally responded with a cold stare which greatly mystified him.



The "Canteen of the Angel!" was picked out by the girl herself. The sign was a fine angel flying down the front wall with a large brown bottle in its hand and clad in a blue ribbon—though what right an angel with a bottle had to the emblem of temperance we could not discover. That it was a good angel there could be no doubt, for when we once more climbed into the car the Young Man retrograded to the rear. He did it very badly, calling out in a surprised fashion, after we had started, "See where I am!" while the girl faintly echoed, "See!" However, we kindly refused to see. With feet treading upon each other, we forged ahead.

The day went on in more delightful intimacies. For lunch we had our clothes baked, or, to be clearer, they were baked before the lunch. There were two rooms in the Hotel of the Little Mule. In one the girl and I handed our dripping garments through the door and went to bed. In an hour they were brought back, warm, and odorous of veal. The girl, after a moment's thought, decided that this was funny; later, when our square party met, and the Young Man, perplexed in his dry clothes, declared he smelled of veal, she caught her breath from delight; and when the lunch was served, pasta, fish, and—veal, she clapped her hands in ecstasy. "Was there ever such a day?" cried the Young Woman.

There was no more rainy weather from that on, and naught but sunshine in the hearts of the young couple. In fact, the Illustrator claimed (after two days of quick-melting ice) that the sunshine was exaggerated, and that there wasn't any warmth in the world to thaw out two young hearts so quickly. "Hang it all," he grumbled to me, "they seem to think because they've cooked their clothes in the same oven that all social barriers are down. And sneaking off the way they do! I tell you I don't like it!"

I was not so deeply concerned. As the speech of the Illustrator would suggest, much of his dissatisfaction was due to man's selfishness. Now that we were able to hold the mirror up to the couple and view, or perhaps I should say *re-view*, our own emotional awakening, we could not get hold of the happy pair long enough for a satisfactory reflection.

In the first place, we could not keep continually turning from the front seat to stare at them joyously riding in the rear; then when we descended from the car they had a way of rushing off together on the pretext of buying postal cards, and returning without them, which no doubt would have satisfied us sentimentally had we been along, but, by some shrewd cunning, suddenly developed, they managed that we never were.

I suggested to the Illustrator that if he sketched vigorously they might stay and watch him, and while this failed in Brescia—the creatures climbing to the clock-tower he was drawing, and jeering at us—at Cremona he had developed a regular line of attack. Here in an open square he appealed to their sympathies. Since he was an old, old man, he turned to them for protection. He looked to them to draw a magic circle around his sketching-stool, and with horned fingers, centesimi, sweets, and main force keep the Italian public from the line of vision; while I, also very old, would rest in the motor-car which he so loved to put into his foregrounds. It was a pleasant relief; keeping clear the line of vision was generally my work. I grew fond of Cremona, basked in the sunshine, dozed a little perhaps—being a very ancient person—and was just dreaming that I heard the sounds of the far-famed violini, when an amazed signore called my attention to the unpleasant truth that the music—noise, forsooth—was the voice of the Illustrator, deserted by his body-guard, rendered helpless by the throng around him, and calling for assistance.

I endeavored to calm him. "All young people are alike." The man was slinging his sketching paraphernalia into the car as he had once pitched the reference-books of the truants, and was preparing to go on without them.

"Alike!" he snorted, in reply. "Don't you think it. I never knew one of these abstemious creatures, temperamentally speaking, who could keep his head when he did cut loose a little. Why, it took us weeks to get as well acquainted as these two have become in just five days, and we were in Capri, too! This generation—" He broke off to welcome them with that guilty attempt at jocular





MANTUA—THE OLD GONZAGA STRONGHOLD

Etched by Walter Haile



which we so often assume when in the midst of criticising a sudden arrival. "Thought you'd decided to walk on," he hazarded.

I myself was of the opinion that an explanation was not out of keeping. But they were unconscious of all irony. "Oh no, only to the corner for a minute," replied the blind ones, helping each other into the rear seat, "just to see the birthplace of—of" (a consultation here)—"of Stradivari."

"Humph!" returned the Illustrator, "that's been destroyed for ages." But the young couple didn't mind.

"If Cremona is instructive, wait till we come to Mantua," I suggested to them. As I did so, I was horrified to find that in five days I had such swift recourse to their first methods of enjoyment. However, the pursuit of learning had no attractions for them now. "Instructive!" scoffed the Young Man, as once the other man had scoffed; and from her: "It hardly matters, does it, while this soft Italian sun is shining."

The Illustrator grated into the high speed. "Sickening," he hissed, between his teeth.

From that time on, our efforts to attend the love-making of the young couple grew more and more frantic. The Illustrator still clung to the idea that some middle-aged joy ought to be derived from the situation if they only would let him come along; while I trailed after them relentlessly, more from a sense of duty, as before my vision there persistently arose two sets of parents who, with lifted eyebrows, questioned the thoroughness of my guardianship.

If I had attempted to inculcate in our guests the idea that Italy was conducive to love-making, Italy itself rose to the demonstration of the fact as though it were a living thing seeking to help me. Tall, cypress-shaded avenues were lovers' walks to them—that the way led to the cemeteries was of no moment; the barred gates of prisons were lovers' trysts; every castle on every hill had its romance; every town through which we swept, still bearing the scars of ancient conflict, was found, by diligent research, to have warred only for the love of ladies.

There was no use in telling the Young Man and the Young Woman

when we reached Mantua, for instance, that the place was noted for silk manufactories. They had their Shakespeare, open, in their laps, to quote from, which set the lovely town back among the centuries where it belonged. They demanded a sketch—

"Upon the rising of the mountain foot,  
That leads toward Mantua,"

provoking more snorts from the Illustrator. "Shows he'd never been here—writing like a sausage of a perfectly flat plain," he ground out, doggedly. Even I, his staunch supporter, drew my breath at the iconoclast, while the young people lashed themselves into a perfect storm of sorrow that the great lover of all lovers had, indeed, never seen this country.

On the outskirts of Mantua they carried their grief, along with the copy of Shakespeare, into a small boat moored to the bank. This was done at the instigation of the Illustrator; by including them in his sketch, he argued, he could not only use but watch them. I asked myself if it was not Machiavelli who had said that he could deal with simple statecraft but not with youth, and as I mused, while the artist was intent upon the outlines of the old Gonzaga stronghold, a little rowboat slipped out into the Lago Inferiore, past the washing-women, past us, out of the sketch, out of our vision for an hour.

They returned without apologies—it was their custom now. We represented just two ugly old godparents with a magic pumpkin to haul them through enchanted country. They bore in their mouths many quotations for staying overnight, but with the contrariness of the man who is playing a losing game, the driver now was keen for going on to Padua. This, however, they met with a cry from *Romeo and Juliet*:

"'Tis death for any one in Mantua  
To come to Padua!"

and before we could confute them, having no Shakespeare of our own, and being a bit rusty, they went on to lighter badinage, catching the ball of humor and tossing it about—until we, harried, bewildered at this powder-play, emerged from the smoke of their sharp retorts and compromised upon Verona.





THE MARKET-PLACE, VERONA

It was not until we were well upon our way that we remembered their sudden acquiescence must have been occasioned by that flighty Juliet. Still, as the man at my elbow remarked (he talked principally between his teeth now), we would arrive late at Verona, make a sketch in the morning, and rush them on to Padua, where, he darkly hinted, he had plans that would circumvent a Delilah.

So on we whirled through the soft black night. The young couple intent upon themselves, the driver intent upon his engine, I intent upon the concocting of two letters to two sets of parents. I had thought their import was sufficiently severe at the time, but before I slept I added a more acid postscript to my mental composition. For, past my window, wafted out upon the air from the Young Man's window, came a gentle declaration.

"There is a lady in [Verona] here  
Whom I affect,"

quoted the stripling.

It was caught up and answered from the girl's window:

"My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words  
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the sound."

It was capped and silenced for the night from the Illustrator's window:

"Mark you this, Bassanio,  
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

There was a smashing-to of casements, all of us smouldering in the dark from various emotions, and there the feud rested.

If the artist did not retain the young couple in his sketch the following morning, it was not for lack of a borrowed third story from which to watch them.





A WATERWAY IN PADUA

I, as his faithful henchman, went with him, seeing to it that the children of the signora who loaned us the view did not sit upon the drawing-pencil. We were in a triumphant mood, inversely as the happy pair were subdued. They had elected to sit in the market-place below us and study the frescoes on the old palace facade; indeed, they had promised to do so. This was well, for it was a cloudy day and the umbrellas of the

hucksters, which might have hidden them, were still furled. A day bad for shadows, but the subject was one worthy of a drawing at any time. Yet the Italian sun is hard to keep behind the clouds when there are lovers about. It crept out and beamed upon the two. A big umbrella was unfurled over a stand of artichokes—we grew uneasy; the green beans next received a shelter—we could hear the young couple laugh. They were near the cucumbers, and as the sun shone hotter this miserable vegetable was also engulfed. The opening up of the coverings became general, they stretched into a lumpy sea of canvas. Certain fishy people swam around under them, and up a side street. When the sketch was finished we went, as one man, and poked them down from Juliet's balcony.

They were quite unashamed. "Did you enjoy your solitude *à deux*?" they asked us, brazenly.

We blushed a blush of middle age, and drove them sternly to Vicenza; for Vicenza, the Illustrator had discovered (by pecking stealthily into the Shakespeare), was not known to the poet. It is a charming place, but the man, in his desperation, thought his assurances to the contrary might keep from them the truth. "It is a dull town," he kept repeating, cheerily—"a dull town, no winding ways, nothing but bare open places. I'll do one of them, and draw



right from the motor, so you can all three sit and watch me." He spoke of this as one would hold out peppermint sticks to schoolboys.

"Why, if you *want* us to stay with you," said the young couple, smiling a very wise and old smile.

"What do you think they mean by that?" whispered the Illustrator. "I'm half afraid of them."

Their forced politeness made us conscious. Now that we had them well within our grasp, we didn't find their talk of any pleasing consequence; more than that, it limited our own range of conversation. Their presence barred themselves as topics, and also precluded some fond nothings which the middle-aged, when alone, can exchange without fear of being very funny.

This may have been the reason why the Illustrator, departing from his fell design of keeping them in quotationless Vicenza for the night, brought us to Padua to sleep. To me he excused his move by referring once again to the mysterious means which would turn the stream of the young creatures' bubbling spirits into their old quiet channels. It was maddening to listen to these stealthy hints as we rushed through the night, and to my guarded inquiries draw only guarded "'ssshes" in response. The young couple sang college glees from the rear seat. They were new glees since the time of the Illustrator, so that he could not join in with them, yet he was not annoyed. He nudged me painfully, uttering exultant gutturals. "Subtle influence," I gathered, and, "Creatures of habit, every one of us."

Although it was a trying evening, perhaps it was as well that the right moment for the unfolding came the next morning when I most needed it. The Illustrator found me sitting forlornly in a Paduan armchair, my breakfast cup untouched before me, and in my lap two letters which had been sent in from the bankers. Two letters from two sets of parents who were strangers to me, in answer to the ones which I had written when I was about to take their children under my efficient wing. From widely distant homes these letters came, the senders did not know each other, yet the contents were about the same.

"Be careful of our (boy, girl)," they wrote. "(He, She) is engaged to a most estimable young (lady, gentleman), so (he, she) tells us, whom some day we shall take into our home."

I put my head down on the Illustrator's shoulder. "Such duplicity!" I sobbed. "And more than that, how four young things must suffer!"

The man rose to the occasion! "I have just talked with them," he comforted. "I've given them the outlines of the plan of which I've hinted. Told 'em this was the seat of learning, that everybody studied here. I promised them that we would stay two weeks, and they could take a course of something at the university. In that way we'll get 'em back to their old ways."

I shook my head despondently. "They'll circumvent us."

"Not a bit. They went right off—delighted—to see about a course."

I looked hopeful.

"So you come out with me," he finished, with that protective air which compensates for his departing youth. "You come on out; I think that you and I can get some joy out of a Paduan canal without infantile assistance."

So we went out alone, and if the sunshine in the hearts of both was mellow, it was warm, and we did not feel the need of youthful fillips to a conversation which bore the stamp, at least, of much experience. There was a guilty pleasure in returning late to find the other couple waiting humbly.

We thought there was an intellectuality about them which we had for some time missed. We grew kindly.

"How's the 'varsity?" we questioned.

The Young Man answered, soberly enough: "We hardly know. You see, since we're to stay here for a fortnight"—he seized the hand of the Young Woman—"we've had our banns put up."

I rose, mighty in my sense of right, and wrenched their hands apart. "You can't; you're both engaged. I've heard from home."

It had absolutely no effect.

"Of course," said the Young Woman, "but to each other."

The Illustrator and I sat down suddenly.



The Young Man became a coward. It was the girl who broke the silence. "We thought we ought to keep it a great secret. We did so want to come along with you, but since you write and sketch and go in for being intellectual, we feared you wouldn't care to have two spoons around, so we started out to be—" she gasped here.

"Erudite?" supplied the Illustrator.

"Yes, thank you. But somehow the influence of—" another gasp.

"Of Italy?" suggested I, a touch of triumph in my voice.

The Young Man laughed aloud and pieced out the broken thread. "It was

some Italy, but it was mostly you—you two."

We popped up astonished heads. "Us!"

"Yes, your wanting always to be together, and alone, although you tried to hide it, so that threw us alone, making us forget the erudition game; and when we saw how happy you have been for all these years, we decided that we couldn't do a better thing than to follow your example right away."

"But we *can't* be an example," we screamed, joyous just the same; "we're middle-aged."

"Not in Italy," said the Young Man and the Young Woman.

## A Gleam of Crimson

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

*Her dress on that day was of a most noble color, a subdued and goodly crimson, girdled and adorned in such sort as best suited with her tender age.—DANTE'S Vita Nuova.*

WHERE old Florence sits majestic,  
With her treasures round her spread,  
Whispering to herself, and asking  
Endless honor for her dead;  
There, within the halls of silence  
Kept for memories and for dreams,  
Lo! a hue of softest crimson  
Through the shadow always gleams.

Ah, that festa by the Arno!  
Neighbors gathering, young and gay,  
Singing, dancing, speaking praises  
Of their lovely Tuscan May;  
And, among them, Beatrice,  
Gentle, serious, in her place;  
Guessing not her future story,  
Nor the sweetness of her face.

Unremembered are her features;  
All the eyes with joy aglow  
On that fateful eve in Florence,  
Darkened, centuries ago;  
But forever, clothed in crimson,  
Must a little phantom dance,  
And a color, rare and fadeless,  
Glow in Dante's sad romance.



# Vindication

BY JOHNSON MORTON

TO every one who had known her, and to many who had not, the news of Mrs. Carmalt's death brought a recognition of definite loss; but on those of us who wore the honors of her friendship the sense of personal bereavement fell like a blow.

She had been always an incarnation of perennial vigor, of optimistic life. Hers was a personality almost elemental in its capacity for comprehensiveness, its harmonious embrace of antitheses. Her understanding matched her vision, in the wideness of its scope; her reverence balanced deftly her humor, and her wit was no sharper than her sympathy.

A splendid presence, a fine aroma of noble individuality, a frank outpouring of generous impulse, even the unfettered freedom of her speech, in which daring candor and delicate perception sat side by side, had united to clothe the very impression of her with a vitality that seemed immortal.

Yet she had stepped out of life as simply as one passes through a gateway, showing in her withdrawal the same confident serenity that had crowned, like a halo, her years on earth.

And now in her big drawing-room, all color and light and space, symbolic of herself and still redolent of her personality, I sat and talked of her with Anne Starling. At first it shocked me to see some one else at the tea table, in the great carved chair where, only a few weeks before, Mrs. Carmalt had sat as on a dedicated throne; and for a moment Anne's figure, in the gown of black that accentuated the slender sternness of her pale young face, seemed strangely alien. Mine was a rush of recollection that showed me instead the splendid sweep of my old friend's accustomed robes of flowing white, the great lengths of wide pink ribbon trailing from neck to garment hem, her fair,

flushed cheeks, the gleam of her quick smile, and the crown of white hair above her flashing eyes!

But, after all, the place was Anne's by right. For more than a year she had been engaged to young Stephen Carmalt, and it was to her own that she would come in time, the chair, the room, the house: to everything except the vacant place that the elder woman had left in the hearts of all of us who loved her. We spoke of little else save Mrs. Carmalt—her memory seemed to cover our field of thought—not sadly or even regretfully, but easily as one speaks of great realities. Sometimes, it is true, there were tears in our eyes; but often we smiled to recall the humorous candor of her words or point of view.

"Did I ever tell you," I found myself asking Anne Starling, "what happened last winter, when we went together to see that very shocking play of Marvin's? It was the first performance, and no one knew what sort of play it was. So, as it galloped on from bad to worse, she turned to me and said: 'Tom, I can fancy what's coming, and I'm perfectly sure that now's the time for us to crowd past all these people and stalk slowly up the aisle with our noses in the air for the sake of example; but, if you don't mind, I think we won't! It's a dreadful confession for a woman of my age to make, but I've got just as much curiosity about everything as I ever had—and that's a lot. I can't help it, but I insist on staying to see if this last act is really going to be as utterly horrid as I can imagine!'"

"In the carriage, however, she reproached me. 'Bah!' she cried. 'It was beyond words, but it *was* intelligent! Why on earth did you let me stay?' Then she laughed. 'It serves me right, but I wish I'd gone with *anybody* except you! For the worst of it is that when I'm away from you I've got to keep the interesting thing to myself, though I'm



wild to talk it over; because you're the only man of my acquaintance with whom I could possibly discuss it!"

Miss Starling smiled.

"I was here at supper afterward; don't you remember? Stephen and I had been somewhere else. I suppose Mrs. Carmalt was rather vague about the play because I *was* here; but I haven't forgotten that she spared no adjectives in her denunciations of you! . . . Do you remember, Tom, how wonderful she used to look at the head of the supper table? Can't you see her now with those green bonnet-strings that she was so fond of wearing, untied and thrown back, while that splendid, strong hand of hers stirred one of those marvellous somethings that she liked to make in a chafing-dish? Don't you realize that in her, more than in any one else you ever knew, all the small things of life were of the same quality as the big ones, only differing in degree? Why, she showed just the same lavishness when she would scorn the nose of a cream-jug and pour straight from its side as when—if she thought any one needed it—she would give her whole time or interest or heart!"

Anne had put down her teacup. She leaned back in the familiar chair and her clear gray eyes looked into mine. Behind her, through an opened window, came the mild breath of April: it bore the perfume of youth. Outside, on the trees that lined the street, hung pale leaves—green promises of fulfilment—against a soft sky of spring. But the face of the girl, in which, even through its veil of sadness, it seemed to me that the joy of life ought to have shone inviolate to match the vital pulse of the young season, was touched with a hint of trouble unmistakably her own.

"Anne," I said, the thought flashed suddenly, "I think you've got something on your mind. Can't I help you?"

She colored faintly and shook her head; but the instant's hesitation brought confession. She took the hand that my impulse held out. "Yes, I suppose I have," she began, "and I believe you're the only person I can tell. It's a subtle sort of thing, and I hope you'll be able to persuade me that I exaggerate it. . . . Tom, while we've been speaking of our dear lady's wonderful generosity of

thought and act—it was the very essence of her personality—I can't get my mind off one thing. . . . Tom, I'm sure that Mrs. Carmalt wasn't the happy woman she seemed to be, just because she couldn't satisfy to the full this great need of her nature."

I looked up blankly in surprise.

"What do you mean? I think she did. There was no reason why she shouldn't. She had everything—the impulse, the opportunity, the time, the money."

"Are you sure of that—the *money*?" Anne's voice interrupted.

"My dear girl, of course I am. You're morbid and you're talking nonsense. You need only look around this room to convince yourself! Those jars are of old Chinese porcelain; that's a Romney over the mantelpiece, and the rug underneath your feet is what most people are fond of calling a 'museum piece'! Naturally, I don't know what Carmalt's income is, but here seem to be enough proofs of its probable dimensions."

"Oh, it's not quite that—not just dollars," Anne spoke protestingly. "I dare say Mr. Carmalt is rich enough. It's something that isn't easy to explain. . . . Listen, Tom. . . . You know I've been here all the week looking through Mrs. Carmalt's things, and the other day, in one of the drawers of a desk, I came upon a little diary of hers. Of course I took it straight to Stephen and asked him if he wanted to read it. He wouldn't, but insisted that I should. Tom, I'm sorry I did, for in it I found things that troubled me, things that she had written out of the fulness of her heart and with no thought that any one would ever see. . . . There was one page at the end of the book, I remember—it seems almost a sacrilege to speak of it even to you—where she had put down a list. 'Things I've always wanted to do and can't because we haven't the money,' she had written above it. It was a wonderful list, thought out with the care that she gave to everything, of the most beautiful and useful benefactions to people and charities. Nobody but Mrs. Carmalt could have made such a thing!"

"Oh, but every one does," I hastened to touch the portent of Anne's look with a hint of lightness, "at least at some time





*Drawn by Frank Desch*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

THE INSTANT'S HESITATION BROUGHT CONFESSION







or other. Why, I've done things like that myself, and no one would call me too generous, even by intention. It was just a mood of hers. We all have them. You've got one yourself now, of a different sort, Anne: *you're morbid!*"

She shook her head decisively.

"But I've read the little book," she said, "and I know! The list was just a culmination of what had gone before; a concrete proof of what I felt all along, a strange undercurrent of disappointment. If there was plenty of money, as you seem to think, why shouldn't she have known it and felt free to use it? I can't understand." Then she stopped abruptly, to add, after a pause, "There's something else that troubles me most of all!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean . . . *Stephen*." Anne looked up anxiously. "You see, I made him read the diary then, and . . . he didn't agree with me."

"What did he say?"

The girl hesitated an instant. "He said that his mother had always spent too much money on other people. He had thought so himself, and so had his father. I don't mean that it sounded as *bald* as that, for he didn't speak harshly or disloyally. But he did say it—I can't help it, Tom—it has made a *difference!*"

"Aren't you a little hard on Stephen? Don't you allow him even an opinion?"

Anne was silent, and as I watched her I regretted my words; for in the girl's attitude—she leaned forward and looked earnestly into my face—I became conscious of a strange intensity. And I realized, in spite of the little she had told me, that to her sensitive and serious nature, with all its perspectives sharpened by sorrow, the episode, trifling as it might seem, had taken on an importance that was crucial.

"I wish I could help you. Don't you feel like telling me more?" I pleaded.

Anne smiled sadly.

"I wish you could persuade me that I *am* morbid," she began, "but I know I'm not. . . . Tom, I don't believe that even you have realized what Mrs. Carmalt has been to me all my life. She was the friend of the mother I can scarcely remember, and after mamma's death she

almost filled the empty place. She has been everything to me. She has stood for all that was noble and splendid and delightful in a woman, all that I wanted to be myself! It was through her that I came to know Stephen, and I'm realizing since her death that the fact of my seeing in him some of her wonderful qualities had something to do with my love for him. . . . And now—oh, Tom, I'm ashamed to discuss this—I suddenly find myself wondering if, after all, Stephen is just what I've thought him, for I'm discovering other things in his nature that are very unlike Mrs. Carmalt. What he said about his mother's generosity, for instance, seems to me dreadful. It came at the heels of other things of no importance—but *it* was important. It's indicative of something that ought to be impossible in her son! It's like another—inheritance. I hope I'm wrong, but I'm almost afraid—"

She stopped abruptly as the door opened and an elderly gentleman, dressed in careful mourning, came into the room. It was Mr. Carmalt.

Then, as he advanced with outstretched hand, his smile tempered to the occasion, Anne's eyes and mine met in a look of sudden comprehension that disclosed to each of us the identity of the other's thought with our own!

Although nature had formed him on insignificant lines, Mr. Nathaniel Carmalt managed somehow to convey the impression of importance. An assertive spirit swelled his narrow chest and held his sloping shoulders consciously erect. It seemed likewise to bolster, as it were, his mental powers—of no confessed superiority—to a more than passable effect. He was considered a competent and conservative man of business, although his energies confined themselves to the manipulation of his own sufficient patrimony. His name held modest place on the list of the city's taxpayers, and "stood" for what was conventionally well accredited in the community. Socially, however, this same assertive spirit had been less successful; for nothing, in the opinion of those who knew him, could make Mr. Carmalt interesting. A passion for detail and a bland intolerance of any opinion other than his own were



mitigated by no reserves of expression. In a word, nearly every one found him, in varying degrees, a bore. . . . I am quite sure that he bored his wife superlatively; but the only criticism of her treatment of him possible to bring—and that her friends were fond of ushering in with a smile—was the fact that often her impatience would burst its bonds and cut short the dreariness of his prosing.

"Oh, Nat: don't! No one wants to listen to all *that* over again!" I have heard her fling words like these across a dinner table. That such rebukes might be resented by Mr. Carmalt did occur to the observant; but this possibility was, more often than not, lost sight of in the welcome relief of their efficiency! Otherwise there seemed always between the two a harmony sufficient to produce, outwardly at least, the effect of a sympathy that could scarcely be expected to exist between natures so divergent.

As Mr. Carmalt took a seat, Anne's suggestion and my own impulse made me look at him more closely than usual. Now that I regarded it, that pleasant, precise manner did remind me of his son's, and the look, shot from his fine gray eyes under their heavy brows, brought a hint of what Stephen's might grow to with the years; and yet, brushing aside such casual inheritance, the remembrance of his mother's vivid glance persisted; her lips that smiled so easily, her free and whimsical speech. Resemblance to these I had noticed a thousand times. They were the real indication that the fine, generous spirit back of them had reproduced itself untainted in the boy. Anne was quite wrong; Stephen Carmalt was his mother's own son. The girl's vague sense of doubt and insecurity was based on nothing more reasonable than an overwrought impression, natural enough at times, of grief and suffering to one whose nervous poise was delicate. . . . I clung to these reflections as I left the house to walk home toward the west; and in the mellow April twilight, through which pulsed a golden echo of the sunset, I found something of the hope and serenity of spring. My mind freed itself gradually from its sense of alarm and held to but one thing: the necessity of giving Anne the help she needed. Her thoughts must not be allowed to involve them-

selves. She must not obtrude bluntly the deduction of her mind on the impulses of her heart to dull, from the highest and best of motives, the fine edge of the love she gave and received. Too often I had seen this thing happen with results more fatal than even deliberate bad intention could produce. There lay her danger; and certainly mine was the duty, as I walked down life's easy descent, to sound for this young toiler up the steep path a note of warning at the place where so many had stumbled. . . . Yes: I would write to Anne or, better still, see her the next day.

But the morning's post changed utterly the face of things; for it brought a note which startled me to the conviction that I had underrated altogether the strength of the idea that had possessed her.

"Do not think that I have acted hastily," Anne wrote, "but uncertainty is impossible for me to bear. So, as soon as you had gone this afternoon and I had the chance, I spoke again to Stephen. I told him everything that troubled me. I was absolutely frank with him. . . . But Stephen's attitude was astonishing: it confirmed me in everything I felt. At first he would not treat me seriously. He laughed . . . laughed at such a time as this! Then he grew angry. He said that I was morbid and foolish; that I was making something out of nothing; that if I didn't love him for himself but only because I saw in him certain things that I liked in his mother, and if I thought it right to blame him because he seemed to have a few qualities that I didn't like in his father, it was high time that our engagement ceased. . . . And it *has* ceased, Tom: at least as far as Stephen and I are concerned. We don't want people to know it and talk about it; for I must be at the house, where there is still much for me to do; so even Mr. Carmalt hasn't been told yet. . . . Don't try to see me, Tom: there is nothing to say." Anne's words crowded the bottom of the page. "Don't write to me, either. You can't help me; no one can; I have acted for the best. I have tried to be true to myself; but, oh, Tom," the pathetic little note faltered at the close, "I think my heart is broken!"



I put down the letter with varied emotions. It had stirred at once a sense of annoyance and of pity. While the exaggeration of the situation appealed to my humor, a certain plaintive quality in Anne's stern young sacrifice touched my heart. What a dear complicated idiot the girl was, with her passion and her conscience balancing one another in the impossible fashion that is the New-Englander's birthright! But back of everything grew in my thought an uneasy wonder if in this case Anne might not, after all, be right! My mind reverted to our mutual recognition of the same impression, as Mr. Carmalt had met us only the day before. Dared I thrust aside as false the intuitions of this straight unspoiled nature? So I allowed her letter to remain unanswered; but, for my own better understanding, I sent for Stephen.

I liked the way the boy spoke when he came to my house a few days later. At first he had met me stiffly, with a reserve that was hard to break. His air, as he stood, tall and straight, before me, said plainly: "I am a man as much as you are. What right have you to discuss my affairs?"

But his manner warmed after I had talked with him. "I know what my mother thought of you, Tom, and it's for her sake that I've listened to what you said. I know you mean to help us both: but you *can't*"—his words in their youthful finality echoed Anne's own. "Tom, I don't call Anne fair or just or sensible; she's possessed of one strange idea. She wants me to acknowledge to her that my father has been hard on my mother all these years. It comes to nothing else! But I won't do that; for, although I loved my mother more than anything on earth, I can't help knowing that she and my father weren't always in accord, and, though I hate to think it, perhaps all the fault wasn't *his*. Father did think that my mother was extravagant, but I'm sure that she had all the money she wanted to spend on the things she cared for. It's simply ridiculous for Anne to keep harping on the impression she got from reading that old diary, and trying to make me believe that father was a monster of cruelty. Why, it's a thing that a man *can't* think of his own father, or be willing to let any one else think,

either, without definite proof. It's outrageous. I can't see her point at all! . . . Tom, you know the world—are all women like Anne: sometimes angels, and then obstinate and unreasonable? I can't believe that my mother would have been so—hard. Anne's a mystery to me. She's made me give her up, and yet—I don't mind telling you—I love her dearly. Oh, Tom, I shall never get over caring for her. . . . Isn't the whole thing a *pity*?"

With my arm about the boy's shoulder I agreed, longing all the while to tell him that Anne really agreed too. But an instinct held me back; for the impulse which had prompted me to aid Anne Starling turned reluctantly from him. He was a man. He needed this sort of experience. He must learn. I must allow him to grope for his own way. So I laughed instead.

"Stephen, I want you to be patient and wait. Why, you are both of you nothing but dear babies!"

Then I turned the talk abruptly to other matters: his progress in the new law-office he had just entered, his plans for the summer. As a busy young lawyer he must stay in town; so why wouldn't he come and live in my house if his father was going away? I took it for granted that Mr. Carmalt meant to go to Europe as usual.

At the mention of his father's name Stephen started. "Father isn't very well, Tom," he began. "He had a nurse come suddenly yesterday, and he didn't get up to-day. I'm afraid he's going to be ill. Which reminds me . . . When I told him that I was coming here, he said that he wanted to see you, and asked if you wouldn't come to the house next Tuesday at five o'clock."

"Next Tuesday?" I interrupted. "Why, that's a week off! If your father is ill and wants to see me, I'll go now, at once. Come, get your hat and I'll walk back with you."

But Stephen smiled and shook his head. "It's rather odd, but somehow I don't think that you'd better. I'm afraid that father wouldn't see you now. He was very particular about the day, and seemed to make a queer sort of point of it. I don't understand—but he told me definitely twice over: next Tuesday at five o'clock."



At the hour appointed I climbed the stairs on my way to Mr. Carmalt's room, with feelings of curiosity not uncolored by apprehension. Like Anne Starling, I confess that I find uncertainty peculiarly trying, and this request for my presence, unusual in manner and unexplained in purpose, had taken on an odd sort of importance. Failing to find therefor any personal reason, I had in the interval come to associate it definitely with Anne's affairs. In some way Carmalt must have found out that the engagement between her and his son was broken, and have devised one of his strange plans concerning it. He had always a fondness for the *coup*. But why my presence should be thought necessary still remained a mystery as my deduction completed its futile circle.

The gloom of the long upper hall depressed me—the day outside was turbulent with storm, a denial of the spring—and I followed the servant's steps under a weight of portent that I could not displace. The man threw open a door and spoke my name. I found myself in a brilliantly lighted room. The heavy curtains were drawn and a fire flickered on the hearth. Stephen and Anne sat by the side of a great carved bed, in which, propped up by many pillows, lay Mr. Carmalt.

The conventional words of sympathy hesitated at my lips, as I came forward and took his hand, for his appearance shocked me. He seemed to have grown suddenly ill and old. That subtle change, which sometimes flings the blight of age in a single hour, had touched his face.

"I hope I did right in coming up," I began. Then I glanced at the others and met looks of wonder in their eyes. "But I see you are talking with Anne and Stephen. Perhaps I'm in the way. If you like, I'll go down-stairs until you are quite ready for me."

He glanced at me sharply.

"No; I want you here together," he said. "That was my intention. In fact, you're a bit late, Wilmarth; we were waiting for you. Stephen, go and lock the door, please. Now put another pillow at my back and hand me those papers. . . . That's it. Wilmarth, take the chair by Anne."

He drew several folded documents from the package, but put them down again.

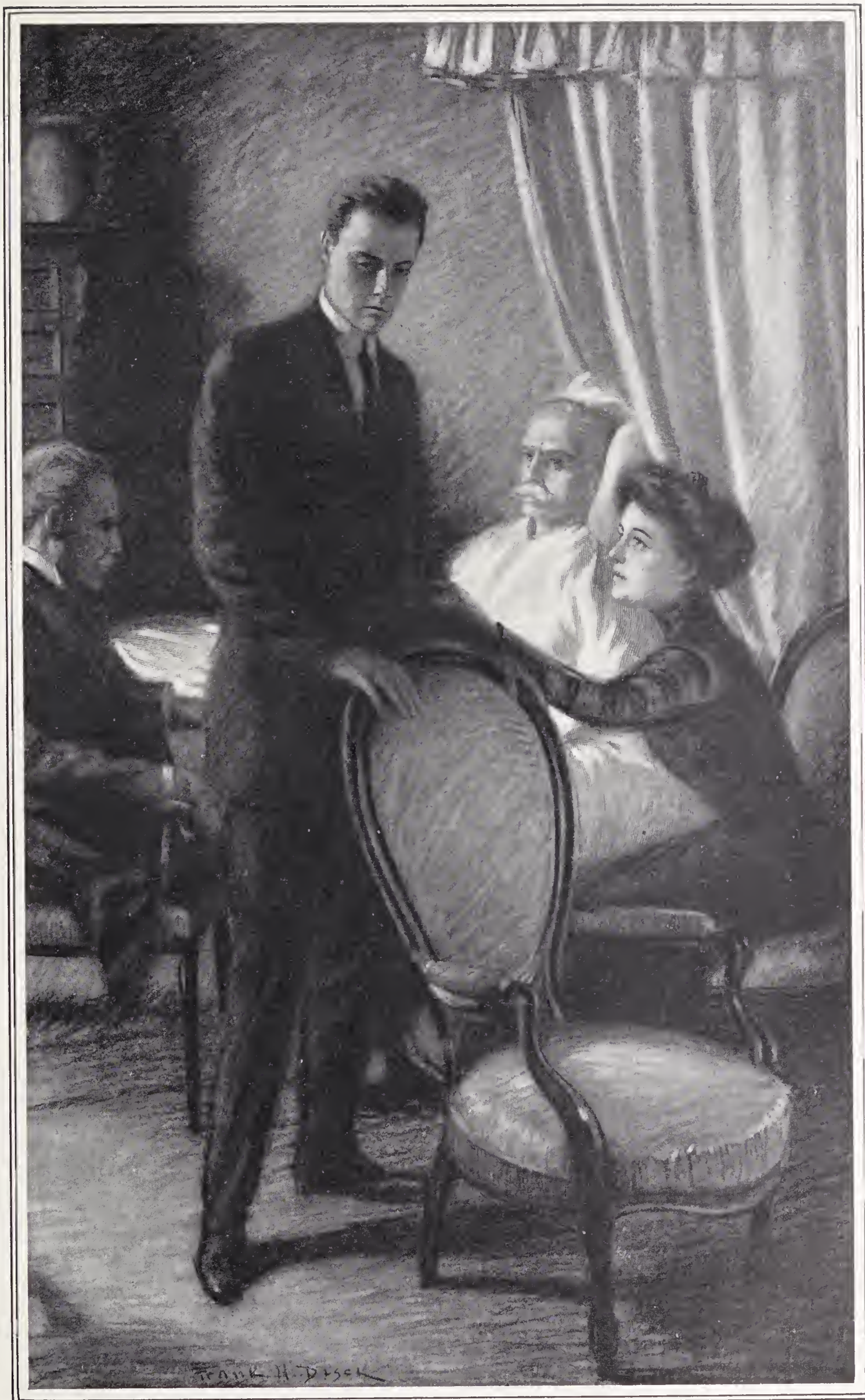
"On the whole," he regarded us closely as he spoke, in his hard, dry voice, "I suppose I ought to tell you at once, before I show you these, why I have sent for you. . . . For several years past I have known that I had an incurable disease—don't speak to me about it; you'll hear what it is soon enough—and, recently, it has made very rapid progress. I had another attack a week ago. My physician says that I can't stand many more, and before I die—you see I mean to be prepared—I want to say certain things to you three persons. That's why I sent for you to-day. . . . I want to speak to you, Stephen, because you are my son; to you, Anne, because you are going to be my son's wife; and to you, Wilmarth, because—it's a sudden way to put it, but you mustn't mind, for the thing is less than nothing to me now—because I know perfectly well that you have cared for my wife all these years, though I give you credit for keeping it to yourself; and have been in many ways a good deal nearer to my own son than I ever was. Don't deny these things; they're facts. We must face them, but we needn't talk about them."

I bowed my head. Then I looked at the boy and the girl. Stephen had drawn his chair nearer Anne's. In the faces of both I read a puzzled sympathy. It was plain that Mr. Carmalt noticed. He cleared his throat dryly.

"I say they're of no consequence at all in comparison with other things," he went on. "I know how you three persons feel toward one another and how you felt toward my wife. Now it's about my wife that I have something to say. You none of you think that I have ever had any feelings at all. You imagine that because I haven't been able to speak the language that you and my wife spoke that I couldn't understand it!"

His voice rose to shaking excitement. "You're all wrong, wrong! I've understood it only too well, as you'll see. I'm going to speak plainly. . . . Years ago I found out that my wife didn't love me. . . . I made the best of it, and so, I must say in justice to her, did she. We've jogged along as well as most persons do, I suppose; but in some ways she got the upper hand of me. You, all of you, know perfectly well that she had small respect





*Drawn by Frank Desch*

"STEPHEN, WON'T YOU SPEAK TO YOUR FATHER?"



for my opinion. She overrode it when she could. You've heard her—as has nearly everybody else in this town—snub me in my own house and at my own table. It amused you, I dare say, and you thought I was too dull to notice or care. There's where you were all mistaken! I have feelings as well as the rest of you, though I hope I'm able to control them, and my wife's attitude toward me hurt. It *hurt*, I tell you: though I said nothing. . . . But I *did* something instead; and now I'm going to show you"—he took up one of the papers again and examined it through his glasses—"just what that something *was*! Here is my will, Stephen; I've left all my property to you, and when you read it you'll be surprised. I dare say you've thought that your father had only kept what was left him, guarded it well no doubt, like the conservative man people consider him. But I've done more than that, boy. I've *made* money—a great deal of money. I'm a very rich man, and you'll be a very rich man, too, Stephen! But the best of it all is"—Mr. Carmalt leaned back on his pillows to smile grimly—"your mother *never knew*!"

Suddenly I felt Anne's hand clutch the back of my chair. I heard her draw in her breath sharply. She leaned forward and held her eyes fixed on the old man's face.

"I didn't mean that she *should* know! That was my little *joke*, you understand! Your mother, Stephen, was a lavish woman—people called her generous—and it was her greatest pleasure, almost her passion, to give to whatever cause or individual she could. But she wasn't able to do all she wanted: I saw to that! I kept a tight rein on her, Wilmarth. Didn't you ever notice? It was my revenge, if you like, for the way she treated me: a sort of *vindication* of myself for the position she forced me to take! And the climax of the whole matter comes now. She died without knowing how rich I was! Isn't there a fine sort of poetic justice in that? Think what ducks and drakes she'd have made of the money if she had! . . . Now, Stephen boy, take this will and read it—I'm afraid I'm too tired. All I've got—you'll be surprised at the amount—will be yours, and I'm glad to give it to you.

You'll keep your head! But here's a piece of advice. When you're married to Anne, remember to keep her where she belongs! She's a good girl, Stephen, but I want you to take a lesson from what your father has had to put up with. . . . Why, Stephen, what's the matter?"

He broke off suddenly. Anne had turned away to cover her eyes with her hands; but Stephen, his young face set and white, rose slowly from his seat. With folded arms he stood looking down at the figure on the bed. There was purpose back of the perplexity in his gaze, but he spoke gently, with a sort of appeal in his voice.

"Father, father, do you know what you are saying?" he asked. "You can't mean every word I say!"

Mr. Carmalt's answer came straight and inflexible.

"True? Why, of course it's true! I mean every word I say!"

"Then I'll not listen to you for a moment," Stephen cried. His voice took on a quality as remorseless as his father's. "And more than that, I swear I'll not touch a penny of your money. Don't you know, can't you realize what you've done: the meanest, cruelest thing in the world? You've wounded my mother in the way which you knew would hurt her most: on the best and finest and noblest side of her nature. Father, how could you, how *could* you? Thank God, she's not here to know it all: your smallness, your baseness, your treachery. . . . But I'm here, and so is Anne! You've got to deal with us now. Father, Anne has suspected this, or something like it, all along. She told me so, and I—I laughed at her. I didn't believe it; I couldn't, for I loved you and I respected you, and, because I'm no longer a child and can understand some things, I felt sorry for you. . . .

"But you've stopped all this! I cannot forgive what you've done. Nothing matters now but just Anne. The misunderstanding that came between us made her give me up—we hadn't told you—but I hope with all my heart that she'll see things differently now. Anne," he turned suddenly to the girl and, bending, took her hands from her eyes. In the act was a touch of love's tender authority. "Anne, I've misjudged you, and I'm sorry. You were right and I was



wrong. Won't you forgive me? See, I'm refusing my father's money. I'm glad to refuse it. Now I haven't anything in the world except my work and my love for you; but aren't these things—*enough*? Anne, won't you take me back?"

But, to my surprise as I watched her, the girl's response was not absolute. True, she raised her eyes to his, but only for a moment of divine reassurance did they rest there. The light that shone steadfast through her tears seemed to burn not alone for him.

"Wait, wait," she whispered. Then, as her hands left his, she leaned forward to touch softly Mr. Carmalt's shoulder.

The old man turned wearily, his act a protest, a question in his dull gaze. "Stephen doesn't quite mean what he says," Anne's gentle voice faltered. "Won't you listen to me? Stephen is angry, just as you yourself have been angry, just as I have been angry, too." She gained courage with the words. "Anger has made him unjust," she went on; "it has also made you unjust—and *me*! I'm only a girl, Mr. Carmalt, and I haven't seen much of life; but I love Stephen with my whole heart, and that, they say, should give me some knowledge. I can't put what I mean into the right words, but I am sure that to be unjust is to be cruel, and we must not be cruel to any one, especially to those we love. I've been cruel to both you and Stephen: I've found that out while I've been in this room. Between Stephen and me"—Anne's glance was proud with confidence—"there need be no question of forgiveness, because we love each other. And this, of course, is true of you and Stephen. But between you and me, Mr. Carmalt, the case is different. I've thought hard and bitter things of you; things that seemed unforgivable because I didn't understand. I've blamed you in my heart for what Mrs. Carmalt suffered and seemed to miss in her life. I've thought you cruel long before I really knew what you had done; and, now that you have told me, I cannot, strange as it is, be hard on you any more, because, from the very cruelty of what you did, I seem to realize how bitterly you have suffered too. Dear Mr. Carmalt," she pleaded, and the passion of her brave young spirit

thrilled through the words—"dear Mr. Carmalt, can't you see that I am asking you to forgive me, because I understand and because"—her caress lingered at his forehead—"because I want you to love me?"

Mr. Carmalt's eyes softened as they rested on hers for an instant, but they passed anxiously on, with an odd sort of appeal in their gaze, to his son, who stood silently behind the girl; Anne caught this look quickly. She turned to touch the young man's arm; her fingers clung to his coat sleeve.

"Stephen," she whispered, "won't you speak to your father? Won't you tell him that you feel differently now that you understand?" The boy held his silence; though, starting forward as he listened, he seemed to hesitate.

"It's no disloyalty to your mother," Anne went on. Then she seemed suddenly to read his thought. "Oh, do this, not for my sake, but for *hers*! She would, had she understood, been the very first to acknowledge a wrong, the first to forgive. For your mother's sake, Stephen, give your father your hand!"

Over Stephen's stern young face had crept a change—the light of some inner inspiration seemed to dawn through the darkness of his resentment. With the vision his eyes grew gentle and there came to his lips a boyish smile—tender and serious. "Father!" he cried, suddenly, and, bending, held out his hand.

Instantly Mr. Carmalt's found it in a close clasp of affection.

"My son, my son, forgive—" The old man sighed brokenly. A moment later he roused himself again. "Anne! Where is Anne?" he asked. "I want Anne, my daughter."

The girl's touch reassured him, and he closed his eyes wearily in a sort of content.

But as I turned softly to leave the room—there was no longer a need of my presence, for the three were all absorbed in one another and had quite forgotten me—I saw him open his eyes and heard him speak once more. This time his voice was strong. He smiled at Anne; but it was not Anne he saw. For the name that he spoke was his wife's; and in his tone burned a note of passionate pleading.

"Laura!" he cried—"Laura! Laura!"



# A Song In Winter

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

[The circumstances under which this song was written may give it more interest than it would otherwise merit. The writer, his mind occupied on literary work, had placed writing materials by his bedside for note-making purposes. During the night he woke suddenly from a dream in which the following stanzas had been sung—with the first verse repeated for chorus—by one of the characters of his fiction. While the impression was fresh the accompanying tune was as distinct as the words; but of that no record could be taken. Even of the words certain phrases escaped before they could be committed to writing, and for these the passages here given in parentheses have been substituted. It is to be noticed that the only verse recalled with practical completeness was the one used in chorus.

It may be added that the song had no apparent relation to the work on which the writer was engaged, or with the character who was supposed to utter it.]

PIP-PIP, look up! From far and near  
The robin's voice doth crown the year;  
And sure, it sounds so blithe of cheer,  
What could be bolder?  
"Pip-pip, look up!" he seems to say,  
"(The world is down), the skies are gray:  
Yet—hear me!—you'll forget to say  
Winter is colder!"

In merry port (*sic*) from bough to bough,  
With beak and breast, you hear him now,  
(A gay and goodly) sight, I vow,  
For a beholder.  
(On frosty airs he warms his throat,  
Through tuneless woods he winds his note,  
Though Sol himself) in winter coat  
Turns a cold shoulder.

*Chorus:* Pip-pip, look up! From far and near  
The robin's voice doth crown the year.

(Cheerly) he wags his roguish head:  
"Now all the world is gone to bed:"  
Says he, "but we'll sit up instead,  
And talk good scandal!"  
(So up and down) and light and quick  
With busy beak he trims his wick,  
(His body brown a candlestick),  
His breast a candle.

*Chorus:* Pip-pip, look up! From far and near  
The robin's voice doth crown the year.



# Beyond the Dead Sea

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, *Ph.D.*

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FOR four tiresome hours the way led steeply upward over a sun-baked slope of white limestone among the loose fragments of what was once a Roman road. We had left the deeply sunken Jordan valley with its strange subtropical vegetation of prickly-jujube trees and thick-leaved, yellow-stemmed "oshr" shrubs like enormous branching milkweeds bearing yellow "apples of Sodom." Now we were climbing up the steep escarpment on the west side of the plateau of Moab, and were approaching the flat-topped upland whose blue outlines form so prominent a feature in the eastward view from all the higher hills of Judea. The Mountains of the Abarim, or Opposite Side, is the expressive name by which the old Jews called the escarpment; for then, as now, the land to the east of the depression of the Ghor beyond the Dead Sea and the Jordan valley was a country apart and separate, cut off from Judea by a great trough whose hot slopes are hard to climb and whose lower portions are the haunt of robbers. Because of this the countries beyond the Ghor, especially Moab and Edom on the farther side of the Dead Sea, are even now remote regions where one may wander for weeks without fear of meeting the all-pervasive tourists who swarm around Jerusalem.

Toward the top of the ascent of the Opposite Side the slopes become gentle and begin to be clothed with genuine green grass instead of with the poor weeds which grow lower down. As the way became less steep and rocky we hurried onward with eager desire to see what lies beyond, and toward sunset reached a small rounded eminence near Mount Nebo and almost four thousand feet above the Dead Sea. Cool breezes revived both horses and men after the hot day's ride from the bridge over the muddy, jungle-bordered Jordan near Jericho, and a

quickenings sense of space and freedom as the view suddenly expanded to the limits of a level horizon. The sight of the spring verdure which clothed the country to the eastward that day in April was so delightful that we almost forgot to take a backward look to the west at the parched brown hills of the Judean slope and the deep hollow of the Ghor. We had come to a land very different from the rounded rocky hills of the plateau of Judea, a land richer and more beautiful, but far less varied and inspiring. Looking eastward, we realized that we had not been climbing mountains, but had been coming up the steep side of a plateau composed of horizontal layers of limestone. Far as the eye could reach, a glorious succession of gently sloping hills rose and fell and rolled softly away to an almost limitless horizon, each one a hill when looked at alone, but all together giving the effect of a plain with a slight slope to the east. Each swelling hill and smoothly falling vale was green and fresh with grain or rich brown with newly ploughed fields; so at least it seemed at first, but as we looked into the purple distance illumined by the level rays of the setting sun, brown hills began to take shape, and we saw that the green region extends only about fifteen miles.

The countries of Moab and Edom consist of four narrow strips running north and south parallel to the Ghor. Already we had traversed one of them, namely, the steep westward-facing escarpment, which presents an unbroken line of rugged cliffs extending southward for a hundred and twenty miles, from a point a little north of the Dead Sea to the borders of Ammon beyond Petra. Now we were looking across both the second—a narrow strip of invariably fertile land scarcely ten miles wide—and the third, which is a similar strip of land that is fruitful in years of good rain-





RUINS OF RABBATH MOAB

fall, but barren at other times. And beyond these we saw the fourth strip, a broader band of pasture-land which bears grass in winter and early spring, but soon dries up completely. Each strip has its own peculiar people. The rugged escarpment is normally frequented by the negroid Arabs of the unhealthy Ghor, who drive their flocks up among its cliffs for pasture. The fertile crest of the plateau bears a line of villages inhabited by Syrian farmers, or Fellahin, the descendants of Arabs who came in from the desert long ago. The next strip is a debatable land whose most interesting features are, in the first place, a long line of ruined towns indicating a decrease in fertility, and, second, the new Hejaz railroad to Mecca, indicating the attempt of Mohammedanism to adapt itself to modern innovations. Finally the fourth strip, the broad pasture-land between the ruins and the sandy Arabian desert on the east, is the haunt of wandering Bedouin, who keep in their own region when propitious rains cause the grass to grow, but swarm into the other strips in dry seasons like that of 1909.

The towns and villages of the fertile strip of Moab are few and widely separated. Two or three miles from the edge of the escarpment we came to one of them, Madeba, composed of some three hundred flat-roofed houses of stone and

mud set on a hill amid waving wheat-fields, which encroach upon the ruins of what was once a fine provincial city, the seat of a bishopric in the early Christian centuries. On the edge of the town a new Greek church rises square and ugly like a New England barn, but is intensely interesting because of what it conceals. A dozen years ago the Syrians of the place, having moved thither not many years before from Kerak, or Kir of Moab, two days' journey far-

ther south, decided that they needed a new church. As they dug to lay the foundations, they came upon bits of a fine mosaic. With the incredible stupidity of Orientals they drove their pickaxes into it, thinking that perhaps stores of gold and silver might be concealed underneath. Fortunately word of the find came to a young official of subordinate rank, Said Effendi, who belonged to one of the aristocratic families of Jerusalem, and he went to take a look. He saw that the mosaic was unusual, but more than that he could not make out. He succeeded, however, in persuading the builders of the church to leave what remained until word could be sent to the government at Jerusalem and a foreigner skilled in antiquities could look at it.

To say that the mosaic is the oldest map in existence gives no idea of the fascination which it affords. When the young acolyte who was in charge during the priest's absence grudgingly lifted the heavy planks from off the mosaic and swept up the dust of the past year, the map did not seem of special interest; but he cleaned it off with a wet rag, and the clear red, yellow, blue, black, and white squares of stone began to form themselves into tangible shapes. One found one's self watching the process with a warm thrill of interest and almost excitement. It seemed like a profanation to walk about in hobnailed



boots over the precious map, and so I sat on the floor and crept about, reading the Greek names and picking out the Jordan River with its bridges and fish, and the Dead Sea with its boats, in which can be seen the legs of oarsmen whose bodies and heads were long ago replaced by meaningless squares which do not offend the Moslem conquerors of the land by representing living creatures. The lion and other beasts which inhabit the Jordan valley have been treated likewise, so that they are chiefly legs and tail, but an antelope has been left intact, as have the palm trees which fill the blank spaces of the hot valley. Elsewhere in the map one finds the colonnaded cities and the cathedrals which were scattered thickly over Palestine and the neighboring countries as far as the strangely curved mouths of the Nile in the days when the map was made, four or five centuries after Christ. The people who could construct such a map, so beautiful and in its way so accurate, must have differed greatly from their degenerate successors who were about to destroy it in the hope of finding treasure or for the

sake of building an ugly barn for the performance of religious rites which they do not understand. The cause of the contrast between the old and the new is one of the great problems of history; and Madeba and the surrounding regions are important not only for their vestiges of the past, but because they afford evidence as to the way in which changes in physical conditions have been intimately connected with moral and intellectual revolutions.

As we rode eastward from Madeba we were amazed to see how mile by mile the country grows drier. Deep fields of waving wheat, studded with large blue irises and vocal with larks, gave place to withered gray-green fields in which the irises were of another species, dainty brown, and where the exultant larks no longer sang by the score upon the ground as well as in the air. Then the fields became so dry that it was hard to tell whether they had been planted that year or not; although the people said that the crop had been sown, but had merely sprouted and then dried up because of the unusual drought during



DRAWING WATER FROM A CISTERN



February and March. Twenty miles east of the edge of the escarpment up which we had climbed the preceding day the only hint of vegetation was the brown remnant of patches of diminutive grass an inch high which had grown up here and there during the winter. Yet looking back to the west we could see the fairest of green-clad slopes; treeless, to be sure, but rich and attractive. The west wind from the Mediterranean Sea brings practically all the rain. During the rainy season from October to April the air, rising from the sea to the Judean plateau, is cooled so much that it gives up abundant rain. Then, descending into the deep Ghor, it expands and becomes warm and dry, thus giving rise to the desert of Judea on the slope west of the Dead Sea. Next it rises once more at the escarpment of Moab, and waters the edge of the plateau, but by this time the air contains no great amount of water, and the gentle eastward slope of the plateau furnishes a descent sufficient to cause the wind quickly to become warm and dry.

In this fact and in the openness of the country desertward lies the explanation of much of the difference between

the significant history of Judea and the unimportant history of the regions east of the Dead Sea.

On the border of the desert east of Madeba, in a region at present uninhabitable, we visited the ruins of the beautiful Ghazanide palace of Meshita, built in the sixth century and now half despoiled, first in order to make a present of the facade to the German Emperor, and then in order to obtain stone for the bridges of the new Hejaz railroad to Mecca. A little west of the palace we found the smooth, brown plain furrowed with trail after trail, the hundred tracks of the old pilgrimage road along which for twelve centuries weary caravans have toiled patiently through the desert to Mecca. Only a few of the many interlacing paths show signs of recent use, for the caravans have decreased in size during the last century. As we crossed the hundred-trailed "Derb el Haj" on our way back to the habitations of Moab a sound of distant whistles came through the sunset air, the tooting of a freight engine on the new "Way of the Pilgrimage," the easy iron way which has succeeded the painful route where camels used to die of thirst,



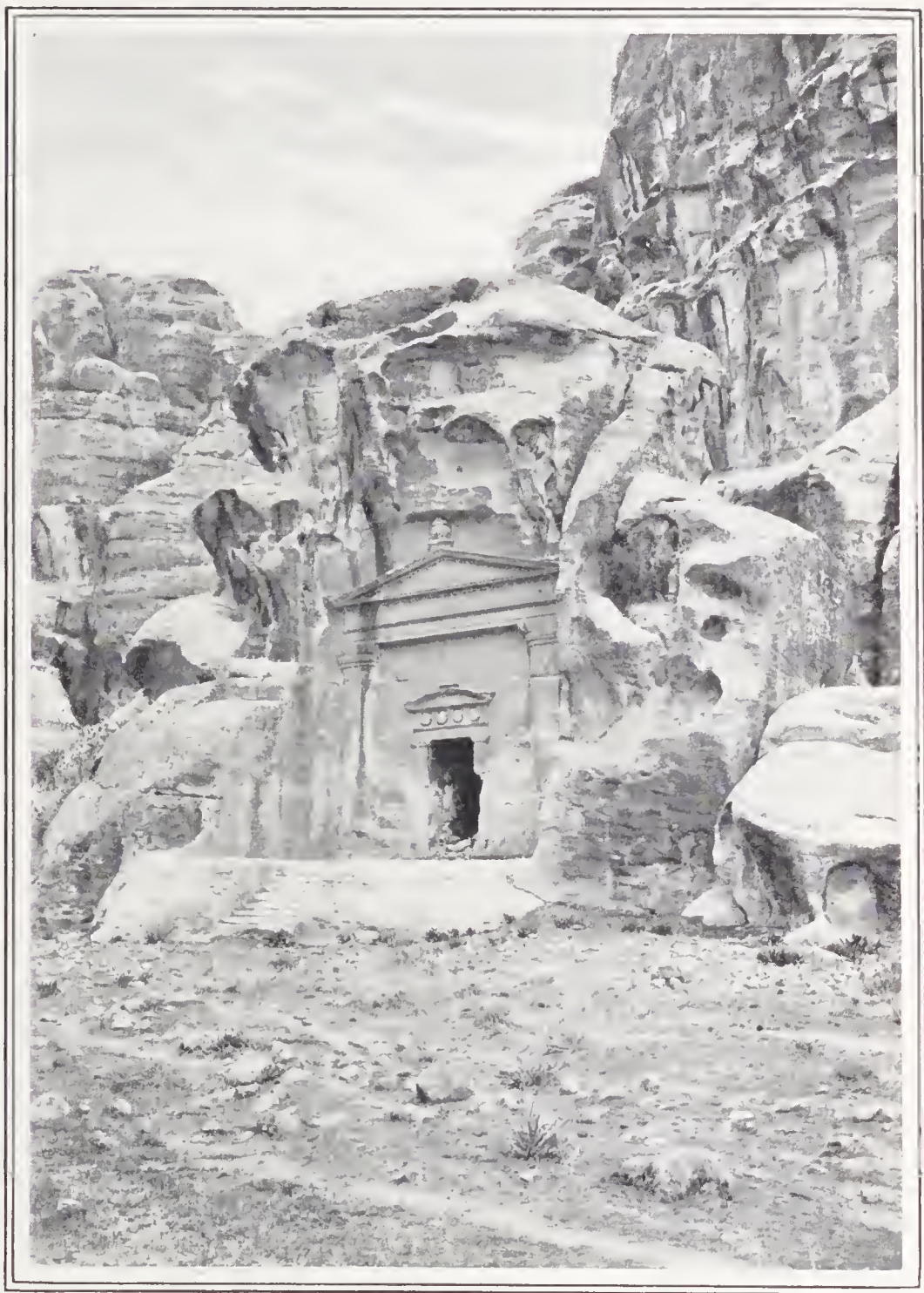
SAND DUNES SOUTH OF THE DEAD SEA



and footsore pilgrims sometimes went mad from utter weariness. In 1908 the great Mecca caravan passed down the old historic road for the last time: henceforth all the pilgrims will go by rail. It is no light thing when an institution like the Haj caravan passes out of existence. For centuries it has been the greatest of unifying forces in the Moslem world: more, perhaps, than anything else it has tended to draw the Mohammedans of all races together and to promote the democratic and fraternal spirit which is so much more marked among the various Mohammedan nations than among Christians. Sultan Abdul-Hamid II., in his zeal for Islam, believed that he had done a great thing for the faith in making the pilgrimage to Mecca easy.

It is probable that he has done the reverse, for the one-tracked road of steel puts an end to the months of hardship which in the old days unified the Faithful who wearily plodded along the hundred-tracked road of earth and stones.

The past becomes very real as one wanders among the ruins which lie between the "desert and the sown" along the borders of Moab. In one place we found some ruins which had been reinhabited for the past three years by families from Hebron and other places west of the Jordan. Like Naomi and her family, they had come from Judea in a time of stress, but life had proved harder in the new home than in the old. Now, hearing that there was bread in the home of their fathers, they were planning to leave



TOMB CUT IN THE WHITE SANDSTONE AT EL BEIDA

their cropless fields and go back, even as Naomi went with Ruth from some unknown village perchance not far away. My guide and I had left the main caravan, but meant to rejoin it and spend the night at Diban, the ruined town where Mesha, the Moabite king, set up the famous Moabite Stone after his war with the kings of Israel, Judah and Edom, nine hundred years before Christ. An hour after sunset, however, Diban was still far distant, and we were wandering without a path. Hearing the barking of dogs, we rode toward the sound and soon saw the fires of one of the many encampments of Arabs who had been driven in from the desert by the drought. On one side of an open square an extra-large fire was blazing, at





THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PETRA

the man's end of the most spacious of the low black tents. The intermittent blaze, fed by dry weeds of the desert, lighted up a slab of limestone bearing the rudely scratched insignia of the tribe of Beni Sakr. We dismounted silently, as men do in a land where no one knows whether the men he meets are enemies or friends. The Arabs who were grouped cross-legged or a-squat around the blaze said nothing, but the chief men rose and motioned us to be seated, while the others moved to places of less honor.

A quilt was brought to spread on the coarse woollen rugs, and another was rolled up for me to rest my left elbow upon. It was only after we were comfortable that conversation slowly began. While we talked a servant brought out the coffee-tongs—two spoons of iron chained together and having handles eighteen inches long. One spoon only an inch or so in diameter was used for stirring the coffee beans, while the other six inches across was used for holding them over the fire. When the coffee

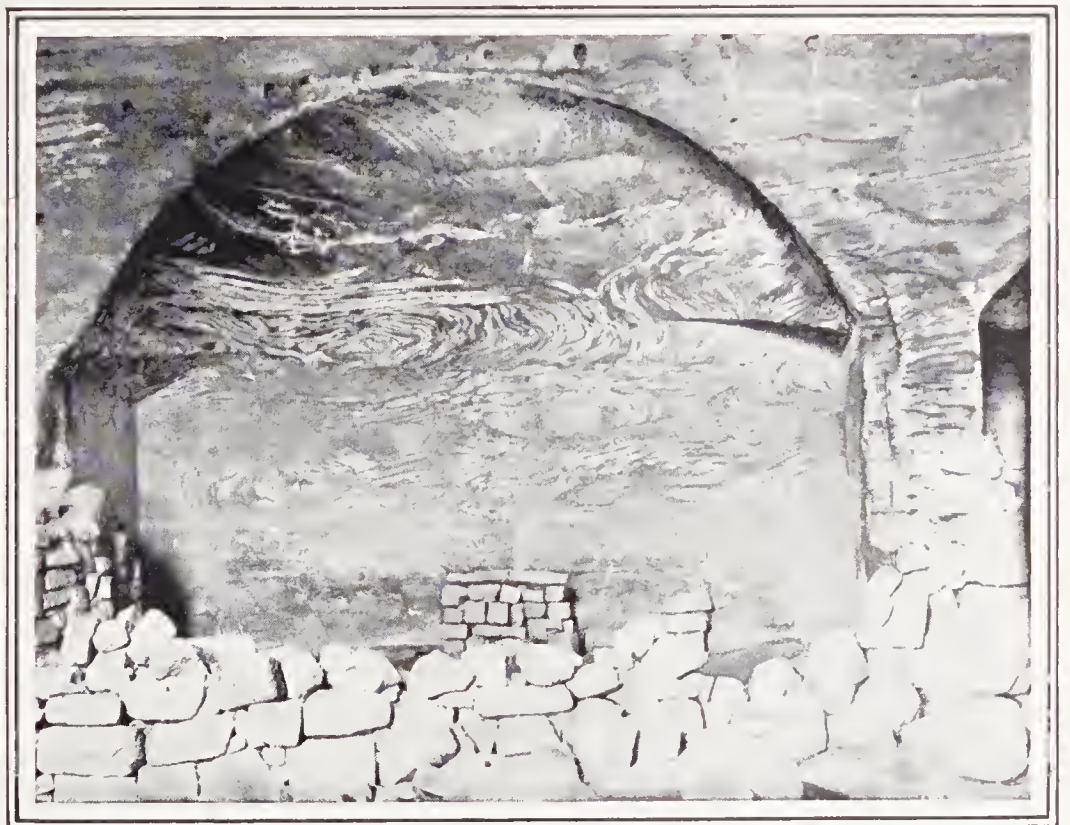


was roasted the slow process of grinding it began. The grinder evidently felt that his work was of great importance and should be done artistically. Each stroke of the great wooden pestle was accompanied by a double click on the side of the deep wooden mortar. Then the coffee was boiled, first in one blackened copper pot with a long straight handle and then in another. Finally the grinder tasted it; and then the cups, of which there were two, began to circulate, each man being served with two or three swallows of the strong black fluid, and the chief men being served two or three times. After an hour or two dinner was brought in, a tender boiled lamb, which we pulled to pieces with our fingers, and thin sheets of unleavened bread, which we not only ate but used to scoop up sour milk or to pick up pieces of soft butter, and with these a dish of cracked wheat boiled soft and eaten with the hands.

Conversation was limited, as the guide was not proficient in Arabic, and knew still less of Turkish, the language in which he talked to me. One old Arab seemed much worried about my pith helmet; he did not like the cut of it, especially the way in which it failed to protect the ears, and he could not see how it was possible to sleep in such an outrageous thing; for it did not occur to him that any one would take off his head-gear in the cool night. The gestures which he and the others used were extraordinary. The sheikh tried to make me understand how he and his people fought with the government not many years ago; his eyes were so fierce and his gestures so violent that I began to think he was really getting angry. With all his soul he hated, so he said, the uniform of my guide, a soldier, but the man himself was good apart from that which his clothes implied.

Why did the government take taxes from poor Arabs who came from the desert in times of drought? Had not the Arabs the right to feed their flocks wherever there was grass? Some day soon the soldiers would see what his people would do.

After the sheikh had calmed down he thoughtfully threw a cloak over my shoulders, for the night was chilly, with a temperature of only about forty degrees. Then when we went to bed he took great pains to see that I was warmly covered, especially my head, and finally left the guide and myself and two other guests lying on the ground around the ashes of the coffee fire, with saddles for pillows. With the dying of the fire the beauty of the moonlit night came over us. The occasional faint bleat of a young lamb or the suppressed bark of a dog only emphasized the stillness, and we grew drowsy and fell asleep on our hard beds as the embers ceased to glow. Suddenly the sound of guns made us sit up wide awake. The dogs began to bark wildly, men shouted, and the shrill cry of many women arose. The camp jumped to its feet in a moment; the men flung their striped white and brown abbas of wool over their shoulders, slipped their feet into their low shoes, if they had any, and with guns in hand hastened to mount the horses and camels tethered near the



INTERIOR OF A TOMB





VIEW FROM THE RIGHT WING OF THE THEATRE AT PETRA

tents. They had ridden off to the southeast, followed by the women on foot, before I had put on the clumsy shoes which civilization imposes upon us and had come out of the tent to see what had happened. In a few minutes the bright moonlight showed the women, with queenly gait and haggish faces, streaming back down the hillside in their trailing garments of dark blue, and the camp fell once more into quiet. Nothing unusual had taken place; it was merely a "ghazzu," or raid. The Howeitat Arabs, enemies of the tribe of Beni Sakr, had come in from the desert to the better-watered region, and had driven off a flock of a hundred or more camels which had been herded for the night at a little distance from the camp. In the chill, damp morning, without washing or eating or speaking to any one belonging to the camp, we took our horses and rode away, for the men were gone, and the women have naught to do with guests.

In a cold rain and mist on the 8th of April we left Moab, going westward down the Wadi Kerak, one of the fine

canyons cut by streams which flow through the western escarpment. Leaving the few olive and fig trees of Kerak, we descended rapidly into warmer and drier regions; and by mid-afternoon had gone down 4,600 feet to the tents of the Arabs of Ghor-i-Mezara, the dark-skinned, thick-lipped people who inhabit the torrid Ghor on the east side of the Dead Sea at its southern end. In the tent of the sheikh, where we received a half-hearted welcome quite unlike that of the true Arabs, we found the Turkish mudir of the district, a disagreeable man of the old type which has made the name of Turk disliked. Putting on a cunning look, he asked me to point out the direction of America, and naturally I pointed west. With a patronizing smile he remarked that if I had studied many books, as he had done, I should know that America lies directly underfoot. Later he tried my field-glass, but could not use it properly, whereupon he began to boast of a great telescope which he had unfortunately left at home. With it, he said, one could count the buttons on a man's coat ten miles away. Indeed, one





VIEW FROM THE LEFT WING OF THE THEATRE

could look through mountains with it, or rather over them, and see the Mediterranean Sea from where we were on the shores of the Dead Sea. As I merely expressed surprise he thought that I believed him. Fortunately most of the officials whom one meets in Palestine are of the new school, and are eager to see Turkey take her place as a civilized nation, although they have rather vague notions as to how she is to do it. One high official, for instance, told me that in twenty-five years he expected to see Turkey rival England as a naval power.

The people of the plateau of Moab have so little communication with the depression of the Ghor far below them to the west that we found it impossible to get a guide at Kerak who knew anything of the country south of the Dead Sea, and there was even difficulty in getting one who knew the way to Mezara, only fifteen miles away, at the foot of the escarpment. At Mezara we fortunately found an Arab who had come up from the south and wanted to go back. For half a day he led us along the shore of the sea, sometimes among thick vegetation, including splendid

branching reeds twenty feet high, and sometimes over barren wastes of boulders. Then at the southern end of the sea, where two large wadis pour out their water at the foot of the escarpment, we rode among green wheat-fields artistically studded with thorny bushes which gave quite the effect of an English park full of trees, until a man came into sight, and it became evident that either he was a giant or the trees were mere bushes. It rained at intervals, to the great joy of all the country, for the long drought was broken at last, and the danger of severe famine was averted, although suffering must ensue because already so many crops were injured. The rain was warm in the Ghor, but on the plateau hail fell and covered the country like snow.

South of the Dead Sea our guide led us through the dry wastes of the broad "Arabah," as the Ghor is here called. Climbing a long slope of sand mantling an old lake bluff three or four hundred feet high, we came out upon a smooth plain of gravel, more sterile than people who have never seen a desert can well realize. When the gravel came to an



end we plodded through drifts of wind-blown sand shading beautifully from straw-color to pink and disposed in drifts of most graceful form. At our left lay the steep slopes of the escarpment of Moab and Edom, where spurs of black were backed by those of red, and these in turn by those of white and buff. Far up on the heights of Edom, which is merely the southward continuation of Moab, trees darkened the upper crags, although all the lower cliffs were utterly barren. Once we came to a place where the water of the Wadi Fedan makes the desert literally blossom as the rose, for the banks of the brook, even beyond its dwindling terminus in the gravel, are lined not only with reeds and tamarisks, but with pink oleanders in full bloom at the time of our visit. Toward nightfall we were in the desert once more, in a plain of soft silt and sand dotted with small green bushes. Once the guide looked back and thought that on a crag of granite he saw five men; and we looked to our guns, thinking of robbers. At sunset the guide rode anxiously from sand-hill to sand-hill look-

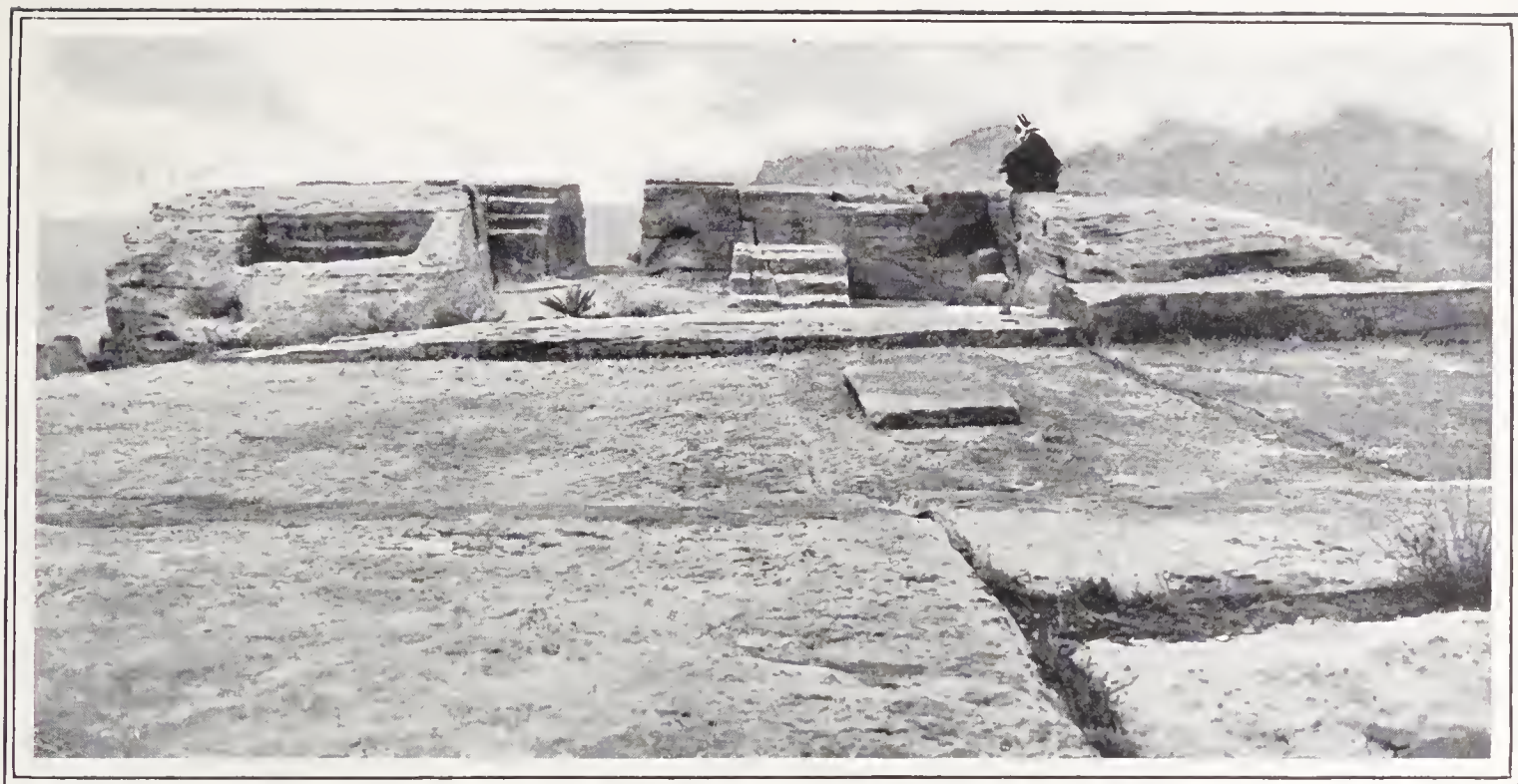
ing for the insignificant marks by which his practised eye made out the location of the spring. The desert is almost the same the world over. Save for the costumes of the men we might have been riding in western China far to the east, or in Arizona, still farther to the west.

From our desert spring of dark sulphurous water we rode south over vast wastes of rough gravel and boulders and then turned to the southeast up a splendid gorge of red granite, following the line of the Roman road which once ran from Gaza across the desert regions south of Palestine to Petra, the city of stone, and then on to the Gulf of Akaba on the one hand and the Persian Gulf on the other. The road is entirely destroyed except in a few level places. A long, steep climb brought us to a height of 2,500 feet above the Mediterranean Sea, where the elevation and the western exposure combine to cause more rainfall than elsewhere. Here at the top of the granite a rough terrace half a mile wide has been formed by the wearing back of a deep red sandstone capped with white sandstone, upon



THE MOUNT OF OBELISKS





THE CHIEF HIGH PLACE AT PETRA

which grow numerous cedar trees, giving a most pleasing aspect of verdure mingled with true desert conditions. Just as a winter view in a fertile land is like a face asleep instead of awake, so a verdureless scene in the desert is like a body without life—beautiful perhaps, but leaving always a sense of longing.

The geological structure of the plateau of Edom is practically identical with that of southern Utah north of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. Both countries are now deserts, and in both the square-shouldered, straight-sided cliffs of dark red and the domes of white sandstone spotted with green cedar trees indicate that deserts prevailed ten or fifteen million years ago in the Jura-Trias period. Both regions have been uplifted in the same way; and as a result the two distant parts of the world closely resemble each other, not only in scenery, but in the general mode of life of the people.

Toward night we came to higher valleys three thousand feet above the sea, and there we began to find ancient canals and walls of fields, although now there is no water for irrigation. Then we reached the caves of El Beida—cisterns, houses, temples, and tombs hewn in the solid white sandstone. A long narrow slit in the rock leads into shady green depths where the sunshine never comes, and where the foot treads upon that rarest of treasures in this dry land—a carpet of

soft green turf. On either side pure white cliffs tower almost perpendicular for a hundred feet or more, and then break away a little and at much greater heights form innumerable domes whose white tops suggest drifted snow. Of these, however, one gets no hint from below, for only the precipices and the numerous caves and tombs are in sight. Some of the caves are cisterns into which rain-water was once cleverly led by means of narrow flights of steps which serve as troughs. Several of the tombs are carved into the form of graceful Roman temples with pillars, arches, and pediments, or Nabataean houses with stepped roofs.

From El Beida we proceeded to the metropolis of Petra, the far-famed and oft-described city of stone, whose tombs are temples cut in solid rock. There we camped in the "Treasury of Pharaoh," which is in reality a temple of Isis cut in the side of a narrow gorge like that already described at El Beida, except that the sandstone is red and weathers into fine square masses instead of being white and forming graceful domes, and the floor is covered with pebbles instead of with soft green grass. From the door one looks out at the Sik, a great crack, as it were, opening to a width of twenty to a hundred feet at the bottom and widening somewhat upward, but in reality the work of the stream, which has



cut down with great rapidity on account of the uplift of the plateau.

It is hard to give an adequate idea of Petra. As one wanders among the ruins and looks at the theatre of red sandstone, the columns of ruined temples and the hundreds of tombs, some of which have grand façades like temples fifty and sixty feet high, the wonder of it grows. It is not beauty of architecture or delicacy of design which appeals to one here as in the Taj Mahal or other famous edifices; it is not simple grandeur as in the pyramids and the Sphinx; nor is it pure beauty of scenery as in the Alps; in any single respect other places go far ahead of Petra, and even in its own special type of wild desert scenery southern Utah much excels it. No place, however, affords a more striking combination of architectural skill, vastness of design, and grandeur of scenery, and with it all full measure of the fascinating element of romance which enshrouds the site of vanished civilization.

There is a peculiar interest attaching to the beginnings of great matters; and this it is in part which makes one feel that in all the region beyond the Dead Sea no place is more important than the ruins of the old Semitic "High Places" on the tops of the crags five hundred feet above the town and the main tombs at Petra. To reach them one must climb long flights of weather-worn steps hewn in the solid rock, and sometimes it is necessary to scramble on hands and knees where the old approaches have been destroyed. At the top the ruins of the castles built by the Crusaders first catch the eye, but one passes them with little

more than a thought. Nor does one dwell upon the magnificent days of Roman domination in the early Christian centuries before the Mohammedan conquest; and even the Nabatæans of the time of Christ do not detain the attention. They it was who last used the High Places, but sacrifices were probably offered here thousands of years before their day. The old Semites were simple in their art; indeed, they scarcely can be said to have had any art in building their places of sacrifice. A platform hewn in the solid rock on a hilltop, and a high altar with a few steps and some troughs cut in the living rock—that was all they needed, except perchance when they hewed all the stone from the brow of a hill, cutting away the rock to a depth of twenty feet over an area a hundred feet in diameter, and leaving only one or two symbolic obelisks of living rock rising as sacred symbols in the midst of a place of prayer. One thing more they craved for in those old Semitic days—the thing for which they most deserve our praise—a broad view heavenward, and earthward, with nothing between themselves and the greatness of God. If ever a man feels worshipful, it is on the top of a lonely mountain. When the priests at Petra took the offerings up to the great High Place on the highest point of a craggy summit, higher even than the place of prayer surrounding the obelisks, something of reverence must have come over even the most worldly among them. Worship in places like this must surely have played some important part in the development of high religious ideals among the early Semites, to whom the half of mankind is indebted for its faith.





# Legends of the City of Mexico

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

## *The Accursed Bell*

THIS story, Señor—it is about the accursed bell that once was the clock-bell of the Palace here in the City of Mexico—has so many beginnings that the only way really to get at the bones of it would be for a number of people, all talking at once, to tell the different first parts of it at the same time.

For, you see, the curse that was upon this bell—that caused it to be brought to trial before the Consejo of the Inquisition, and by the Consejo to be condemned to have its wicked tongue torn out and to be banished from Spain to this country—was made up of several curses which had been in use in other ways elsewhere previously: so that one beginning is with the Moor, and another with Don Gil de Marcadante, and another with the devil-forged armor, and still another with the loosing of all the curses from the cross (wherein for some hundreds of years they were imprisoned) and the fusing of them into the one great curse wherewith this unfortunate bell was afflicted—which happened when that holy emblem was refounded, and with the metal of it this bell was made.

Concerning the Moor, Señor, I can give you very little information. All that I know about him is that he had the bad name of Muslef; and that he was killed—as he deserved to be killed, being an Infidel—by a Christian knight; and that this knight cut his head off and brought it home with him as an agreeable memento of the occasion, and was very pleased with what he had done. Unfortunately, this knight also brought home with him the Moor's armor—which was of bronze, and so curiously and so beautifully wrought that it evidently had been forged by devils, and which was farther charged with devilishness because it had been worn by an infidel; and then, still more unfortunately, he

neglected to have the armor purified by causing the devils to be exorcised out of it by a Christian priest. Therefore, of course, the devils remained in the armor—ready to make trouble whenever they got the chance.

How Don Gil de Marcadante came to be the owner of that accursed devil-possessed armor, Señor, I never have heard mentioned. Perhaps he bought it because it happened to fit him; and, certainly—he being a most unusually sinful young gentleman—the curse that was upon it and the devils which were a part of it fitted him to a hair.

This Don Gil was a student of law in Toledo; but his studies were the very last things to which he turned his attention, and the life that he led was the shame of his respectable brother and his excellent mother's despair. Habitually, he broke every law of the Decalogue, and so brazenly that all the city rang with the stories of his evil doings and his crimes. Moreover, he was of a blustering nature and a born brawler: ready at the slightest contradiction to burst forth with such a torrent of blasphemies and imprecations that his mouth seemed to be a den of snakes and toads and scorpions; and ever quick to snatch his sword out and to get on in a hurry from words to blows. As his nearest approach to good nature was after he had killed some one in a quarrel of his own making, and as even at those favorable times his temper was of a brittleness, he was not looked upon as an agreeable companion and had few friends.

This Don Gil had most intimate relations with the devil, as was proved in various ways. Thus, a wound that he received in one of his duels instantly closed and healed itself; on a night of impenetrable darkness, as he went about his evil doings, he was seen to draw apart the heavy gratings of a window as though the thick iron bars had been silken



threads; and a stone that he cast at a man in one of his rages—mercifully not hitting him—remained burning hot in the place where it had fallen for several days. Moreover, it was known generally that in the night-time, in a most secret and hidden part of his dwelling, he gave himself up to hideous and very horrible sacrileges in which his master the devil had always a part. And so—these facts, and others of a like nature, coming to the knowledge of the Holy Office—it was perceived that he was a sorcerer. Therefore he was marched off—wearing his devil-forged armor, to which fresh curses had come with his use of it—to a cell in the Inquisition; and to make sure of holding him fast until the next *auto de fé* came round, when he was to be burned properly and regularly, he was bound with a great chain, and the chain was secured firmly to a strong staple in the cell wall.

But the devil, Señor, sometimes saves his own. On a morning, the jailer went as usual to Don Gil's cell with the bread and the water for him; and when he had opened the cell door he saw, as he believed, Don Gil in his armor waiting as usual for his bread and his water: but in a moment he perceived that what he saw was not Don Gil in his armor, but only the accursed armor standing upright full of emptiness; and that the staple was torn out; and that the great chain was broken, and that Don Gil was gone! And then—so much to the horror of the jailer that he immediately went mad of it—the empty armor began slowly to walk up and down the cell!

After that time Don Gil never was seen, nor was he heard of, again on earth; and so on earth, when the time came for burning him at the *auto de fé*, he had to be burned in effigy. However—as there could be no doubt about the place to which the devil had taken him—everybody was well satisfied that he got his proper personal burning elsewhere.

Then it was, Señor, that the Holy Office most wisely ordered that that devil-possessed and doubly accursed armor should be melted, and refounded into a cross: knowing that the sanctity of that blessed emblem would quiet the curses and would hold the devils still and fast. Therefore that order was executed; and

the wisdom of it—which some had questioned, on the ground that devils and curses were unsuitable material to make a cross of—was apparent as soon as the bronze turned fluid in the furnace: because there came from the fiery seething midst of it—to the dazed terror of the workmen—shouts of devil-laughter, and imprecations horrible to listen to, and frightful blasphemies; and to these succeeded, as the metal was being poured into the mould, a wild outburst of defiant remonstrance; and then all this demoniac fury died away—as the metal hardened and became fixed as a cross—at first into half-choked cries of agony, and then into confused lamentations, and at the last into little whimpering moans. Thus the devils and the curses were disposed of: and then the cross—holding them imprisoned in its holy substance—was set up in a little townlet not far from Madrid in which just then a cross happened to be wanted; and there it remained usefully for some hundreds of years.

At the end of that period—by which time everybody was dead who knew what was inside of it—the cross was asked for by the Prior of a little convent in that townlet near Madrid, who desired it that he might have it refounded into a bell; and as the Prior was a worthy person, and as he really needed a bell, his request was granted. So they made out of the cross a very beautiful bell: having on one side of it the two-headed eagle; and having on the other side of it a calvario; and having at the top of it, for its hanging, two imperial lions supporting a cross-bar in the shape of a crown. Then it was hung in the tower of the little convent: and the Prior, and all the Brothers with him, were very much pleased. But that worthy Prior, and those equally worthy Brothers, were not pleased for long, Señor: because the curses and the devils all were loose again—and their chance to do new wickedness had come!

On a night of blackness, without any warning whatever, the whole of the townlet was awakened by the prodigious clangor of a bell furiously ringing. In an instant—seeking the cause of this disturbance—everybody came out into the night's blackness: the Señor Cura, the Señor Alcalde, the alguaciles, the Prior,





*Painting by F. E. Schoonover*

THE EMPTY ARMOR BEGAN TO WALK UP AND DOWN THE CELL







the Brothers, all the townsfolk to the very last one. And when they had looked about them they found that the cause of the disturbance was the new bell of the convent: which was ringing with such an excessive violence that the night's blackness was corrupted with its noise.

Terror was upon every one; and greater terror was upon every one when it was found out that the door of the bell-tower was locked, and that the bell was ringing of its lone self: because the bad fact then became evident that only devils could have the matter in hand. The Señor Alcalde alone—being a very valiant gentleman, and not much believing in devils—was not satisfied with that finding. Therefore the Señor Alcalde caused the door to be unlocked and, carrying a torch with him, entered the bell-tower; and there he found the bell-rope crazily flying up and down as though a dozen men were pulling it, and nobody pulling it—which sight somewhat shook his nerves. However, because of his valorousness, he only stopped to cross himself; and then he went on bravely up the belfry stair. But what he saw when he was come into the belfry fairly brought him to a stand. For there was the bell ringing tempestuously; and never a visible hand was near it; and the only living thing that he found in the belfry was a great black cat with its tail bushed out and its fur bristling—which evil animal for a moment leered at him malignantly with its green eyes gleaming in the torch-light, and then sprang past him and dashed down the stair.

Then the Señor Alcalde, no longer doubting that the bell was being rung by devils, and himself not knowing how to manage devils, called down from the belfry to the Señor Cura to come up and take charge of the matter: whereupon the Señor Cura, holding his courage in both hands, did come up into the belfry, bringing his hisopo with him, and fell to sprinkling the bell with holy water—which seemed to him, so far as he could see his way into that difficult tangle, the best thing that he could do. But his doing it, of course, was the very worst thing that he could have done: because, you see, Señor, the devils were angered beyond all endurance by being

scalded with the holy water (that being the effect that holy water has upon devils) and so only rang the bell the more furiously in their agony of pain. Then the Señor Alcalde and the Señor Cura perceived that they could not quiet the devils, and decided to give up trying to. Therefore they came down from the belfry together—and they, and everybody with them, went away through the night's blackness crossing themselves, and were glad to be safe again in their homes.

The next day the Señor Alcalde made a formal inquest into the whole matter: citing to appear before him all the townsfolk and all the Brothers, and questioning them closely every one. And the result of this inquest was to make certain that the bell-ringer of the convent had not rung the bell; nor had any other of the Brothers rung it; nor had any of the townsfolk rung it. Therefore the Señor Alcalde, and with him the Señor Cura—whose opinion was of importance in such a matter—decided that the devil had rung it: and their decision was accepted by everybody, because that was what everybody from the beginning had believed.

Therefore—because such devilish doings affected the welfare of the whole kingdom—a formal report of all that had happened was submitted to the Cortes; and the Cortes, after pondering the report seriously, perceived that the matter was ecclesiastical and referred it to the Consejo of the Inquisition; and the members of the Consejo, in due course, ordered that all the facts should be digested and regularized and an opinion passed upon them by their Fiscal.

Being a very painstaking person, the Fiscal went at his work with so great an earnestness that for more than a year he was engaged upon it. First he read all that he could find to read about bells in all the Spanish law-books, from the *Siete Partidas* of Alonzo the Wise downward; then he read all that he could find about bells in such law-books of foreign countries as were accessible to him; then, in the light of the information so obtained, he digested and regularized the facts of the case presented for his consideration and applied himself to writing his opinion upon them; and then, at last, he came before the Consejo and read to



that body his opinion from beginning to end. Through the whole of a long day the Fiscal read his opinion; and through the whole of the next day, and the next, and the next; and at the end of the fourth day he finished the reading of his opinion and sat down. And the opinion of the Fiscal was that the devil had rung the bell.

Then the Consejo, after debating for three days upon what had been read by the Fiscal, gave formal approval to his opinion; and in conformity with it the Consejo came to these conclusions:

1. That the ringing of the bell was a matter of no importance to good Christians.

2. That the bell, being possessed of a devil, should have its tongue torn out: so that never again should it dare to ring of its lone devilish self, to the peril of human souls.

3. That the bell, being dangerous to good Christians, should be banished from the Spanish Kingdom to the Indies, and forever should remain tongueless and exiled overseas.

Thereupon, that wise sentence was executed. The devil-possessed bell was taken down from the belfry of the little convent, and its wicked tongue was torn out of it; then it was carried shamefully and with insults to the coast; then it was put on board of one of the ships of the flota bound for Mexico; and in Mexico, in due course, it arrived. Being come here, and no orders coming with it regarding its disposition, it was brought from Vera Cruz to the Capital and was placed in an odd corner of one of the corridors of the Palace: and there it remained quietly—everybody being shy of meddling with a bell that was known to be alive with witchcraft—for some hundreds of years.

In that same corner it still was, Señor, when the Conde de Revillagigedo—only a little more than a century ago—became Viceroy; and as soon as that most energetic gentleman saw it he wanted to know in a hurry—being indisposed to let anything or anybody rust in idleness—why a bell that needed only a tongue in it to make it serviceable was not usefully employed. For some time no one could tell him anything more about the bell than that there was a curse upon it; and that

answer did not satisfy him, because curses did not count for much in his very practical mind. In the end, a very old clerk in the Secretariat gave him the bell's true story; and proved the truth of it by bringing out from deep in the archives an ancient yellowed parchment: which was precisely the royal order, following the decree of the Consejo, that the bell should have its tongue torn out, and forever should remain tongueless and exiled overseas.

With that order before him, even the Conde de Revillagigedo, Señor, did not venture to have a new tongue put into the bell and to set it to regular work again; but what he did do came to much the same thing. At that very time he was engaged in pushing to a brisk completion the repairs of the Palace—that had gone on for a hundred years languishingly, following the burning of it in the time of the Viceroy Don Gaspar de la Cerda—and among his repairings was the replacement of the Palace clock. Now a clock-bell, Señor, does not need a tongue in it, being struck with hammers from the outside; and so the Conde, whose wits were of an alertness, perceived in a moment that by employing the bell as a clock-bell he could make it useful again, without traversing the king's command. And that was what immediately he did with it—and that was how the Palace clock came to have foisted upon it this accursed bell.

But, so far as I have heard, Señor, this bell conducted itself as a clock-bell with a perfect regularity and propriety: probably because the devils which were in it had grown too old to be dangerously hurtful, and because the curse that was upon it had weakened with time. I myself, as a boy and as a young man, have heard it doing its duty always punctually; and no doubt it still would be doing its duty had not the busy-bodily French seen fit—during the period of the Intervention, when they meddled with everything—to put another bell in the place of it and to have it melted down. What was done with the metal when the bell was melted, Señor, I do not know; but I have been told by an old founder of my acquaintance that nothing was done with it: because, as he very positively assured me, when the bell was melted the metal



of it went sour in the furnace and refused to be recast.

If that is true, Señor, it looks as though all those devils in the bell—which came to it from the Moor and from the devil-forged armor and from Don Gil de Marcadante—still had some strength for wickedness left to them even in their old age.

*Legend of the Calle de la Machincuepa*

Naturally, Señor, this matter which gave its name to the Calle de la Machincuepa created a scandal that set all the tongues in the city to buzzing about it: every one, of course, blaming the young lady—even though she did it to win such vast riches—for committing so publicly so great an impropriety; but some holding that a greater blame attached to the Marqués, her uncle, for punishing her—no matter how much she deserved punishment—by making her inheritance depend upon so strange and so outrageous a condition; and some even saying that the greatest blame of all rested upon the Viceroy: because he did not forbid an indecorum that was planned to—and that did—take place in the Plaza Mayor directly in front of his Palace, and so beneath his very nose. For myself, Señor, I think that the young lady deserved more blame than anybody: because she was free to make her own choice in the matter, and that she chose riches rather than propriety very clearly proved—though that, to be sure, was known before she did her choosing—that she had a bad heart. As the Viceroy who did not forbid that young lady to do what she did do was the Duque de Linares—who, as you know, Señor, took up the duties of his high office in the year 1714—you will perceive that the curious event about which I now am telling you occurred very nearly two full centuries ago.

At that time there lived in the street that ever since that time has been called the Street of the Machineuepa a very rich and a very noble Spanish gentleman whose name was Don Mendo Quiroga y Saurez, and whose title was Marqués del Valle Salado. In his beginning he was neither rich nor noble, and not even of good blood: having been begotten of an unknown father and born of an unknown

mother; and having in his young manhood gone afloat out of Spain as a common sailor to seek his fortune on the sea. What he did upon the sea was a matter that his teeth guarded his tongue from talking about in his later years: but it was known generally that—while in appearance he and his ship had been engaged in the respectable business of bringing slaves from Africa to the colonies—his real business had been that of a corsair; and that on his murdering piracies the corner-stone of his great fortune had been laid.

Having in that objectionable manner accumulated a whole ship-load of money, and being arrived at an age when so bustling a life was distasteful to him, he came to Mexico; and, being come here, he bought with his ship-load of money the Valle Salado: and there he set up great salt-works out of which—knowing well how to grease the palms of those in the Government who could be of service to him—he coined more gold than could be guessed at even in a dream. Therefore it was known with certainty that he possessed a fortune of precisely three millions and a half of dollars—which is a greater sum, Señor, than a hundred men could count in a whole month of summer days. And of his millions he sent to the King such magnificent presents that the King, in simple justice to him, had to reward him; and so the King made him a marqués—and he was the Marqués del Valle Salado from that time on.

Therefore—being so very rich, and a marqués—his sea-murderings of his younger days, and his sea-stealings that made the corner-stone of his great fortune, were the very last things which his teeth suffered his tongue to talk about: and he lived with a great magnificence a life that caused much scandal, and he was generally esteemed and respected, and because of his charities he was beloved by all the poor.

As old age began to creep upon this good gentleman, Señor, and with it the infirmities that came of his loose way of living, he found himself in the world lonely: because, you see—never having perceived any necessity for marrying—he had no wife to care for him, nor children whose duty it was to minister to his



needs. Therefore—his brother in Spain about that time dying, and leaving a daughter behind him—he brought from Spain his dead brother's daughter: whom he put at the head of his magnificent household, and equally confided himself in his infirmity to her care. And, that she might be repaid for her care of him, he heaped upon her every possible luxury and splendor that his great riches could procure.

The name of this young lady, Señor, was Doña Paz de Quiroga; and the position to which she was raised by Don Mendo's munificence—and all the more because she was raised to it from the depths of poverty—was very much to her mind. Doña Paz was of a great beauty that well became the rich clothing and the rich jewels that her uncle lavished upon her; and what with her beauty, and her finery, and her recognized nobility as the lawful inheritor of her uncle's title, she knew herself to be—and made no bones of asserting herself to be—the very greatest lady at the Viceroy's court. She was of a jealous and rancorous disposition, and very charitable, and excessively selfish, and her pride was beyond all words. Every one of the young men in the city immediately fell in love with her; and she won also the respect of the most eminent clerics and the homage of the very greatest nobles of the court. So nice was her sense of her own dignity that even in the privacy of her own household her conduct at all times was marked by a rigorous elegance; and in public she carried herself with a grave stateliness that would have befitted a queen.

But this young lady had a bad heart, Señor, as I have already mentioned; and toward Don Mendo, to whom she owed everything, she did not behave well at all. So far from ministering to him in his infirmities, she left him wholly to the care of hired servants; when she made her rare visits to his sick-room she carried always a scented handkerchief, and held it to her nose closely—telling him that the smell of balsams and of plasters was distasteful to her; and never, by any chance whatever, did she give him one single kind look or kind word. As was most natural, Don Mendo did not like the way that Doña Paz treated him: therefore, in the inside of him, he made his

mind up that he would pay her for it in the end. And in the end he did pay her for it: as she found out when, on a day, that worthy old man was called to go to heaven and they came to read his will.

Doña Paz listened to the reading of the will with the greatest satisfaction, Señor, until the reading got to the very end of it: because Don Mendo uniformly styled her his beloved niece—which somewhat surprised her—and in plain words directed that every one of his three millions and a half of dollars should be hers. But at the very end of the will a condition was made that had to be fulfilled before she could touch so much as a tlapo of her great inheritance: and that condition was so monstrous—and all the more monstrous because Doña Paz was so rigorously elegant in all her doings, and so respectful of her own dignity—that the mere naming of it almost suffocated her with fright and shame.

And, really, Señor, that Doña Paz felt that way about it is not to be wondered at, because what Don Mendo put at the very end of his will was this: "So to Paz, my beloved niece, I leave the whole of my possessions; but only in case that she comply precisely with the condition that I now lay upon her. And the condition that I now lay upon her is this: That, being dressed in her richest ball dress, and wearing her most magnificent jewels, she shall go in an open coach to the Plaza Mayor at noonday; and that, being come to the Plaza Mayor, she shall walk to the very middle of it; and that there, in the very middle of it, she shall bow her head to the ground; and that then, so bowing, she shall make the turn which among the common people of Mexico is called a 'machincuepa.' And it is my will that if my beloved niece Paz does not comply precisely with this condition, within six months from the day on which I pass out of life, then the whole of my possessions shall be divided into two equal parts: of which one part shall belong to the Convent of Nuestra Señora de la Merced, and the other part shall belong to the Convent of San Francisco; and of my possessions my beloved niece shall have no part at all. And this condition I lay upon my beloved niece Paz that, in the bitterness of the shame of it, she may taste a little of the bitterness





*Drawn by F. E. Schoonover*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

DOÑA PAZ CARRIED HERSELF WITH A GRAVE STATELINESS







with which her cruelties have filled my dying years."

Well, Señor, you may fancy the state that that most proud and most dignified young lady was in when she knew the terms on which alone her riches would come to her! And as to making her mind up in such a case, she found it quite impossible. On the one side, she would say to herself that what was required of her to win her inheritance would be done, and done with, in no more than a moment; and that then and always—being rich beyond dreaming, and in her own right a Marquesa—she would be the greatest lady in the whole of New Spain. And then, on the other side, she would say to herself that precisely because of her great wealth and her title she would be all the more sneered at for descending to an act so scandalous; and that if she did descend to that act she would be known as the Marquesa de la Machincuepa to the end of her days. And what to do, Señor, she did not know at all. And as time went on and on, and she did not do anything, the Mercedarios and the Franciscanos—being always more and more sure that they would share between them Don Mendo's great fortune—talked pleasantly about new altars in their churches and new comforts in their convents: and as they talked they rubbed their hands.

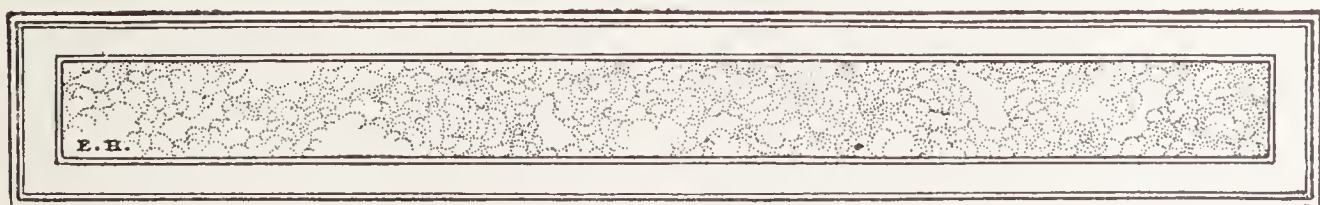
And so it came to the very last day of the six months that Don Mendo had given to Doña Paz in which to make her mind up; and the morning hours of that day went slipping past, and of Doña Paz the crowds that filled the streets and the Plaza Mayor saw nothing; and the Mercedarios and the Franciscanos all had smiling faces—being at last entirely certain that Don Mendo's millions of dollars would be theirs.

And then, Señor, just as the Palace

clock was striking the half-hour past eleven, the great doors of Don Mendo's house were opened; and out through the doorway came an open coach in which Doña Paz was seated, dressed in her richest ball dress and wearing the most magnificent of her jewels; and Doña Paz, pale as a dead woman, drove through the crowds on the streets and into the crowd on the Plaza Mayor; and then she walked, the crowd making way for her, to the very middle of it—where her servants had laid a rich carpet for her; and there, as the Palace clock struck twelve—complying precisely with Don Mendo's condition—Doña Paz bowed her head to the ground; and then, so bowing, she made the turn which among the common people of Mexico is called a machincuepa! So did Doña Paz win for herself Don Mendo's millions of dollars: and so did come into the soul of her the bitterness of shame that Don Mendo meant should come into it—in reward for the bitterness with which her cruelties had filled his dying years!

What became of this young lady—who so sacrificed propriety in order to gain riches—I never have heard mentioned: but it is certain that the street in which she lived immediately got the name of the Street of the Machincuepa—and the exact truth of every detail of this curious story is attested by the fact that that is its name now.

Perhaps the meaning of this word machincuepa, Señor — being, as Don Mendo said in his will, a word in use among the common people of Mexico—is unknown to you. The meaning of it, in good Spanish, is salto mortal—only it means more. And it was precisely that sort of an excessive somersault—there in the middle of the crowded Plaza Mayor at noonday—that the most proud and the most dignified Doña Paz turned!





# In the Path of Sherman

BY W. W. LORD, JR.

AFTER the fall of Vicksburg, in July, 1863, my father, the Rev. W. W. Lord, then rector of Christ Church in that city, was permitted by the Union commander to depart for New Orleans, on a steamboat, with his family, in company with a cargo of disabled Confederate prisoners. When the boat approached the levee at New Orleans an animated and inspiring spectacle met the eyes of those on board. It seemed as though the entire white population of the Crescent City were lining the river front and cheering the men who had fought and suffered in defence of their sister city. Scarfs, hats, and handkerchiefs waved a hearty welcome, and many old men, women, and children, eager to refresh the half-starved prisoners and refugees, carried baskets and hampers filled to the brim with luxuries, comforts, and necessities of life.

That night we were placed on board of a United States steamship, destined to meet at sea a Confederate gunboat from Mobile, and to transfer to its care the wounded Confederate prisoners from Vicksburg. My father held a passport written and signed by General Grant, entitling himself and his family, together with Miss Birchett, a young woman travelling under my father's protection, to the privilege of being transferred with these prisoners to the jurisdiction of the Confederate government. For General Grant had promised my uncle Charles, a judge in the courts of St. Louis and his personal friend, that if Vicksburg fell he would aid in every way possible his "rebel brother William"; and this passport was the only favor my father would either ask or accept of a man who was never known to forget a promise or a friend.

The Confederate gunboat was sighted during our second day out; and as she hove to, with the Stars and Bars flying bravely above her decks, our little group

of refugees, including our negro maid Minnie, lustily cheered her. It was the first Confederate flag we had seen since the sorrow and humiliation of our city's surrender on the Fourth of July.

We did not witness the transfer of the wounded soldiers, but remained in our cabins while this was going on—I suppose, to avoid the painful sight. When it came our turn to cross the stormy waters we found that the two vessels were lying only a few ship-lengths apart, and a long-boat was swinging back and forth like a pendulum past a set of short steps and a small platform rigged to the side of the ship.

Between the ships, to my startled eyes, the seas ran higher than the hills of Vicksburg. We lost sight of both ships in the hollows of the waves, and with walls of water on every side I thought tremblingly of the passage of the Children of Israel through the Red Sea. But with skilful and strong seamen at the oars, we soon reached our destination.

The gunboat was a converted coast-trader, so loaded down with iron-plate armor and heavy guns that in a gale, such as was now blowing, her decks were awash almost continuously. This resulted in the women of our party lying snug below, but my father and I weathered out the blow upon deck, where the captain told us that the crazy craft, while safe enough in an ordinary gale, was so heavily armed and sheathed, out of all proportion to her draught, that if she should ever encounter a real hurricane in the open Gulf she must inevitably go to the bottom, even if they succeeded in throwing overboard the heavier guns. That this belief was well founded soon proved sadly true. After landing us at Mobile the gunboat again put to sea; a hurricane swept the Gulf on the day of her departure, and she was nevermore heard from.

In Mobile we were the guests of a



Head Quarters, Dept. of the T.  
Vicksburg Miss. July 15<sup>th</sup> 1863

Rev. W. W. Lord & family and Miss  
Birchett, with their private baggage  
and personal effects will be permitted  
to accompany wounded Confederate  
prisoners, via New Orleans to Mobile.

U. S. Grant

Major Gen.

PASS ISSUED TO THE LORD FAMILY BY GENERAL GRANT

prominent churchman and citizen. As he was the possessor of a fortune of Monte Cristo proportions, he had indulged himself in coal-gas illumination, at that time an almost unheard-of luxury. Behind his city residence was a private gas-tank as large as a small house, which was at once the pride and the envy of his fellow citizens and an object of pilgrimage and marvel to the people of the surrounding country. Petroleum had not yet been discovered, and the streets of the city were lighted by spluttering lamps which contained a malodorous compound of grease and oil called "fluid." In the homes of the wealthier citizens wax and sperm candles twinkled in candelabra and chandeliers resplendent with sparkling pendants of prism-shaped glass; while among the poor the home-made tallow-dip was in general use. But in the mansion of our host, from kitchen to garret, you had only to touch a lighted match or taper to the

lava-tipped end of an iron tube, and there blazed in the air a fan-shaped illumination of many candle-power, which could be turned up or down or on and off at pleasure, by the mere twist of a fixed metal key. The Mobile Aladdin had installed this improvement when in the heyday of married bliss he sought to procure for his adored wife and child all the luxuries of the world which his great wealth could command. Now, a childless widower, in his desolated home he led the life of a hermit.

That we were the guests of this morbid mourner, who came back into the world from among the ghosts of his departed idols to become our host, was due to the fact that a cherished desire of his wife had been that she might at some time entertain in their beautiful home my father and his family, whom she greatly admired. Aroused from his despondency by the news of our arrival as refugees from Vicksburg, he threw open his house



for our entertainment and insisted upon our accepting his hospitality. For the same reason, knowing it to have been his wife's wish, he prepared an elaborate church reception in honor of my father, whose fame as a scholar, orator, and volunteer yellow-fever nurse through seven deadly epidemics was wide-spread in the lower Mississippi Valley.

Greensborough, situated in the heart of the cotton belt, was completely subject to that hoary-headed monarch called in those days King Cotton. All the country around grew cotton, cotton, cotton, but not a thing to eat. Not even the proverbial hog and hominy of Georgia were produced in sufficient abundance to meet for any considerable length of time the requirements of the village population. Cut off on the north from traffic with Atlanta, and with the dark cloud of Sherman's threatened invasion already casting its shadow southward, those among the thrifty people of Greensborough who owned any superfluity of food hid and hoarded it with jealous care against evil days to come. As the local food-supply grew less and the shelves of the grocery-store were emptied, it became each day more difficult to purchase at any price with Confederate money the necessities of life. One hundred dollars would not buy a box of crackers, nor a five-hundred-dollar bill a Virginia ham. You might, it is true, buy a jack-knife for two hundred dollars, or a pair of trousers or cavalry boots, or perhaps a saddle, for from five hundred to a thousand dollars; but a barrel of Confederate money could not be exchanged for a bag of coffee or sack of flour, nor would enough of it to paper the town hall have been accepted in payment for a hog-head of bacon or corned beef. Under such conditions my father, a learned rector in charge of an established parish, and the possessor of a superabundant sum of the beautifully engraved paper currency of the Confederate States of America, was as helplessly unable to keep the wolf of hunger from his door as was the veriest "Georgia cracker." Indeed, like that degenerate child of nature, he had to take to the woods with his gun in order to keep his family from starvation. Fortunately he was a good shot. So, in a country swarming as that was

with rabbits, he kept the family larder well supplied.

The rectory garden proved a sad disappointment. A few shrivelled radishes, worm-eaten cabbages, and tomatoes that would not ripen, but rotted and withered on the vine, were all that the most careful gardening could produce from a naturally barren soil. At first we had revelled in the delicious manna of the meadows—mushrooms. But when winter shut off our scanty supply both of vegetables and of mushrooms, while the father roamed the woods for game the children scoured the hills and fields and gathered the broad-leaved pokeweed as a substitute for spinach. With rabbit stew and pokeweed greens the rector's winter table was fairly well supplied; for God's woods and fields around Greensborough provided without money and without price what man refused for aught save unobtainable gold or "greenbacks." We had no coffee; but a few sweet potatoes, given to us by a parishioner, sliced thin, sundried, roasted crisp, and finally ground in a coffee-mill, served as a substitute for that luxury.

The coldest weather ever known in Georgia occurred about Christmas-time of that memorable year, 1863, and fuel in sufficient quantity for both cooking and heating was not to be obtained.

The night before Christmas my three little sisters and I slept in one double bed, so that all available covering might be heaped upon us to keep us warm. Christmas morning, after the chilling experience of making our ablutions in ice-cold water, my eldest sister, who was of an inventive and romantic turn of mind, and who inherited from my father scholarly instincts, organized us for comfort's sake into fighting squads for France and England. Armed with our mother's spotless pillows, amid terrific war-cries of "Vive la France!" and "St. George for Merry England!" we fought "Jack Frost" and one another to a finish, and went warm to breakfast. After breakfast my father, in order to avoid putting us to bed again for warmth, set to work with spade and axe and unearthed from our frozen garden a venerable stump of goodly size, while we played "tag" and kept ourselves aglow. This stump, when trimmed and



roped, was dragged by the servants, with our merry aid, into the living-room. There, like a veritable Yule-log, it blazed upon the open hearth and diffused a delightful warmth all day and far into the night. Within the range of its comforting influence war and want were quite forgotten. Hickorynuts and black walnuts were cracked upon the hearth, and strings of chinquapins were boiled and roasted by the yard; while my father kept us wide-eyed and enraptured with fascinating tales from his inexhaustible fund of classic folk-lore.

In the light of our retrogression to the household methods of primeval man, dependent upon the spoils of the woods and fields for food, a call to the rectorship of Christ Church, Winnsborough, South Carolina, which reached my father on Easter Sunday, 1864, came as a welcome release from the life of the savage hunter, restoring him to his proper sphere of priest and scholar among men of good-will. The hospitality of South Carolina is proverbial, and my father greatly desired to identify the fortunes of his family with those of the generous descendants of devout Huguenots and gallant Cavaliers.

Nor was he disappointed in regard to his expectations from the people of the old Palmetto State. Upon our arrival at Winnsborough, after an indescribably tedious journey over railroads operated under military supervision, we found the only two non-combatant members of Christ Church vestry awaiting us at the station with their family carriages. One of these gentlemen was an invalid merchant exempt from military service because of constitutional ailments which made activity of that kind impossible. The other was a physician of such great weight and unwieldy proportions that he had been rejected as ineligible for army or navy by the none too lenient conscription officers of the Confederate government. The authorities, indeed, were at that time drafting for active service every available white man and boy between the ages of sixteen and sixty years. The majority of the vestry were able-bodied volunteers serving in the ranks of General Hampton or General Wheeler; but never was a militant majority in the field better represented

by an invalided minority at home. The great doctor and his fellow stay-at-home vestryman greeted us with a cordiality that made us feel as if Winnsborough as well as the church and rectory were at our disposal. We found the latter filled to overflowing with the liberal contributions of the entire community. All the things for which we had vainly longed in Greensborough we found here. Coffee, tea, claret, brandy, flour, loaf sugar, smoking-tobacco, and preserves had been contributed from the personal stores of our new neighbors, many of whom were not Episcopalians; some, indeed, as we were afterward told, were Jews. A spirit of generous hospitality toward "the stranger within their gates," whom they welcomed to brotherhood and leadership, had swept through the community and filled the rectory with the good things of life, some of which money could not buy. The more precious articles were in small quantities, but to our eager eyes a lump of sugar seemed a loaf and a grain of coffee a miracle. The bin was full of corn, the wood-shed full of wood, and the pantry well supplied with bacon, rice, and meal.

My mother, upon reaching this part of the house, was fairly overcome, and, sitting down on a convenient box, gazed at our household treasure in silent rapture. My father decamped to the back yard to smoke and walk away the newness of it all, while my sisters and I danced and shouted in unrestrained delight at seeing once more so much that was good to eat.

About a year after our arrival at Winnsborough the rectory became an exposition in miniature through an unexpected turn in the wheel of fortune. My mother, by birth a Baltimorean, wrote some letters to her relatives in that city when we left Georgia for South Carolina. These letters passed through the lines by some miracle of diplomatic effort, and reached their destination in safety. In reply the Baltimore friends succeeded in sending us an invoice of dry-goods and toys, ranging from fine linen and hoopskirts to a rubber bouncing-ball and a doll baby.

All Winnsborough flocked to see these long-unfamiliar wonders of the outside world. Gentlewomen trod lightly and



spoke in whispers, touching tenderly articles which brought back memories of a vanished past, and children's eyes grew large as they gazed at things of which they had heard and dreamed, but which they had never seen before. Ah, the rough homespun cloth the ladies wore next to their dainty skins and often as their outside garments! How coarse and harsh it seemed compared with fine linen, soft flannel, and snowy muslin-film! Yet there was not one of those daughters of the South, though clad in dresses many times made over, and regretfully recalling to mind their silken gowns gone up in war-balloons at Richmond's requisition, who would not gladly have made the sacrifice again at the call of the Southern Confederacy.

Thus at Winnsborough many happy days were passed by the Vicksburg refugees in the midst of a peaceful quietude which was destined, alas! to prove only illusive and transitory.

My father, honored and consulted by all, was a tower of strength to the faint-hearted, yet he well knew that Winnsborough was slumbering in an altogether imaginary security, and that the storm of invasion sweeping through the desolated South might at any moment burst fiercely upon the village.

It came all too soon, when on a cloudless night Columbia in flames made a red glow in the sky to the southward, and we knew that Sherman was within a day's march of Winnsborough, which lay directly in his path.

Our neighbor over the way, a retired Hebrew merchant, before leaving the village for parts unknown, sunk two cases of superior French brandy and other valuable articles in his barnyard well—a foolish effort at concealment, because Sherman's looting soldiery, while never drinking water from untested wells, for fear of poison, invariably, and often with success, explored their depths for hidden treasure. The invalided senior warden of Christ Church parish hastened with his family to the plantation of a cousin safely distant from the seat of trouble, leaving as prey to the invader a warehouse full of merchandise of almost inestimable value at the war-time prices prevailing in the South. Our next-door neighbor, a man of uncouth face and

form, in such marked contrast to the grace and beauty of his wife that they were known far and wide as "Beauty and the Beast," left his "Beauty" unguarded, save for the promised protection of my father, and took to the woods, with the hiding-places of which he had become familiar during his frequent flights to escape conscription.

My father spent most of the night in the wood-shed adjoining our kitchen, tearing down a great pile of pine knots and then rebuilding the pile around and above a stout wooden box. This box contained the family silver, which had been exhumed from the churchyard in Vicksburg and had "refugeed" with us through Louisiana, Alabama, and Georgia. These were a few of the many busy doings of the panic-stricken villagers that night. The following morning found Winnsborough with an adult white male population of just two persons: my father, a paroled prisoner of war and clergyman, and his four-hundred-pound vestryman, the village doctor, whose ungainly bulk had made him of necessity a non-combatant.

Sitting in solemn council at the rectory, these two lone protectors of Winnsborough resolved to meet General Sherman half-way between Winnsborough and Columbia and petition him to spare the village from pillage and the torch. Accordingly this little embassy, representing as it did the spirit and the flesh of the community, set forth in a substantial dog-cart, the entire front seat of which was filled by the portly frame of the doctor. The doctor's sturdy horse, notwithstanding the heavy burden which he had to pull, proved a good roadster, and by sundown the travellers reached the outposts of the Union army, just as it was going into camp for the night, a half-day's march from Columbia. Fortunately the officer of the day proved to be a brother Mason, and access to the headquarters tent was readily attained by the two Southerners. There, however, to their confusion and dismay, an audience with the General was denied them. In this dilemma my father made that signal of distress which through the ages since the building of the Temple has never gone unheeded, and from the group in waiting an officer of high rank



No. \_\_\_\_\_

War Department,

Washington, D. C., February 11<sup>th</sup>, 1865.

Pass. *Mrs. V. Falls of Baltimore, Maryland, has permission to send across our lines to Mrs. Margaret Lord, for the use of herself and family, the articles enumerated on the reverse of this card.*

By order of the Secretary of War:

*Louis Helms*  
*Assistant*

[ Not Transferable. ]

PERMIT FOR TRANSFER OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS ACROSS THE LINES

stepped forward and volunteered to take to General Sherman the village delegation's plea. This was to the effect that as Winnsborough contained no cotton held in storage and sheltered only helpless women and children, the army on its march be not permitted to burn and pillage it.

The reply came quick and terse: "Burn and pillage be damned! My soldiers may do as they please!"

My father protested indignantly against what he called an eleventh-century answer to a nineteenth-century appeal; but he was promptly warned back to silence by the remark of a staff officer, that gentlemen of his cloth had been sent North in irons for saying less. A moment later he was taken aside cautiously by the officer who had acted as his messenger, and was fraternally advised to return at once and silently to Winnsborough, lest something worse might happen. A passport through the Union lines was handed to him, and a promise was made that the headquarters of General Sherman and his staff would certainly be fixed within the residential part of the village, which would avail to save the rectory.

With this one small star of hope in the midst of the darkness, the dejected ambassadors drove back through the night to the anxiously expectant people of Winnsborough; and great was their distress when they heard of the impend-

ing conflagration, pillage, and starvation which threatened them all.

It was not the sound of fife and drum that heralded the approach of Sherman's triumphant army on its return march toward the North, but the lowing of driven cattle and the squawking of poultry or squealing of pigs hung from the saddle-bows or dragged behind the horses of the foragers and bummers.

Amid the laughter, shouts, and songs of the foragers and the scowling glances of the sullen and silent bummers, this advance-guard of unofficered and undisciplined stragglers, who risked capture by Hampton's or Wheeler's men for the sake of gathering the cream of the booty, rode along our little street without making any depredations or paying any attention to the closed shutters and doors of the frightened villagers; for the pioneers seemed to know that their conquering general—"Uncle Billy," as they fondly called him—was to make his headquarters on that street, and "the jackal does not prey where the lion makes his lair." Down-town, however, the torch was soon applied by the main body of the army, which had entered the village by another road, and the business portion of Winnsborough was at once wrapped in flames. Like truants out of school, these overgrown "Boys in Blue" played snow-ball along the fire-lit streets with precious flour; made bonfires of hams and sides



of bacon that were worth almost fabulous sums in a time of such dearth; set boxes and barrels of crackers afloat on streams of vinegar and molasses that were sent flowing down the gutters from headless barrels; and fed their horses from hats filled with sugar, throwing what remained into the flames or the mud. In this wanton horse-play enough foodstuff was destroyed to have nourished the community abundantly for at least a year.

While high carnival was held thus amid the burning stores down-town, the residential sections of the village were not neglected. All homes outside the sacred limits of the headquarters precinct were stripped of food and treasure, and even in those protected by the eagle of authority an empty larder marked the departure of self-appointed guests.

By hook or by crook the purpose of the master mind was thoroughly fulfilled, and at Winnsborough, as elsewhere, famine followed closely upon his heels, to sow despair in furrows ploughed by desolation.

That the conflagration was at last controlled was due to the intervention of Brigadier-General Slocum, of New York. Claiming that an extension of the fire line might endanger the headquarters residence, he organized a bucket brigade of bluecoats and saw to it that "Uncle Billy's" house and the public buildings escaped the flames. General Slocum, for our protection, established headquarters at the rectory for several members of his staff; and now, smoke-grimed from the fire-front, he called there to see that all was as he had planned.

A sentinel kept guard before our cottage, which was built on a sloping lot and without a cellar, as is customary in the South, and had a porch elevated about five feet from the ground. This porch was fenced in by a wooden lattice, making a roomy air-chamber beneath it and back of the front steps. A part of this lattice had become displaced, and a neighbor's hog had found its way under the porch and had rooted up the earth so as to give it the appearance of having been recently disturbed. Lady "Beauty," our next-door neighbor, enjoying comparative safety in the shadow of our official protection during the absence of the "Beast," told us, after it was all over,

that she had been amused to observe from her up-stairs window our faithful sentinel follow the path of the hog beneath the porch and dig industriously with his bayonet in the upturned soil, hoping thus to unearth hidden treasure. Alas! that such diligence should have gone unrewarded; but, as has been related, our silver lay safely buried elsewhere under two cords of wood.

The ubiquitous, irrepressible, and inquisitive small boy saved Winnsborough from a supplementary pillage and conflagration. Actuated by a desire to loot the residences in the headquarters neighborhood, six desperate fellows hid in the court-house tower, determined to remain behind the army long enough to burn and plunder to their hearts' content and yet have time to join the rear-guard before night set in. But Heaven willed otherwise. A band of village boys, wandering amid the ruins, by chance discovered the marauders peering like vultures from their lofty perch within the belfry, and hastened with the information to my father. Fortunately three of the Union officers, quartered at the rectory by General Slocum, had been detailed with a squad of men to bring up the rear as whippers-in of stragglers. These officers had rounded up their waifs and strays and were bidding farewell to my parents before hastening after the army, when the terror-stricken boys arrived hot-footed and gasped out their story. Our friends of the enemy and recent guests thus found themselves upon the horns of a most embarrassing dilemma: a desire to arrest these thievish stragglers, and a natural dread of capture by the light-horse Confederate cavalry which hung constantly upon the outskirts of the invading army for the purpose of cutting off stragglers or of engaging any small detachment sent out on special duty.

In the end duty triumphed over fear. My father gave them a letter which promised for themselves, their prisoners, and men safe-conduct until they reached the Union lines, and they proceeded to the court-house with their squad of men. There they dislodged from the belfry the crestfallen robbers and incendiaries, with evidence of guilt upon them in oil-soaked tow. Then they all set forth to overtake the army, with no other safeguard than



the letter of a clergyman and Master Mason to Generals Hampton and Wheeler, who, he felt sure, would respect his plea for the men who had saved from utter destruction a Southern town.

Years afterward we learned that the Union officers had indeed encountered General Hampton, who honored their strange passport and escorted them safely to a point within easy reach of Sherman's lines.

Along the sixty-mile-wide path of the invading army as it leisurely took its course through South Carolina on its march from Savannah, blackened chimneys marked the sites of once happy homes; iron rails brought to a white heat in fires made from the wooden ties that had supported them, and twisted into grotesque shapes, showed where the railroads had been; and the absence of the voices of poultry, sheep, or kine from the desolated fields and ruins along the roadside proclaimed the reign of famine and despair. The country was swept as clean of food as is a man's face of his beard by a well-plied razor. In many instances the families of once affluent planters slept in the woods or were glad to find shelter in the huts and cabins of their former slaves.

In Winnsborough our family was among the more fortunate, for officers quartered at the rectory had left behind them a bin half filled with husked Indian maize. As a means of softening this hard yellow corn, so as to make it edible, we placed a barrel containing wood ashes upon a chair in the back yard, and bored a hole in the base of this barrel. From this hole there trickled into a bucket a strong solution of lye, produced by rain-water which was poured at intervals upon the top of the ashes, through which it filtered, gathering strength in its downward course. Steeped thoroughly in the lye-water thus obtained, the corn swelled and became, when cooked, a delicious and nutritious large-hominy, such as is served to-day in our best hotels. But not all of the inhabitants of Winnsborough had the good fortune to possess material which could be converted into such a healthful food. Many families brought up in luxury would gladly have devoured "the husks which the swine did eat," but they had

neither the husks nor the swine, to say nothing of good hard yellow corn. Fortunately, at this crisis a friend of the South and of humanity occupied the Executive Mansion at Washington. Born in Kentucky, less than a hundred miles from the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, who shall say that Abraham Lincoln loved the South less because he loved the Union more? The evidence of history goes to show that he yearned over his seceded Southern brethren as David did over Absalom, and that he longed to have them restored to the Union with all the rights of loyal citizens. In a memorable letter to Horace Greeley, under date of August 22, 1862, Mr. Lincoln proved that his highest aspiration was for a reunited people, when he said: "My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that."

Be this as it may, the great heart of Lincoln was unquestionably moved by the devastation and destitution which marked the path of Sherman's march through South Carolina, and under the operation of martial law the people of that desolated section were fed by the Commissary Department of the Union forces at the direction of the Kentucky-born President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of all her armies.

To each member of a household duly registered and vouched for, an army ration of "hardtack" crackers and pickled pork was daily issued upon application, with the single restriction that the male adults of such households should take the oath of allegiance to the United States government. Under this proviso my father was debarred from drawing rations, for he believed that as long as Lee continued in the field the cause of the South was not irretrievably lost. So at the rectory we continued to live contentedly upon lye hominy.

Winnsborough was now under the command of a quartermaster-general, who, in a new uniform and with a resplendent silken flag flying above his headquarters in the court-house, represented in a most gentlemanly and considerate manner the



beneficence of the United States government among a crushed and half-starved people.

My father's church was destroyed by fire during the raid, and he held services afterward in the town hall opposite the court-house. Here, with the Stars and Stripes flying above the quartermaster's office and plainly visible from the chancel, he regularly prayed for "the President of the Confederate States and all others in authority." Finally a Sunday came when in full-dress uniform the United States quartermaster-major attended service and sat near the door. Without showing that he recognized the presence of a Union officer among his little flock, my father at the proper point in the service prayed in earnest tones "the high and mighty Ruler of the universe . . . to behold and bless . . . the President of the Confederate States and all others in authority." At the words "Confederate States" the official representative of the "President of the United States" arose from his seat and withdrew in silent protest. Hysterical congratulations, mingled with dismal predictions of a Northern prison, awaited my father upon his disrobing after the benediction; and, more to the point, a corporal in uniform awaited him at the door. But instead of handcuffs, as some expected, the corporal presented nothing more alarming than the compliments of the Major, with the request that the rector stop at headquarters on his way home from church. At headquarters, amid the incense of good tobacco, the representative of military secular power and authority told the servant of Christ's church militant that he must not pray for "the President of the Confederate States" while under the flag of the United States of America, as was now the case at Winnsborough; and that if he could not conscientiously pray for "the President of the United States" he must omit the prayer. To this my father replied that so long as there remained a "President of the Confederate States" he and his congregation must specifically pray for him and for none other, nor could they mutilate the Book of Common Prayer; but he suggested that if in a spirit of Christian charity the Major would consent, as a compromise, to a prayer for

"the President . . . and all others in authority," the problem would be solved. In this case the rector and all his people would certainly pray in spirit and with all their hearts for "the President of the Confederate States," and the Major and any of his men attending service might with equal sincerity and fervor pray within their hearts for "the President of the United States." Under this arrangement none need be disturbed or affronted.

The genial Major, who had already proved himself to be a man of good sense and feeling, with a proper admiration for courage of conviction, now showed also that he had a keen sense of humor, and promptly accepted in all apparent seriousness the rector's ingenuously ingenious proposition. Following this episode, the officer in command at Winnsborough was a frequent attendant at divine service, but one could always fancy a twinkle in his eyes when his friend the rector prayed ardently for "the President."

The final blow came with the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court House. This dreadful news fell like a death-knell upon the ears of those who, in spite of all, had continued to hope for the resilience of the Southern Confederacy by some intervention of European Powers or miraculous interference with the foreordained course of inevitable fate.

My father shut himself in his room for the day, and although tears of sympathy for others were ever ready to fill his eyes, I for the first and last time heard him, through the heavy bedroom door, sob like a heart-broken child. What his prayers and agonies were in that time of heavy travail God alone knows. But he came out, at the end of his long vigil, calm, dry-eyed, and brave, and without delay reported at the court-house to his friend the Major, before whom he duly took the oath of allegiance to the United States government.

He received a card entitling each member of his family to a daily government ration of "hardtack" and pickled pork. And so those "war-time luxuries," given by a generous Uncle Sam to his long-alienated citizens of the South, were added to our domestic menu of lye-hominy; and the war, for us, was at an end.



# The Comforters

BY MINNA STANWOOD

MRS. SUSAN turned from the kitchen window with an impatient sigh, casting an anxious glance upon the clock. "The train's pulled out and your aunt Charlotte isn't in sight yet," she said in a low tone to her daughter, who was pinning on her hat at the looking-glass.

"She may have stopped to speak to somebody," suggested Ardell, calmly.

"But she knows the trolley leaves at half past nine," fretted her mother.

"What is it, Susan?" came a voice from the dining-room. "Charlotte not comin'?"

There was a new note in the voice, which Mrs. Susan promptly labelled "anxiety," and hastened to dispel with loud and exceeding cheerfulness. "I guess she'll be right along, mother. Don't you fret; you won't be left alone, not for a minute. If Charlotte and Angelia don't come, Ardell and I will stay over Sunday."

"Yes, grandma," corroborated Ardell, also loudly and cheerfully, "we'll stay right with you till somebody comes."

"My land!" Mrs. Susan took off her glasses excitedly, then put them on again. "There's a boy coming down-hill on a bicycle. It looks for all the world like Lance. You look, Ardell. I can't seem to see anything when I get excited."

Ardell looked calmly. "It is Lance," she declared. "Nobody comes down-hill at such a rate as Lance does, and nobody else carries his nose on his handle-bars. I should think Aunt Charlotte would make him stop. He'll have a back like a camel."

"What are you whisperin' about?" came patiently from the dining-room. "If anything's happened don't be afraid to tell me."

"There hasn't anything happened, mother," assured Mrs. Susan, in the joyful scream which she considered first aid to the comforting of the bereaved. "It's

only Lance. I suppose Charlotte's sent him to tell us she's lost the eight-thirty and will come on the ten. You know it always was easier for Charlotte to get the next train. You open the door and holler to him, Ardell. No, I'll do it myself."

In the confusion, Ardell opened the door and her mother holloed, both of them unaware that grandmother had rushed noiselessly to open the front door. As it happened, the boy had to pass the front door, and he jumped from his wheel at the frantically waved entreaty.

"Hush!" was grandmother's hurried whisper, as she clutched him and held him, his ear close to her lips. "If your mother ain't comin', don't tell 'em. They're all ready to go, but they'll stay if she ain't comin'."

The boy pulled away to look in amazement at the eager face and feverish brown eyes. Then he grinned, nodded knowingly, and wheeled his bicycle round back, whistling shrilly.

"What did you stop to the front for? Where's your mother? Comin' on the next train? Send you to tell us?" flung Mrs. Susan in a breath.

"Think we can get the trolley?" asked Ardell, anxiously.

In the multitude of questions the boy found safety. He looked at the clock. "Sure you can get it, if you'll hustle and don't stop to chin. Give us your truck; I'll sack it for you."

"You go on ahead," directed Ardell, buttoning up her glove. "We'll come right along as soon as we bid grandma good-by. See if you can't make them wait a minute if—"

Mrs. Susan snatched at the unhurried words and rushed to fling them after the boy. "If they're ahead of time, make 'em wait," she finished, in shrill crescendo.

Then Mrs. Susan and Ardell went into the dining-room to drop a kiss and much



solicitous caution. "Now, if Charlotte and Angelia should have to go home before Tuesday, you make them telephone to Cousin Elmerette," instructed Mrs. Susan, with piercing gayety. "If she can't come, make them try Cousin Maria Sue. If she can't, she can send Aunt Sue Maria. Aunt Sue Maria hasn't got much sense, but she'd do to keep you company. If they can't any of them come, you'll have to fall back on Will's wife. She could come just as well as not, and she'd ought to. She hasn't been for two weeks. But don't you worry; if there can't anybody come, Ardell and I will. We'll come, anyhow, just as soon as we get the wash over. Don't you try to go to the cemetery alone. Make them go with you, if they don't offer. Now don't worry, and don't you go to grieving. Keep up your spirits, mother, and time will do the rest. Your children will comfort you all they can, but you've got to keep cheerful, you know."

"Yes," supplemented Ardell, with a sincere if hasty kiss, "keep up your spirits, grandma. Think of cheerful things, and remember he's better off. Come, mother."

They were gone at last. Grandmother sat erect in her chair by the window, her lower lip drawn in, her hands clasped, her eyes fixed intently on the pair eagerly zigzagging trolleyward. At the first glimpse of an awkward long-legged figure flinging rapidly forward alone, she rose, her lip still drawn in, her hands clasped. Slowly the hands fell apart, the hunted look dropped from the pinched face, the pale lips opened, and a long, quivering, unburdening sigh came forth.

The kitchen door was burst open and the boy tumbled into the dining-room with a grin on his face. "When they got on the car they yelled back to know if ma was comin' on the ten o'clock, sure," he announced, "but I didn't hear 'em. Say, Gram, what's the racket?"

The old look of weary endurance had started back to grandmother's face. "Is she comin' on the ten o'clock?" she asked, and held her breath for the answer.

"Can't," returned the boy, briefly. "Stepped on a piece of soap the wash-woman left on the kitchen floor and

turned her ankle. Can't step, and Angelia's got to stay and get pa's meals."

Concern and relief struggled in grandmother's face. "Of course I'm sorry she hurt herself," she whispered. "But—Susan ain't comin' back till they get the wash over—and it may rain Monday." She looked at the boy, a smile slowly lighting her eyes and lifting the corners of her mouth.

The boy chuckled. "I'll telephone and tell Aunt Susan not to come at all," he offered, magnanimously. "I'll tell her you got—smallpox."

"Oh," cried grandmother, "you mustn't do that. She'd come quick then." She sighed. "They mean well, all of 'em. Only—it's terrible havin' to be comforted."

The lights and shades of the art of comforting did not interest the boy. He crossed the room to fling open a closet door. He turned impatiently.

"Where are grandpa's old pants?" he demanded. "He borrowed my best knife to whittle a staple for the shed door one Sunday I was here, and I went off without it. I lost my other one and I want it. Why ain't they hangin' in the back entry same as they always was?"

"'Cause Susan and Ardell and your mother and Angelia and Elmerette and Will's wife and all the rest of 'em said it was too harrowin' for me to have his clothes hangin' round, and they took and locked 'em all up in the back chamber closet. All of 'em together," she asserted, with growing indignation. "His best—no, his second-best—and his ev'ry-day and his chore clothes and his over-halls. And think how his second-best will smell!"

The boy drove his hands into his trousers pockets and planted his feet apart as if he were standing ready to withstand an onslaught of relatives. "I wish I'd 'a' caught 'em snoopin' round," he threatened, fiercely. "Where's the key?"

"It's on top of the west kitchen window," replied grandmother, triumphantly. "I heard 'em whisperin' together out there after they came down-stairs and told me how they'd put his clothes away to comfort me, and then I heard 'em shove a chair across the floor and Susan held on to Ardell while she reach-





*Drawn by Denman Fink*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

SHE WAS RID OF THEM AT LAST



ed. I know which one, because the west window's uncommon high. It was the door before we had the town water put in."

But the boy was already in the kitchen, and grandmother went after him and watched with interest as he vaulted to the sill and poked the key from its hiding-place. When he had dashed upstairs, grandmother surveyed her kitchen, then went thoughtfully at the task of rearranging the furniture. She was looking at the result with mournful satisfaction, when the boy sent reassuring tidings ahead of him.

"Got my knife. I pitched the things all out into the hall. You don't care, do you? Ha!" he grunted, looking round with a reflection of his grandmother's satisfaction, "this looks like home. Didn't hardly know the place, the way they'd twisted things round. Say, Gram," he puckered his homely, freckled face in rueful interrogation, "I ain't got to stay here, have I? I wanted to play football this aft."

"Well, I guess not," she returned, briskly. "There ain't any 'got' about it, and I wish the rest of 'em knew it. I ain't only six weeks older than what I was when I used to do my own housework, and take care of your grandfather besides, and I ain't lost my mind any that I know of. You go right along home and tend to your play and do your mother's errands, only don't let on that there ain't anybody here with me, not if you can help it without tellin' an out-an'-out. Susan and Ardell said if your mother or Angelia or Elmerette or Cousin Maria Sue or Aunt Sue Maria couldn't come, why Will's wife would have to. If they know I'm alone, they'll be all for flashin' somebody down on me for over Sunday."

"I guess ma won't do any flashin', not right off," declared the boy, lightly. "She's got trouble enough without botherin' about you. Old Mrs. Hodge come in soon as she heard, to tell her she ought to lay with her foot on the headboard to let the blood run out, and the grocery-man stayed a long while tellin' all about how his wife set in a bucket of soft soap when she had the gipsy-moth rash, to kill the itch, and the washwoman said once when she sprained her neck lookin'

for cobwebs she tied it up tight in her husband's old red flannel shirt, and by this time prob'ly ev'rybody all round's been in to tell her what to do, and she'll be so nervous she won't say anything when she sees me, only tell me to get right out of her sight and stop my noise. That's 'most always what she does, anyhow."

"Still, they're all so bent on comfortin' me, like as not she'll think of it when she sees you," worried grandmother.

The boy scratched his head, the stress of deep thought making an irregular "V" between the places where the eyebrows would be in due time. Suddenly the "V" disappeared. "I know," he proclaimed. "If ma says anything, I'll tell her I heard you say something about a whole raft of 'em comin' to stay over Sunday."

Grandmother looked admiringly at the budding diplomat. "There's a dime upstairs under my match-box," she suggested. "That is, if some of 'em hasn't cleared it out." The boy received the hint with a delighted grin.

"I got it," he announced, briefly, on his return, as he dashed through the kitchen and sprang to his wheel. "I'm off. If there's any of grandpa's things you're goin' to chuck out, save 'em for me," he bawled back, cheerfully.

From the doorway grandmother nodded, smiling. She watched him out of sight, then went in, shut the door, turned the key, and stood with her back against the jamb. She was alone at last. Alone in the silence, the utter silence which she had craved. With a sort of elation she looked round upon the familiar things from which determined but mistaken kindness had kept her for six long dreary weeks. How she had yearned for her kitchen, for the homely accustomed tasks: to get her hands in the dish-water, to sweep her floors and dust her rooms, and do the hundred little puttering things with which she had always filled up her days. She had been an active woman, and had met all her troubles on her feet, working. By keeping her sitting dressed up, idle, she knew they were only putting off her day of reckoning. Still, at first she had humored them, bearing their kindness



patiently, appreciating their intentions; but lately she had begun to fear that their terrible sense of duty would never let them leave her, and her patience had grown into a smouldering resentment, and her own children had become to her aliens and enemies. With the storm of their cheerfulness raging round her, she could feel herself losing all power to think or plan connectedly, and at the last she had seemed to herself merely a quivering bunch of longing—longing to be alone.

With her breath coming and going deeply, she let the accumulated misery fall away from her, layer by layer; the constant espionage, the peeping and listening to see and hear if she were sad, were sighing, were weeping; the frantic avoidance of all reference to the dead; the hideous cheerfulness; the bedlam of jest and gossip and laughter; the odious reminders of blessings still remaining; the ghastly walks to the cemetery; the long new mound desecrated by the clatter of comfort. She was rid of them at last; all, everything. She was back in her own home, hers and his. There was no more need for dreary endurance, for mirthless twistings of the mouth. She was at home. She could do as she pleased. She could grieve, she could cry, she could scream. Suddenly she flung her arms upward. "Willie," she called. "Willie." She listened, the tears strangling, blinding her. "Willie," she called again. Again she listened, straining her attention. Again the eloquent silence. Then it was true. It had come—the time of which they had talked together. It was not all a horrid nightmare. She ran and flung herself across her kitchen table, crying loudly, wildly. It was such luxury to cry, to scream, to moan, to call Willie, to upbraid him, to taunt him, then to croon to him and call him by every tender name. He did not mean to leave her, he did not want to leave her. But perhaps it was best for him to go first, he had told her, patting her hand with weak fingers; it would seem more home-like to her when she came. He had reminded her of the "many mansions," smiling whimsically as he said he would pick them out one that looked like home. And she would not have to wait so very long; at sixty-five one hadn't; and she

would be brave, he had said, and patient, and take interest in life, after the first. There were the children and the grandchildren; they would need her.

It was very, very still when she raised her head. Out-of-doors it was still, too. She looked at the clock. It was noon; that was why it was so still, outside. But how restful it was! She got up; she felt a trifle stiff, but, oh, how rested and quiet! There would be all afternoon, and all day Sunday, and all day Monday. She set her teakettle on, and went upstairs to take off her second-best mourning decreed by her comforters for her every-day wear, while she sat in state in her own dining-room. She put on the wrapper she had put off the day of the funeral, she gathered up Willie's clothes left scattered by the boy, and went about hanging them in their accustomed places. No matter what they said, home was not home without Willie's clothes hanging up. Sometime she might put them away, but not yet. Then she made herself a cup of tea. After dinner she puttered musingly round her house, then dressed and went to the cemetery. As she went, she picked choice sprays of goldenrod and fine stalks of heaven-blue asters. She had wanted to take them before, but the girls had said it looked mean to take wild flowers to the cemetery. But Willie would love the field flowers; he was not one to prize things because they cost money. She filled the preserve jar with water and placed the flowers at Willie's side. It was a notion of hers to place them beside him, so he could reach over and touch them. She sat beside the flowers a long, long time. But she did not cry. She even smiled a little at herself as she thought she might not need to cry again. She was becoming acquainted with her sorrow now, in the quietness and peace. By and by she took a feathery finger of goldenrod from Willie's bouquet and placed it carefully in the buttonhole of her jacket. "Good-by, Willie," she whispered. "Good-by till to-morrow." She took her way along the familiar streets calmly, bowing to acquaintances, even stopping occasionally to speak a casual word. She was going to take up her life bravely, sanely.

She was conscious of a sense of deep



peace as she turned into her own street. She was very tired, but it was a pleasant, peaceful tire. She would make herself a cup of tea and go to bed early. She believed she could sleep. She raised her eyes slowly to the glistening white house at the corner. She always looked ahead to her house; she loved it; it was a comfortable homelike-looking house, and it was hers. As she advanced slowly, she caught her breath suddenly, she stared, then the blood went singing to her head and she caught at a fence. In a second she opened her eyes. Yes, that was Susan at the front door pulling the bell in rapid successive jerks. On the piazza, Ardell was trying to peep under the parlor curtain. Somebody was standing in the side garden patiently tapping at the front bedroom window with a long pole. Of course that was Aunt Sue Maria. Somebody was struggling out of the shed with a ladder—there were two somebodies. The ladder was placed against the side of the house, and a little fly-away figure began going up with queer little squeals. Grandmother smiled. That was Elmerette. And Cousin Maria Sue was holding the ladder, none too steadily. Elmerette, turning to deliver an exhortation to Maria Sue, happened to glance into the street, and gave a frightened scream. "Oh, my land!" she piped, "if there ain't Cousin Eunice Lansing walking up the street, large as life. She ain't dead at all. She's been to the cemetery, that's what. Let me down!"

There was a general rush, and horrified exclamations of "Oh, mother!" "Why, auntie!" "Grandma!" "Cousin Eunice!" Two others came hurrying from the back of the house, and added their "Why, mother!" "Auntie!" They filled the gate, and grandmother surveyed them calmly, though her heart was beating to suffocation.

Mrs. Susan found her tongue first. "It's all along of that heedless boy," she explained, with voluble impatience. "Football and ev'ry other kind of ball will be the death of him and all of 'em, mark my words. If I had a boy, he'd never look at a ball. He never said a word, but I warn't more 'n half through my kitchen floor before I begun to suspicion something. I hollered to Ardell

to go and telephone, then I went and telephoned myself, and there I found Charlotte was sitting at home with her ankle, and she never knew a thing. I asked her where Lance was, and she said he was off playing football. What did I tell you! Then I telephoned all over, and some could and some couldn't, but says I to Ardell if you want a thing done do it yourself, so I left my kitchen floor and Ardell left the beds, and a note on the table for father. Some of 'em were on the car, but we didn't see 'em or hear 'em 'hem' to us till we'd paid our fare, and the rest were here when we come. They'd been trying ev'ry way to get in, and the folks next door were away, and all we could think of was that you'd fainted or something all soul alone in there. If we'd known you were out walking the streets," she finished with asperity, "half of us could have stayed at home. You've given us an awful fright."

There was a reproachful silence, which Elmerette presently broke by giggling hysterically, "What you going to do with all of us?"

Grandmother clasped her hands, rubbing her fingers together nervously. She swallowed hard, but she spoke calmly. "I'm goin' to let you all go back home."

There was an audible gasp of consternation. The comforters twisted in their tracks and glared at one another.

"Please don't any of you be offended," pleaded grandmother, keeping her voice level by determined effort. "You've all been awful good to me. You've sacrificed to come and stay with me, and I ain't onthankful, not a mite, but—but I guess I'm diff'rent to some. I don't seem to need nobody to keep me company. I like to be all soul alone. Yes, that's what I like to be, all soul alone. I was all soul alone while father was off to work, and—I like it," she repeated, looking at them wistfully.

Aunt Sue Maria shook her scant black skirt, and tossed the head that had been disarranged by the struggle with the long pole. "Well, all I got to say is, some folks takes things diff'rent to others," she delivered, with scornful emphasis.

"Yes," twittered Cousin Elmerette, "we'd all said like as not Eunice would 'most grieve herself to death. But you





*Drawn by Denman Fink*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE CAUGHT HER BREATH SUDDENLY, AND STARED



can't ever tell how much feeling folks has," she sighed, and looked round with a meaning blink.

A faint flush stained grandmother's cheek. "You see, I ain't one to grieve," she perjured herself. "I always said it warn't right to grieve. And father's only gone the way of nature, same as you've all been sayin' all along. First thing Monday mornin'," she continued, with a great show of sprightliness, "I'm goin' over and help Charlotte out. She's

such a heft that she hadn't ought to bear her weight, not yet awhile. Besides, she got it on account of me. Don't you all want to walk along? I was goin' down to the village to buy me a chicken to roast for my Sunday dinner."

They looked at one another in speechless amazement, but grandmother had already started villageward, which was also trolleyward, and they pulled themselves together and followed, a dignified, resentful, silent procession.

## The Gulf Stream

BY *FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER*

SWEETING waste of indigo  
Marbled through with sullen foam,  
Ceaseless surge and undertow  
Burnt beneath a tropic dome.

Drift of sponge and nautilus,  
Wrinkled gold thy pathway runs;  
Deep below—thou Octopus—  
Lie the bodies of Earth's sons.

Gorge thy never-sated wrath,  
Glut thy maw with human tolls.  
Spume thou forth thy aftermath,  
Yet thou shalt not have their souls.

Pallid forms on every crest,  
Upflung in thy fury's wake,  
Prove thy weakness self-confessed—  
Souls are they thou canst not take.

Tortured souls that fain would lie  
Free from thy tempestuous nod,  
White arms tossing to the sky,  
Calling dumbly on their God.

Laugh, thou serpent, for a day  
Roll thy strength 'neath lazy foam—  
Even thee God sweeps away  
When He calls His lost ones home.





TENTS AND FISH-DRYING HOUSE, SHINGLE POINT

# An Ethnologist in the Arctic

BY VILHJÁLMR STEFÁNSSON

Formerly of the Peabody Museum of American Ethnology, Harvard University, and the Ethnologist of the recent Anglo-American Polar Expedition

IN the last days of January the sun came back to my Eskimos and me, after an absence of about eleven weeks. The period of darkness had not been at all tedious; neither the natives nor I had felt the depression that the want of sunlight is supposed to bring. Nevertheless we were all glad to see the red disk showing a third of its surface at noon over the hills to the south. I climbed the highest knoll within reach, with the result that I saw two-thirds of the new sun.

By the first week in February I felt myself growing a little restless; two months of fresh air and stale fish had accumulated more surplus energy than could be gotten rid of in the rather tame occupation of fishing through a hole in the ice, or in taking short runs ahead of the dog teams to visit our neighbors twenty or forty miles away. In December I had, it is true, taken a three days' trip inland to where the only other white

man in the country, Mr. Harrison, the English geographer, was living with his hired native families. At his kind invitation I might have stayed there a considerable while had not food been running rather low with him. He had flour, tea, coffee, sugar, and some other civilized edibles, but his stock was running so low that it evidently could not last till spring. Though his pancakes tasted good, I never feasted on one without seeing in my mind's eye the little store of twenty-five-dollar sacks of flour growing smaller at my every bite. It was with almost as good an appetite and a much better conscience that I returned to the raw fish diet of Tuktuyaktok. About this time a travelling Eskimo gave me half a pound of salt to eat with my fish, but I found I had quite gotten over the salt-eating habit so far as raw or cooked fish was concerned. A carnivorous man seems to have no more need for salt than does the carnivorous dog.



This little trip to the Eskimo lakes had not satisfied the desire to move about, so I was much rejoiced when my host Ovayuak announced his intention of going to Herschel Island to visit his daughter and see his grandson, of whose recent arrival a visitor had told us the previous week. I at once asked to be allowed to accompany the sled westward, but at first Ovayuak demurred. He was, he said, going to take his younger wife, Illerok, and her little boy, Kakhilik, who was only four. February, he told me, is the worst month of the year, and white men are like babies when they have to travel in bad weather. He had once travelled in February with a white sailor and at another time with a missionary, and they were worse than children, because they were bigger and therefore harder to take care of. A baby may cry, but he does not argue, but white men are continually giving directions about things they don't understand. He knew I was a better traveller than most white men (Eskimos are always polite), but when the sun comes back he brings with him a cold that is twice as keen as the bitterest weather of the dark days. Anyway, he would be glad to take me along if it were not for the child Kakhilik. It would be much more difficult to take care of both of us than of either alone.

The upshot of the matter was, however, that he finally agreed he would take me along on my representing it was almost a matter of life and death for me to get to Herschel and see if there were any news of my ship. As a matter of fact, my chief desire was to be moving, and to undertake a journey in difficult weather for the purpose of trying myself out and (if possible) impressing the Eskimos and the police at Herschel with my ability as a traveller.

To partly compensate him for the many inferiorities of his outfit to that of an Eskimo, the ordinary polar explorer has this one advantage—that he has light condensed food, such as pemmican and malted milk. A five days' ration of condensed food for men and dogs weighs no more than a one day's ration of the fish or seal meat an Eskimo must carry. Our sled in this case was loaded with about six hundred pounds of fresh fish, and was, for the first few days, heavy for the six

dogs and the two of us who hauled on the ropes. Ordinarily Ovayuak and I did the pulling, while Illerok walked ahead of the team, and little Kakhilik slept on top of the load, bundled up in furs. On an average we made about ten miles per day, starting before daylight in the morning so as to be able to camp by the noonday sunlight.

The first day out we slept at a neighbor's house at Kangianik, and during the night there blew up the worst blizzard of the year, continuing for three days. Although the house was so crowded that it was a serious problem to find sleeping-room on the floor even after some of the household articles had been suspended from the ceiling or carried out into the passage, still we passed the time very pleasantly in singing and telling stories.

It was the third evening of the blizzard and the storm had abated a trifle, when, about eleven o'clock, the dogs in the outside passage began barking. As customary, most of the people were sitting stripped to the waist. The moment the barking was heard every man jumped for his gun and, taking his coat in one hand, ran out of the house, without stopping to put the garment on till he got outside. I had seen similar occurrences, but never in bad weather, and had therefore attributed the hurry in rushing out to the eagerness for catching sight of a possible polar bear at which the dogs were barking. I had never asked any questions before, but this evening I did, and found out the reason.

As is well known from various sources, including Franklin's travels and the records of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Mackenzie Eskimos have always been a warlike people, dreaded alike by neighbors of their own blood and by the Indians to the south. In the fights with the Indians the Eskimos were usually the aggressors, and made warlike expeditions far up the Mackenzie even in the memory of white traders still living. Occasionally, however, the Indians attempted reprisals, and not infrequently attacked an Eskimo house in the night, burning the people, or killing them as they came out through the door; but often the barking of the Eskimos' dogs gave warning of the enemy's approach, and if the inmates once got into the



open before the Indians reached the door, the latter frequently took to flight, or at least the Eskimos thus got a chance for their lives. For this reason it was always the custom that everybody should run out of the house whenever a dog barked. Even now, although it is some eighteen years since the last bloodshed took place (and since the Hudson's Bay Company purchased peace between the peoples by blankets and copper kettles given the Indian relatives of those then recently killed in battle with the Eskimos), the custom is maintained. The practice seems to be more a habit, a matter of good form, than any indication of present distrust of the Indians, for the two groups are now on excellent terms.

The fourth day at Kangianik dawned clear, and we started on our uneventful way, to reach Herschel Island in seventeen days. Unfortunately for narrative purposes, an Eskimo knows so well how to travel safely and comfortably under the worst conditions of cold and storm that nothing extraordinary happens. Your face may freeze, but all there is to do is to pull your hand out of the warm mitten, rub whatever portion of your face happens to be getting stiff, and put the hand back in the mitten again before the fingers have had time to freeze—for freezing a finger is serious, though a frost-bitten nose is little worse than a sunburnt one. One gets pretty thirsty, but this can be alleviated by the eating of a little snow—or that has been my own experience, though many travellers consider the practice unsafe. At night the snow-house is dry, warm, and comfortable, and too substantial to be blown away by the wind, as tents sometimes are. Nothing happens except that a few miles of trail are left behind each day. A competently managed journey is as uninteresting as the history of a country at peace with its neighbors; and of all travellers in the world none adapts means to an end better than the Eskimo. We reached Herschel Island toward the end of February with our store of fish a trifle low, but with nothing to tell of the trip except the number of days it had taken.

At the island there was, sure enough, news of the *Duchess of Bedford*. In November, while I was still at Shingle Point, a sled had arrived at the police

station from the expedition, which was wintering at Flaxman Island, about two hundred miles to the westward. It was known at Herschel that I was then only sixty miles (or three days' journey) away, but Mr. Leffingwell, Mr. Storkerson, and their team of dogs were so worn out by the trip down from Flaxman that they did not make the attempt to reach me—especially as Eskimo report reached them that I was well off and likely to continue so. They had spent Thanksgiving with Captain Leavitt aboard his ship *Narwhal*, which was the only whaler wintering at Herschel (or anywhere in the western Arctic), and had then gone back to Flaxman Island, merely leaving word for me as to the whereabouts of the ship.

Now that the location of the *Duchess* was known, it seemed to me an interesting thing to make a trip to her and back; besides, I was out of writing materials and photographic supplies. Although the whaler was short of provisions and the police had little to spare, both Captain Leavitt and Sergeant Fitzgerald assisted me in securing dogs and supplies for the trip. This was the first journey of the winter on which I used white men's food. The travelling conditions were so much better than they had been in the fall that the trip which had taken Mr. Leffingwell thirty-five days we made in nine. My fellow traveller this time was an immigrant from Bering Strait, and proved a good companion. He was the first Christianized native I travelled with. He used to say his prayers before going to bed and at meal-times. In this he differed markedly from most of the Eskimos, as he did also in being a thief and a liar. But he was energetic, resourceful, and good-tempered, and those are the things that matter on a long journey.

At Flaxman Island we found the two commanders of the expedition, Captain Mikkelsen and Mr. Leffingwell, off on an ice-exploring trip to the northward, and with them the ship's mate, Mr. Storkerson. The *Duchess of Bedford* had been crushed by the ice the previous March (this was April), and the crew were living on shore under the command of the expedition's surgeon, Dr. Howe.

That the ship was lost immediately



changed my plans for the remainder of the year, for it was now impossible to proceed to the eastward in the summer, as had been planned. I therefore determined to devote the rest of my time in the north to investigating ethnological and archæological conditions on the north coast of Alaska. I therefore made a hasty trip to Herschel Island to return my borrowed sled and dogs. The ship's quartermaster, Mr. William Hickey, made this trip with me, and we accomplished it in a trifle less than a month, getting back on the 17th of May, or two days before the return of the ice - exploring party.

As the general story of the expedition has already been told, it is not necessary to give much space to the period from my joining it in May till I separated from it again in July. The chief activity in the mean time was the excavating on Flaxman Island of a number of ancient ruins and the recovery from them of various specimens of more or less scientific value. The first week of July I accompanied a party under Captain Mikkelsen's command to the mouth of the Colville River, at which point I separated from them for the purpose of a scientific exploration of the Jones and other islands near Beecher Point. The expedition at this time had no other work on hand, so Captain Mikkelsen detailed two of the sailors, William Hickey and Max Fiedler, to assist me. We had an Eskimo skin-boat (*umiak*), owned and commanded by our Flaxman Island friend Sakhawanna, so there were altogether four of us to voyage along the string of coast islands in search of ruins, relics, and dead men's bones—for of such things are the data of archæology.

Our longest stay was on that one of

the Jones Islands known to the natives as Pingok, or the Island of Little Hills. Here we found ruins of unknown age left by people who built their houses largely with the bones of whales to take the place of timbers. The present Eskimos tell that before the time when their grandfathers were boys (and that is as far as Eskimo chronology ever goes) this

island was already deserted, though their grandfathers had the tradition that there once lived here a people who hunted exclusively the monstrous bow-head whale, and who were men of prowess and remarkable seamanship. In a measure our excavations confirmed this tradition, as does even a walk along the beach, which may be said to be strewn with the bones of the bow-head whale. Of course many a



AN INLAND ESKIMO WOMAN

student of folklore will say that it is not unlikely that the story of ancient whale-hunters may have been deduced from the presence of the bones, and that they rather explain the origin than prove the truth of the yarn.

Perhaps the most interesting archæological discovery made on the north coast of Alaska has a relation to the present methods of personal decoration now used by the natives of Alaska, the most significant feature of which is the wearing of lip-buttons, or labrets, by the men. The present custom is that when a boy is fourteen or sixteen years of age holes are pierced in his lower lip, one below each corner of the mouth. A small wooden plug is at first inserted to keep the hole from growing together, and month by month a bigger and bigger plug is used, till finally the openings are half an inch in diameter. At this point the young man begins to wear stone or ivory plugs. These ornaments are put in from



the inside ordinarily as one might insert a button into a shirt front. Usually the two buttons worn are each of a different sort, while sometimes only one of the holes is filled, and in summer men are occasionally met with who wear no buttons at all. When a visitor is seen approaching, however, the ornaments are always inserted, for one does not feel dressed without them. In preparing for sleep they are usually removed.

It seems probable to ethnologists that this custom of wearing labrets is borrowed by the Eskimo from the Indians of southern Alaska. But these Indians wear one labret only, and that in the centre of the lower lip, while the Eskimos as far east as Cape Bathurst wear two uniformly, and east of the Coppermine River the practice of piercing the lips is unknown. Murdock, however, in 1882 found some traditions at Point Barrow that pointed to the wearing long ago by the Eskimos of labrets of the single Indian type, and he also secured three specimens that looked as if they were centre-lip labrets. In one of our excavations some two hundred and fifty miles east of Point Barrow we found five centre labrets, thus showing that they were probably worn in former days along the north coast, and showing further that

among the Eskimos, as elsewhere, fashions change in dress and ornament.

It had been my intention on separating from Captain Mikkelsen in the Colville delta to remain there till the first whaling-ships should pass eastbound for the Beaufort Sea fishing-grounds. Unfortunately for our work among the islands, but fortunately for the whalers, ice conditions to the west of us at Point Barrow were that summer the best in years, and the *Belvedere*, first of the Arctic fleet, hove in sight at three o'clock in the morning on July 26th, two weeks before we had expected her. Greatly to the delight of the sailors and our Eskimo friend, we succeeded in paddling our boat far enough seaward to be seen and picked up. We received a warm welcome on board from Captain Cottle, his wife, and his officers, whom I had met the previous summer at Herschel Island. By noon we reached Flaxman Island, and sent Max Fiedler and Sakhawanna ashore, while Mr. Hickey and I proceeded to Herschel to continue our archaeological work at that point, intending to remain there till fall and then take passage for San Francisco by one of the outbound whalers.

We had been at the island only a few days, however, when disturbing news



A SPRUCE BARK SUMMER HOUSE OF THE ARCTIC INDIANS



reached us from Macpherson up the Mackenzie. Major Arthur Jarvis, the new commander of the Mounted Police in the north, arrived from there August 4th, bringing the report that a definite statement had been sent up the Mackenzie by the Hudson's Bay Company's mail steamer to the effect that Captain Mikkelsen, Mr. Leffingwell, and Mr. Storkerson were all dead—lost on the ice-exploring expedition. The story had been told in great detail and was given on my authority, who was supposed to have reported the tragedy on my visit to Herschel in April. Almost simultaneously with Major Jarvis, Captain Mikkelsen arrived on a whaler he had boarded at Flaxman Island. The news of his own and his comrades' supposed death disturbed him greatly, for unless special efforts were made to overtake and contradict these reports that were now on their way up the Mackenzie, the relatives and friends of all three concerned would believe them dead, till the whalers should reach port in November. On account of my being somewhat familiar with overland and river travel, Captain Mikkelsen consulted me as to the practicability of forestalling these up-river despatches. As they had been sent from Macpherson July 24th and were already half-way to their destination at Athabasca Landing, Alberta, the first week in September, there was evidently but one hope—that of crossing the coast ranges of the Rockies and descending the Bell and Porcupine rivers to the telegraph offices and settlements on the Yukon. This I volunteered to do, partly because Captain Mikkelsen was very anxious that the safety of his party should become known, and partly because the trip looked in perspective difficult enough to be interesting. Twelve hours from the final reaching of this decision, Captain Porter's engines were whistling us their farewell salute as we sailed our little whale-boat from the harbor, bound for the mouth of the Mackenzie sixty miles away.

On the way east nothing happened beyond the sudden springing up of a gale that made our boat dangerous in the incapable hands of its Indian steersman—for I was taking passage back to Fort Macpherson in the boat that had brought

Major Jarvis down, and this was manned by Indians, who are (the best of them) poor sailors as compared with the Eskimos. When once the river mouth was attained we had favoring northerly winds, and reached Macpherson in six days, thus establishing, by travelling day and night, a new record for either summer or winter travel between Herschel and Macpherson, an estimated distance of 260 miles.

At Macpherson guides had to be hired and supplies bought for the hundred-mile portage to the Bell River. The police stationed at the fort, Mr. Firth of the Hudson's Bay Company, and (especially) Mr. Harvey for Hyslop & Nagle, all did their utmost to see that I was well provided. But this was a time when no Indians were at the fort, and, although one of them was sick, I had to take with me two of the Indians with whom I had come in the boat from Herschel. Carrying seventy pounds each and with two dogs carrying forty-pound packs, we set off. The sick Indian, William, soon had to be lightened up, so that for the first three days both Joseph and I carried more than our seventy pounds.

A great deal of reading may fail to impress the stay-at-home with the fact that the arctic summer is a much worse season for travel than the arctic winter, but a very little actual experience puts the matter beyond debate. The good three weeks that now separated me from Rampart House on the Porcupine were the least like fun of any trip I have so far undertaken.

To begin with, the journey was to be so long that we could carry no tent, nor anything much but food and the axe and rope for constructing a raft on the Bell. Crossing the mountains it rained every day and every night—except one night, when it snowed. I had an oil-skin coat that had been waterproof the year before; the Indians, with their sore chests and racking cough, had not even a make-believe waterproof. But one thing we did have was our mosquito-nets. Under these we slept soaking wet on the sponge-soaked moss, but safe at least from the buzzing fog of mosquitoes that hung over us as thick as the drizzling rain.

It took a bit over five days to reach





RAMPART HOUSE

the Bell. Here the building of a sixteen-foot raft of green spruces was not a serious task, and took less than half a day. When this was finished no delay was made in pushing it off. Five minutes later my Indians waved me a last "good luck" as I drifted around a bend on my fifteen-day journey southward to the Yukon.

The journey is summed up in the statement that it was monotonous, cold, and wet. Of the eleven days spent in reaching Rampart House, ten were rainy. It may be guessed that sitting soaking wet on a waterlogged raft drifting a mile or mile and a half per hour is not a cheerful occupation. The first night I slept on the raft, floating ahead most of the time, but occasionally waking to find myself on a mud bank, in which case there was nothing to do but push the raft afloat and go to sleep again.

Much as I object to such things, I did on this trip have some small "adventures"—but fortunately they illustrate a favorite thesis: that most ad-

ventures are a sign of incompetence, which may consist either in bad craftsmanship or an insufficient knowledge of local conditions. My first adventure happened in this wise:

It was the second night of my river journey and I was sleeping on the raft. It may have been twelve o'clock—it was certainly pitch dark—when I awoke with a roar in my ears that I first took for the sound of a high wind up in the tree tops. I was near one bank of the river, and the spinning around of my raft and its motion past the trees on shore showed that it was in a rapid and uneven current. As soon as I got over the half-stupor of waking from an uncomfortable sleep I knew that I was in a rapid; the increasing noise of the water showed the worst part was still ahead.

It was a trifle fortunate I had not been aroused sooner, for I could not have gotten the unwieldy raft ashore (it usually took half an hour to do that), and being gradually pulled through pitch darkness into a rapid you recognize as





STEAMING DOWN THE YUKON RIVER

stony by its roar is, on the whole, a trying experience. Of course the Hudson's Bay men had told me there were no "impossible" rapids in the Porcupine "if one used ordinary care." But was this using ordinary care—drifting in the dark into what might as easily be the unsafe as the safe side of a "possible" rapid?

I believe I did the thinking outlined in the above paragraph—at least I might have done so if I had had the time. As it was, I was no more than fully awake when I was in the swirl. I threw myself flat on my little heap of mail and other belongings on the centre of the raft, to protect them from loss in case the raft held out. Then there followed a series of bumps upon what were apparently rounded boulders. A moment later the raft stuck fast by its front end, swung side on, and stuck also with its back end; then it began to rise on edge as if to tip over. When, however, I threw myself and my armful of mail parcels and food upon the rising side of the raft it paused in its tilt as if thinking what to do. At that moment the front end

of the raft loosened again and swung down stream; then the rear end was freed also, and the raft floated into quiet water. The "adventure" was over, and I worked the raft landward to sleep the rest of the night on shore.

This experience netted me a little river wisdom, and made me temper my impatience to drifting eighteen instead of twenty-four hours per day. Those eighteen-hour days were even longer than the watch indicated. The occasional sight of such animals along the river bank as deer, moose, and wolves was rather diverting if they appeared in one of the odd half-hours of sunlight, but I found it hard to be interested in anything when shivering in the drizzling rains. I did not carry a rifle, and could not have afforded time for hunting if I had, though I might have shot with ease a moose that first watched me from the bank and then swam to within a few feet of my raft to investigate me. This happened, too, at a time when my food was getting rather low. The following day, however (my sixth day on the river), I came to the first signs of human habita-



tions—a *cache* of dry moose-meat on a platform of poles at the mouth of a little river. I took a few pounds of meat and left in payment a silk handkerchief.

The days following the finding of the moose-meat *caches* I watched sharply and rather eagerly for people or the traces of them along the banks. Every curve that brought a new reach of the river into view held the promise of cabin or camp. Several times, near dawn or dusk especially, the fog films on the hillsides simulated the wreaths of smoke from wigwam fires and were sources of cheer for a moment. At last, late on the evening of August 28th, a group of huts appeared on the right bank, and I paddled the raft ashore. But the village was deserted, its inhabitants off somewhere hunting or fishing. All the houses were locked except one that was building and had as yet no roof; in that I took up my lodging nevertheless.

The next morning I made a great fire—not to cook, but to sit beside while I ate my breakfast of dried moose-meat. The building of a fire proved a fortunate thing for me, for it brought the most welcome sight of my travelling experience—an Indian running along the beach to catch me just as I was pushing my raft from shore. He was from a fishing-village of tents half a mile away and so situated that I should probably have missed it had they not seen my smoke and sent this messenger. When I got to the village every one of twenty men, women, and children seemed overjoyed to see me, but none of them were half so glad as I was.

After half a day of gorging on fresh fish and berries I emerged sufficiently from the stupor of pure joy into which I was fallen, to remember that the Yukon was still some distance away, and announced my intention of proceeding forthwith on my raft to Rampart House, which was now not far distant. But one of the Indians, who spoke good English, told me that I could not safely go any farther on so small a raft as I had, but must have one twice as big to pass without capsizing in the Boiling Tea Kettle rapid just below. The whole camp professed their willingness to help me enlarge the raft, but said that at best rafting through the "Tea Kettle" was serious

business, while a canoe can keep out of the current and pass safely. I therefore hired a bark canoe built for one man, and in it its owner and I proceeded down the river. It felt more dangerous, but doubtless was safer than the old raft. There was scarcely an inch of freeboard, and the thing was so crazy that sitting in it is best compared to a tight-rope performance, while its birch-bark sides were so fragile that it sprang a leak every time the boat was subjected to the strain of going through even a slight rapid. But where the river twists like a rope through the elbow-shaped gorge of the "Tea Kettle" everything went well, for we hugged the inside shore and were in quiet water, while a raft would inevitably be drawn into the centre of the current. When I had seen the rapid and the cañon that leads to it I felt that through no merit of my own I had escaped an adventure whose value for narrative purposes would have become vested exclusively in my literary executor.

Just above Rampart House we fell in with Harry Linklater, an old Hudson's Bay man, who, with his family, joined us for the rest of the way to the trading post—some six miles. Here Daniel Cadzow—whose generous hospitality is the brightest spot in every journey into the Porcupine—met us at the water's edge.

Although there were still two hundred miles to the Yukon, all the difficulties of the trip were over. The journey had so far covered six or seven hundred miles and lasted twenty-four days, eleven of which had been spent on the raft between the farewell to the Indian guides on the Bell and the meeting with people on the Porcupine. From Rampart House I travelled comfortably in Mr. Linklater's boat, for he was going to Fort Yukon anyway, and hastened his departure for my sake. The morning of September 4th I was on board the magnificent river steamer *Hanna* going up-stream toward Dawson, while my most urgent despatches were going down-stream with the *Koyukuk* to be cabled over the government's telegraph lines from Fort Gibson. As I found out later, the news of the safety of our ice party was wired from Gibson thirty-six hours after the sending out from Athabasca Landing the report of their supposed death.



# John-a-Dreams

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

“YOU wouldn’t wish for a pleasanter person round the house,” Mrs. Somers was replying to her gossip. “I never heerd him say so much as ‘Why do you so?’ to the cat. And she’s a very masterly cat.”

“He ain’t spoke to Si Martin this twenty year.”

“Si Martin’s be’n out West. He couldn’t very well. Si done him an ill turn oncet an’ he ain’t forgot it. That’s one o’ his dreams.”

“Wal—fer a perfesser—”

“Now stop right there, Phœbe Ann. John’s allers said his religion warn’t nothin’ ter speak on, an’ he ain’t made no blow about it.”

“He don’t seem much like a deacon. Young for one, anyways.”

“Mebbe. But they jes ’p’inted him ’count o’ his gift fer prayer an’ his singin’ o’ hymns. I guess likely he’s forgot w’at the diff’runce ’ith Si was about; but he ain’t forgot there was a diff’runce. And as he don’ git mad in a year o’ Sundays, reason was on his side mos’ prob’bly. We was down to the foot o’ the garding lookin’ fer a brown-thrasher’s nest in the brush-heap, him an’ me; and I says, ‘Si Martin’s gone out West,’ says I. And he says, ‘Glory go with him,’ says he. ‘I don’t ever wanter hear his name agin,’ says he. And I ain’t ever heerd him speak that name since. Here’s Si Martin back agin to the ol’ place, you’re a-tellin’ me. Lost his wife? Only a gel left ter keep house fer him? I’m pleased that it’s a mile or more away acrost the hills. But John ’ll have to pass the bread and wine to him, ef he comes ter meetin’, and I do’no’ how he’ll do it! An’ that’s a fac’!”

“P’r’aps they’ll go to chapel over there,” said the resourceful Phœbe Ann.

“Hope to goodness!” said Mrs. Somers, clapping the flour off her hands. “There! You stay to supper, Phœbe Ann, an’ see ef this rule ain’t as good as yourn.”

“Not ter-night; I’m obleeged t’ ye,” said Phœbe Ann, whose mind’s eye saw further openings for her views in other places.

It was Mrs. Somers’s proud but silent boast that her kitchen floor was as white as the tops of her tables, and its yellow walls unspotted. Perhaps it was the cheerfulness of all that whiteness and brightness and of her own large, fair personality that made Deacon Somers naturally reflect it. But, as his wife had said, he was a pleasant person about the house, and it was greatly to her surprise that her husband took his seat at the supper table without a word that night, and helped himself to the creamed codfish and baked potatoes without waiting on either his wife or the boys.

“W’y, father,” said Mrs. Somers, “where’s your manners!” and at that he helped the others mechanically, wasting no words; and for a brief time a visible cloud settled over the table.

The silence was broken by the irrepressible Bud, who exclaimed, between mouthfuls, “They say Mr. Si Martin’s come back to the old place.”

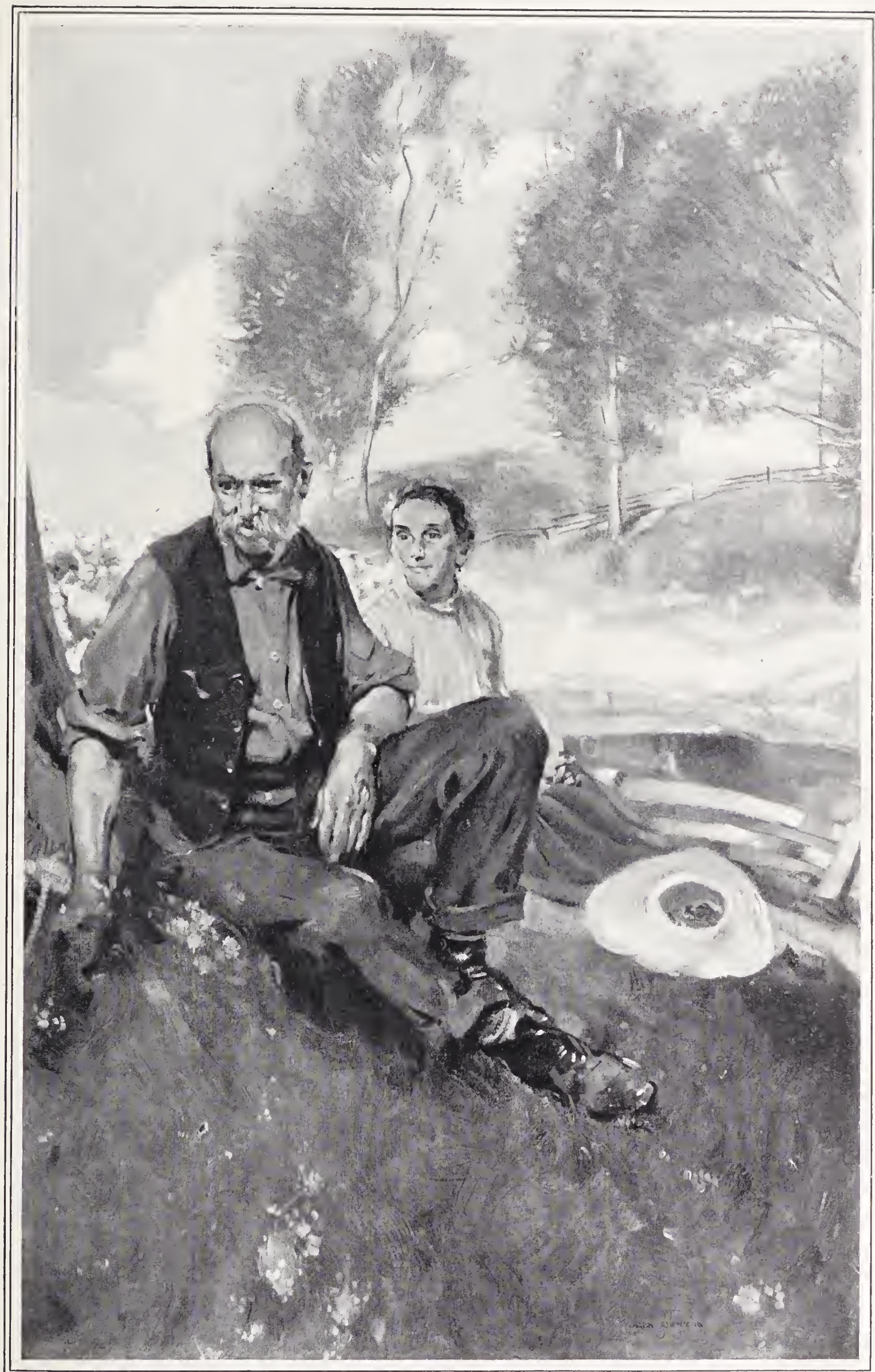
“I’m willin’,” said his father, without looking up.

“It don’t reely sound as though you was,” said his wife.

The man could have given her a glance that would have finished her happiness for this life. But he didn’t. For how could you tell your wife that you hated another man because he won away from you the girl you meant to marry! Especially when your wife was as precious to you as your heart’s blood. The girl had died, and so had her children, all but the last, and it did not signify now a tear’s worth to him; but all the same he never wanted to see or hear of Si Martin again.

The soft June night with its starshine and shadows and flower scents cast its soothing spell over him and his irate mood of recollection, and when his wife





*Drawn by Harry Townsend*

BUT TO-DAY HE DID NOT DREAM







came and sat beside him on the door-stone he slipped his arm over her shoulder. "I don' want no better wife 'n you be, Elviry," he said.

"My gracious, John, I sh'd think you'd be'n a-questionin' of it!"

"Somehow the smell o' them syringys fetched back the nights w'en I went courtin', an' your aunt Lizy slyed along behind the bushes."

"Poor Aunt Lizy!"

"'Twarn't no sign you was goin' to be throwed over 'cause Uncle Jed throwed her. She suspicioned the hull fambly. She hindered us consider'ble. But she didn't hinder the summer evenin's, an' the smell o' the grass that was down, an' the little bird a-stirrin' in the nest an' sort o' complainin' on us. She didn't hinder that wind that come blowin' out o' the dark, full o' sweetness, an' blowed away into nowhere, an' made us feel as though it come from the land o' pure delight in the hymn—su'thin' about that dark nowhere that was what you may call a sweet trouble—made you feel sort o' glad, an' sorry too."

Mrs. Somers sighed. "'Twas pleasant," she said. "Seems as ef sech times had orter last. They go so quick we don't half sense 'em. But there—we're pretty happy as we be."

"Be'n happier ef Bud hadn't been a boy."

"Bud's the best boy—" cried the indignant mother.

"She might have be'n the best gel. And, anyways, I'd 'a' liked a gel about. Sort o' bright an' tender like the sweet-briers growin' beside the rocks in the pastur' 'ith their little sweet blows. Yes, I'd a-liked a darter. W'y, it's awful, Elviry, to grow old an' not have a darter ter close your eyes."

"How you dream, John! S'pose a tree fell on ye in the woods. Ef you hed ten darters they wouldn't be there to close your eyes."

"I ain't ast fer ten darters."

"There'll be darters-in-law bime-by, mos' prob'bly."

"In law!" he replied, with scorn. "W'at's that beside your own? That owes breath an' life to ye. That looks the way you'd think angels 'd look."

"I do'no's I ever thinked how they looked."

"That looks the way you useter w'en you was a gel, Elviry."

"W'en Rufe an' Bud fetches their wives home, we'll be pleased, father."

"That's a long wait. Rufe ain't half grown yet."

"He's five feet twelve inches, John!"

"Sho! Ye don't say! Taller 'n Bildad, ain't he? Where's my eyes be'n? 'Fly fast around, ye wheels o' time,' he sang. "There's them consarned whippo'wills beginnin'! One whippo'will in the dark is heart-breakin', 's you may say—sweet-heart breakin'. But a swarm on 'em's wuss 'n hornets. Le's go in." And he threw up his arms and stretched his great muscles for slumber as if he were some one else than a dreamer in the dusk.

The many mows were heavy with their fragrant hay—for their owner's idle fancies did not hinder his working like a giant in working-hours, and he was a forehanded man. The thunder-storms came and went; the summer mornings were clear skies full of heaven, or green and gray and silver mists and rain; the world was fair, and life went well with Deacon Somers, and he was happy, except for that slight mist of melancholy which seems to be the complement of joy.

"Kind o' undertow," he said of it, "as the years go on, pullin' ye to the grave."

"I won't hear any sech talk!" said Mrs. Somers. "Undertow, and graves, an' you in the prime o' life, 'ith your barns bustin', an' Bud 'ith the prize to the 'cademy, an' Rufe a-clerkin' an' layin' by an' likely to git the store to the village—"

"Oh, stop, stop!" her husband cried. "You're makin' out sech a heap o' blessin's, I'll hev ter pull down my barns an' build bigger!"

"Sech talk's jes like lightnin'-rods to call the lightnin' down on your head. It's a-temptin' Proverdenche."

"What to? You think Proverdenche 's that sort? Ain't you 'shamed?"

But now, out on the quaking heath where the accumulation of centuries of drift and leaf and moss had made a floor above the lake, through which here and there spurted a slight crystal fountain, the blueberries were ripe with pale-blue bloom over their purple lusciousness; and half the village were making their summer holiday there, raking the bounti-



ful harvest into bag and basket, lads and lassies, old and young.

"Now, father," said Mrs. Somers to her husband, who was gathering the berries, as he did everything else, without staying to breathe, with a notion that the ordaining powers had something else and unknown for him to do, "the world ain't goin' ter come to an eend ter-night, and I've got all I can put up for winter. So you go lay down on the bank, and I'll visit 'ith Phoebe Ann some o' the folks I ain't seen sence last berryin'."

"There's them I ain't seen sence Bates was hung," he replied, "an' don' wanter till he's hung agin!"

"That ain't like you, father. W'y, 'tain't Christian!"

"You don't b'lieve in ghosts, do you, Elviry? Wal, I seen a ghost."

"The sun's be'n reel hot on your head, father. You go lay down."

It was always the pleasantest part of the great neighborhood gathering to Deacon Somers when, duty done, he lay beneath a high-branching tree, and looked up through the interlacing boughs and felt himself a part of the shining life there, of the glints of blue and sun and darting wings; and his vague dreams were pleasant.

But to-day he did not dream. He had seen a ghost. He had seen Si Martin, pale, thin, downcast; although a wreck, yet the wreck of a certain beauty; plainly a man who had come home to die, and to die soon. Somehow it was painful to John Somers that he hated that man. He slept at last, however; and it was between sleeping and waking, and more like pleasant dreaming, that he was conscious of some one like a blessed spirit, he would have said, or perhaps a young girl, perhaps that which might have been one's daughter, fading out of sight then; possibly, indeed, some one he had seen during the day recurring to memory in that border-land between sleeping and waking. It almost offset the disagreeable feeling with which he had fallen asleep. That night at home he could almost have wished some one would speak of Si Martin. But no one did.

John Somers had his rowen in from the fields where he had not turned in his cattle to browse; his apples lay in

red and juicy mounds; and the smell of the cider-mill was abroad in the land.

"You ain't gotter go back to the store ter-night, be ye, Rufy?" said Mrs. Somers to her son, who had been at home to help in the apple-picking.

"Not to the store—"

"Oh, Rufy! Where then?"

"Mother!" the young man burst out, impetuously. "She's as sweet as the wild roses—"

"That all?" And Mrs. Somers made a very unnecessary rattling of the nest of milk-pans.

"She's as good as—as—" he paused, thinking what there might be with which to compare his Lois.

"Well?"

"As you, mother! I don't know, though, if anybody ever was as good as you," he said then, a loyal pride taking the place of his shamefacedness.

"My gracious, if she ain't no better 'n I be!"

Mrs. Somers put away the milk-pans, and came and sat beside her boy on the half of the millstone that made the step of the back door. There was a pang in the mother's heart. This was giving up her boy, her first-born. But there was a thrill of joy, too, over her boy's happiness, of unrecognized pride that some other woman found him all that she did. But still she knew that the husband follows the wife into her family, and it cannot be helped, and the tears sprang quickly to her eyes unused to tears.

"She's a lonesome little thing," he said. "No mother, no sisters."

"That's good!" suddenly cried a great wave of relief in the mother's heart. She might keep her boy, after all. "The poor little thin'!" she said aloud, with just as warm a wave. "She shall be my own child."

"Oh, I was cert'in you'd feel jes so, mother! But—but—mother!"—and he hid his face on his knees—"she's Si Martin's Lois!"

"Oh, Rufy! Oh!"—she waited a moment to recover from the blow—"Rufy! It can't never be!"

"It's goin' ter be!"

"It 'll break his heart! Your father's—"

"He's allers bemoanin' that Bud ain't a darter. Here's a darter for him. An' Bud ain't seen the day he—"



"'Tain't helpin' Lois, ter run down Bud. Bud's a good boy," said his mother. "He's reel tender of his mother, an' he thinks the sun couldn't rise 'ithout his father."

"Bud 'd like her first-rate. So 'd you, mother."

"I ain't a doubt of it. So 'd your father, mos' prob'bly, ef he didn't know. I declare I'm reel distressed."

"Mother! Ain't it too bad! An' she's—she's jes—she's jes— Oh, you'd say so! She ain't a bit like him. He sez she's her mother all over."

"Humph!" said Mrs. Somers. "She was a pretty creetur," she added. "But, there, she hadn't no faculty. Slack!"

"Lois ain't. You'd orter see."

"Oh, Rufy, this is trouble. You sure you can't git over it?"

"Git over it! Never till the last breath I draw. Nor then, neither. You don' know me, mother. You don' know *her*."

"Wal, I s'pose I shall."

Mrs. Somers carried a heavy heart to bed that night. Her handsome, steadfast boy! Her husband with his one bitterness! The girl who was to rob her of her boy—child of that other woman, too! She turned her pillow again and again. "I never could sleep with the moon in the room," she said, as she saw the beams glancing on the bare sprays at the window, dancing like witches in the wind. And then the soft glow filling the room and working some magic with John Somers's sleep, he opened his mouth and began to sing—to sing as a sleepy child sings to itself—hardly more than a tuneless murmur, a measured breath—an old hymn they had learned at singing-school together. "Land o' Dreams!" sighed Mrs. Somers. "He's in it, awake or asleep. The reel thin's can't hurt him much. It's me that senses 'em. To have him carin' fer that gel for her mother's sake—that's w'at 'twill come to. An' me to see it an' feel it. Or else it's to make my poor Rufy miser'ble all his endurin' life. Oh, there ain't no ch'ice about it!" And when at last she dropped asleep it was only to be haunted by a face she could not quite make out, a disappearing, phantom face, perhaps that of Si Martin's wife whom she had never seen, perhaps that of this unknown girl, dim and uncertain; and even in her sleep she was

conscious of saying: "Lord o' Light I'm gittin' notional as father."

But her rye-cakes in the morning were as peculiarly well baked as her potatoes were, her ham was rich and tender, her pancakes were as golden brown as the maple syrup poured over them, and there was no molasses and milk boiled in her coffee, but the clear stream ran upon cream that became liquid amber. For, as a mother indulges her defective child, she felt she must give this man of dreams and fancies every comfort she could devise; and the fact that she often enjoyed his dreams and fancies, and that he had been able in spite of them to make good provision for his family, so that she never had to boil the coffee over, did not change her feeling that his temperament was a weakness.

The summer, with all its moons riding low above the woods, had flown away before Mrs. Somers, in her divided mind and heart, could bring herself to act. She might not have been able to do so at all but for a sentence of the Elder's that kept ringing in her ears like a bell. "Evil is to overcome. The soul grows through struggle." Certainly her feeling about the girl Si Martin married was evil—she to be jealous of a dead woman!

But one day, after many private interviews in the dairy, in the pantry, returning from evening meeting, or when her son came for her at Phœbe Ann Ruggles's, Mrs. Somers took heart of grace. "I'll do it!" she said. "I'll do it, Rufy, ter-morrer."

"Father," her voice trembling, while on the next morning, with a towel about his neck and a sheet spread on the floor, she was cutting Deacon Somers's hair—"father, did you know that Rufus was thinkin' o' gittin' married?" she said.

"What!" cried her husband. "What say? Rufus? What you talkin' about!"

"Rufus. And the girl he is engaged to marry."

Rufus's father wheeled about, to the imminent danger of his eyes and the points of the open scissors. "What in the name of common sense— Why, Elviry, what you mean?"

"I mean w'at I say, father."

"Rufus? Why, you can't! It's—it's redic'lous. He ain't growed up. He's—he's—"



"Now, father, 'tain't no use to sputter this way. You set still! How can I cut 'ith you dancin' round like a teetotum? Rufus is a man—"

"A man! He ain't never hed a freedom suit."

"That's because you ain't giv' it to him. He can look out fer himself and a wife too. They think everythin' of him to the store, an' they'll take him in pardner soon 's he's got his fust thousand in hand."

"Why don't he tell me sech thin's?"

"He's scairt to."

"Wal—he'd better be savin' 'stid o' marryin'."

"He's got a very well-to-do father."

"Now, Elviry—"

"I know, John," she said, snipping a little carefully lest she snipped his ear—and served him right, as her impatient thought ran. "Course you don't want spile the boy—"

"Boy! You said he was a man."

"But when boy or man is all right you want help—"

"I do'no's I do."

"I know you do. You'll git cut ef you don't set still, father!"

"Our Rufe with a gel! Why, it's only the other day he was in tiers. I can see him now—the pretty scamp! You'd cut his hair, and he thought he was a man then—"

"An' mos' killed me, too—them curls!"

"His face was all ros'b'ry juice, an' he took a berry he was jes puttin' 'tween his lips an' giv' it to me."

"An' you didn't take it, I'll be boun'."

"Wal, no, I didn't."

"I did. Sweet little lips. Anyways, now, I can't seem to take it in. I don't b'lieve I b'lieve it."

"Wal, secin's b'lievin'," said Mrs. Somers, finishing her clipping. "An' he's goin' to fetch her here to supper to-night. So you'll see her. I'm goin' ter lay a fire in the keepin'-room."

Deacon Somers had never seen nor heard of a nuptial mass; but a fire in the keeping-room seemed to invest Rufe's love-affair with a kindred solemnity. "I snum!" he said. And he stared at his wife as if he had alighted on another planet and was surprised to find her there. "Look here," he said, presently. "You seen her? No? Who is she? And

how'd you know we're goin' ter be pleased with her? S'pose we shouldn't think she was jes the one? We gotter pertend it's all right? This havin' strange folks come inter the fam'bly— W'y, mother, it's upset all my cal'halations!"

"Didn't you ever dream the boys was goin' ter marry?"

"When we was old, maybe. But— The boys? You don't mean that Bud—"

"No, no," she said, laughing now. "I don't mean Bud."

"I declare I'm all nervoused up."

All that day—it was a gray day, with snow on the ground and storm in the air: a boding day, he called it—while he was doing his chores in the barn and the wood-house, the masterly cat purring about his feet, the thought of the change hung round him like a pestering honey-bee; sweet, but with a sting. More than once he made an errand into the kitchen. "Mother," he said, "you sure it's so?" And by the early dusk, when he had finished his tasks, he was half bewildered. "My mind's all caty-cornered," he said to himself. "Here I've giv' shorts to Bose, and I've sold the milch-cow w'en I meant ter sell the farrer. 'Twas as good a bargain, though, as ever I druv. So it's all right. I do'no's I'll mention it to mother—right off. She sort o' sot by Brindle." It had seemed to him that afternoon as if night would never come.

"No, father, you ain't goin' to dress up one speck. She's gotter take us jes 's we be," said Mrs. Somers, when he suggested his Sunday coat.

"I'm goin' ter hev a clean shirt and a dickey, an' my black stock, mother, ef I die nex' minute!" he replied. "An' you'd look better 'ith your best gown on. W'en you wear your alpacca, and your velvet bunnit 'ith the feather, there ain't a more personable woman this side—"

"I'd look pretty, dishin' up supper in a velvet bunnit an' feather."

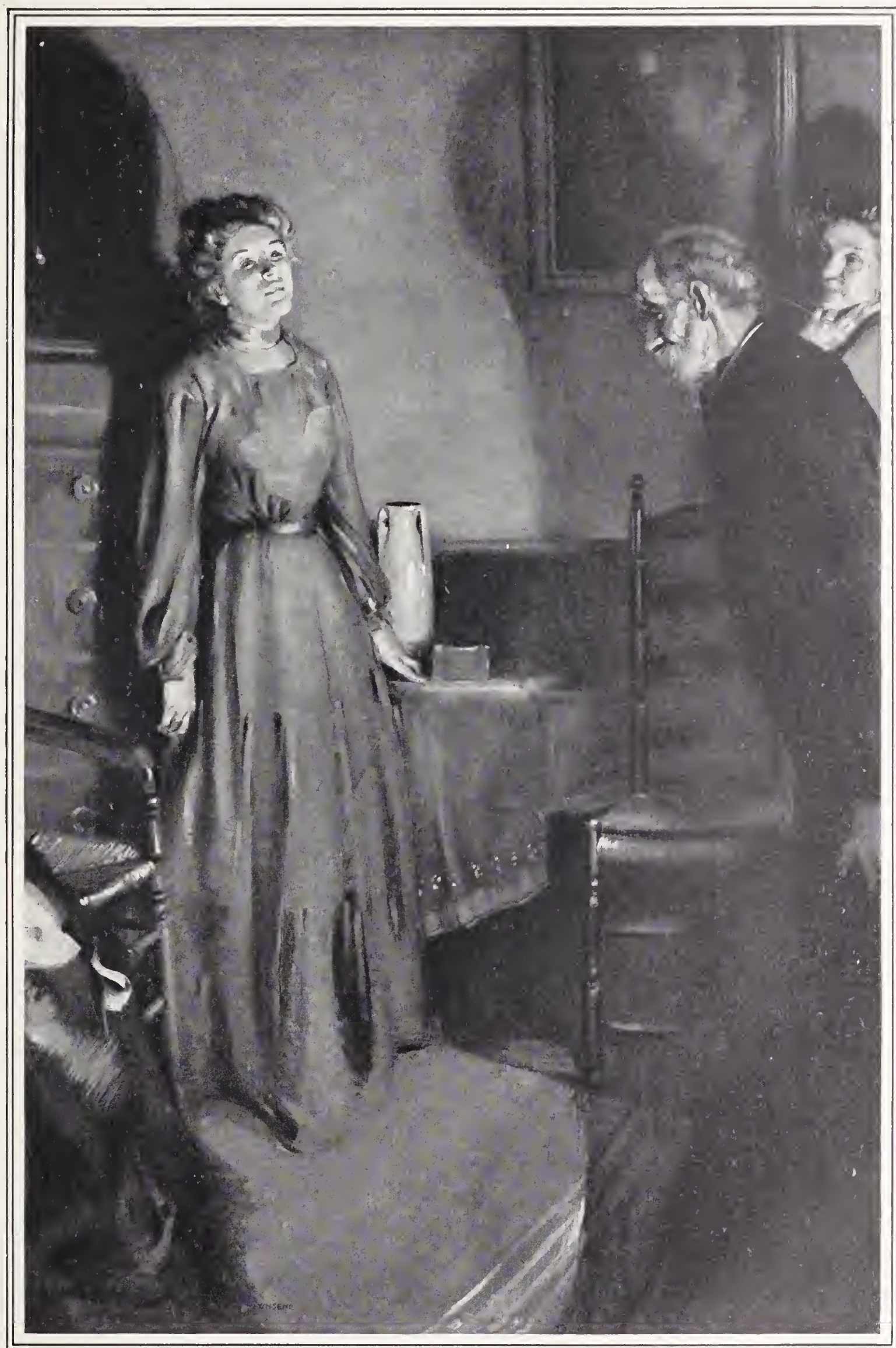
"You look pretty any ways, mother. To me you do."

"There, there, there, do go an' fix up an' git it over!"

"Mother," he said, reappearing presently in the kitchen, an arrangement for his throat in either hand, "would you wear this stock or that cravat?"

"Oh, my goodness, John!" she said, with a laugh.





*Drawn by Harry Townsend*

HE DID NOT KNOW QUITE WHAT OLD MEMORY SWEEPED OVER HIM







"Why, mother, I thought you'd like to say."

"I should think 'twas you instid o' Rufe."

"'Tis me! It's me in my place."

"So it is, so it is," she said. "I'd wear the cravat. The blue allers sets off your eyes."

"I thought you'd think so," he said, triumphantly. "Blue that's the color of heaven must give a pleasant idee," and he returned to the bedroom.

"Dear, dear!" said his wife. "And it's on'y sech a little time ago 'twas him an' me. An' now—oh, I s'pose it's wicked, I do'no—but I ain't so much acquainted 'ith the other place, and I wisht we stayed here mos' forever—an' was young." And then there came a jangle of bells, and she picked up the wick of the lamp and hurried to open the door, and the expected guest sprang from the pung to the door-stone—the sweeping of which had been forgotten—and fell into Mrs. Somers's arms.

"Oh, I didn't mean to!" cried a voice of silver. "I missed my step. Now I've got your floor all over snow!"

"Never mind, never mind! That's clean dirt."

"Oh, I'll sweep it out soon 's I git this knot untied. Oh, you're Rufe's mother!" and her voice seemed to Mrs. Somers a music she had always been listening for.

"An' you are goin' to be his wife."

"An' we'll have to love each other very much, 'count o' him." And the next instant the girl's cold face was pressed against Mrs. Somers's burning cheek.

And with that the bedroom door opened for Deacon Somers, and the girl withdrew and stood up before him like a young birch tree, straight and fair, and shining with her blond hair, her blue eyes, her glittering teeth, and the rose of the storm and wind not yet faded from her cheek, and he stood transfixed.

But he stood so only for a moment. He did not know quite what it was, what new emotion, what old memory, swept over him; but it was pleasant. Pleasant? It was delightful. "You pretty creetur!" he exclaimed.

She took a step toward him, holding out her beseeching hands.

"Mother!" he cried. "Mother, I've found her. I've found my little darter!"

Perhaps Mrs. Somers's heart burned; but if it did she did not betray it. "She is mine, too!" she said.

"Oh, how kind you are!" cried Lois. "I knew Rufe's father an' mother would be jes like this!"

And then Rufus came bustling in, ruddy, proud, happy but for the shadow of constraint; and presently the tablecloth was to be shaken out, and Lois sprang to help.

"It's my own weave," remarked Mrs. Somers.

"Oh, how beautiful!" exclaimed Lois, brushing back her pretty, disordered curls. "I allers thought 'twould be wonderful to weave."

"'Twas simple enough," Mrs. Somers replied, deprecatingly. "I'll show ye some day. The old loom's up-garret. I wove the first gownd Rufus ever had on it. We don't do it now. It's so cheap to buy—but my! there's no life in 'em. They don't wear."

Supper was ready presently.

"Here, Lois," said Mrs. Somers. "Here's your place; by me."

"No, no," said her husband, bringing his hand down on the table. "My darter's place is here. She'll set 'tween me and Rufe."

Bud looked at her appealingly.

"I'll set here, I guess," she said, delicately.

"Wal, that's nex' me, 'tother side." And the blessing asked, in its unusual fervor, was more like a thanksgiving.

"You had your peach preserves a-purpose, I s'pose, mother," he said, following his wife into the pantry, when they rose from the table. "Peaches to peaches. An' Rufus got his'n. W'y, I ain't seen nothin' like her sence I went courtin' you. She's a piece o' blue sky an' sunshine. W'en she smiles you feel 's ef the world was jes made. Rufe's showed reel good taste, ain't he, mother?"

"Splendid!"

"They've gone inter the keepin'-room. Fire good there? I s'pose 'twon't do to go there, too?"

"John Somers, ain't you no sense nor rekerlection?"

"Wal, it's kind o' dreary a-settin' here an' jes hearin' the wind blow. It's a drettle homesick sound."

"What you homesick for, father?"



But he began to sing "Jerusalem, my Happy Home," in a voice that had not yet lost its sweet sonority; and very soon Lois came out, Rufe following.

"I do love to sing," she said.

"That finishes it!" John Somers cried, as Lois joined in and took the air. "A live flute in the house!"

Rufus went out to harness and bring the horse to the door. The girl had her red hood on, and was tying her big cloak when he came in. "Father," he said, taking Lois's hand. "P'raps you don't know that this is Mr. Si Martin's daughter."

If in the next moment of dreadful silence John Somers turned white, his wife was whiter yet; and even Bud's breath hung suspended. Then all at once a great smile broke over his face; he never told his wife why, if he fairly knew himself; and he took the girl in his arms.

It required, in Deacon Somers's opinion, both Rufe and his father to get the girl home in the storm, and it was midnight when they returned.

"Mother," said Deacon Somers, as he toasted his feet, with a sense of well-being in the warmth, in the spiced sangaree his wife mixed for him, in the ruddy shadows of the fire dancing about the room, "I like to hear a storm roarin' on outside, w'en I'm all housed an' happy. Poor Si Martin! I wouldn't like to die an' go out on sech a gale. He ain't long to live. I told him to-night—you ain't got no grudge agin' him, have you, mother? It's wrong to keep a grudge; it is, cert'in. I hope you ain't. I told Rufe ter bring Si over here ter die comfor'ble—an' the gel—Lois. D'ye s'pose any o' the angels was ever called Lois? You don't mind? It 'll be more work—some—but she'll help out. I feel to be thankful. I got my youth back. I got the very fulness o' my dreams. I got my little darter an' my wife; and I'm glad Bud's a boy!" And while the storm swept its swift snowflakes past the window, like sparks of fire, Deacon Somers was on his knees, with his wife beside him.

## Song

BY ALICE MORGAN WRIGHT

SHE wanders singing through my dreams,  
Her voice makes music of my night,  
Her hair drifts toward me—how it gleams  
With amber light!

She comes across a sunset sea,  
About her feet the pale light streams.  
All swaying with the melody  
The far shore seems.

Once she unclasped her girdle bright  
Of topaz and chalcedony,  
And widening circles of delight  
Encompassed me.



## Editor's Easy Chair

ON a night well toward its noon, many years ago, a friend of the Easy Chair (so close as to be at the same time its worst enemy) was walking wearily up and down in the station at Portland, Maine, and wondering if the time for his train to start would ever come, and if the time did come, whether his train would really take advantage of that opportunity to leave Portland. It was of course a night train, and of course he had engaged a lower berth in the sleeping-car; there are certain things that come by nature, with the comfortable classes to which the friend of the Easy Chair belonged. He would no more have thought of travelling in one of the long-empty day coaches side-tracked in the station than he would have thought of going by stage, as he could remember doing in his boyhood. He stopped beside the cars and considered their potential passengers with amaze and compassion; he laughed at the notion of his being himself one of them; and when he turned his back on them, he was arrested by the sight of an elderly pair looking from the vantage of the platform into the interior of a lighted Pullman parlor car which, for reasons of its own, was waiting in luminous detachment apart from the day coaches. There was something engaging in the gentle humility of the elderly pair who peered into the long brilliant saloon with an effect not so much of ignorance as of inexperience. They were apparently not so rustic as they were what another friend of the Easy Chair calls villaginous; and they seemed not of the commonest uninformed villaginosity, but of general intelligence such as comes of reading and thinking of many modern things which one has never seen. As the eavesdropper presently made out from a colloquy unrestrained by consciousness of him, they had never seen a parlor car before, except perhaps as it flashed by their meek little home

depot with the rest of some express train that never stopped there.

"It is splendid, John," the woman said, holding by the man's arm while she leaned forward to the window which she tiptoed to reach with her eager eyes.

"I guess it's all of that," the man consented, sadly.

"I presume we sha'n't ever go in one," she suggested.

"Not likely," he owned, in the same discouraged tone.

They were both silent for a time. Then the woman said with a deep, hopeless aspiration: "Dear! I wish I could see inside one, once!"

The man said nothing, and if he shared her bold ambition he made no sign.

The eavesdropper faltered near their kind backs, wishing for something more from them which should give their souls away, but they remained silently standing there, and he did not somehow feel authorized to make them reflect that if the car was lighted up it must be open, and that the friendly porter somewhere within would not mind letting them look through it under his eye. Perhaps they did reflect, and the woman was trying to embolden the man to the hardy venture. In the end they did not attempt it, but they turned away with another sigh from the woman which found its echo in the eavesdropper's heart. Doubtless if they had penetrated that splendid interior without having paid for seats, it would, in some fine, mystical sort, have pauperized them; it would have corrupted them; they would have wished after that always to travel in such cars, when clearly they could not afford it; very possibly it might have led to their moral if not financial ruin. So he tried to still his bosom's ache, but he could never quite forget that gentle pair with their unrequited longing, and the other day they came almost the first thing into his mind when he read that a great German steamship company had some



thoughts of putting on a train of Pullman cars from the port of arrival to the mercantile metropolis which was the real end of their ships' voyages. He thought whimsically, perversely, how little difference it would make to that pair, how little to those measureless most whose journeys shall end in heaven, where Pullman passengers, or even passengers by the ordinary European first-class cars, may be only too glad to meet them. He gave a looser rein to his thoughts and considered how very little the ordinary necessities of life, such as Pullman cars, and taxicabs, and electric radiators, and non-storage chickens, and saltless butter, concern the great mass of the saints, who would find them the rarest luxuries, and could hardly be imagined coveting them; and then from this wild reverie he fell to asking himself whether a Pullman train would be such a great advance or advantage over the old-fashioned European first-class carriages in which he had been so long content to travel with the native nobility. Self-brought to book on this point, he had to own that he had once had moments of thinking in a German second-class car that he would not change to an American Pullman if he could for even less than a third more money. He recalled a pleasant run from Crewe to Edinburgh in a third-class English car, when he never once thought of a Pullman car except to think it was no better. To be sure, this was after two-thirds of his third-class fellow passengers had got out, and he was left to the sole enjoyment of two-thirds of the seats. It is the luxury of space which your more money buys you in England, where no one much lower than a duke or a prime minister now goes first class for a long haul. For short hauls it is different, and on the Continent it is altogether different. There you are often uncomfortably crowded in the first-class carriages, and doubtless would be in a Pullman if there were any, so that if you are wise, or only well informed, you will give the guard a shilling to telegraph before leaving London and get you a number on the *Rapide* from Calais to Paris.

It is astonishing how quickly knowledge of any such advisable precaution spreads among even such arrogantly

stupid people as first-class passengers ordinarily are. By the time a certain train had started for Dover with that friend of the Easy Chair's already mentioned every soul in his first-class compartment had telegraphed ahead, and when they arrived in Calais the earliest Englishman who got past the customs ran ahead and filled the racks of the carriage with his hand-baggage, so that the latest Frenchman was obliged to jump up and down, and scream, and perhaps swear in his strange tongue, before he could find room for his valise, and then calm down and show himself the sweetest and civilest of men, and especially the obedient humble servant of the Englishman who had now made a merit of making way for his bag.

At this point the fable teaches that money will not buy everything in European travel, though some Americans imagine it will. It will not, for instance, buy comfort or decency, though it will secure privacy in a French sleeper between Paris and Marseilles either way. For an augmentation of forty-five francs, or nine dollars, on the price of a first-class ticket, it will buy you a berth in a small pen which you must share with another animal, and be tossed hither and yon, night long, as in the berth of a Bermuda steamer. Second-class passengers in France or Italy cannot buy a berth in a sleeper for any money, and they may go hang or stand, for all the International Sleeping-Car Company cares; and this suggests the question whether in our own free and equal land the passengers in the ordinary day coaches are ever invited, by the first call or the last, to share the hospitalities of our dining-cars; or are these restricted to the proud stomachs of the Pullman passengers?

No, no; the privacy of a French sleeping-car is all very well, but for decency give our friend a good old-fashioned Pullman sleeper at a third the money, with its curtains swaying with the motion of the car and muting the long-drawn, loud-drawn breathing of the serried sleepers behind them. To be sure, in the morning, when stooping backs begin to round the curtains out, and half-shod feet to thrust into the narrow gangway between them, the effect is of a fa-



miliarity, an intimacy; but so much trust, so much brotherly kindness goes with it all that you could not call it indecency, though certainly you could not claim it privacy. It only proves, as that friend of ours was saying, that money cannot buy everything, and that if you expect the Pullman parlor cars to be an improvement on the German first-class cars you will be disappointed, probably. First-class cars vary much all over Europe; even second-class cars do. In Austria they are not nearly so good as in Germany, and in Italy—poor, dear Italy!—they are worse still. That is because, the enemies of socialism say, the roads are state roads, or because, the friends of socialism say, the expropriated companies have dumped their worn-out rolling-stock on the commonwealth, which must bear the shame of it with the stranger. Between these clashing claims we will not put our blade. All we say is that Italian railroad travel is as bad as heart could wish: the heart that loves Italy and holds dear the memory of the days when there were few railroads, if any, there, and one still went by diligence or *vettura*. The only absolutely *good* railroad travel is in England, where the corridor car imagined from the Pullman has realized the most exacting ideal of the traveller of any class. In the matter of dining-cars we have stood still (having attained perfection at a bound), while the English diner has shot ahead in simplicity and quality of refec-tion. With us a dollar buys more dinner than you wish or like; with them three shillings pay for an elegant sufficiency, and a tip of sixpence purchases an explicit gratitude from the waiter which a quarter is often helpless to win from his dark antitype with us. The lunch served on the steamer train from London to Liverpool leaves the swollen, mistimed dinner on the Boston express—

“But what about that 5 P.M. breakfast which you got, no longer ago than last September on the express between Salisbury and Exeter?” our friend exults to ask; and we condescend to answer with forced candor:

“Yes, that was rather droll. No Englishman would dream of ordering afternoon tea consisting of chops, boiled potatoes, and a pot of Souchong, and if we

chose to do so, we took a serious chance. But starvation will drive one to anything; we had had nothing to eat since leaving Salisbury three hours before, and in the English air this is truly famine. Besides, the amiable agent who came to our compartment for our order, pledged his word that those potatoes should be ready in twenty minutes; and so they were, and so were the chops, and so, of course, was the tea. What he had failed to specify was that the dining-car had been left, by divers defections at the junctions passed, the last car in our train, and that it was now straining at its leash in wild leaps and bounds. One reached it by passing through more corridor cars than there are Pullmans and day coaches in a west-bound Lake Shore train, and when one arrived one reeled and flounced into one's seat by such athletics as one uses in a Bermuda steamer (or did use in the old 1,500-ton kind) crossing the Gulf Stream. When once comparatively secure in one's chair, the combat with the lunch began. Mrs. Siddons would have been at home there, for there was nothing for it but to stab the potatoes, and all one's cunning of fence was needed to hold one's own with the chops. But how delicious they were! How the first mealed and the last melted in the mouth; and the tea, when once poured from the dizzy height at which the pot had to be held, and the wild whirl in which the cup had to be caught to the lips, how it cheered without inebriating, and how the spirit rose to meet it! The waiter, dancing and swaying like any ship's steward, served the stray Americans with as much respectful gravity as if they had been county-family English and he had been for generations in their service. He did not deprecate the capers of the car, but only casually owned that when it happened to be the last in the train, it did pitch about a bit, sir.

No, England is the only country where you can get the whole worth of your money in railroad travel, and the well-to-do sinner can enjoy the comfort which must be his advance recompense in this world for the happiness he cannot war-rantably count upon in the next. That steamer train of Pullmans in Germany will never contest the palm with the English corridor train; nor will our palatial,



porterless depots vie with the simplest of these English wayside stations, where the soft endearments of the railway servants penetrate to the very interior of the arriving stranger's compartment, and relieve him of all anxiety for his hand-baggage. Then the cloak-room, that refuge of temporary sojourn, where his baggage remains in the porter's charge till it is put back into the train, who will contend that our parcels' windows, with their high counters fencing the depositor from the grim youths standing like receiving and paying tellers within, compare with the English cloak-room? Its very name descends from the balls and assemblies of the past, and graces the public enjoyment of its convenience with something of the courtesy and dignity of the exclusive pleasures of the upper classes; it brings to one sense a vision of white shoulders bent over trim maids slippering slim feet, and to another the faint proud odors of flowers that withered a hundred years ago.

But what vain concession is this to the outworn ideals of a state and a condition justly superseded! How far we have got from that gentle pair with whom we began peering into the parlor car in Portland, Maine! To such as they it will matter little whether Pullman cars are or are not put on that steamer train in North Germany. A great danger is that the vast horde of Americans who travel will forget the immeasurable majority who remain at home, and will lose in their sophistication the heaven-glimpsing American point of view. It is very precious, that point of view, and the foreigner who wins it is a happier man than the native who purse-proudly puts it away. When we part with the daily habit of trolleys and begin to think in cabs and taxicabs; when we pass the line of honest day coaches and buy a seat in the parlor car; when we turn from pie, or baked beans, and coffee at the refreshment counter and keep our hunger for the table d'hôte of the dining-car; when we buy a room in the steamboat in disdain of the berth that comes with our ticket; when we refuse to be one of four or even two in the cabin of the simpler steamers and will not go aboard on any vessel of less than twenty or thirty thousand tons, with small separate tables

and tuxedos in the saloon; when we forsake the clothing-store with its democratic misfit for all figures and order our suits in London, then we begin to barter away our birthright of republican simplicity, and there is soon nothing for us but a coronet by marriage in the family, or a quarter-section of public land in northwestern Canada.

There has been altogether too much talk (some of it, we contritely own, has been ours) of the comparative comforts and discomforts of life for the better-to-do in Europe and America. In the demand for Pullman trains between our port of arrival and the end of our journey when we go to the Continent for a much-needed rest, we are apt to forget the fellow citizens whom we saw across the impassable barrier dividing our first class from them on the steamer, and who will find the second-class German cars quite good enough for them, and better than our day coaches at home. If we cannot remember these, then let us remember those for whom Pullmans are not good enough and who spurn the dust of our summer ways in their automobiles, and leave the parlor cars to our lower-class vulgarity. Such people take their automobiles to Europe with them, and would not use that possible Pullman train if they found it waiting for them at the port of arrival in Germany. What is the use? It will soon not be an affair of automobiles, but of aeroplanes, at the ports of European arrival, and a Pullman train will look sadly strange and old to the debarking passengers. No one will want to take it, as no one would now want to take a bicycle, or even a "bicycle built for two." These things are all comparative; there is nothing positive, nothing ultimate in the luxuries, the splendors of life. Soon the last word in them takes on a vulgarity of accent; and Distinction turns from them "with sick and scornful looks averse," and listens for the—

"—airy tongues that syllable men's names,  
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses."

Simplicity, at the farthest possible remove from all complexity, will be the next word—the word that follows the last, the woman's word.





## Editor's Study

**I**T was sixty-three years ago, this February, that De Quincey penned his classic challenge:

"Woman, sister—there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man; no, nor ever will. Pardon me, if I doubt whether you will ever produce a great poet from your choirs, or a Mozart, or a Phidias, or a Michael Angelo, or a great philosopher, or a great scholar. By which last is meant—not one who depends simply on an infinite memory, but also on an infinite and electrical power of combination; bringing together from the four winds, like the angel of the resurrection, what else were dust from dead men's bones, into the unity of breathing life. If you can create yourself into any of these great creators, why have you not?"

This challenge was made in De Quincey's impassioned essay on Joan of Arc and was meant to lead up to the acknowledgment, suggested by the Maid's martyrdom, that there is one thing which woman can do as well as the best of us men—she "can die grandly, and as goddesses would die, were goddesses mortal." As man must, before he can be called happy, and as an Indian must, before he can be called good, so a woman must die before she can be called great. Now, we may say of death that it is mighty, but we cannot say that of dying itself or attribute grandeur to it. Martyrdom is a witnessing at once to the fierce fanaticism of persecutors and to the sincere faith of the victim in his personal convictions; it has no exaltation or even meaning apart from the living cause. It was Joan's life, not her death, that glorified her. Yet we do not call her great for either her living or her dying—she belonged to the field of wonder, not to that of grandeur. And it is because of this that we associate her with womanhood at all—because, not of her armor, her sword, her strategy, which were all in manly guise, but of her in-

visible charm through secret alliance with heavenly powers.

After more than half a century since De Quincey's challenge was made, it still stands, unanswered; but we see, in the new light of that half-century, that its terms are misleading, so that it seems to mean more than it really does mean. It is indeed as true now as it was in 1847 that in no art of the old order—poetry, music, painting, sculpture, or dramatic composition—has any woman achieved the magnificent excellence conceded to men who are known as the great masters in these arts. It is a significant fact that women have never aimed at that kind of excellence. They have never tried "to create themselves into any of these great creators." But it is also true—as we see now and as could not have been so clearly seen in 1847—that, in our very modern sense of the term as applied to life and art, woman is more creative than man. Please understand that we do not mean more greatly, but more really, creative.

No concept of the human mind is quite so sophistically deceptive as that which is crystallized in the word "great." We ourselves confess to its tyranny and are duly ashamed of our too docile submission to its mock majesty. It belongs to a royal family of adjectives—like "vast," "grand," "immense," etc.—which are justly applicable to external phenomena: to size, weight, distance, and to signs of unusual power, physical, mental, and moral. But, as applied qualitatively to certain aspects of life and character which have accentuated human folly and vanity, it has been so much abused that we are fain to relegate it to whatever limbo shelters obsolete sovereignties.

Yet we cannot do without such appellatives in our interpretation of those past human achievements which have won universal admiration, and which we still call great, though they seem to every new modern generation less and less worthy



of imitation. Our admiration of them is genuine and our sensibility to their impressiveness justified, though they may be so far withdrawn from our sympathies that they seem to belong to an alien world. The cult of the remote abides, and the stalking shadows of Alexander and Cæsar and Napoleon—even the latest of them seen across an impassable chasm—have not lost their glamour or grandeur. The products of the creative imagination in art and literature, which are all that remains to us from the older civilizations, are more eagerly sought and more carefully cherished by us than by any former generation, and, though they do not reflect the life of our time, have from us, because of our detachment, their clearest and most disinterested interpretation.

We recognize in the old art and literature all the elements of a grandeur which we have forgone in the new. We confess to the impressiveness of it all and to the necessity of the whole royal family of adjectives for its just description. It is the sublime illustration of man's power to create greatly. For, in all this imposing array of genius, woman is not to be seen or heard, save as *dramatis personæ*, in parts assigned to her by the master, man. She was as far withdrawn from this vastly projective scheme of imaginative creation, refusing its magnificent investment, as she was from the whole spectacular scheme of external life in the ancient and medieval world. She had no heart for what man had such a mind for. The only part of the spectacle which profoundly appealed to her was the sacred ritual, and this, in its outward features, was shaped and interpreted by man, who also conducted its representation; but, apart from any record, we are confident that the Attican mothers, by a creative selection peculiar to woman, found suggestions in the contemplation of Demeter not hinted at by the pompous hierophant, as the Egyptian mothers had mystically another vision of the face hidden by the veil of Isis than any ever seen by man. It was a splendid robe—the *peplos* woven by the Athenian virgins for Athene, but their imaginative investment of Demeter and Persephone reflected the lights and shadows of their secret dreams. Sure we are, for of this we have record, that, while

man, after his own magnificent type, fashioned medieval dogma and determined the medieval ritual, as well as the hagiological fabric, these in the heart of woman were translated into terms unfamiliar to priest or bishop—terms intimately mystical and wonderful, not indeed plain like those of the Gospel, yet, even in their strangeness, conveying its homely meanings. Woman, by as much as she is nearer than man to Nature, is also always nearer to the Gospel, as she is to the pondering heart of Mary.

That the temper and restraint of the Hellenic imagination—its positive modesty—bring its creations in art and literature within the scope of woman's appreciation is evident from the eager interest of the most refined ladies of Italy, France, and England in the treasures of art, poetry, and philosophy disclosed by the Renaissance. That dawn has not lost its freshness for the women of later generations who have breathed its fine air, and who have had ampler satisfaction, because of richer opportunity, in its revelations of unsurpassable excellence and beauty than those ladies of the fifteenth and sixteenth century could have had. But the Renaissance did not inspire women as it did men to creative production in new lines following the old—it did not tempt them to rivalry with Dante or Raphael or Michael Angelo or Shakespeare. They had the mind for it, as for the subtle appreciation of its æsthetic values, finding also in Plato what the Greek never found—the stimulus to a romantic idealism. These were exceptional women, of the highest social rank, whose companionship and conversation were sought by artists, poets, and philosophers, to whom Woman and Love became their most inspiring themes. Petrarch, Dante, and Michael Angelo were profoundly influenced by an association with women on a much loftier plane than that of Aspasia's circle in ancient Athens. But these post-Renaissance women were not creators in those fields of art which were occupied by the masters. There was a kind of recondite and mystical literature in which a few women won memorable distinction; but to these writers it was not classical but Christian antiquity that was significant and suggestive.



The tempered greatness of Hellenic art and literature was so far divested of masculine extravagance as to seem a satisfactory justification of greatness itself, as it is also the supreme ancient illustration of man's power to create greatly. We are as much impressed by the psychical meaning of the creation as by its objective realism, by its subtlety and flexibility and play as by its severe discipline and formal excellence. Greek art and literature reflected the wholesomely joyous life of a people whose love of freedom and whose awe of excess made it forever a protagonist against the insolent and luxurious Oriental type of human grandeur. But this Hellenic race, as we know it, is mainly Ionic, with the stamp of Ulysses indelibly upon it and determining its limitations in the line of spiritual development. It was never humanly plain and sincere. It was betrayed by its very flexibility. Its speculation tended toward sophistry, and the Doric strain, so evident in Plato, could not save it—could not even quite save Plato himself. Whether we consider its poetry—epic, lyric, comedy and tragedy—its mythology, its art, its rhetoric, or its constructive philosophy: in any and all its manifestations it wore the dramatic masque; we behold the masterful but finely restrained play of creative genius, and it was for the most part a play with the divine fire. When we come upon anything in the shape of simple human characterization, it is most often in low relief and incidental, while the gods, the Titans, and the legendary heroes generally stand out boldly in the round.

We dwell upon this wonderful Hellenic harmony, to which not only the old Roman but all modern European culture has been responsive, because it discloses a kind of creative imagination distinctive to man, constituting a world in which woman would by nature have no active part. Not even in its literature, where, in our new world, she has so successfully aspired to excellence. The note was pitched too high for her, though she could and would have eagerly caught one descending from the highest heaven to her lowly earth. Indeed, it was just that descending note which she did first catch, and which first brought her out from domestic retirement into

an open field of activity alongside of man in the creation of a new world-harmony—such a field as was occupied by the earliest Christian women, where they were not merely conspicuous as martyrs, but in the offices of the Church as deaconesses and, in some provinces, even as bishops.

Our fictive imagination, following its old masculine habit, indulges itself in the picturesque contrast between that sibilant and earthly note heard by the first woman in Eden and that from heaven heard by the shepherds on the hills of Bethlehem, but prelusively heard by Mary in the mysterious annunciation. And in this contrast the scholar, following the same old fashion, and true to De Quincey's definition of scholarship, finds a significant distinction between the Pagan and the Christian in the fact that for the Pagan the word heaven was bare of spiritual meaning, save in some recondite application—like that of the term "heavenly," attributed, by way of exaltation, to Aphrodite, the goddess of Love; and that even the ancient Hebrew conceived of that heavenly dwelling which the Gospel "opened to all believers" as possible to men only by exceptional and miraculous translation. Even for the abode of the gods the Greek imagination did not transcend the earthly Mount Olympus. From the new Christian conception that gave familiarity to heaven, art as well as faith took wings for a loftier flight. Medieval painting gloried in Ascensions, and, in sublime contrast to the low-lying Greek temple, the medieval cathedral pierced the skies. The winged angel, who was traditionally always masculine, and the haloed saint, who might be and often was, in the fresh imagination of things heavenly, a woman, displaced the old earth-bound mythological impersonations.

But our ultramodern sense dismisses allegory and is averse to unreal imaginative investment. Wings, aureoles, and even the supreme altitudes have no significance save as translated into terms of the human heart. Height becomes depth, penetrating to the very springs of life. Hellenism did not lead to this fountain. But its stamp is upon all that men have been accustomed to call art, and it has so largely determined the meaning and measure of creative genius



that it is difficult for us to conceive of imaginative creation in other terms. Hence the lack of appreciation of that large and radically important field of creation allotted by virtue of her nature to woman, and vitally abundant through her culture of it in our modern life and literature. Because she has not been a creator after the masterful fashion of man it was assumed, until within a comparatively recent period, that she was not, and could not be, in the positive sense, a creator at all.

All the processes of Nature, to the minutest specialization, are creative. These are so entirely beyond the scope of man's power to originate or even to copy in his imaginative creations that we draw a line of absolute distinction between nature and art, and far the largest part of man's conscious operation—that, too, for which he takes most credit to himself—in administration, conduct, and everything involving arbitrary volition and selection, seems to be, though really it is not, as widely removed from the field of his imaginative constructions as these are from all natural processes.

Woman is so much nearer to Nature than man that we more readily ascribe to her natural attributes. We would not give Undine a masculine personification—not because we think that woman has no soul, but because we feel that her soul is more hidden with Nature. Most intimately she shapes humanity, as if she were its earth, and mother after the ancient earthly pattern. As our scientific scrutiny discovers no leap in chemical and physiological processes, so in all her life there seems to be the same immediate alchemy and close texture. Even in our broken time is preserved the integrity of the antique model of her, as spinner and weaver. The material distaff and loom may not be present, yet the thread she spins out of her heart in sympathetic offices, even in those beyond a domestic sphere, has this continuity, and the web she weaves this wholeness. Her countenance wears still the old witchery, as of one taking in hand what is inevitable, like destiny, as the fatal Sisters did in their spinning; and this also is one of the aspects which Nature wears. When colors first entered her web, in the ancient art of embroidery,

we can imagine her intuitive selection of them—first of the more vivid that excited her passionate sense, and then of those which gave complementary alleviation.

It is true that man as well as woman had once full sense of kinship with Nature—though not so intimate in him as in her—but when both in great measure lost this his departure was greater than hers, though they were never very far apart, except in this one matter of art. In this she held closely to the thing near at hand, and thus became the mother of creative realism, while he, as De Quincey would say, gathered from the four winds of heaven.

We should expect from her, then, peculiar excellence in the purely personal arts—singing and dancing. In Nature, generally, the male is pre-eminently the singer; but, among the many contradictions to Nature in human civilization, this one is conspicuous—that in these personal arts woman has gained upon man, her distinction being greatly enhanced by her physical charm. That her charm could be psychical as well as physical is shown by her histrionic achievements during the last two centuries. If she has not written the great dramas she has excelled in the interpretation of the parts in them assigned to women; and even in Shakespeare's plays such parts, though in his time enacted by men, were more psychically interesting, on the whole, than the masculine impersonations. The personal note is dominant in woman's natural scope of action. She makes a wonderful art of her personal adornment, which would be far more expressive of her creative genius if she did not surrender so much of it to the artifices of man—a wholly voluntary and humiliating submission. This personal note gives her a lyrical distinction in poetry, after the ancient example of Sappho.

We see, then, why woman could have no part in the old order of creative imagination, with its immense projections and its detachment from homely realities, and why, before she could co-operate with man even in literature, she had to wait for a new time, in which the whole perspective of man's art should be changed, coming into nearer accord with her own. It was she who all along anticipated modernism.



## The Ennui of Cap'n Peek

BY CLARENCE B. KELLAND

"ONE time," announced Cap'n Saturn Horgin, "Cap'n Peek he sails with a French cook, and fr'm this here person he up and accumulates a vocab'lary consistin' of one furrin word, namely and to wit, ong-wee.

"This here Cap'n Peek," beamed the old sailorman, "was monstrous proud and elated over them ling-u-istic accomplishments of his'n and uses it consecutive and plenty, sprinklin' it through his reemarks like buoys in the Lime Kiln Crossing.

"Ong-wee," explains Cap'n Peek to me, 'is that there species of laziness that's glad it's hopin' somethin' will happen it 'll be sorry for.'

"He suffers from this here defec' stiddy and perseverin'. Heave to alongside of him in ca'm or storm and Cap'n Peek he'll elucy-date conjectures concernin' his condition.

"Ong-wee is infestin' me," mourns he. 'I'm that rammed full of ong-wee that a lumber schooner with a deck load of shingles is roomy and vacant beside me. Cap'n Horgin,' he utters, doleful, 'rheumatiz and hay fever and all the ailments patent medicine can't cure has boarded this here ol' hulk, Cap'n Horgin, but none of them ain't so discomfortin' as this here ong-wee!'

"Cap'n Peek he ain't no care-free, single sailorman — not him. He's related to a wife who mostly reemains to home accumulatin' gossip and averdupoise. Cap'n he discovers that this here connubial partner of his'n harbors consid'able cookin' art, so w'en his cook takes sick he pervails onto Emmeline to sign articles and uplift the culinary deepartment.

"Emmeline she takes to cookin' for all them sailormen like a Presbyterian cat does to a

Methodist dawg. By the time she's completed purveyin' the first reepast she's run aground onto the idee that she's cookin' for about 'leven more fellers than Nature intended she oughter—whereat she becomes morose and irate.

"When this here first meal is vanished distinct and concloosive, Emmeline she stands silent runnin' over the sityvation, gloomy an' portentious. Of a suddin she rises up onto her feet and shouts:

"Stack!"

"Seein' from her bearin' and angry mien that Emmeline means business and is expressin' her true sentymints, ev'ry feller piles his dishes neat and rapid. Follerin' this, Emmeline she emits a baleful silence for some minnits, then she reaches out eager for the part of Cap'n Peek's anatomy that he wears under his collar. Bein' some spry and muscular, this here lady h'ists Cap'n outen his chair, brushes the crums off'n the



"SHE H'ISTS THE CAP'N OUTEN HIS CHAIR"



table with his person, and final she flirts him onto the floor alongside of her, vigorous and inflexible.

"Who be yuh?" she requests to know. Emmeline's vice resembles the edges of two hunks of glass bein' scraped together, and chills go aloft on each feller's spine.

"Who be yuh?" she repeats.

"Why, Emmeline," gags Cap'n Peek—"why, Emmeline dear, I'm Cap'n Peek, master of this here vessel and your own lovin' wedded husban'."

"Huh!" grunts Emmeline.

"For a spell nobody exhibits no signs of vocal conversation and Cap'n perduces a expression of gloom and melancholy. However, he soon gits to thinkin' the matter over, as Emmeline clutches onto the scruff of his neck, and that there expression jogs along to make room for another that ain't neither gloomy nor sorrowful. It's a expression that states emphatic that Cap'n Peek is hopeful of reesults.

"Some of the crew confers with a heroic view to effectin' a rescue, and Cap'n detec's them in the act of makin' a hostile demonstration at Emmeline.

"Boys!" he calls, choked but commanding. "Boys, avast. Stand by, boys. Don't none of yuh go interferin' between man and wife! Don't yuh do it, boys! Let this here thing go on. For twenty year I've been sore afflicted with ong-wee. I ain't so afflicted at this here minnit, boys. Go 'way and leave me with my joy!"

"She'll kill yuh!" sobs Hannibal, the mate.

"She won't do no sieh thing—and if she does I'm dyin' a amused and contented skipper. There ain't no ong-wee here, boys. I leaves it to yuh if a man could suffer with ong-wee in these here circ'umstances."

"He could not," replies Hannibal.

"Shut up," grates Emmeline.

"Ya-as'm," agrees Hannibal.

"Who be I?" she asks Cap'n.

"Yuh be Emmeline, my loved wife and the cook of this here craft."

"I ain't," screams Emmeline.

"Be yuh denyin' the husban' of yer bosom that yuh've jined in holy wedlock?" pants Cap'n.

"I am not," asserts Emmeline.

"What be yuh denyin'?" Cap'n wants to know.

"I ain't no eook of no vessel," snorts Emmeline.

"Oh," says Cap'n, s'prised.

"Ya-as," emits Emmeline, "and further and in addition yuh ain't the cap'n of no vessel, either."

"Oh," repeats Cap'n, interested and expectant.

"I'm eap'n," announces Emmeline.

"This here's mutiny!" squeals Hannibal.

Cap'n looks at him reproachful.

"Mutiny nothin', Hannibal," says he. "Don't the Scriptures and the statutes in this here ease made and pervided state emphatic that a woman can't mutiny agin' her husban'? Don't they so state, Hannibal?"

"I'm cap'n of this here vessel," repeats Emmeline.

"Gosh!" stutters Cap'n.

"I be," asserts Emmeline.

"Go ahead," agrees Cap'n. "Go on and be it. What am I?"

"Yuh?" sniffs Emmeline. "Yuh—yuh ain't nothin'—onl' maybe the cook!"

"Great!" smiles Cap'n, reflective and happy. "This here is knockin' my ong-wee higher'n a kite."

"I'll knock somethin' besides ong-wee higher'n two kites," promises Emmeline.

"Do it," dares Cap'n.

"There was a dish of mashed pertaters onto the table, and Emmeline she grabs them there vittles and squashes Cap'n's visage into their midst.

"Take that and shut up," says she.

"Fellers," splutters Cap'n, emergin' from the dish with 'taters clingin' to his whiskers, "this here is eventful, fellers. There ain't no room for ong-wee in these here perceedin's, fellers. Now is there?" This last was sort a pleadin'.

"There ain't," comments Hannibal, at the same time assumin' a posture of readiness for flight near the door.

"I'm cap'n of this here craft," announces Emmeline agin.

"Yuh makes that there statement before," says Cap'n.

"I'll make it agin," snarls Emmeline.

"Do it," says Cap'n.

"I won't," says Emmeline.

"She's went crazy," Hannibal allows in a whisper.

Emmeline she turns to him impressive and threatenin'.

"Yuh git out a here and swab that there deck," she orders.

"Me?" roars Hannibal. "Yuh don't mean me. I'm mate of this here vessel."

"Yuh ain't: I'm cap'n and mate and the whole passel," growls Emmeline. "Yuh git to swabbin' that there deck or I'll git to swabbin' yuh."

Some benighted sailorman laughs at Hannibal.

"Yuh scrub, too," roars Emmeline. "Everybody scrub. Every man onto this boat scrub—exceptin' this here cook," she orders.

"When she makes a promisin' step towards that there erowd every feller makes a break for a bucket. In no time ev'ry sailorman is swabbin' deck like he was expectin' to find gold dollars in the cracks.

Emmeline leaves them and strides forward. She sees the feller at the wheel.

"What be yuh doin' here?" she wants to know.

"Wheelin'," says the man.

"Git out a here and go scrubbin' with the rest," she commands; "I'll steer this here ship. I didn't like the way she was headin', anyhow."

Whereupon Emmeline she grapples aholt of the spokes and begins pilotin' the craft on a course that reesembles the business edge of a saw. The on'y direction Emmeline



don't head in the next quarter of a hour is straight up.

"Meantime Cap'n Peek is dancin' with glee. He struts out on deck and converses with Hannibal and the crew.

"'Ho!' he says, proud and satisfied. 'Ho! This here is entertainin', Hannibal. This here is divertin'. I say, Hannibal, do yuh detec' any ong-wee in the offing, Hannibal? I bet yuh don't, Hannibal. And say, Hannibal, how do yuh like scrubbin' decks?"

"Hannibal he ceases laborin' for a minnit.

"'Yuh that was Cap'n Peek,' says he. 'W'en that there demented creature forrurud runs into a mental ca'm and this here ol' vessel regains her normal aspec', I promises yuh I will beat yuh up so a instalment-house collector wouldn't recognize you on yer own front stoop.'

"'Ho!' says Cap'n again. 'Ho!'

"'Don't Ho at me,' growls Hannibal.

"'Fine sailormen,' beams Cap'n to the whole crew. 'Nice sailormen. All busy. Not a feller sufferin' from ong-wee, I bet. This here is a gladsome day—a gladsome and a gleeful minnit.'

"Then he perceeds to the pilot-house.

"'Emmeline,' says he, 'yuh are occupyin' a man's shoes and holdin' down a man's job, Emmeline.'

"'I be,' she snaps, 'and they're too small.'

"'Ho!' says Cap'n agin.

"Emmeline she lets go the wheel and grabs for Cap'n.

"'Look out,' yells he. 'She's a-fallin' off. Yuh'll be rummin' her aground, Emmeline.'

"'I don't care,' reetorts Emmeline, makin' another grab.

"'Neither do I,' says Cap'n. 'She's insured—and yuh're insured—and I kin swim. Go ahead, Emmeline.'

"He dances out of reach.

"'Emmeline,' he says, lovin' and gentle, 'I hain't never appreciated yuh before. I'm prond and fond of yuh, Emmeline, I be. Yuh're curin' that there ong-wee of mine quick and painless.'

"Then he hurried aft to speak with Hannibal again.

"'Ho!' he addresses the mate. 'Ho! I've a notion to up and chuck a pail of water onto yuh, Hannibal. Yuh dastn't touch me if I do, Hannibal, and yuh know it.'

"'Wait,' glowers the mate.

"All to oncet Cap'n and Hannibal and the crew hears a scream emanatin' from the pilot-house.

"'Thought I heard a woman holler,' stated Hannibal.

"'Yuh did,' Cap'n assures him.

"'Who was it?' demands the mate.

"'I guess,' reflects Cap'n, 'that that there voice emitted from Emmeline.'

"'Never,' argues Hannibal. 'She ain't got no feminine screech into her—not her.'

"'We'll see,' suggests Cap'n.

"All of a sudden the ship sort a jerks to port—then she jars to starboard—then back to port agin. Back and forth she shakes like she was a slipper in a puppy's mouth.

"'Gosh,' says Hannibal.

"'I agrees,' says Cap'n. 'Now ain't that there woman reemarkable? Ain't she? Who'd 'a' thought she had them there marked abilities for dissipatin' ong-wee? Now what d'yuh s'pose she's up to now?'

"'Gawd knows,' reemarks Hannibal, full of resignation.

"'We'll see,' repeats Cap'n.

"Scream after scream comes piercin' from the pilot-house, and Cap'n and the mate rushes forrurud. Wonderin' and brimmin' with curiosity, they peeks into the pilot-house.

"'Gosh,' says Hannibal.

"'Agin I agrees with yuh,' says Cap'n.



"HANNIBAL HE CEASES LABORIN' FOR A MINNIT"

"There was Emmeline a-climbin' up that there wheel like she thought it was a ladder. As fast as she steps onto a spoke down it goes, and she has to leap over to the other side of the wheel onto another spoke, which goes down likewise and immediate. Emmeline she weighs up at two hundred ten and some over. Over she plunges and down she goes. Plunge and down—plunge and down. This here exercise throws the wheel starboard and then port and so on, keepin' the vessel twitchin' back and forth like it had the St. Vitus's dance.

"'Help!' squeals Emmeline, terror-struck and plaintive.





"THERE WAS EMMELINE A-CLIMBIN' UP THAT THERE WHEEL LIKE SHE THOUGHT IT WAS A LADDER"

"Agin and agin she essays clamberin' up them spokes. Meantime she gazes at Cap'n and Hannibal with beseechin' eyes.

"Help! . . . help!" she yells.

"What's the matter?" Cap'n asks.

"Oh! . . . wow! . . . help!" screams Emmeline. "Look—there!" She takes a hand off'n the wheel long enough to p'int to the floor.

"Where?" asks Cap'n. Then he beholds a rat. It ain't no big man-stealin' rat, nor one of them ravenin' rats that breaks into pastures and carries off cattle—no sirree. This here rodent is a little rat—a skinny, hungry, homely rat. It's a weazened, pale, sickly, non-combatant rat—and it was scairt worse'n Emmeline.

"Save me," moans the lady.

"Maybe," hesitates Cap'n.

"Horrid brute," squeals Emmeline.

"Who be yuh?" asks Cap'n, smilin' and pleasant.

"Emmeline says nothin'.

"Who be yuh?" repeats the officer.

"Emmeline Peek," she moans.

"Is that all?" demands Cap'n. "What be yuh aboard this here vessel?"

"Emmeline wept.

"I'm the cook," she wails.

"Who be I?"

"Yuh're Cap'n Peek—my husband—and the master of this here ship." She states this prompt and hopeful.

"Is that there job of your'n permanent?"

"Y-a-as," mourns Emmeline.

"Yuh ain't goin' to have no more hanker-in' to be Cap'n?"

"O-oo-h! Take it away. No. . . . Never."

"Emmeline," Cap'n states, impressive, "yuh disappoint me. I thought yuh was a reemarkable woman, Emmeline. I s'posed yuh was goin' to prove a everlastin' cure for this here ong-wee—but yuh ain't. But yuh have give me a day of relief, and fer that I'll buy yuh a new silk dress in Duluth—but yuh're a sad disappointment, Emmeline."

"Almost weepin', Cap'n steps into the room, grabs the poor, sufferin' rat, and heaves it over the rail. Emmeline looks at him with admiration and affection shinin' from her eyes as she clambers down off'n the

wheel. Then she up and weeps onto his shoulder.

"Ho," says Cap'n Peek. "Ho. . . . hum. . . . h-a-a-wr!" he yawned. "Doggone that there ong-wee. She's a comin' onto me agin. Wimmin, they ain't the equal of men. Now a man would 'a' kept that there ong-wee off'n me a spell longer."

"Ahem!" coughs Hannibal.

"What is it?" asks Cap'n.

"D'yuh recall a while back?" asks the mate.

"I do so," responds Cap'n.

"I promised to lick yuh for them words and acts of your'n while I was engaged in sernbbin' deck."

"Yuh did," remembers Cap'n, and a smile of hope crosses his face.

"I'm a-gein' to do it," says Hannibal.

"A grin of joy breaks through the remains of Cap'n's grief.

"Hannibal," he cooes, "put it off till to-morrow, Hannibal. Do that there fer me, Hannibal—fer me, yer old friend and skipper. Lookin' forrud to that there chastisement will save me from a night of ong-wee and pervide me with a eventful future."

"I will do so," complies Hannibal.

"Which he done," finished Cap'n Horgin.



## His Definition

A SCHOOL-TEACHER, remembering that in her childhood she had for years thought that the equator was a brick wall extending around the earth, took pains to inform her pupils repeatedly that the equator was purely an imaginary line.

In giving an examination, she, in order to test their attentiveness and memory, asked them to describe the equator.

A boy in the class wrote, "The equator is a menagerie lion running around the earth."

## He Was Innocent

JOHNNY WILLIAMS had been "bad" again.

"Ah me, Johnny!" sighed his Sunday-school teacher, "I am afraid we shall never meet in heaven."

"What have you been doin'?" asked Johnny, with a grin.

## A New Charge

A YOUNG lawyer in a Southern town was appointed by the court to defend a negro culprit who was too poor to employ counsel. The ducky, on being interviewed at the jail by his attorney, insisted sullenly that he had not done anything deserving arrest.

"Oh, you know you've been up to some meanness, Sam. Speak out now and let's have the facts," urged the lawyer.

"Boss," said the prisoner, "I tell yer I ain't done nuthin'. They just put me in here for fragrancy."

## The Wrong Baby

ONE afternoon not long ago, in the vicinity of Druid Hill Park in Baltimore, there might have been seen a young man industriously pushing up and down a baby-carriage, intently reading a book the while.

"Henry! Henry!" called a young woman from the second story of a house opposite.

Henry heard not, but continued to push the baby-carriage and to read his book.

In about an hour the cries for "Henry" were repeated.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded, rather impatiently.

"Nothing, dear," was the irritating response, "except to inform you that you've been wheeling Harriet's doll all the afternoon. I think it's time for the baby to have a turn now."

## Insulted

THE teacher of a public school in a New England town was having her troubles with one pupil in the matter of a lesson concerning certain weights and measures.

"How many pints does a gallon contain?" she asked the boy.

"I forgit, mum," responded Tommy, gloomily.

"Try to think," suggested the teacher. "Surely you know. Now, your father," she added, taking what seemed an appropriate, concrete, practical example, "is a milkman. He sometimes sells a gallon of milk, doesn't he? Perhaps you can tell us how many pints of milk he puts in that gallon can?"

"It's all milk, mum!" was the indignant response of Tommy.



Too bad it's only a Dream



## The Real Question

LITTLE Bessie: "Mamma, how'll I know when I'm naughty?"

Mother: "Your conscience will tell you, dear."

Little Bessie: "I don't care about what it tells me—will it tell you?"

## An Interruption

FOUR-YEARS-OLD Marjorie was saying her prayers not long since, when her little brother came slyly behind her and pulled her hair. Without moving her head she paused and said:

"Lord, excuse me a minute while I kick Ralph."



Since Father was a little tot  
I'm sure things must have changed a lot  
Girls aren't so nice it seems to me  
As Father says they used to be



## Instinctive

A DARKY minister in a Southern town was much moved by the grief of a woman whose late husband had just been interred.

"My sister," came in solemn tones from the clergyman, "I knows dat dis is a great grief dat's overtaken yo'. All de same, though you is compelled to mourn de loss of dis one who was yo' companion an' partner in life, I consoles yo' wif de assurance dat dere is anudder who sympathizes wif yo' and who seeks to embrace yo' in de arms o' unfailin' love."

The widow looked up at him through her tears. "Who is he?" she finally asked.

## A Worthy Motive

HAROLD, aged nine, came home the other day in such state as to cause great perturbation in the household.

"Mercy!" exclaimed his mother. "How on earth, Harold, did you manage to get your clothes so frightfully torn?"

Harold assumed a virtuous air. "Tryin' to keep a little boy from bein' licked," he explained.

"That was fine of you, Harold!" was the enthusiastic response of the parent. "And who was the little boy?"

"Me."

## Anaesthetic

THERE is a lad of ten, living in a Pennsylvania town where the schoolmasters still employ the rod in order that the child may not be spoiled, who found himself liable to that form of chastisement at the hands of his teacher.

As the youngster approached the principal, the fierce aspect of the latter's countenance, together with the sight of the upraised cane, quite undid him and he began to blubber.

Then, innocently and doubtless with some vague recollection of a visit to the dentist, he stammered:

"Please, sir, may—may—I take gas?"

## Unexpected

AN Indiana woman had given a "hand-out" to an especially sad-looking tramp, who retired behind the house, there to enjoy the food.

In a few minutes he reappeared at the front of the house. "Where's your woodpile, lady?" he asked, to the astonishment of the woman, whose notion concerning a tramp's antipathy to such things coincided with the popular ideas on the subject.

"In the shed," she answered. "How nice of you to offer to split some wood!"

"I ain't goin' to split no wood, lady," the knight of the road said; "I want an axe to split this biscuit."





## At the Aquarium

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

**F**ISHES swimming in and out  
Till my eyes grow dizzy.  
What's the task that you're about,  
Keeping you so busy?

Are you meant, as people say,  
Just to throw a hook at—  
Or be brought from far away  
For us all to look at?

Dogs and horses know my words,  
Cats are warm and homey;  
Cows and mice and even birds  
Sometimes get to know me.

Yet you stare with not a wink,  
Seeming not to see me.  
Are there thoughts we both can think—  
Something strange and dreamy?

I may puzzle you as much!  
And I wonder whether  
When I see your noses touch  
You all talk together?

There's another world, it seems,  
That you drift and dart in,  
Full of ways and deeds and dreams  
I can have no part in.





### Very Inconsiderate

CUPID. "Why can't they settle it beside some cozy fire instead of out here in the cold?"

### Light Diet

AN old darky, sent to a hospital, upon his arrival was placed in a ward, and one of the nurses put a thermometer in his mouth to take his temperature.

When the house doctor made his rounds, he said:

"Well, my man, how do you feel?"

"I feels right tol'ble, suh."

"Have you had anything to eat yet?"

"Yessuh, I had a little."

"What did you have?"

"A lady done gimme a piece of glass ter suck, suh."

### The Eternal Feminine

QUEEN ELIZABETH, in a characteristic rage, had proclaimed the doom of the courtier. "Off with his head!"

The culprit courtier was heard to mutter something to himself.

"What said the caitiff?" demanded Elizabeth.

"May it please your Majesty," faltered one of the guards, "his words were: 'Pretty rough. It is becoming—'"

The Virgin Queen plumed herself; her eyes sought her mirror.

"Ha! Pretty ruff! Truly, the fellow hath good taste, and it were a pity— Let sentence be suspended. We have need of men of good judgment and sound discretion about us. I will hear further what he may have to say."

### Initiating Emily

CLUBS had taken possession of the feminine element in the school.

As the teacher left one afternoon she saw, seated on the lowest step, a group of small girls, each holding a cup and spoon, and each feeding a vinegarish-looking liquid to one of their number, whom the treatment had already rendered pallid and passive.

"Why, what on earth are you doing?" the astonished teacher demanded.

"Teacher, please, 'm," came the eager answer. "it's our club, and we're inauseating Emily!"

### An Unvisited Locality

I WISHT I was as big as men.  
To see the Town of After Ten:  
I've heard it is so bright and gay.  
It's almost like another day.  
But to my bed I'm packed off straight  
When that old clock strikes half past eight!  
It's awful hard to be a boy  
And never know the sort of joy  
That grown-up people must have when  
They're in the Town of After Ten.  
I'm sure I don't know what they do,  
For shops are closed, and churches too.  
Perhaps with burglars they go 'round.  
And do not dare to make a sound!  
Well, soon I'll be a man, and then  
I'll see the Town of After Ten!

CAROLYN WELLS.









*Painting by Howard Pyle*

Illustration for "The Wrecker"

I FOUND HIM AND HE WASN'T ALONE



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXX

MARCH, 1910

No. DCCXVIII

## New Shakespeare Discoveries\*

### SHAKESPEARE AS A MAN AMONG MEN

*The first complete and exclusive account of the finding of hitherto unknown documents which constitute the most important addition to our knowledge of Shakespeare's life which has been made in the past one hundred and fifty years*

BY CHARLES WILLIAM WALLACE, Ph.D.

Associate Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of Nebraska

DURING a portion of the years since 1886 I have given myself to the interpretation of Shakespeare's best plays before college classes. Since 1901, I have also engaged in a systematic search for new data touching Shakespeare, his contemporaries, their plays, and playhouses. Giants had preceded me, and to think of adding to their results was presumptuous. Yet if I revered their hypotheses, theories, and consequent conclusions the less, it was because I craved the truth the more. With confident hope, I set out to find the historical facts in some matters that had been unsure.

Fortunately, in all my work I have had no theme to maintain, no theory to defend, and no hypothesis to propose. My sole guide has been the simple desire to find the truth and to tell it as I find it, in plain and simple fashion, so that others may read it and profit by it. I hold myself bound by no conclusion which a new fact may change.

It is a high honor to any one to be able to contribute legitimately a single fact to the life of Shakespeare. After three centuries, and after the labors of many of

the keenest brains of the world, that distinction becomes valued in the degree in which it is earned. A chance result may be reached by any one. But a continued series of results ranging over a period of years is not attained at a single bound.

Once more through the ever-constant and devoted assistance of my wife, and as one of the results of our research through some million of documents, I have the honor to present Shakespeare as a man among men. He is here as unmythical as the face that speaks living language to you across the table or up out of the jostling street. He is as real and as human as you and I who answer with word or touch or look.

The records among which these documents lie belong to the Court of Requests and are preserved in the Public Record Office. I was led into them in following out numerous new clues. They have never been calendered or indexed, and were prepared by the officials for inspection upon my request. No one prior to our search had ever examined them in the course of three centuries.

"We were the first that ever burst  
Into that silent sea."

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They constitute a portion of the records that we have laboured through in the different archives of Europe since 1904.

I may say in passing that the Public Record Office at London is the great national archive of England. Here are preserved, in a great building stored from top to bottom, the chief records from Anglo-Saxon times to the present, perhaps the most remarkable and extensive series in the world. No one knows the number of documents except as roundly designated by "many millions." The few that we have gone through cover only the Shakespearian period. They consist mainly of skins, or parchments, and are of all sizes, from little strips an inch wide to great skins three feet wide and six feet long, or large rolls composed of parchments sewed end to end a hundred to three hundred feet in length. All are closely written in lines that run the entire width of the skin. Some are as fresh and beautiful as the day they were written. Others are crumpled, grimed, rotted at ends, mouldered to dust, or pressed into inseparable dried masses. We have examined many old bundles that were still done up in the original hemp ropes of three centuries ago, which were so rough and harsh to handle that the attendants frequently cut them off and substituted modern, smooth rope or heavy cord.

The records in the present case at court in which Shakespeare is involved are generally well preserved, except the set in which his deposition occurs, which is mouldered on the right-hand edge. They consist of several sets, and are scattered through various great bundles. One set is composed of Bill, Answer, Replication, and Rejoinder,—four skins fastened together, as is usual in such cases, with thongs through the upper left corner. Three sets of paper depositions in three separate places are likewise thonged, each to a skin of interrogatories. In another place are three lists of witnesses made by the court, and in still another is a note of peremptory summons to Shakespeare and other witnesses. Finally come the orders and decrees.

In all, there are twenty-six documents in the case. Nine mention Shakespeare by name, two refer to him merely, and one is his own deposition signed by his

hand. In the entire list his name occurs twenty-four times.

But the amount of information vouchsafed us is not in proportion to either the number of documents or the number of times mentioned. However, since Shakespeare is not one of the principals in the suit, we may well be grateful for what we get.

"Two families cannot live under one roof" is an old saying. Its exemplification in the case of John Hemings and his widowed daughter which I published last October, and now again in the case in hand, while unpleasant to the parties concerned, is yet gratifying to us; for out of these two family differences we are given some of the most important and some of the most interesting information that has reached us concerning Shakespeare. We deprecate family quarrels, and yet enjoy the spectacle of them at a distance, as, with true artistic appreciation, we likewise enjoy a conflagration. Those of the bonfire type attract us little, unless, as here, their spectral hands draw the tall tree or great house out of the night.

These are common folk, and their quarrel is trivial. But their little life and its sudden flare lights up the greatest figure of English dramatic art. So we may be allowed once more to say thanks to the hot blood of youth that rebels against exacting age.

The story is of the simplest and most ordinary sort, arising out of the life of the most ordinary people. Those who, as Tolstoi, charge Shakespeare with being an aristocrat devoid of sympathy with democratic ideals and having no community with common clay, may pause for a moment of enlightenment from the daily life of the Poet during those days when he was writing the very plays of supposed aristocratic unsympathy. That Shakespeare lived with a hard working family, shared in their daily life, and even lent his help with the hope of making two young people happy marks him as the world would gladly know him, an unpretentious, sympathetic, thoroughly human Man.

The family with which the great master-poet lived was named Mountjoy. They were French, possibly refugee Huguenots. The head of the house, "Christopher





THE PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE—THE GREAT NATIONAL ARCHIVE OF ENGLAND

Monioy," was born at Cressy, France, and took out his patent of denization in London May 27, 1607. He was now a fairly prosperous man engaged in the making of fashionable headdresses and wigs. In 1612 trouble with his son-in-law took him as defendant and Shakespeare as witness into court. There the history of the preceding ten or twelve years is recounted.

In 1598 Humphrey Fludd, who about four years previously had married a Madame Bellott in France, persuaded Mountjoy to take his step-son, Stephen Bellott, who had already been boarding there a year, as apprentice to learn the trade of tire-making. It seems that Fludd and his wife were to find the boy his clothing, and Mountjoy was to provide his linen and keep. House and shop were in one building, and Stephen lived with the family. The young man proved an apt pupil and did his work with such skill and good will that he won first the approbation, then the affection of his

master. Apparently the master forgot about the promise of friends to find the boy clothes, for he not only did it himself but was well content with his apprentice and liked him much, gaining, it seems, greatly increased profits in his business through the young man's skill and diligence.

Young Stephen loved his work. But there was also an added inspiration that gave skill to the hand and zest to labor. Side by side with him labored also another, Mary, the modest maiden of the household, only child of the master. The two grew in skill; and when at the end of the sixth year Stephen had finished his apprenticeship and done his finishing piece or master-work that proved him worthy of graduation to self-mastership, the daughter too had been made perfect in the same trade. The father declared he had made her perfect in that art. But we, watching Stephen and Mary from day to day at their work for six years, see and understand better than he.



And Mary liked Stephen well, yet held her secret guarded save from her mother and father only. But Stephen now having finished his apprenticeship longed for the world, and wished to travel into Spain. He needed additional funds, and Mountjoy was good enough to provide him with six pounds for the journey, which, however, Stephen later declares ungently he did not do.

Near the close of 1604, Stephen, after a short time in Spain, returned to the house and shop that had been home to him for six years. It was a question what the young man should do, now that he was his own master. Stephen seems not to have seen the way with perfect clearness, or did not have the courage to put his vision into words. But Mary's mother understood. If her wisdom did not embrace the race of man, it did at least comprehend the case before her. Her philosophy was very simple and very practical. Shakespeare was then living in the Mountjoy home, and went among them from day to day. His nature and capabilities appealed to her, and she ventured to ask him to act as intermediary in a matter where native modesty and delicacy on the one hand and awesome faintheartedness common to man on the other forbade speech.

One day Madame Mountjoy laid the case before Shakespeare, and asked his good offices in making two hearts happy. It was also a matter of good practical business. These two young people were skilled in the same trade, and if all should go well they might prosper together. Madame Mountjoy told Shakespeare that if he could bring the young man to make a proposal of marriage, a dower fitting to their station should be settled upon them at marriage. This was the fair sum of fifty pounds in money of that time, or approximately £400 (nearly \$2,000) in money of to-day.

Shakespeare's traditional reputation for gentleness of spirit and good will and winning disposition is here exemplified in the first actual instance that had reached us. If he was not greatly proud of the outcome of his intermediation he was at least gracious enough to take the office and do his best. Had his materials to work with been on a nobler height, the results of efforts to make life sweeter

for them and the world might have stood as a monument more splendid. But who shall deny him honor for stooping lowlier to his work?

Shakespeare himself knew the family well, and was on terms of intimacy with them. He knew young Stephen also as an honorable, honest, capable young fellow in his trade. Why should not these two wed? And why should not he, after the manner of his country and time, act as intermediary in bringing them together? I recently met a contemporary case where even the son interceded similarly for his father at Stratford-on-Avon.

So the greatest poet of all the world, moved by the simple impulse of humanity that is the key to all he ever wrote, did the wished-for service among these simple-hearted, single-passioned folk. He went to Stephen and told him that if he would make the offer of marriage there was good hope that Mary would accept and the old folks be willing, even to the extent of giving with the daughter a dower of £50 on the day of marriage. This was quite agreeable to Stephen. So he and the members of the family had several conferences, doubtless with pleasing anticipations on all hands, concerning the marriage. Shakespeare was present at some of these conferences, according to his own testimony. All details were satisfactorily arranged, and the marriage was solemnized, as the parish register of St. Olave, Silver Street, shows, November 19, 1604.

Here Shakespeare's part in the affair should properly have ended. But events so shaped themselves by unfortunate conditions that seven and a half years later he was required by peremptory summons to come into court and tell his share in the marriage and in fixing the dower.

After the marriage, it was agreed that Stephen and Mary should live in the paternal home, in return for which, Mountjoy says, and Bellott denies, they were to work in the shop for two years. Then they were to receive £50. But before the end of the first year Bellott refused to remain longer. Just what happened is not told. But it seems that Bellott saw a better opening. At any rate, he removed to the parish of St. Sepulchre's where he and his wife had a chamber in the house or inn of George





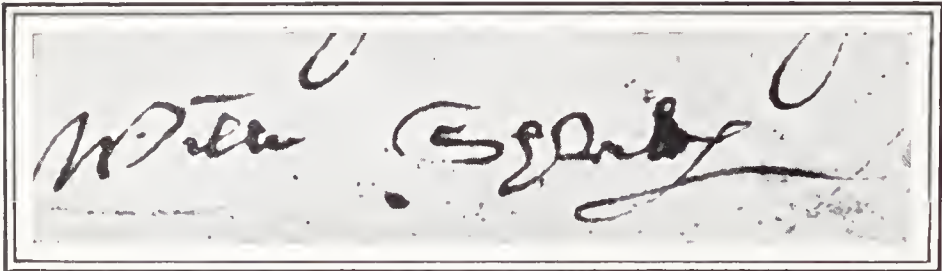


The son-in-law, in his replication, denies that Mountjoy gave him six pounds for the journey into Spain, and declares the father got of him forty shillings which he has never paid back.

But the one great grievance is in refer-

himself ill-used, went into the Court of Requests, a branch of equity, to secure fulfilment of promises that he claims were made.

Our interest in this unpublished little London drama arises wholly out of Shakespeare's share in it. The question of chief concern to the parties involved and to the court was, what promises of dower did Shakespeare as intermediary make? In order to determine, witnesses were summoned, chief of whom was Shakespeare himself. The case was acrimonious, and twelve depositions were

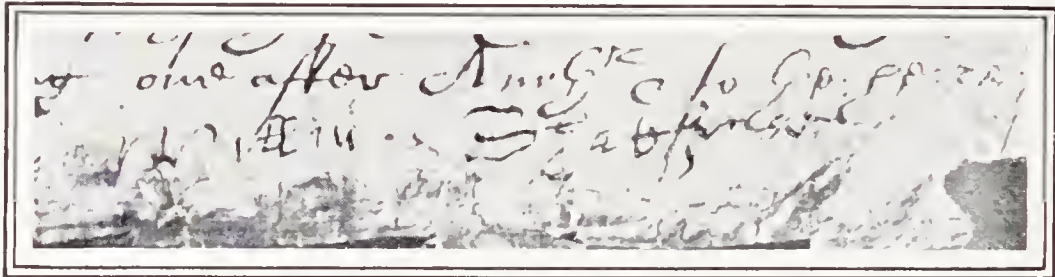


THE NEW SHAKESPEARE SIGNATURE  
Attached to deposition shown on preceding page

ence to the dower and a promised inheritance. Bellott claims he was to have a dower of sixty pounds, and besides, at the death of the father, he was to receive a legacy of £200, equal to about £1,600 (nearly \$8,000) in money of to-day. He declares the father has never yet paid the dower, and besides, since the mother's death, has become reckless and wasteful in spending his money, and has declared he will leave Bellott and his wife not a groat when he dies.

Mountjoy, however, says he did, when they first left his house, give Bellott and his wife ten pounds in ready money, besides household furniture and utensils for their trade to the value of twenty pounds, and that he never promised to leave them £200 at his death, for he could

taken. There should have been thirteen, but for some reason Shakespeare seems not to have been summoned to answer the second set of questions prepared for him. These rather voluminous depo-



SIGNATURE TO SECOND SHEET OF SHAKESPEARE'S WILL  
From the original preserved at Somerset House

sitions constitute the source of the present new information.

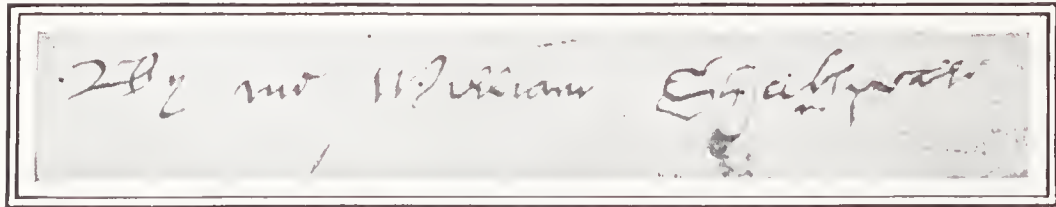
Hearing of the cause was set for Easter term, 1612. May 7th the court issued "A compulsory to William Shakespeare gent and others ad testificandum inter Stephanum Bellot querentem et Christoferum Mountjoy deft," and labeled it returnable immediately. Four days later Shakespeare and two other witnesses were examined in court in behalf of Bellott on the following set of interrogatories.

(All signs of contractions are expanded into italics.)

not tell yet how the Lord would by that time bless him with worldly goods.

In this state of mind it was impossible for the two to agree. So Bellott, feeling

Interrogatories to bee mynistred to Wittnesses to bee produced on the parte and

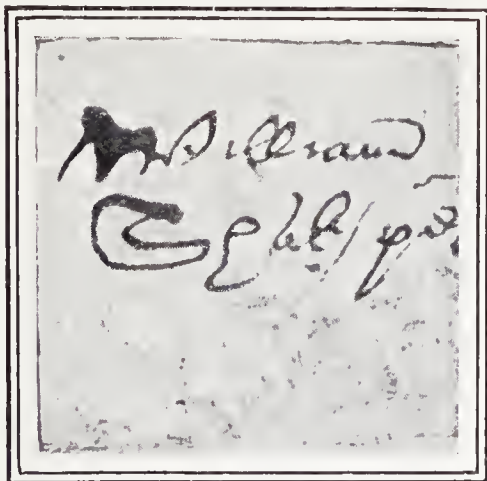


SIGNATURE TO LAST SHEET OF WILL  
The signature is preceded by the words "By me"



behalf of Stephen Belott Complainant against Christopher Mountioye Defendant.

1. Imprimis whether doe you knowe the parties plaintiff and defendant and howe longe haue you knowne them and either of them.
2. Jtem whether did you knowe the Complainant when he was servant wth the said defendant howe and in what sort did he behaue himselfe in the service of the said defendant and whether did not the said defendant Confesse that hee had got great profitt and Comodytie by the service of the said Complainant.
3. Jtem whether did not the said defendant sceme to beare great good will and affecone towards the said Complainant during the time of his said service and what report did he then giue of the said Complainant touching his said service and whether did not the said defendant make a mocon vnto the said Complainant of marriage wth the said Mary in the Bill menconed being the said defendantes sole Child and daughter and willingly offer to performe the same yf the said Complainant should seeme to be content and well lyke thereof. and whether did not hee lykewise send anie person or noe to perswade the said Complainant to the same. declare the truthe of yor knowledg herin.
4. Jtem what some or somes of moneye did the said defendant promise to giue the said Complainant for a porcon in marriage wth the said Marye his daughter whether the some of threscore poundes or



THE GUILDHALL SIGNATURE

On the purchase-deed of the Blackfriars house

what other somme as you knowe or haue hard and when was the same to bee paid whether at the daie of Marriage of the said Complainant and the said

Marye or whath other tyme and what further porcon did the said defendant promise to giue vnto the said Complainant wth the said Marye at the tyme of his decease whether the some twoe



SIGNATURE ON MORTGAGE DEED

For the purchase of a house in Blackfriars

hundred poundes or what other somes and whether vppon the said perswacones and promisses of the said defendant did not the said Complainant shortly after marrye wth her the said Marye declare the truthe herin as you knowe verylie beleeeve or haue Credyibly hard.

- 5./ Item what parcells of goodes or household stuffe did the defendant promise to geue vnto the Complainant in Mariadge wth his said wiefe And what parcells of goodes did he geue him in Marriage wth his said wyffe. did he not geue them these parcells (vizt.) One ould ffether-bed, one ould ffether bolster. A flocke bolster, a thine greene Rugg, two ordinarie blanchettes woven, two paire sheetes. A dozine of napkines of Course Dyaper, twoe short table Clothes, six short Towelles & one longe one, An ould drawinge table, two ould Joyned stooles, one Wainscott Cubberd, one Twistinge wheele of woode, twoe paire of litle Seyssers, one ould Truncke



and a like ould Truncke./ One Bobbine box: And what doe youe thinke in yor Conseyence all these said parcelles might be woorthe at the tyme when they weare diliuered by the defend-auntes appoyntment vnto the plaintiffes declare the truthe heerein at lardge./

These questions are all strongly *ex parte querentis*. In such cases the complainant always, in both bill and interrogatories, makes the defendant appear hardhearted or even villainous, and his own abused condition as most pitiable. We may depend upon it that, if the goods mentioned in the last interrogatory were not rich and elegant, they are at least made to appear as poor and beggarly as possible. Mountjoy and Bellott were both more prosperous than here suggested.

The three depositions in answer to these interrogatories I quote here in full. From the other nine, only a few extracts need now be given.

After the general heading and date, the examiner's clerk records the evidence of Joan Johnson as follows:

Depositiones Captæ apud Westmonasterium vndecimo die maij Ann<sup>o</sup> Regni Jacobi Regis Angliæ &c. decimo et Scotiæ xlv<sup>to</sup> ex parte Stephanei Bellott querentis versus Christopherum Mountioye defendentem.

Johane Johnsone the wyffe of Thomas Johnson of the parishe of Elinge in the Countye of Middlesex Basketmaker of the Age of flortye yeres or thorabouts sworne and examyned the daye and yere abonesaid deposeth and say[th].

1/ To the first Interrogatory this deponent sayth she knoweth the plaintiff and [hath] knowne him about Eight yeres./ and the defendant about Eight yeres./

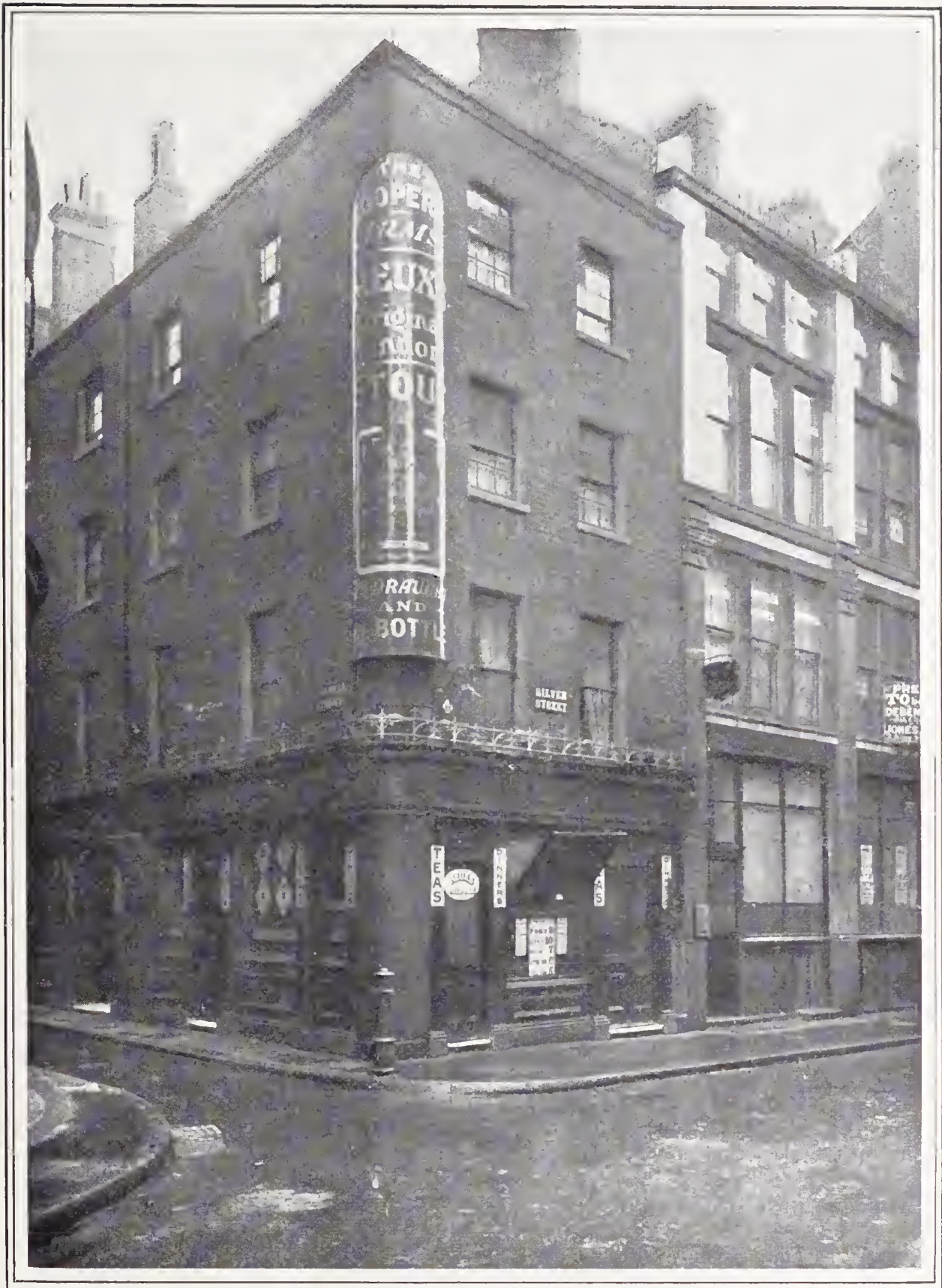
2/ To the seconde Interrogatory this deponent sayth shee did knowe the plaintiff when he served the defendant. And sayth he behaved him selfe well and in good sorte when he served the defendant for shee was servant to the defendant at that tyme./ but shee never herd the defendant confesse and saye that he had greate proffitt and Comoddytie by the plaintiffes service./ And more shee cannot depose.

3/ To the thirde Interrogatory this de-



AMBROSE NICHOLAS' ALMSHOUSE  
At north end of Monkwell Street





WHERE SHAKESPEARE LIVED WITH THE MOUNTJOYS

The corner of Silver and Monkwell streets now occupied by a public house and inn

ponent sayth that the defendant semmed to beare greate good will and affection towards the *plaintiff* when he served him, geuinge him reporte to be A verrey good servaunte for pl[ ] his service./ But that the defendant moved the *plaintiff* to Marrye wth his daughter Marye she knoweth not./ But sayth that there was a shewe of goodwill betweene the *plaintiff* and *defendants* daughter Marye wch the *defendants* wyffe did geue Comntenance vnto and thinke well of./ And as shee Remembreth the defendant did send and perswade one Mr Shakespeare that laye in the house to perswade the *plaintiff* to

the same Marriadge./ And more shee cannott depose.

4/ To the iijth *Interrogatory* this deponent sayth shee never herd her [Mr] the defendant proffer the *plaintiff* any some of money in Marriadge [wth] his daughter Marye. but yt was Reported in the house that the *plaintiff* was to hane wth her in marriadge the some of ffyfte poundes. but what tyme of payment was therof appoynted or agreed vppon shee knoweth not, nor of any promise of any other or further porcon to be payed the *plaintiff* eyther at the tyme of marriadge betweene them, or at the tyme of the *defendants* deceas[e]



but [that] they after married together./ And more shee eannott [depose.]

- 5/ To the v<sup>th</sup> *Interrogatory* this deponent sayth shee knoweth not what parcelles of goodes and houshold stuffe the defendant promised to geue vnto the plaintiff in marriadge w<sup>th</sup> his wyffe./ But sayth the defendant gaue in marriadge w<sup>th</sup> her to the defendant [sie!] the seuerall pareells [of] goodes in the *Interrogatory* meneioned./ but the value of them she eertaynlie knoweth not, but thinketh they were woorth some Eight poundes./ or thereaboutes./ And more shee cannot depose./

X [Her mark].

The next witness, Daniel Nicholas, a near neighbor, son of Ambrose Nicholas former Lord Mayor, surprises us by reporting familiarly that "Shakespeare told him" so and so. He seems even intimate with him. What he says does not so much matter. We are glad mainly that we are somewhere in Shakespeare's neighborhood and have met some one that knows him. So we listen with a good deal of interest as Nicholas gives his testimony, which the clerk records in the following words:

Danyell Nyeholas of the parishe of Set: Olphadge w<sup>th</sup>in Criplegate London gent of the Age of flyfitye twoe yeres or theraboutes sworne and examyned the daye and yere aboue said deposeth and sayth

- 1/ To the ffirste *Interrogatory* this deponent sayth he hath knowne the plaintiff about twenty yeres and defendant about twelue yeres
- 2/ To the seeonde *Interrogatory* this deponent sayth he knewe the plaintiff servaunte vnto the defendant who behaved him selfe verry well in the defendant's serviee for any thinge he ever herd to the contrary And hath herd that the defendant profitted well by the plaintiff's serviee w<sup>th</sup> him. And more he Cannott depose./
- 3 To the thirde *Interrogatory* this deponent sayth he herd one W<sup>m</sup>: Shakespeare saye that the defendant did beare A good opinnion of the plaintiff and affected him well when he served him. And did move the plaintiff by him the said Shakespeare to haue [a] marriadge betweene his daughter Marye Mountioye [and] the plaintiff. And for that purpose sent him the said Sh[akespeare] to the plaintiff to perswade the plain-

tiff to the same, as Shakespere tould him this deponent w<sup>ch</sup> was effected and Solempnized vppon promise of a poreion w<sup>th</sup> her./ And more he eannott depose./

- 4 To the iiij<sup>th</sup> *Interrogatory* this deponent sayth that the plaintiff did Requeste him this deponent to goe w<sup>th</sup> his wyffe to Shakespe[are] to vnderstande the truthe howe muche and what the defendant did promise [to] bestowe on his daughter in marriadge w<sup>th</sup> him the plaintiff, who did soe./ And askinge Shakespeare therof, he Answered that he promised yf the plaintiff would marrye <sup>h</sup> Marye his the defendant's onlye daughter, he the defendant would by his promise as he Remembered geue the plaintiff w<sup>th</sup> her in marriadge about the some of flyfitye poundes in money and Certayne Houshold stuffe./ And more he eannott depose touching the said *Interrogatory* to his Rememberaunce for he remembereth not any daye sett downe for payment of the poreion or delinerye of the houshold Stuffe. but only that he would geue her soe much at the tyme of her marriadge./

- 5/ To the v<sup>th</sup> *Interrogatory* this deponent Can saye nothinge more then he hath alreddye depose./

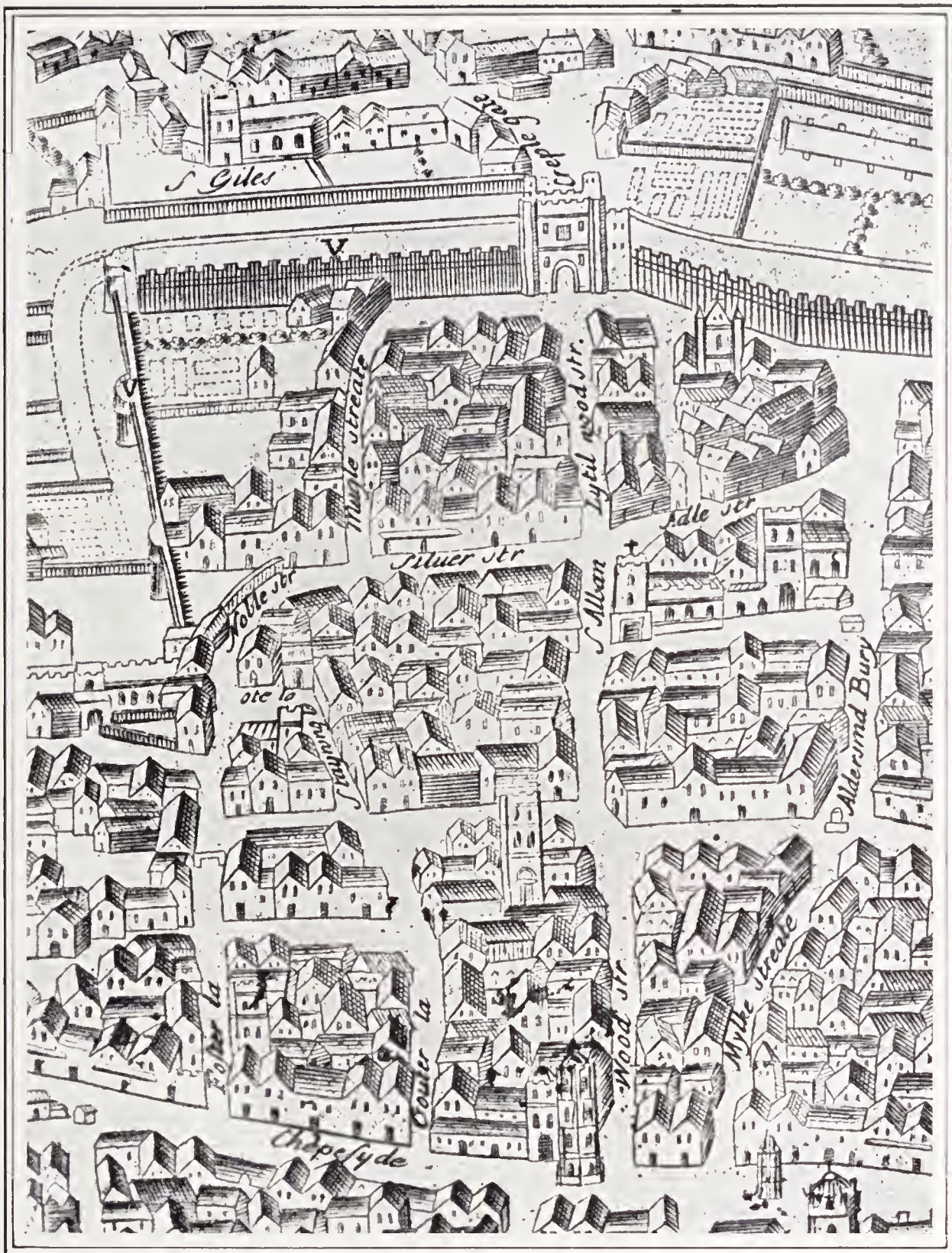
Daniell Nicholas

Shakespeare was the third witness examined. Although, forsooth, the matter of his statements is of no high literary quality and the manner is lacking in imagination and style, as the Rev. Joseph Green in 1747 complained of the will, we feel none the less as we hear him talk that we have for the first time met Shakespeare in the flesh and that the acquaintance is good. His signed deposition is here presented in facsimile. But as the writing may seem difficult to read, it is reproduced also in modern type as follows:

William Shakespeare of Stratford vpon Aven in the Countye of Warwieke gentleman of the Age of xlvij yeres or thereaboutes sworne and examined the daye and yere abouesaid deposethe and sayethe

- 1 To the first *Interrogatory* this deponent sayethe he Knowethe the parties plaintiff and deffendant and hath know[ne] them bothe as he now remembrethe for the space of tenne yeres or thereaboutes./
- 2 To the second *Interrogatory* this deponent sayeth he did know the com-





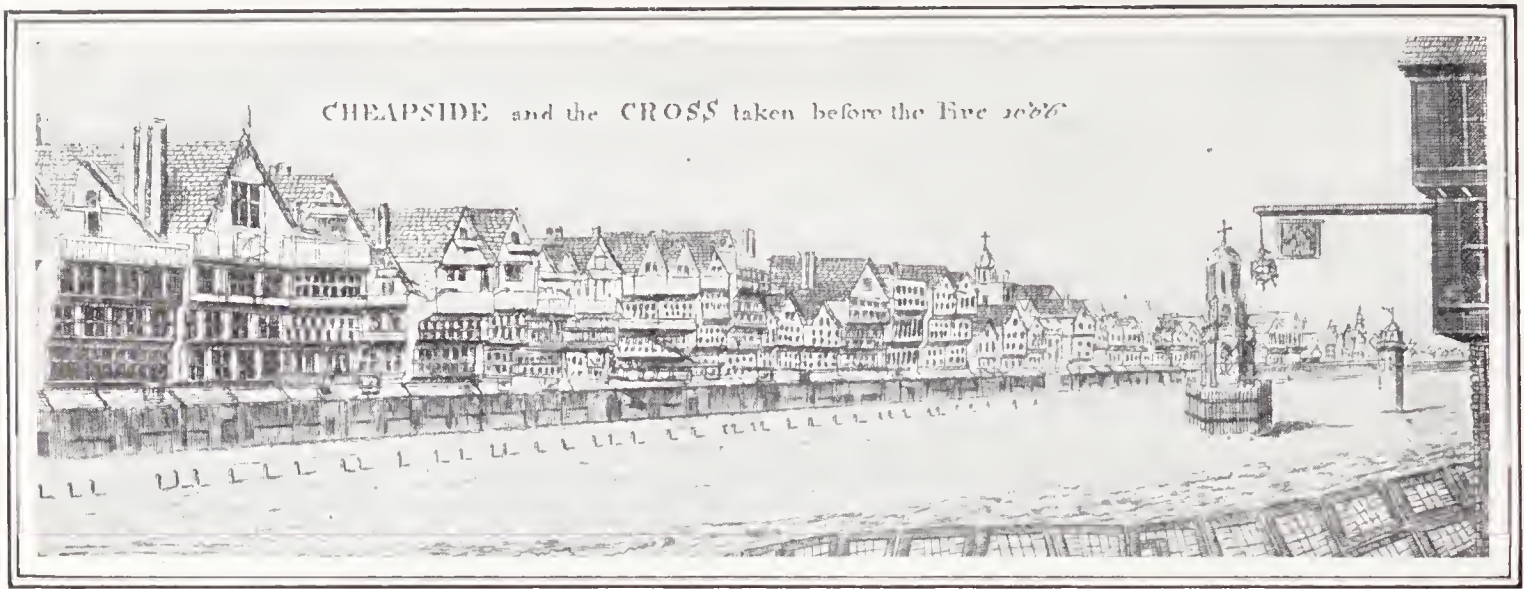
AGGAS' MAP, 1560

Showing the streets and houses in Shakespeare's neighborhood

plainant when he was servant wth the deffendant, and that duringe the tyme of his the complainantes service wth the said deffendant he the said Complainant to this deponentes knowledge did well and honestly behaue himselfe, but to this deponentes remembrance he hath not heard the deffendant confesse that he had gott any great proffitt and comodytie by the service of the said complainant, but this deponent saithe he verely thinckethe that the said complainant, was A very good and industrious servant in the said service And more he canott depose to the said Interrogatory: /

3/ To the third Interrogatory this deponent sayethe that it did evydentlye appeare that the said deffendant did all the tyme of the said Complainantes service wth him beare and shew great good will and affeccion towards the said complainant, and that he hathe hard the deffendant and his wyefe diuerse and sundry tymes saye and reporte that the said complainant was a very honest fellowe: And this deponent sayethe that the said deffendant did make a mocion vnto the complainant of marriadge wth the said Mary in the bill mencioned being the said deffend-





#### OLD HOUSES IN CHEAPSIDE

Where Shakespeare daily crossed on his way to the Globe Theatre

*antes* sole child and daughter and willingly offered to performe the same yf the said Complainant shold seeme to be content and well like thereof: And further this deponent sayeth that the said *deffendantes* wyeffe did sollicit and entreat this deponent to mone and perswade the said Complainant to effect the said Marriadge and accordingly this deponent did mone and perswade the Complainant thervnto: And more to this Interrogatorye he cannott depose:/

4/ To the ffourth Interrogatory this deponent sayth that the defendant promised to geve the said Complainant a poreion in Marriadg[e] wth Marye his daughter./ but what certayne poreion he Rememberithe not./ nor when to be payed, nor knoweth that the defendant promised the plaintiff twoe hundreded poundes wth his daughter Marye at the tyme of his decease./ But sayth that the plaintiff was dwellinge wth the defendant in his house And they had Amongeste themselves manye Conferences about there Marriadge wch [afterwards] was Consumated and solemnized. And more he cann[ott] depose./

5/ To the vth Interrogatory this deponent sayth he can saye noth[inge] touchinge any parte or poynte of the same Interrogatory for he knoweth not what *Implem<sup>tes</sup>* and necessities of household stuffe the defendant gane the plaintiff in Marriadge wth his daughter Marye./

Willm Shaks

Let us for the present pass this interesting deposition and follow out the course of the suit to the end, then return and survey the field.

On the 15th of May, four days after the examination of these witnesses, the court ordered that the depositions be published on the second day of the next term of court. But on June 15th of that term another order was made for the further examination of witnesses on both sides on the next Saturday, with hearing postponed to the last Saturday of the term. On the 19th six neighbors were examined as witnesses for Bellott, and on the 23rd three for Mountjoy.

In Bellott's set of interrogatories the name of William Shakespeare is written in the margin against the fourth question, which asks new details concerning the dower promised, the talk had with Mountjoy, etc. Similarly against the fifth question, on the value of the household goods, is written the name George Wilkins, and against the third, the name Humphrey Fludd.

From the nature and length of the fourth question and the answers to it that others make, it seems that Bellott intended Shakespeare this time to be his star witness. But his attorney, either because Shakespeare could add nothing new or was away, seems to have changed his mind before the day of examination, for the records show no summons issued to him, and his name does not appear in the court's list of witnesses for Bellott on that day. It is a pity to be deprived of that deposition and at least one more signature.

Other witnesses, however, answer to the fourth question and respectfully report what "Mr. William Shakespeare"



had said to them or in their presence, Daniel Nycholas is again summoned and testifies.

To the iiiij<sup>th</sup> Interrogatory this deponent sayth that the defendant did never send him this deponent vnto the Complainant to make mocion of Marriadge betwixte the Complainant and the said Marye Mountioye beinge the defendantes sole daughter and Childe but Mr William Shakespeare tould him this deponent that the defendant sent him the said Mr Shakespeare to the plaintiff about suche A marriadge to be hadd betweene them, And Shakespeare tould this deponent that the defendant tould him that yf the plaintiff would Marrye the said Marye his daughter he would geue hime the plaintiff A some of money wth her for A poreion in Marriadge wth her./ And that yf he the plaintiff did not marry wth her the said Marye and shee wth the plaintiff shee should never coste him the defendant her flather A groat. wherevppon And in Regard Mr Shakespeare hadd tould them that they should haue A some of money for A poreion from the father they weare made sner by Mr Shakespeare by geuinge there Consent, and agreed to Marrye, [*geuinge cache others hand to the hande* (stricken out in the original)] And did Marrye./ But what some yt was that Mr [*Shake* (stricken out in the original)] Mountioye promised to geue them he the said Mr Shakespeare could not remember, but said yt was ffyfte poundes or or theraboutes to his beste Remembraunce./ And as he Rememberith Mr Shakespeare said he promised to geue them A poreion of his goodes: but what, or to what valewe

he Rememberithe not/ And more he Cannott depose./

Even young William Eaton, an apprentice now to Bellott, had the privilege of knowing Shakespeare and has heard him and Bellott talk over the question of dower, probably in the shop.

To the iiiij<sup>th</sup> Interrogatory this deponent sayth he hath herd one Mr Shakspeare saye that he was sent by the defendant to the plaintiff to move the plaintiff to haue a marriadge betweene them the plaintiff and the defendantes daughter Marye Mountioye, And herd Mr Shakespeare saye that he was wished by the defendant to make proffer of A certayne some that the defendant said he would geue the plaintiff wth his daughter Marye Mountioye in Marriadge, but he had forgott the some./

Here young Eaton was just on the point of repeating something Shakespeare said. He began with "And mr Shake-



LEAK'S MAP, 1666

The Mountjoy house was situated at the corner of Mungwell and Silver streets



speare tould the *plaintiff*." But unfortunately he was not allowed to go on with hearsay evidence. The clerk drew a line through this beginning of a new statement, and the witness finished with "more he cannott depose touchinge the same *Interrogatory*./"

Nothing new is added concerning Shakespeare in the other depositions.

George Wilkins, of the parish of St. Sepulchres, victualer, of the age of thirty-six, testifies that Bellott and wife, after leaving their father's in 1605,

"came to dwell in this deponmentes house in one of his Chambers. And brought wth them A fewe goodes or houshold stuffe wch by Reporte the defendant her father gaue them, ffor wch this deponent would not haue geuen Aboue fflyve poundes yf he had bene to haue bought the same./"

The testimony of the other witnesses concerns the differences of the parties, attempts at settlement, value of property, etc. The only other matter of Shakespearean interest is the establishment of the fact that Mountjoy, with whom Shakespeare lived, is fairly well-to-do, and Bellott, if he should die any day, would leave his wife in better state than when he married her. Mountjoy has a good business and two houses, one of them double, from which he derives a good income. The houses alone net him about £17 to £20 a year besides his own rent and the rent from a "Sojourner" with him. Shortly before 1612 he had taken new leases on them for an additional period of thirty-one years.

On June 30th the court issued an unusual order, referring the whole matter at variance to the French church of London, and making the decision there the final decree of the court.

With the new evidence on Shakespeare before us, we may now look at its significance more in detail, beginning with the hand-writing of the signed deposition.

It will be observed from the photographic reproduction that the deposition is written in two different hands. The first wrote to the fourth answer, the second wrote answers 4 and 5. The original shows the ink down to 4 as some-

what brown, while 4 and 5 are rather black. The hand and the ink in 4 and 5 are also the same as throughout the other two depositions of the set.

The question at once arises to the layman on reading the deposition whether Shakespeare wrote the whole or any part of it besides his signature. To a paleographer or to any one familiar with the proceedings of the examiners, there is no question in the matter at all. But lest Shakespeare be charged with being even a worse scribe than many believe, we may stop to note the facts.

The practice of the court is sufficient to settle the question. In Chancery, for example, which is illustrative of other courts, the witness was examined upon a set of interrogatories presented seriatim by one of the regular examiners. By an order of 13 Charles II (1661), following out long established practices, the examiner is "not to permit him to read over, or hear read any other interrogatories, until that in hand be finished; much less is he to suffer the deponent to have the interrogatories, and pen his own depositions." That this practice was all but universally followed I find to be true. Out of many thousand depositions of different courts in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I that we have gone through, I recall but two written in the witness's own hand.

As the examiner presents the interrogatories to the witness, his clerk, sworn "to write down the depositions of the witness truly and indifferently without partiality," records the answer. This is generally in the third person, but occasionally you find the exact words quoted in the first person. When a witness was examined in court, as in the present case, he was required to "perfect and subscribe" his deposition before leaving the room.

So, although the hand-writing of the answers is not Shakespeare's, the declarations themselves and the rapid, abbreviated signature are.

Just why another clerk took up the pen when Shakespeare came on the stand, and why the original clerk resumed his duties in the midst of the testimony, we have no means of knowing. It is at least a most unusual thing to find two hands in one deposition. It should



be noted also that the first hand is more rapid and nervous than the second, inclined to slur letters together. It is more difficult to read than the writing of some of the clerks, but is a fair average. The chirographic difficulties it presents, however, are slight in comparison with those of the running reports or minutes of the clerk of the court who took, sometimes in abbreviated longhand, a hasty abstract of the judge's orders or decrees as they were pronounced. Some of these the best of paleographers simply have to dream out.

It is said by Shakespeare's enemies that he was an *ignoramus* who could not write his name legibly. The fault, however, lies not in him, but in themselves. Familiarity with contemporary script would reverse the conclusion.

Modern European scripts may broadly be designated as Roman and Gothic. The Gothic, like the northern character that expresses itself in rough, unrounded corners, tall, aspiring steeples, and sharp initiative, is highly angular. The Roman, smooth, graceful, gliding, insinuating, is the classic expression of gentle environment and long culture. The Gothic was for centuries used by the Germans, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Dutch, and English. The Roman was used in southern and western Europe. With the spread of the New Learning, the Gothic forms began to be displaced by the Roman, old angles were classicized to round turns. To-day most European nations and their offspring use the Roman script. The modern German still preserves the chief characteristics of the Gothic.

English script of Shakespeare's time much resembles the modern German. Consequently those familiar with only our present-day Roman writing are likely to think that Shakespeare and all others who employed the modified Gothic wrote illegibly, or "ignorantly."

It has sometimes been said that Shakespeare wrote in this hand because he was not an educated man. Few men of the time, whether ignorant or educated, habitually used any other style of writing. The secretarial hand was sometimes affected, and occasionally you find contemporaries who always wrote the Roman. But to one of those, you will

find many that employed the Gothic, such as you see in Shakespeare's signatures and in the two clerks' hands shown in the deposition. These are fairly typical. And Shakespeare wrote that hand well. It is not too much to say, and it is no detracting of either, that the hand that he and his contemporaries wrote was generally less rapid, clearer, and more legible than that of the average modern university graduate.

I present here the only authentic specimens of Shakespeare's hand-writing specially photographed for this article from the originals. Arranged in chronological order they are (1) the signature to the deposition in the Bellott-Mountjoy suit, 11 May, 1612; (2) signature to the purchase-deed of a house in the Blackfriars, 10 March, 1613; (3) signature to the mortgage-deed of the same, 11 March, 1613; (4), (5), two of the three signatures on the three separate sheets of the will, March 25, 1616.

The will is in the Principal Probate Registry, Somerset House, London. The first to record having seen it was the Rev. Joseph Green, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in 1747. It was first printed in *Biographia Britannia*, 1763. Both purchase-deed and mortgage-deed were found among the title deeds of the Rev. Mr. Fetherstonhaugh, of Oxted, county Surrey, by Mr. Albany Wallis, a solicitor, in 1768, and first printed by Edmond Malone, 1790, 1821. The signed deposition was found by the present writer in the Public Record Office.

The purchase-deed was finally bought at auction by the Corporation of the City of London in 1841 for £141, which was denounced at the time as "a most wasteful and prodigal expenditure." The Mortgage-deed was bought by the British Museum. Both are priceless now and attract visitors from all parts of the world. The same is true of the will. I shall ask the Master of the Rolls to preserve the signed deposition under glass in the Museum Room of the Public Record Office, where it will hereafter vie with the Domesday-Book as a historical relic beyond thought of price.

One other signature deserves to be added to the list. It is the abbreviated "W<sup>m</sup>. Sh<sup>e</sup>." in a copy of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* now owned by the Bodleian





BARBER-SURGEON'S HALL, MONKWELL STREET  
Nearly opposite Shakespeare's place of residence

Library. On the cover-page fronting the signature is the statement, "This little Booke of Ovid was given to me by W Hall who sayd it was once Will: Shaksperes T N 1682". Various suggestions have been made as to who this W. Hall was, but I do not recall having seen the most probable one named. He was doubtless the Wm. Hall who in 1694 wrote Edward Thwaits, of Queen's College, Oxford, an interesting letter concerning a visit paid to Shakespeare's grave. This letter, of biographical interest, was not published till 1884.

The recipient's memorandum of presentation in 1682 is unanimously agreed to be genuine. It has been questioned whether some of the numerous forgers, seeing that, had not forged Shakespeare's signature to fit the notice. But all paleographers who have examined it declare it genuine. The only difficulty that remained was the fact that no known authentic signature by Shakespeare was abbreviated. The present documents furnish one. This, added to previous evidence, makes the proof of genuineness conclusive. Shakespeare undoubtedly used this well-worn copy of the *Meta-*

*morphoses* and wrote his name in it, as others have pointed out, some time near the close of his life. The Bodleian Library may well be justified in guarding this little book as a thing precious.

In 1838 a copy of John Florio's Translation of *Montaigne's Essays* (1603) was purchased by the British Museum for £120 at auction, merely on the conviction of Sir Frederick Madden and others that the name "William Shakespeare" on the fly-leaf was a genuine signature. But it is still an open question.

Numerous forgeries of the name, often on the fly-leaf of some old book, are known.

So great is the desire to have one least word from the lips or one slightest stroke from the pen of William Shakespeare!

From certain assessments against a William Shakespeare of St. Helen's Bishopsgate, London, reported in the Lay Subsidy Rolls of 1597 and 1598, it has been thought that the poet lived in that parish. I have examined the original records and can only say that the evidence does not yet admit a final conclusion. It is indicated by the Great Roll of the Pipe that this William



Shakespeare removed to the county of Sussex. If that is so, the case is settled that he was not the poet. But until investigations for additional data have been completed, the question must remain open.

Malone over a hundred years ago set going the suggestion, on the basis of his inference, that Shakespeare lived in Southwark in 1596. But Malone also inferred, quite erroneously, that the Globe was then already built, and he hoped to find Shakespeare near it. I fear he erred here also. There is ample evidence, of a negative sort, that Shakespeare never had residence in Southwark.—But that is another story. We have now to present where he did reside.

Depositions in the present case enable us to locate the exact house where Shakespeare lived during his great days in London. It was the dwelling of Christopher Mountjoy, a French Huguenot.

Witnesses agree that Mountjoy had two houses, one where he dwelt, and one in Brainford. His brother says, "he hath but the lease of twoe houses one lease of the house wherein he dwelleth devided into twoe tenements and A lease of a house in Brainforde." The location of this divided or double dwelling is told by another witness thus: "the defendant hath a house in Muggle Streete and in Silver Streete London and another at Branforde." Since Mountjoy had but two houses and one of them was at Brainford, the other, his divided dwelling, was "a house in Muggle streete and in Silver Streete,"—that is, on the corner. There were but two corners here, as a glance at the map will show. But Mugwell street was the dividing line between Farringdon ward on the west and Cripplegate ward on the east, in which Mountjoy's house was situated. Hence the house where Shakespeare lived occupied the east corner. Other documents show Neville's Inn was on the west or Farringdon corner of Mugwell and Silver streets.

The present records, while not giving limits of dates, enable us to arrive at certain conclusions from the facts presented as to the period of residence.

Let us start with a fixed date.

Shakespeare lived in Mountjoy's house in 1604. This is told us by Joan

Johnson, servant there, who speaks of him as "one Mr. Shakespeare that lay in the house" at the time of the proposal of marriage. That is, according to this common contemporary use of the word "lie," he had lodgings there, dwelt there, lived there.

Upon his own testimony, Shakespeare lived at Mountjoy's also during all the time of Bellott's apprenticeship, that is, six years, from 1598 to 1604, and had known the family about thirteen years, instead of about ten years, as he says. The statements of witnesses as to how long they have known the parties are general, often inexact, not intended to be bindingly accurate, and therefore always followed by "or thereabouts." Shakespeare is no exception to the rest of humanity in missing here by two or three years the length of acquaintance. Bellott even misses by over two years the length of time he has been married. He says it was five years ago. But the parish registers show it to be seven and a half. Mountjoy makes a similar error.

Shakespeare does not use the expression "he hath heard," employed in cases of hearsay evidence. He speaks from personal knowledge and says to the second interrogatory that "he did know the complainant *when he was servant with the defendant, and that duringe the tyme of his the complainants service with the said defendant he the said complainant to this deponents knowledge did well and honestly behave himself.*" Furthermore, from his observations, "he verily thinketh that the said complainant was a very good and industrious servant in the said service." In his third answer he informs us that to him as a personal observer, "*it did evidently appear that the said defendant did all the tyme of the said complainants service with him beare and shew great good will and affeccion towards the said complainant and that he hath heard the defendant and his wife divers and sundry times say and report that the said complainant was a very honest fellow.*" This sworn declaration he could not have made except on the basis of an intimate household acquaintance covering "all the tyme" of six years in question. But there is no hint in these documents as to his residence prior to 1598. Nor do the parish reg-



isters nor the Subsidy Rolls help us here farther than already indicated.

How long Shakespeare continued to live in Silver Street after 1604 is uncertain. He was there at least during preparations for the marriage, for in his fourth answer he shows an intimate knowledge of the family conferences over the coming event. There is no reason to suppose he changed his residence. Hemings and Condell, his dearest friends, lived in St. Mary, Aldermanbury, the former for thirty-two years, the latter for twenty-nine years, and they were not more than three or four minutes distant from Silver Street.

Moreover, one witness in 1612 says that Mountjoy still has a "Sojourner in his house with him." This word "sojourner" I find used several times in the parish registers, apparently to indicate a sub-tenant in the house with the lessee. The person meant may have been Shakespeare, who was now in London only a part of his time as such a sojourner, and in Stratford the rest of the time.

It is at least the most probable to our thinking that Shakespeare retained his lodgings at Mountjoy's—just as men do now—while out of town. This was his workshop. Why should he abandon it? We do not know what his last play was nor when he wrote it, nor when, if at all before his death, he ceased to write. We have some evidence that he wrote less in his last days, was in London often, and in Stratford often. But it is hardly conceivable that such a mind, at its best working period, could suddenly break both nature and long practice and cease literary activity wholly. We must leave the question open, ready to hail the first new knowledge on it.

The evidence at hand makes it certain at least that here at the corner of Muggell and Silver streets Shakespeare was living when he wrote some of his greatest plays,—*Henry V*, *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Macbeth*, *Measure for Measure*, *Othello*. And it is most likely that he wrote his subsequent plays here.

The house that Shakespeare lived in was burned down in the great fire of 1666. The map by Aggas, made about

1560, may give a general but certainly no accurate conception of its appearance. The old brick building that now occupies the same corner is known as No. 13 Silver street and No. 1 Monkwell street. It is owned by New College, Oxford University, and leased to The United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, by whom it is sub-let to the proprietors of "Coopers Arms," a public-house and inn.

This old place is now, I find, peopled with strange traditions. If it is not put to its best use, I shudder to think of the new Shakespeare "traditions" that are sure to swarm in it both from the heavens above and the sealed well beneath that even now holds its haunting plague-dead insecurely.

We have laid before the Warden and Fellows of New College a suggestion to be evolved into definite plans for establishing on this corner a Shakespeare memorial that will fittingly commemorate the great dramatist's work here. I ask that the literary world join me not only in the wish, but in ways and means of accomplishment.

The region Shakespeare chose for residence was one of the most ancient and substantial. Silver street and Monkwell street of to-day occupy the same lines as in Norman and Anglo-Saxon days. The history of "Mukewellestrate," later Mugel, Muggle, Muggwell, and now Monkwell street can be traced from that time to the present. Addle (originally Athel) street at the east end of Silver street derives its name from the ancient palace of King Athelstan that stood here.

At the north end of Muggle street in Shakespeare's day was Ambrose Nicholas's Alms House, and Lamb's Chapel, the Clothworker's building. In the same street almost opposite his place of residence was Barber-Surgeon's Hall, in which hung then one of Holbein's most famous paintings, containing nineteen life-sized figures,—King Henry VIII granting a new charter to the Barber-Surgeons. This picture Shakespeare must have looked upon often, and one of its characters, Dr. Butts, he has immortalized in the play of *Henry VIII*.

Silver street and the region about it was a well-to-do neighborhood, and



Mountjoy could not have lived here if he had not been fairly prosperous. John Stowe in his contemporary *Survey of London* (1603) says, "Downe lower in Woodstreete is Silver streete, (I thinke of silver smithes dwelling there) in which bee diuers fayre houses." Ben Jonson, a near neighbor, confirms Stowe in *The Staple of News* by designating it as "Silver street, the region of money, a good seat for an usurer." The houses, including Shakespeare's corner, are inaccurately and unprepossessingly shown in Aggas's map already mentioned.

It is evident, also, that Mountjoy's success at tyremaking gave Silver street a local fame for fancy hair-dresses, for Jonson makes a character in *The Silent Woman* (about 1609) say, "All her teeth were made in the Blackfriars; both her eyebrows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver street."

Neither the parish registers nor the Lay Subsidy Rolls give occupations of residents in St. Olaves, Silver street, although they do of adjoining parishes. It is most likely that people of all professions lived here, as, for example in St. Giles, where we find goldsmith, brewer, schoolmaster, weaver, grocer, baker, dyer, physician, gentleman, mason, printer, minstrel, button-maker, vintner, carpenter, chandler, glover, shoemaker, picture-maker, cooper, butcher, innholder, draper, haberdasher, silk-weaver, saddler, tailor, painter stainer, fletcher, etc.

St. Olave's, Silver street, was a very small, narrow parish, as were most of those about it. Just to the north was St. Giles, Cripplegate, where lived Ben Jonson, Nathaniel Field, Thomas Dekker, Anthony Munday, William Johnsson, the actor, and other congenial spirits. To the east and south lived, besides other acquaintances, John Hemings and Henry Condell, Shakespeare's dearest friends, his associates in the Globe and Blackfriars, and the first editors of his plays, 1623.

It was the natural thing for Shakespeare to choose residence near his friends. But why did he prefer to live in the house of a foreigner, a Frenchman?

London, especially to the south and east, had a large foreign population.

Here, as also in Southwark, lived many Italians, Frenchmen, and Dutchmen, and apparently, from records I have met, most of the seamen and sailors that frequented the Mediterranean ports, from whom Shakespeare must have heard many a tale of Italy and the East that served as prototypes of scenes in some of his plays. The parishes in the immediate neighborhood of St. Olave's also had many foreigners. But in the Lay Subsidy Rolls of 1599, only two aliens, Mountjoy and one other, are assessed in St. Olave's, Silver Street, and in 1600, Mountjoy alone. To be sure, only a portion of the population was ever assessed. Choice of residence with a foreign family when so few were there is significant.

Read *Henry V* again, and you will understand the reason better than a brief word here may tell. As you read, you see him, now in the midst of the family, now with some member of it, exchanging lessons in French and English, which serve as prototypes for the charming efforts of Katherine and Alice and Henry. How many a time have Madame Mountjoy and he and Mary and Stephen and the host and their French company laughed over similar efforts of themselves at English and of him at French! We see him learning the foreign tongue, as men do yet, most readily from the fairer sex, and we feel some confidence that, while writing the play, he was eager, as men still are, to use the new tongue in the days of its first novelty. This is confirmatory of the documents in fixing the beginning of his residence there in 1598, when he wrote *Henry V*. He also honors his host by raising him in the play to the dignity of a French Herald under his own name of Montjoy. It was here too in this house that he must have read the Belleforest version of the story he made over into the great play of *Hamlet*, as also other French works.

Shakespeare's intimate relation with this French family gives a cosmopolitan aspect to his character and personal predilections that makes the abundant evidence of it in his plays seem fresh and new. This intimacy and this inclination to take on new experiences in life explain better how he acquired such



wide knowledge of foreign characters, particularly Italian and French. A nature so constituted and in such environment would easily acquire enough of French to make a Katherine and a Henry speak charmingly the familiar language of love with foreign accent, or romantically translate to English the living Romeo and Juliet, recently arrived from Italy, as they steal forbidden bliss from some ordinary London balcony on a moonlit evening.

Whether Shakespeare was Catholic or Protestant makes no difference to his lovers of either faith. But I foresee that the question is certain to rise again as a result of the present documents, for Shakespeare lived here with a French family, probably Huguenot refugees, and certainly, according to the decree of the court, attached to the French Protestant church of London. I leave the question to ecclesiastics and laymen alike who love him for the broad catholicity of his views and the enduring protestantism of his ideals against all things that lack the divine touch of simple human love.

By reference to a map of London you will see that the Globe theatre, situated on the south side of the Thames just between the Bankside and Maiden Lane, was almost directly south of Silver Street. You can see Shakespeare start out from Silver Street for the theatre. Sometimes he stops on the way for Hemings and Condell. A brisk walk of ten minutes, with lively talk, down Wood Street past the old city prison called the Counter, across Cheapside near where the Cheapside Cross stood, then through Bread Street past the Mermaid tavern takes them to the river, where a waterman ferries them across. Many an evening after the play they stop on their return at the Mermaid and foregather with such genial friends as Jonson, Chapman, Dekker, Beaumont, Fletcher. Then sparkle wine and wit together. Beaumont gives us the after-taste of such congenial meetings in a letter to Jonson thus:

“What things have we seen  
Done at the Mermaid? heard words that have  
been  
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,  
As if that every one from whence they  
came

Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,  
And had resolved to live a fool the rest  
Of his dull life.”

At Shakespeare's death, 1616, John Milton was eight years old. It has long been a pleasing fancy of lovers of these two that Shakespeare may have seen and caressed the precocious lad many a time. The fancy now takes on something of tangibleness. Milton was born and reared in Bread Street, Cheapside. By reference to the map and the route just described you will see that Shakespeare, on his occasional way in later years to the Globe, as he went along Bread Street passed the house where the handsome face of the future great poet, Milton, must have drawn out his quick responsive sympathies. And it comes, not with the sense of myth or fancy, but with the sense of right to a boyhood vision kept, only enhanced by later communion, that, fourteen years afterwards, Milton calls him “my Shakespeare,” and in *L'Allegro*, with thought of happiest things, “Sweetest Shakespeare.” Milton's remains now repose in St. Giles Church, Cripplegate, just north of the old London wall that separated that parish from the parish where Shakespeare dwelt.

The fact that two dramatists, Shakespeare and George Wilkins, are associated as witnesses in this case is highly suggestive. Wilkins is known chiefly as the author of *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, a mediocre play, acted at the Globe prior to 1607. The Globe had previously accepted plays from only two other outside poets,—Ben Jonson and Thomas Dekker,—both known as Shakespeare's friends and both, we know now for the first time, his near neighbors, who lived less than five minutes distant, just north of the old Roman Wall in St. Giles, Cripplegate. The presentation of Wilkins's play was, therefore, an unusual distinction, and is most likely accounted for, as tradition relates in case of Jonson's *Every Man in His Humor*, on the basis of Shakespeare's personal influence.

Wilkins lived to the west of Shakespeare, in St. Sepulchre's, and conducted an inn there, as these documents inform us. He was intimate with other poets, and collaborated with Day and Rowley. His inn therefore may have been a



familiar rendezvous. When young Bellott and wife left the paternal Mountjoy residence where Shakespeare was living, they went over to Wilkins's place and occupied a chamber there. May not Shakespeare still have had some interest in the fate of the two he had been the means of uniting? It would be interesting if these documents could but tell us whether this natural sympathy may perchance have brought about the acquaintance with Wilkins.

But more interesting in this new light is the relation of Shakespeare and Wilkins in later dramatic composition. Most modern critics now agree that they collaborated in producing *Timon of Athens* and *Pericles*, two plays commonly credited to Shakespeare. This conclusion was first reached by the famous German scholar, Nicholaus Delius, in *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1867. Others have since attempted to determine exactly the parts written by each.

I must for the present pass the critical discussion, and refer the reader to the excellent histories of English dramatic literature. I may add simply that the major portion of each play seems the work of Wilkins. We have known nothing about Wilkins personally before, but I think that more than one reader with a livelier critical interest in these plays may be able to smell the victualler, not only in the expression and dramaturgy, but also in the choice of theme. It was most generous of Shakespeare to lend assistance to this ambitious host by making parts over for him, and to aid him in the presentation.

When Hemings and Condell issued the famous first folio of Shakespeare's works in 1623, they probably knew better than we do why they did not include *Pericles*. They probably knew also the amount Shakespeare contributed to *Timon of Athens* that, on the other hand, justified their inclusion of that play.

If Shakespeare had really not been Shakespeare, had been a myth, a mere pen-name of some one else, it would be difficult to explain how he and Wilkins were both interested in this suit in behalf of young Bellott, and how the same he and Wilkins also wrote two plays together.

When last autumn I published an estimate of the value of the Latin court-records in the Ostler-Hemings suit, I took into account the importance of the chief documents here presented, as well as of others to follow. Those, I regarded as the most valuable because of their permanent contribution to a knowledge of Shakespeare's theatrical relations; these, as the most interesting because of the signature and the glimpse of personal humanity afforded. That judgment was cool and deliberate, made not only after weighing, in all their relations, every document and every tradition bearing on Shakespeare, but after the new theatrical evidence had been in my hands more than two years. Scholars whose judgments are most worth in things Shakespearean more than sustain me. While there are grounds for confidence as to the place all these records will be given by my successors in Shakespearean biography, I foresee that the Bellott-Mountjoy documents on account of strange fanaticisms of mere opinion, mere belief or disbelief in Shakespeare, may for a time be thrust into prominence as of the greater value, until the mists that enshroud Shakespeare's life have cleared and the ghosts of both factions are finally laid. If we knew as much about Shakespeare as we do about Milton, for example, these documents would be mainly highly interesting and "curious." But we do not.

The mystery that surrounds the personality of Shakespeare is, after all, made up largely of our own ignorance, much of which is inherited from dead books of large pretensions, but most of which is the result of our own perverse inclination to sit and fiddle in the dark rather than walk in the sun. The truth is, we have more documentary evidence about Shakespeare than about any other dramatist of his time. Prior to the researches of myself and my wife, there were just thirty-five contemporary documents bearing his name, besides the references of contemporaries, entries of plays for publication, title pages, &c. There is also a mass of documentary evidence on his family, neighbors, associate actors, fellow-dramatists, and the theatres, more or less contributive to his biography. Tireless workers have as-



sembled these, most of whom, as, notably, Edmond Malone and J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, have been eager to help us to exact knowledge. But despite their noble efforts, we still love the lotus-dream.

Those who have apotheosized Shakespeare are first at fault. They failed to find him as a man, to read him as wholly a man speaking to men, in every fibre human. The antipodal fanaticism of utter disbelief and denial of even his existence is but a legitimate revulsion, which, however, once started, must burn itself out. Fire-engines are useless. There needs a deluge.

The matter of these documents is of no high order, the quarrel is trivial, the life lived is but common. Yet it is life; and the simplest incidents or the commonest incidents in the lives of great men appeal to the critical acumen of the scholar and the curious appetite of the public. No smallest fact in the life of Shakespeare may pass without challenging our sympathy and intelligence in understanding the man and his works. This bit of new knowledge gives us a glimpse of Shakespeare in his quiet, great days in London. But it does more. We have long ago heard him as poet speak from the printed page and the buskined stage, and have read his dedicatory words to Southampton. Here, how slight soever it may be, we have the first personal utterance that has ever reached us from Shakespeare's lips as he spoke among his fellow men. And here, too, is his name, written by his hand. All this gratifies our love.

Moreover, to many people Shakespeare is but a name, to some he is a god, to others a myth, to a few, human. But in these depositions he takes before us all

the new and more difficult rôle of a Man in the play of Everyday Life. We hear him talk, see him walk, and are allowed to sit with him, to go with him on the street, to join company with him among neighbors and friends. He is, finally, the Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, gentleman, of the age of forty-eight years in 1612, the Shakespeare of London, in Silver Street, and the Shakespeare joined with his friend Wilkins in *Timon of Athens* and *Pericles*, all in one. And we know this same one as the Shakespeare of the King's Men that acted those plays at the Globe, the Shakespeare that owned shares in the Globe and Blackfriars, and the Shakespeare of Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, King Lear.

In a word, these documents give us a new signature of Shakespeare, permit us for the first time to hear him talk and see him act, locate his London residence, reveal the life and environment in which he lived, enable us better to understand his knowledge of foreign places, peoples, and languages, suggest in a new way his religious toleration, associate him in London life with a collaborating dramatist, make us know him as unmythical, living, real, confirm him as being the author of the plays that bear his name, and make us feel in it all his personal presence.

It has sometimes been said that a man's last will and testament best expresses his character. Does it? Do we not rather know a man best from the simple act, look, or speech of daily life when the consciousness is unaware?

If the documents be slight and their matter trivial, they have at least lifted the veil for a moment and shown us a man among men, whom we call poet and seer and know as friend.





# “My Beloved Son”

BY EMERY POTTLE

“MY goodness, Melitta, it’s half past ten! There comes the doctor from the post-office. You’d better hurry up or there won’t be any dinner in this house to-day.” Mrs. Elliot cried this vigorously to her “hired girl” as she stood, in her short starched print gown of light blue, her white stockings and her low prunella shoes, commandingly over Melitta, who was morosely scrubbing the long flag walk about the Elliot house.

“It’s a pity he couldn’t be late once in a dog’s age,” muttered Melitta, swashing the water with fresh impetus.

“Well, he never is, and you know it,” retorted Mrs. Elliot, “and all Fisherville knows it. I don’t know as he’s missed a morning since he gave up his practice, not excepting blizzards.”

The dwellers on Main Street had for ten years told the time of day by the methodical march and retreat of Doctor Lloyd to and from the post-office. The fine old erect figure, unbent by its weight of seventy years, the stiff, straight crop of iron-gray hair, the big, fiercely bristling gray mustache, the heavy, commonplace features, and the gentle, affectionate blue eyes reflecting the simple heart of a child, had become as much a part of Fisherville as was Hatch Hill or the Old Square. Mrs. Elliot avowed a frank opinion that he was more of a saint than the minister, according to her notion of saints. And when he gave up his active practice at sixty to give a chance to young Jimmie Randall, the town protested lamentably, and for a long time refused to take on young Jimmie save for whooping-cough or heat rash.

Doctor Lloyd, catching sight of Mrs. Elliot, waved excitedly at her the open letter in his hand. His eyes were beatifically smiling, and his hale gruff voice, toned by the storms and suns of country living, rang triumphantly.

“Good morning, Maria! Good news! The boy is coming!”

“Morning, doctor. You don’t say so! David is coming, is he? Well, for the land’s sake, isn’t that nice! This morning? That his letter?”

“Just got it. It’s from Paris. See there—the mark—Paris. And he’s coming—let me see again what it says.” Doctor Lloyd fumbled impatiently at his eye-glasses till he finally got them astride his nose. “Why, Maria, he’s on the ocean *now*!”

“For mercy sake, doctor! On the ocean? Ain’t it awful to think of—being on that old ocean? You’d better ask the minister to pray to-night in prayer-meeting for them that go down to the sea in ships. He did for ’Liza Perry’s husband, I remember, and he was sick as a dog all the way, but he got there safe. Well, I’m just as glad as I can be for you, doctor. I know just how you feel, having the boy back. I know how *I* feel when *my* boys come home—and they ain’t none of them ever been off so far. And David is a good boy. I always loved David.”

“Yes, David is a good boy,” answered Doctor Lloyd, his eyes misty with anticipation. “David is a good boy. . . . Let’s see, Maria, this is Wednesday. I shouldn’t wonder if he’d get here maybe Saturday night—in time for church Sunday. Dear, dear, dear! I’ve looked all through the paper and I don’t see anything about any storms at sea. I guess the good Lord will bring my boy back to me safe and sound. I guess He wouldn’t deny an old man like me that reward.”

“He won’t deny you anything, Christopher,” said Mrs. Elliot, with a quick burst of affection. “Don’t you fret. You’ve served Him well and long. And you’ve done well by David, too. I hope he’ll do well by you. He owes it to you.”

The doctor laughed deprecatingly.



"Tut, tut, Maria! Only a father's duty. They ain't none of us any better than we should be. If we ever get inside the pearly gates, I shouldn't wonder if the angels will be as astonished as we will be."

"I don't expect we'll be any more astonished to get in than some folks I know will be to find themselves outside," retorted Mrs. Elliot. "It's eighteen months or more since David left, isn't it?"

"Twenty. He hasn't really lived home, as you may say, since he was sixteen and went away to school and college. I hope now we can keep him with us."

"What'll David do when he gets back home? Go into business or what?"

Doctor Lloyd pushed back his big straw hat from his forehead and wiped his brow. He hesitated in his reply, staring thoughtfully at the crisp sheet of foreign letter-paper in his hand. "Well, Maria, he's going to do . . . just what he wants to do. That's about all I can say. I've kind of an idea that David will want to go into Hiram Levitt's office and study law. He ain't got a medicinal mind, to put it that way. My father was a lawyer, and so it's sort of in the blood. But I'm not a man to force a boy into anything he don't feel divinely called into. It shall be as David wishes. When he gets home and gets rested we'll talk it over."

Mrs. Elliot nodded absently. After a moment she said, with a quizzical glance, "I guess Annie will be glad, too, to know David's coming back."

"Maria," answered the doctor, gravely, "the Lord never made a sweeter girl than your Annie. If in the course of things my boy should—well, you know, if he should sort of—"

"Now, Christopher, I won't have you robbing me of my only daughter. She's—"

"Mother," called a pretty voice from an upper window, "I can't get these white curtains to stay up. What ought I to do?"

"Annie Elliot, you leave those curtains alone till I get there. No one can do that but me," cried her mother, in housewifely alarm.

"Annie!" shouted Doctor Lloyd.

"Good morning, doctor. What is it?"

"David's coming!"

"David! Is he? . . . How nice for you! . . . I'm so glad."

"Only for me?"

Annie laughed and withdrew her pretty, blushing face from the window. The doctor and Mrs. Elliot laughed too.

"You can't be young but once," said he.

"And I can't grow old standing with you at this gate. Good morning, doctor. I'm so glad David's coming. Good morning."

"I can't somehow believe it's really true, Maria, that the boy is coming home to us," smiled Doctor Lloyd. He went on down the street, his blue eyes alight and a fresher vigor in his stride. To every one he met he called out happily: "My son's coming! My son's coming."

The evening train on the "Branch," as Fisherville called its railroad, labored distressingly up the final grade toward its haven. Its absurd efforts were all out of harmony with the mild September twilight overshadowing the peaceful, shut-in valley. Its braggart whistle was as futile as Goliath roaring to the timid Israelites. In spite of the melancholy which encroached like a sea on the wall of his spirit—a wall he vainly tried to keep firm—David Lloyd smiled at the incongruity of their entrance into the gentle, inoffensive village. He drew the parallel in his own mind and hoped Fisherville would not suspect him of any such boisterous return to his birthplace. It was not likely. Fisherville was not subtle.

David was the only passenger in his car. The windows were all open to let in the cool of the day, and from his own he leaned out to look at the thousand familiar landmarks they were joggingly passing. It was like reading a journal of his childhood and his youth. The white, innocent village sheltering itself beneath the round masses of maple trees spread out before him as the train achieved the level. He knew his father was pacing the warped platform of the station . . . waiting for him. His father. The best man in the whole world for him, and the best father. David's heart contracted with a sudden sharp emotion of love and understanding and pity for his father who was waiting for him. Yet





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

"GOOD NEWS! THE BOY IS COMING!"







through it all, underneath it all, in and out, ran the unrestrainable melancholy and regret—regret at coming home—which encroached on the wall of his spirit.

Whatever were David Lloyd's remarkable qualities—and they were not extraordinary in comparison with the remarkable qualities of youths in general—his life, at least until the time he was graduated from Harvard, was quite unremarkable. Until sixteen he had lived more or less like the rest of Fisherville's boys, an existence simple, frugal, honest, tolerably happy. Its variation from the uninteresting rule lay in the fact that he liked to read. It was a taste he had from his father, who devoured books with as much haste and gusto as his food. David liked to read and he liked to imagine. This latter trait was from his dead mother. The doctor had none of it. Indeed, when the boy read Shakespeare at fourteen and described to his father later what, according to his notion, the places and people looked like, even drew diagrams of the stage, based on the appearance of the Fisherville Opera House, the doctor marvelled and decided that his boy was a genius.

Perhaps it was this lurking idea that induced Doctor Lloyd to send David, when he was sixteen, to the nearest big town to partake of the educational advantages which were lacking at home. David went cheerfully, submitting without question to hardships necessary to come within his meagrest of allowances. After two years of it, one of his masters wrote to the doctor, told him of the good record the boy had made, and suggested that he should be sent to college. The doctor pondered anxiously, looked long and thoughtfully at his slim bank-book. When David came home, as usual on Friday night, he showed him the letter. "Do you want to go, David?" he asked, abruptly. "If I could, I'd like it," the boy answered, simply. "All right. You can, I guess." So David spent the days of his summer vacation as a laborer on a farm at a dollar and a half a day; the doctor sold his wood-lot, borrowed a sum from the bank, and put the amount to his son's credit. "There it is, Dave," he said. "I can't give you any more, much as I'd like to. It's yours to use as

you like, and no questions asked. Be wise, my boy. And *never* get in debt." . . . And David, with the gratest heart in the world, entered Harvard and held to his father's advice.

There were few men in Harvard who ever heard of David Lloyd. Five hundred dollars a year in that institution, with a disposition to wisdom and prudence, does not offer sumptuous means of displaying oneself. The few friends he made liked him—it was difficult not to like David once one knew him. He acquitted himself decently in his courses and attracted the attention of the professor who gave a course of lectures on dramatic art. In his Junior year he fell in with Jean Bonvouloir, a boy with a French father, dead, and an American mother in Paris. For some unimportant reason they became the closest of friends, the shy, lonely, mature Frenchman and the shy, lonely, immature American. At the end of the four years Bonvouloir asked David to come home with him to Paris for a year. A letter, too, came from the young man's mother begging David—of whom she had heard so much—to come abroad with her son and travel with him on the Continent. Bonvouloir, who had more money than he could spend, refused to hear David's protestations of poverty. "If I ask you to come, of course it is I who shall think of that side of it, *mon ami*," he cried, in a rage.

David wrote to his father and set the case before him. "You've been a good boy," wrote the doctor, "and I am satisfied. I am not a man to put myself under obligations to any one, but if you feel that this is the thing you want to do, why, do it, my son, and God bless you. It is a good thing to have friends and a better one to keep them . . ."

And as David had gone to Harvard, so, after grave thought and grave hesitation, he went to Europe. Now to-day, after nearly two years of absence, two years in which a change infinitely greater than he guessed had been wrought in his spirit, so ready, so calling for that change, David Lloyd was returning to Fisherville by the evening train.

Something like dismay overwhelmed him as the train gave its last scream and the brakes began to crunch down on the wheels. Mechanically he collected



his luggage. They rattled up to the hideous, clapboarded, chrome-yellow station. Through the open window David saw his father waiting, with such a welcome in his yearning eyes that his son forgot all else in his desire to seize the hands stretched out to him.

A fortnight after David Lloyd's return to Fisherville he was sitting with his father under the grape-arbor. It was evening, with an air warm and fragrant. From within the house came the sounds of old Hannah washing up the supper dishes. The two smoked their pipes in meditative silence. The doctor was steeped in contentment; it floated from him as the smoke from his tobacco. It seemed to him that in these last days the tide of his life, which he had thought was ebbing, had suddenly risen in splendid flood. That morning the minister had preached from the text, "My beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." The doctor half unconsciously was repeating in his mind the phrase as he sat with David.

"This is pretty good, isn't it, Dave?" said his father, gently.

The boy nodded assent and smiled.

"The minister preached a good sermon to-day."

"First rate."

"How pretty little Annie Elliot was in that white dress and hat with the pink things!"

"Yes—Annie is a pretty girl."

"And a nice girl as ever lived."

"All of that."

"She'll make some man a fine wife."

"No question of it, father."

The doctor lapsed into a benign silence, which he broke himself later with, "Got any notions about the future, boy?"

David pulled himself up in his chair and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "I wanted to speak about that, sir."

"Well, go ahead. Let's hear your ideas. Has this long journey of yours put anything new into your head that has sort of given you a line on what you want to do?"

The young man hesitated. "Well—I'm not sure that it has started anything new, but it has certainly helped to fix an idea I've been fussing over in my head for a good while."

"It's a good thing to get your bearings young. What is the idea?"

"I want to be a playwright. To write plays," said David, abruptly. "That's about the size of it."

"Write *what*?"

"Plays—for the stage."

"Plays—for *play-actors*?"

"Yes."

The doctor smoked on silently for a long time. "You've got no hankering for the law, then?" he finally said.

"I'm afraid not, sir."

"Hmn!" Then presently: "Want to try to compete with Shakespeare? Is that it?"

David laughed. "No—nothing like that, dad."

"My boy, is this thing the thing you *want to do* above everything else? Have you thought well? I don't know anything about plays or playwrights. They haven't come into my horizon. What I've heard, seems to me, wasn't much to their credit. But I'm an old foggy. Are you *sure* about it?"

"I'm sure it's the thing I want to try, father. I'm not sure of my success. I'm willing to work at it, body and mind. If I fail—well—I'll fail as decently as I can. Pick myself up and try another thing, I suppose. . . . There was a man in Paris who said some nice things about something I wrote. He was a critic. I'm young. I want to try."

"It ain't exactly the thing I'd expected, David."

"I know it, father."

"But I trust you."

"Thank you, sir."

"And if you want to write—plays—why, go ahead and write 'em. Only write good ones."

"There's another thing, father. It—it takes time to succeed. You've been better to me than—I can't say it, but you know how I feel. I hate to think of myself as coming home to—to—live on you. It—"

"Stop that!" cried the doctor. "Where should you be but home? Isn't my home yours? Aren't you my son? Good Lord, Dave, what there is—and it isn't much—is yours as much as mine. I want you here—here to stay."

Even in his sudden rare vision of what he was to his father—and what his father



was to him—David's heart sank. "Here to stay." He was here to stay. Who knew for how long? Penniless, friendless, too, with only a shred of a hope to bind him to the future, to the great outer world that he had seen and then left behind him. His strong under jaw set resolutely, his eyes deepened and hardened with his purpose. "I'll fight it out in Fisherville, and father shall never know that it isn't a paradise to me," he told himself. "I'd be a beast to do anything else."

They talked on together for a long time of David's travels. The doctor did not speak again that evening of the plays and the play-actors. It somehow did not seem to him a fitting subject for a Sunday night discussion. His only other reference to it was when he parted with his son at bedtime. "If I was you, David, I guess I wouldn't say anything to the folks here in Fisherville for a while about what you're going to do. They—they mightn't quite understand."

And then David knew how deep was his father's disappointment and how bravely he was bearing it.

The winter had dragged by at last—the winter in Fisherville—and the spring had timidly wandered in with furtive, uncertain steps, as if half afraid that the heavy, lifeless little village would offer her no welcome. But if there were no other hearts in Fisherville to beat more quickly for her wistful smiles on the hills and her tendernesses in the valley, at least David Lloyd cried out pathetically to her; and old Doctor Lloyd thanked God for the gracious renewal of the season he loved best.

It had been a hard winter for these two—hard in many ways apart from the rigors of frost and great snows and bleak, desolating winds. They emerged from it with a deep relief, which they hid, the one from the other, into the new hope of spring. Of the two, the doctor's confidence, despite the white weight of winters on his breast, was the stronger. He believed firmly in every good thing. His son David, who had all the conflict of youth in his winter-weary body and soul, who had not yet learned the unimportance of disappointment and the bizarre possibilities of "the things

which happen," staggered out into the new warmth unseeingly as one comes from long darkness into the light.

On an early afternoon of April the young man, with an uncontrollable disgust, had left his work and had come out into the low hills hemming in Fisherville. He avoided the main roads and took the slender wooded paths which threaded the freshly green slopes. Gradually he climbed, with no great physical desire, or mental, for bold effort, until finally he found himself in an embrasure not unlike a vast Greek amphitheatre, high up in the hills. Here he sat down on a projecting boulder—a seat that had been familiar to him since his early boyhood—and pulled off his cap, that he might get all there was of the thin, pale April sun. The village lay beneath, still gaunt and stark, for the fine green film of spring had scarcely begun to break into its fuller tide over the gray boughs of the trees. It gave him the sense of its being in the crude making, deserted, perhaps forgotten, by its Creator. He stared disconsolately down on the stiff, ugly groups of "uprights and wings" that made up the dreary receptacle of his life; that held him, that would hold him for how long he did not know.

A feeble birth is a sadder sight than a splendid death. So, as David continued to stare dully at the gray roofs far below, he was swept with a sudden desolation of spirit at the thought of all that this new-born season held in store—the struggles, the defeats, the fruitless victories, the inexorable submissions. And when it was over and done with there would be another, and another, and another, endlessly. He had a feeling that each succeeding spring would always find him in Fisherville. Closing his eyes for an instant on the scene, he saw once more, with the inner vision, another land, another spring-time. He sat on the flowered hills above Florence and looked down on the lovely city, warm, brilliant, alluring, enchanted. When he opened his eyes again, it was with a heavy sigh.

Hopelessly David's mind reverted to the finished play that he had flung that morning into his desk. The post had brought it back to him for the fifth time from New York. With a wry face he thought of the confidence with which



he had first despatched it on its travels—and of the sublimer confidence of his father. He thought with uncontrollable loathing of the play he was now at work upon. He had an impulse to rush back and tear it to pieces. What a mess he was in! What humiliation for him! What a lame, sick-dog life he was leading! And he knew Fisherville with its sharp, mean little tongue was saying that it guessed the doctor's boy hadn't turned out to be much and he'd come home to live off the old man. Well, they had pretty nearly hit it, David told himself bitterly; he hadn't amounted to much, and he was living off his poor old father.

The young man's heart contracted with anger and disgust at himself and with grateful, piteous recognition of his father's bigness of heart, his beautiful trust, his silent, serene patience, his great love. David's misery was the deeper for his knowledge of his father's disappointment over the career he had chosen. There was another disappointment, too, for him, which the young man drearily realized. It was in regard to Annie Elliot. Next to David the doctor loved Annie. It was his sentimental dream to have the girl for his daughter. And David's imagination had pictured his father's bliss at the sight of him and Annie in the old house with Annies and Davids at their grandfather's knee. . . . Poor little Annie, he had gone away to college with the firm intention of marrying her when he should have finished his course. Now the idea of being tied to her forever in Fisherville made him frantic. It was another girl who filled his heart, the girl who had sat beside him on the hills above Florence, where spring was love and love was the sun and flowers and the twilight and a nightingale's song in the dark—Bonvouloir's sister. . . .

The tumultuous desire to be back again in that other land, that land of flowers, flooded David's heart with irresistible tide. He sprang to his feet and set off furiously, on and on, up through the hills, anywhere, away. . . . When the thin, pale sun had disappeared behind the horizon, leaving a raw cheerlessness over the land, he turned homeward. He was tired out. The long, sharp physical effort had

counteracted the inroads of discouragement. He was ashamed of his earlier weakness. His under jaw was again set firmly. He buttoned his coat to keep out the chill and settled down to a calm, strong walk.

"Can't allow that sort of thing," he told himself, decisively. "Can't lose my nerve like that. I've got to fight, not pray, nor weep. And whatever happens, father mustn't see, mustn't guess. It would break his heart if he thought I didn't want to stay at home. It 'll work out right someday. But . . . my God! it's hard."

That evening as David and his father sat in the sitting-room after supper, the doctor said—at a moment when old Hannah was out of the room—"Any news of the play, boy?"

"It's back again, father."

"Did they say anything?"

"No, nothing. Just sent it back."

"Hmn! you don't say so! . . . Don't you lose your courage, David. As old Dan Treevor used to say, 'Pull up your socks and hit 'em again.' It 'll all work out right someday."

David was struck at his father's use of his own words of two hours ago. He smiled. "I'll try to, dad. Guess we can beat them in the end, even in Fisherville."

Something in his son's voice caught the doctor's attention. He looked at him silently, thoughtfully. David went on reading. From time to time his father raised his eyes from the evening paper with an expression all tenderness, all pity, for the boy opposite to him.

"David," he said, later, abruptly, "where were you last year this time?"

"In Florence. Why?"

"Nothing. Did you like it?"

"Yes—it was—pretty wonderful."

"Not much like Fisherville, eh?"

"No—not much."

The doctor turned to his paper. But he did not read. He stared unseeingly at the little black lines of type. His mind was busy with thoughts of his son.

"I expect you had a pretty good time with those young folks, didn't you?" he said, presently.

"The best ever," replied David, unguardedly. "I've told you about what we did there."



"Yes, I recollect. You miss 'em, too, don't you?"

David put down his book and turned with curiosity to his father. "Why, yes, naturally I do. But I've got my work, father, here, and we're pretty good companions, you and I, aren't we?"

"Dave, didn't you fall just a *leetle* bit in love with that young girl, your friend's sister?"

The young man's face flushed scarlet. He hesitated. At last he said quietly, "I think I did, father."

"Any chance for you?"

"I—I—I don't know. I—I'd rather not talk of it, if you don't mind, sir. It's one of those things that—that's better to forget. She's there and—I'm here. And it's pretty hard to say when I'll see her again, if ever. You understand, I'm a poor man and she's a rich girl. So . . . Well, good night, father. I'll go up to my room and try to do a little work, I think."

The doctor put out his hand and wrung that of his son. "I understand, my boy. Good night."

Old Hannah shut up the house at nine o'clock and went to bed, but the doctor sat beside the wood-stove until long after the fire had gone out and Fisherville was dead in dreams. He, too, looked that night on the coming spring with a misgiving which was new and confusing. His heart was heavy. He felt old and helpless and outworn.

"He ain't happy here—Dave. Poor boy, poor boy, he thinks I don't see it. He's lonesome. And he's right. It ain't natural for a young, healthy lad to be kept away from his own kind. I ought to have known. I ought to have known. I ought to have known." He sighed. "I guess I'm an old fool. Full of dreams as a girl, I was. Can't put new wine in old bottles. Poor boy, he ought to have his chance—and his chance ain't in Fisherville. . . . If there was only more money, 'twould be all right. But eight hundred dollars a year for two people doesn't go far. For *two*. For *one*—for *one*— Yes. . . . He's a good boy, my son is. I haven't any right to wish that things were different, but—"

He went to the bookcase and took down the Bible. When he was again in his chair he closed his eyes, opened

the book, and set his heavy fingers at random on a page. "'Like as a father pitieth his children,'" he murmured. He shut the book and gazed steadily for a long while at the little black, round-bellied stove. Presently he tore a leaf from his note-book and wrote at the top, "My beloved son." But he went no farther. Instead he slipped from his chair to his knees and prayed.

After the dusty, devastating heat of the summer, Fisherville flamed into a marvellous autumn. The maples had never been so riotous with scarlet and crimson and orange; the air had never been so blithe, so clear, so singing. In spite of itself the ugly little village became beautiful, touched with a pentecostal fire. David Lloyd had repeatedly in his mind, as he glanced up from his writing, the couplet:

"I often think that never blooms so red  
The rose as where some buried Cæsar  
bled,"

and he wondered aimlessly who Fisherville's bleeding buried Cæsar might be. It was not himself—of that he was too certain.

In these days David was pale and languid. His spirit was well-nigh quenched. He worked on at his plays doggedly, hopelessly. But his confidence in himself was gone, his confidence in his *métier* was gone. He had come to the fatal point of saying: "What's the use? What's the use?" The spring that had bubbled within him so exuberantly a year ago had dried up. Rarely now did he feel a trickle. "I've made a mistake. I'm a fool. I flew too high," he dismally assured himself. "You can't make a whistle of a pig's tail. I've got to chuck it and go to something else."

At times when he walked alone at night under the keen, lofty stars, late, when the village was asleep, a sense of latent power came to him, a sense of the possibilities within. He would almost exult in this brief, sudden intoxication. Then the white flame would flicker out in the cloying ashes of his limitations. "If I could get away!" he would cry, desperately. "If I had a little money, a little income! If I could go where people lived and talked and worked as I want to, as



I can! I'm starving to death, choking to death, rotting to death, here!"

Six months ago, on the night when his father had questioned him so abruptly in regard to his love for Bonvouloir's sister, David had gone to his room and had written the girl a letter. In it he had asked her not to write to him again; and he had told her that he should no longer write to her, because he had not the right so to do. The suffering of writing to her, of receiving her letters, was greater, he said, than the suffering of silence. He did not say that he loved her, but he did say that he should never, never forget her, and never, never change in his precious thoughts of her.

He had had no word from her since. Sternly he told himself this was right, was just, was what he had asked; but stoicism for a young, hot-blooded lad in love for the first time is a cruel initiation into life.

As the autumn deepened and grew more splendid, more triumphant, nearer to its brave death, old Doctor Lloyd seemed to partake of its nature. He was buoyant and gay and courageous, with a tenderness beneath so profound, so immeasurable, that his son marvelled and was ashamed. "Whatever else happens," said David, "I've got father—and he's the best father a man ever had. I wish to God I was as worthy a son." The doctor went about his little duties with a serene face into which had come a suggestion of some rarer inner quality of soul. As Mrs. Elliot put it, the doctor seemed to have got religion all over again. When he was with David he lost no chance to encourage, to hearten his boy. He refused to listen to his misgivings. "Don't you fret, Dave," he would smile, "something's going to happen. You keep right on at those plays. They'll buy 'em some day. I know it."

"Well, if they do, dad, it'll be all due to you. And I'll buy you a gold automobile and take you to Europe."

"No, no, boy. No Europe for me. It won't be long before I'll take a longer voyage than that—maybe in a gold chariot."

"Don't talk like that, father. You're good for twenty years. I can't lose you."

But when the doctor was alone the old face grew sad and an infinite pity

softened his eyes, as an autumn shadow in a gray pool. More often than usual he read the Bible and prayed. Sometimes his prayers were struggles, and he rose from his knees as one who had wrestled with God. "Forgive me if I am not right," he would murmur, "O God!"

Toward the end of October the principal of the Fisherville High School fell ill and died. It was very sudden and sad. The village was deeply shocked. David heard the news as he was on his way home from the post-office, in his pocket two of his rejected plays which he had just received in the afternoon mail. "Poor old Parsons!" he reflected, as he walked on. "So he's gone. I wonder who they'll get to take his place?" The big envelopes in his pocket ironically crackled. An idea flashed into David's mind. "*That?* No! Not that. I can't. It's too much. To settle down in Fisherville as a schoolmaster. I can't do it."

But the idea was there for good or ill. He could not rid himself of it. Try as he would, the thing would not cease to oppress him. He forced himself to look it full in the eye. If he could get the place—and there was little doubt of it—it would pay him a thousand dollars a year. He could at least support himself, and not live on his father. He had worked a year at his play-writing and the result had been only dust and ashes on his head. He was a failure. Then he had a horrible vision of himself going on year after year, as old Parsons had gone on, teaching empty-headed boys and girls. He would finally marry Annie Elliot and settle down, and after that the joy of life would be over, and life itself flat and stale and hopeless.

The day was gray and raw. Low clouds hung heavily in lonesome, disheartening masses. The air toward evening took on a sharper edge and night closed in with a wet, blinding fall of snow—the first snow of the season. David and the doctor sat again after supper by the unlovely iron stove in the sitting-room, glad for its homely warmth. They were very silent. The young man was turning over and over in his mind the problem of the afternoon. He did not wish to speak of it to his father until he had definitely decided to take the step. It was a serious business for him. It is a seri-





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

BENDING OVER HIS SON'S CHAIR, HE KISSED HIM







ous business for any young man to throw behind him, almost in its birth, the career he has chosen. Doctor Lloyd brooded on the death of his old friend Parsons. His face in the feeble light of the kerosene lamp was tragically sad and haggard and burned out.

"Winter's come, David," he said at last. David nodded.

"Yes, winter's come. And James went away with the autumn. Poor James! It is winter for us old ones, and spring for you young ones." He relapsed into silence. "Winter," he said again, with a little shiver. "My boy, never give up your hope for the spring. . . . Winter—winter is sad."

"Why, father, you're down to-night."

The doctor forced a smile. "Maybe—just a little. I'm tired. I guess I'll go to bed."

"I would. You've had a hard day. Get a good night's rest."

"Yes, I'll go to bed, boy, for a long . . . night's . . . rest. Good night, my son."

David smiled. "Good night, father." He added, from some inexplicable impulse of tenderness, "I don't know what I'd do without you, father."

"Good night, David." The doctor turned away slowly toward the door. He came back softly, and bending over his

son's chair, kissed him on the forehead. Then he went hurriedly away.

When David arose the next morning he had made his decision. He would accept his fate and become the principal of the Fisherville High School. With his jaw rigidly set he went down-stairs to tell his father. The doctor had not yet appeared. He had never known him to be late for breakfast.

"Is father up, Hannah?" he asked.

"No, not yet. It's the first time in twenty years, I guess, that he's be'n late. I'll call him."

"No, I'll go to call him."

David ran up the stairs and knocked at his father's door. "Half past eight—breakfast is ready," he called. There was no answer. In sudden trepidation he knocked again. "Father," he cried, "breakfast!"

Again there was no answer. With nervous hands he tried the door. It was locked. The doctor was never wont to lock his door.

"Father! Father! Father!" and he beat desperately on the resounding wood. There was no sound within. With a terrible, horrified cry, he dashed his body against the door.

"*F'ather!*"

## Echoes

BY BRIAN HOOKER

IN the old room, when May is ending  
And day descending in the west,  
Into a golden stillness blending  
My memories of worst and best,

Yesterday clings about to-morrow,  
Flinging a charm on time and place,  
Till calm lights and pale shadows borrow  
Frail visions of your vivid face;

And your voice calls from wall and rafter  
Out of the long-forgotten years—  
A song that sorrow follows after,  
A laughter tremulous with tears.



# “Vain Tales”

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

“YOU can’t go on.”

These words, spoken to him so finally, with such amazing, cool restraint, only two hours before, rang in his head as he stood peeping through the green-curtained window and blinking at the abominable blaze of the snow.

They mixed with the sounds of the house—children scrambling and shouting; Milly giving orders, curt, military-wise; the rushing of the young house-maid, who was as clumsy as an unbroken puppy.

“You can’t go on!” It was very well to say that, but he had to go on. If he did not, those sounds which distressed him so would stop.

He began to analyze his feelings, leaving the window with its cheerful frosty glare, going to the quiet fire and lounging over it in the way which his loyal wife tried so hard not to think lazy. It had become of late that his eyes were the main part of him; they carried their complaint right through his head, so that sometimes he felt that he was going mad. If he went blind the pain would stop, and nothing else seemed to matter. If he went blind perhaps they would put him on the Civil List.

Now if he committed suicide, say that he did it dramatically, gave himself a thumping good advertisement as a send-off, they might put his widow on the Civil List. If he committed suicide, Milly would be immensely upset, but she would get over it. She was one of those sensible people who fortify themselves with the moral axiom, get behind the ineptitude of the proverb. Between her sobs she would say, “Well, it’s no good crying over spilt milk!”

Suicide would be a thrifty thing to do; it suddenly presented itself to him as a morbid form of life-insurance. It would have to be thought out carefully, it must be on popular lines. He dallied with the idea; it consoled and engrossed him; so that he forgot to curse the

frost and the snow, the impudent, unwanted winter sun which hurt his eyes so. At first he was possessed by just a brutal desire of getting out of the world, of slipping his pain. Then spiritual feelings came, and he said to himself that he’d stay behind and write it up first, if only his eyes held out. He would put it upon paper.

Should it be hanging or drowning or poison? How many thousand words should it run to? He must remember to conserve all the drama of the thing. Then he would send it to some rag of a paper, just chuck it at them. Then he would go out and kill himself, according to directions.

“I’ll sign it,” he said, nodding impishly at the red coals, “though they’ll never have heard of my name.”

A ferocious howl rang through the house, and it was followed by several doleful bumps and thumps. He knew that the poor baby had fallen downstairs again with his box of ninepins. You cannot be the father of a family without getting wise about sounds.

The noise sent his winged ideas on suicide flying, and he was angry. He remained sprawling obstinately by the fire. Let somebody else pick the baby up. There were plenty of them down-stairs; women who could see without its hurting and who never need trouble to think.

Then he abruptly bounced up, asking himself in furious self-abasement if an artist, the creature that he so often swore came of God, was merely a devil in most artful guise. He could understand all sins, participate in any madness to-day.

The poor little chap! He opened his attic door and hurried down the short flight of stairs; those stairs that the children were never allowed to play on. Milly tried valiantly to keep the house quiet because, as she said, his nerves were so irritable.



He met her on the first flight, carrying the child. Its sweet, wet face, frightened eyes, and crumpled, fine hair broke him up. "Give him to me," he said huskily and, spreading his arms wide, taking this blossom between his palms.

"Oh, Gregory, I'm sorry. But you never work after lunch. He hasn't hurt himself a bit. He didn't make you break off in the middle of anything, did he?"

"I broke off and I was glad. Darling, can't you both come in a bit and stay with me?"

"Not for long." She stared at him. "It's my At Home day—have you forgotten? I expect some literary people who admire your work. Do come down?"

He had a way of moodily flying from her little parties.

"I'll see them hanged first," he said.

Yet he remembered the early time when he had downright worshipped "admirers of his work."

They sat down each side of the fire; he held the child.

"How dark the room is, dear!" she said; "no wonder it gets on your nerves. And it's such a beautiful day outside; the children have gone tobogganing."

"I've been outside in the beauty of it."

"Of course you have. What did the oculist say? The usual thing, I suppose; just a matter of new glasses. How often you want new glasses, don't you, Gregory, and such complicated lenses!"

"It isn't only glasses. He says I can't go on."

"Can't go on!" She looked fond; she looked subtly shrewish.

"Can't go on—going," he explained, drolly.

"Oh, do speak sense. You've got to go on, dearest. How should we keep this place up else? I suppose you mean that he said you want a holiday."

"That's about it. Don't worry."

"If I could only exchange houses with another family living at the seaside!" she said. This was Milly's annual project and it never came off.

"I hate the seaside—with sands, I mean."

"The country, then; but sea would be better for the children."

"Oh, I'm all right. I sha'n't take any notice of the fellow. These specialists are ravens." He kissed the baby's flushed face; it was sleeping at his shoulder. He kissed it as you'd kiss a petal. "He says it's neuralgia and I mustn't worry, that's all." He told her this and gave a raucous laugh.

"I can't think why you do worry. Things always do come right in the end; we turn the corner."

"I shall keep on giddily turning corners until I drop down dead, sweetheart."

The early courting word stirred her. She put her hand out and he took it. They sat quiet.

"I'm nailed to such a trumpery cross," he said, breaking the exquisite pause. "If it were only something big! If I were quite blind!"

"How can you be so wicked!" She twitched her hand away, leaving him comfortless; she regarded him, as she so often did, as the complete, the shocking and impious stranger.

"If I were blind, they'd give me a pound a week from the Civil List."

"Do you really think your reputation's big enough for that? I wonder? Anyway, we couldn't do much on a pound. The servants' wages come to more; and, by the way, Cook's are overdue."

"Wages are overdue at least three times a week! This perpetual appeal of bills and little boots," he caressed the child's plump delicious foot, "makes me tired. It's abominable," his eyes flashed, "that a man should spend his best spiritual self for material needs."

"Now you're talking as you write. Things must be paid for."

"They shall be." He brought gold instantly from his trousers pocket. "How much is Cook? You'll keep things down as much as you can, won't you?"

"Of course I will." She looked perplexed and aggrieved; she took the money.

"You had a story back this morning, didn't you?" she asked. "Poor old boy! I put it on your bed. I wouldn't wake you up; you looked so tired."

He stared at her neat head vaguely. She invariably seemed the strange woman when she came into his dressing-room early, her hair half done, and the



letters in her hand. Once upon a time she used to sit upon the edge of the bed while he read them, but the melancholy drooping of her mouth at the sight of checks, which were never big enough for their domestic needs, and her practical comments on matters more spiritual, spoiled his working-day. Now when she came in, he stealthily watched her through closed eyes. "I'm always tired in the morning," he said.

"Tired! And yet you sing when you are dressing. We shall never understand each other. Was it a story back?"

"Yes. They admit I'm a poet; yet demand more plot." He lifted his haggard, tender face. "We shall never understand each other, Milly, but that's no reason why we shouldn't go on loving."

He remembered that once, quite unwittingly, she had marked their complete dislocation, their eternal mismating, by sharply saying, "You irritate me by everything that you do." She was complacently thinking that, anyway, she understood him through and through. For he was nothing but a big, gifted baby.

He was recalling those hundreds of dumb and suffering times when, feeling that he had hurt her, he had gone to her in some whirl of bitter penitence. She had struck tenderness dead by a wide, uncomprehending stare.

He travelled back to the time of their courting. It had been to him unalloyed romance; it stood out quite divorced from the well-ordered sanity of their life to-day. His very children were not the vague babies of his ardent dreams.

He considered that, just as no priest may marry, so no poet should. He knew, never fearing to look deep within himself, that he might have given his heart—or bits of his heart and each time believing it to be the whole—to lots of women. This affair—of Love—was like your latest book. It was the thing you lived for, yearned over, wanted more than anything. And yet the time surely came when the thing which had stood so close retreated. It was in a fog and you could no longer find it. Love and Art were alike. Yet there must be for him out in the wide world the one woman, the perfect love; with the gift of soothing and feeding and setting to sleep. He was so glad that he had never

found her, for wouldn't he have been faithful! Fate at least had spared him this. Yet he was always wide awake and always hungry.

He was consistently loyal to Milly. He in no way undervalued her devotion. Dear little woman! Her virtues were so nicely packed up in an automatic box. You just put in a penny and took one out—the difficulty was, that he had nothing less than silver.

"If you could only get plots like Poulton," she was saying; she was always suggesting things.

"Poulton! His gift is of a handy size; he slips it in his pocket. Writers of that kind make my tragedy. Even if a good magazine is started these agreeable hacks have it all their own way. They are so diabolically clever; they look like the real thing. I've nearly been taken in myself sometimes by stuff that Poulton has done. But it's all spangles. It wouldn't be so bad if I were just beginning. But I'm a personage; I'm Gregory Gotch. My small exclusive public says, 'There's a new book out by Gotch.' My name always sounds to me like a German expletive! I've lost my first sweet, sharp joy in the thing. Some one wrote the other day about my high imaginative flights—well, I want to sit down and arrange my pinions. I've made my little vogue and had my little flutter."

"You were fluttering," she said, quite brightly, "when we first met."

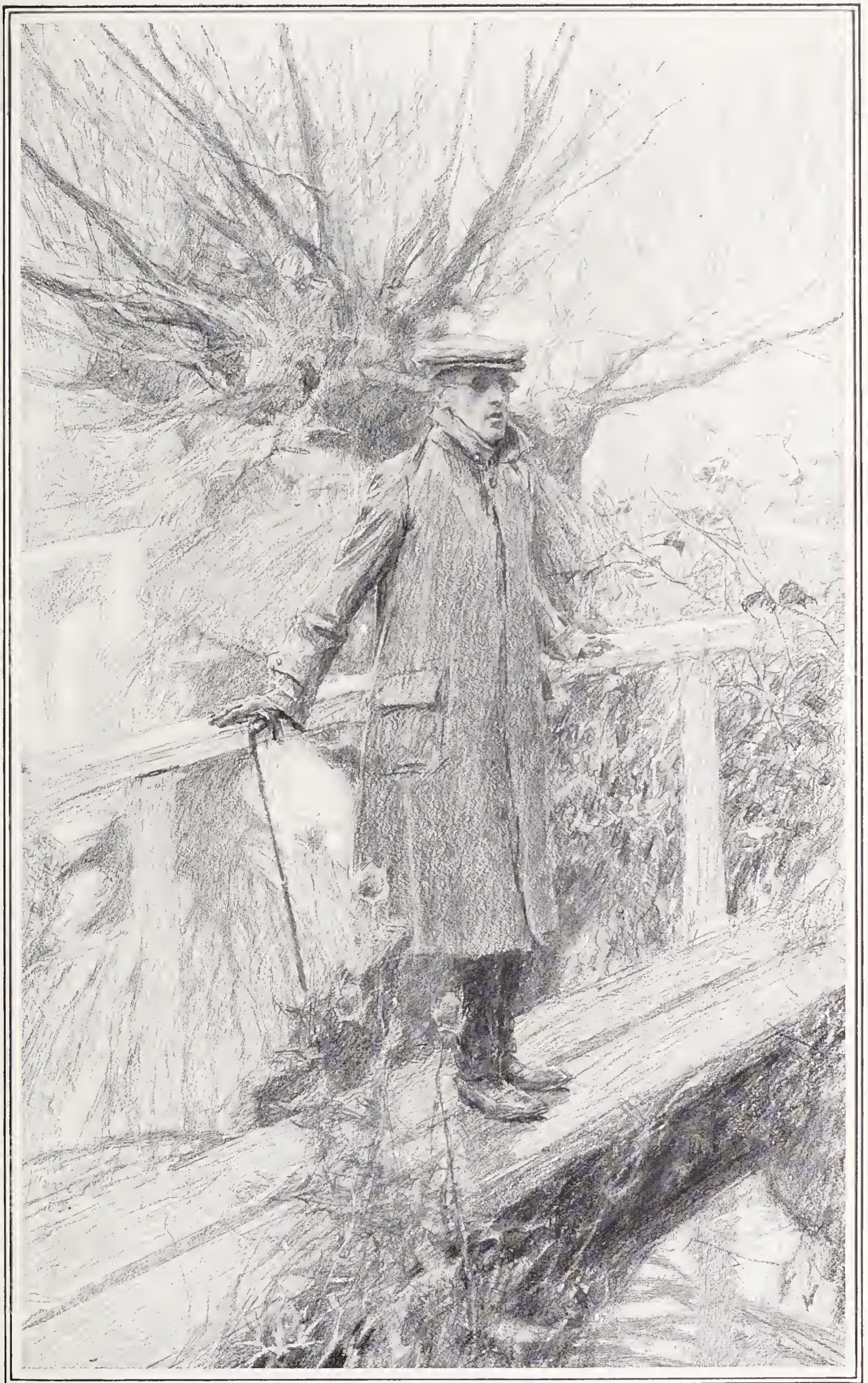
"So I was, my darling." He spoke with a gulp.

He had met her at a polite party just after the appearance of his first book. He had been quite light-headed at the experience of being on equal terms with gentlefolk. What trivial things pleased you and seemed to matter when you were quite young!

He was of free, wild, lowly blood; license in it and long endurance. Batlings with weather, hard pinchings of hunger, rude speech and primitive emotions plainly expressed—all of this had been in his peasant people for generations. Milly's blood was of a skimmed professional elegance gone blue. Yet this impressed him very much, and he had relied on her to make him a gentleman.

"How pleased I was at first and





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

IT WAS AN ENCHANTING WORLD



proud! I was caught by the usual things: letters from strangers applauding me, enchanting whispers across seas from unknown lands; portraits in the papers, my first proofs, press notices—all of it. And it's so stale now; I only want to sell well, so that we may pay our bills in peace. My first-born book! How spiritual it was! Don't you understand?"

She shook her head. This noisy bubbling brook of his speech amazed, horrified, hurt, magnetized, and exhausted her. She could not help thinking him most unnatural in lots of ways; moreover, most conceited.

"No, I don't. I wish you wouldn't talk so fast. I wish you wouldn't tell me everything." She swore by decencies of the soul.

He laughed. There was one thing at least that he hadn't told her. One word—suicide—was left unspoken.

"What shall I be doing twenty-five years hence if I'm alive?" he asked, tragically.

"Why, getting an idea for your autumn novel just as usual. Have you got an idea yet, Gregory?"

"I don't know. I've got something, but it may be no good. Or again, it may be wonderful."

He always talked like that before the birth of a book. She was disgusted. "If you could make a reputation under another name and in another style," she said, helplessly, "or if you could get a theme that would make people ask one another questions. Poulton does that. I'm so awfully glad you can't do sensational books; but if you could, putting in all your nice subtle touches, there would be a fortune in it."

She looked at him in such an appealing pure way. She had a beautiful complexion, mild eyes, and faint brows. He wondered if those naked faces were so pure, after all.

The door-bell rang and she arose. "I must go down. Don't worry about your eyes, darling. There can't be much the matter with them; they look so bright. Give me baby."

"No, I'll keep him; he comforts me."

"How funny you are!" She lightly kissed him just above the bright, strained eyes. "Yet sometimes you can't bear the children near you."

Gregory, left alone, sat hugging suicide and the child. He tried to drive guilt from his heart by the close pressure of innocence. His brain was ablaze and he could no longer bear it. The top of his head was blistering and peeling off! The room was tight packed with every variety of devil; the Tempter himself was stage-managing the lot.

He lifted the child; it still slept. He looked at the beautiful thing, which as yet was all perfect body and nothing else. The hidden soul was not awake to strife. Perhaps suicide would be better both for him and the boy: since the world was a desert—mirage and famine.

He slipped out from the study, looking his last. Passing the table he picked something up. It was a pair of green glasses; the oculist had ordered him to wear them when the light hurt. "If they were red," he grinned, "that would do the job. I'd go gorgeously blind in a red blaze without any more fuss, and they'd put me on the Civil List."

In the lobby just outside were cloaks and hats. He took a wide fur thing with a hood and rolled the baby in it. The horrible order and shininess of the house enraged him. There were sharpness and violence to it, and he could see through that hulking staircase window the acute red gables of other villas. He yearned for those houses in the country; long, low, and restful, hemmed in by barns and homely buildings.

As he tiptoed past the drawing-room he could well imagine Milly apologizing for his absence. She would say that "literary men were so singular." She was speaking now. He lingered, and it came to him in snatches: something about orders for short stories and it not being always convenient for him to turn them off to order. Bless her! She was bragging about him for all she was worth in the sick hope that—so—she was helping to sell his books.

He left the house and walked through lost streets of uncorrupt gentility. He went and wandered in a new park; trying, in stripped, shaved stretches, to fell the devil and find God.

"If I could do a decent day's manual work, paid by the hour and always regular, and then come home and walk



in the park with a kid on my arm, I could be happy,” he said, staring at a world which his glasses softened into soothing green.

Next day he began his book. He put down, he moulded into beautiful shape, the things that he had felt and suffered. He told the world, for the first time, how dreadfully hungry of the soul he was and always had been. This book should be, before God, the final thing. He wrote about suicide before committing it. And he knew that he could not die until the book was done—it insisted on being got through with.

As days went on and the manuscript grew, he said to himself more than once with a silly snigger, “Will it be devilish good or dastardly bad?” That was the worst of it—you could never be sure. You were studying all the time, and wasn’t it an infamy that all students were not properly provided for!

It came so easily, so madly—yet with such a deliberate and stately sanity. Words and sentences fell at once into lovely lawful order, and he said his best phrases to himself over and over again. Never before had he worked so fast and with such strange joy.

The money question whipped him up as usual. The balance at the bank was running low—but what matter!

When it was done he felt that he hadn’t a word of any sort left in him. As he read it over for the last time his eyes played queer tricks. “They seem to sort of—slip,” he said, childishly, and took his glasses off to solemnly polish them.

He packed the thing up, not knowing whether he loved or hated it, and sent it to the *Bugle*. He never read newspapers, yet he knew from Poulton, who considered himself too good for it, that this new paper was crude and bulky, backed by a millionaire and determined to succeed. What would they make of his stuff? It was rather a pity that he wouldn’t be here to see. For he was going into the country to kill himself. The book said so—the way and the when of it he had written in the book.

He took a last look round the big attic which for years had been his study. Here he had lived his hidden life, here

he had died to the world. It was full of his characters, this place, it was melodious with his phrases.

A piano-organ started playing in the street. He loved piano-organs; they somehow brought back the gayety of things lost. He couldn’t explain, he hadn’t a word left. He only hoped that Milly wouldn’t send the thing away—she never gauged his loves and hates. She was always blindly doing things for his good, always curbing his fleet impulses by saying, “You mustn’t do this to-day because you’ve got to do that to-morrow and you’ll be so tired”—remarks like that!

Later on in the day, he went downstairs and said to her quite simply: “I’m going into the country; I can’t stand it any more. My eyes hurt. I’ve got a few pounds in my pocket. The wages are paid up. You said so this morning, didn’t you? Now don’t go saying that you didn’t. I’ve left a check—ten pounds on account—for Tomson.” Tomson was the coal merchant, and they owed him twenty.

Milly did not protest or show surprise; something in his face kept her quiet. “Well, come into the schoolroom and say good-by to the children,” she said, airily.

Apparently she understood. He nearly put his tired head down upon her shoulder—but that would have been trying her emotional intelligence too far. It was one of her stock remarks to say, “You are so tense, you exhaust yourself.” Now he knew quite well that naturally he was a sleek creature. With her, he simply clamored all the time—for a food she couldn’t give.

He kissed his children. This was a tragic occasion; he felt that he ought to feel things, say things. But he hadn’t a feeling or a word left. He kissed Johnny, the eldest, last of all. He felt that there was a potential threat to Johnny, who was getting big enough, his mother said, to go to boarding-school. Ye gods and little fishes! And who was going to pay the bills?

As he went away, he said: “Don’t send letters after me and don’t expect me to write. I want to rest my eyes.”

“It’s just as well you should be out of the way through the spring cleaning,”



said Milly. She was in the first poignant stages of this festival, and she was so glad to see him go. He would come back full of ideas and the whitewashers would be gone.

The last memory he had of the place was the starched pink skirts of servants. "I'm going out to kill myself to pay for their starch," he said, peevishly. Why should he feed and house and pay three lusty serving-women? They were picking his brains bare. Dear little Milly! She was a fool. Any stockbroker's wife could do this social trick better. He would not see Milly again or the children. This seemed queer.

He sat in the train saying bits of his book and remembering the things that he must be sure to do, the order into which his deeds should fall—a brave, well-organized, a most original march to Death. The book was he, and he was the book, and whether the thing got printed or not, never mattered.

It was March, and the weather was what people call bad. The light was brown and tender; how ineffably it rested the dry burning of his eyes! The soft rain fell, and he walked through it caressed by vague mists. Pollard trees leaning across narrow, slow streams, which wound through pasture land, bewitched him. He came across a deep rose-patch of uncut osiers, and the color sent him crazy: say that it converted him! Subtly, resolve shifted. He loved the lime-green lichen at the base of tree trunks. He drank in at dusk the songs of jovial careless blackbirds who weighted down the delicate branches.

It was an enchanting world, and you couldn't possibly cut yourself adrift from it. He was becoming false to the tenets of the book. It had gone away from him into the usual fog—as all books did, as Love did! He would go home and it would be waiting for him on the study table in a new brown paper gown! The editor of the *Bugle* would express his regrets.

He felt a better man. The blackbirds' song was blither, soft rain sweetened to nectar in his mouth. He would not go through the portal of the coward's gate, the name of which was Suicide. He turned his face toward home.

It was late night when he reached his road in the select new suburb. There were only a few lights in bedroom windows, and he was humbly grateful for that—since he could not see much of the ghastly wide place with young trees on each side, and well-kept, well-fed villas. The incredibly idiotic name of his particular one was Tifflyn. He saw the gold letters over the door and he longed to throw a stone at it.

To his amazement, the dining-room blinds were up and in the lighted room sat Milly, her idle hands flung out across the large empty table. She looked strange. A great fear took him; feeling and the sense of words. He had barely spoken to any one for a fortnight.

This was a tawdry casket. He glared at the steep walls, yet it held his jewels. He looked up, thinking of five little heads fast asleep. He shook all over, he was clammy with speculation as he put his latch-key in the door.

Milly heard him and came flying out. The woman was distraught. She pitched herself into his arms and poured over him the most violent torrent of weeping. He hadn't supposed that she could be the source of such a storm. Meek, sweet little landscape of a Milly! He was thinking in the pure terms of Nature.

"Oh," she gasped, "why didn't you tell me? The letter came to-night. It's on the mantelpiece."

"What letter?" He crossed the room in a dream.

"From the *Bugle*. Open it. Don't you know that you've won the three-thousand-pound prize they offered for the best serial by a famous writer? Haven't you seen it on the posters?"

She was speaking savagely, he was stupidly fingering the letter. "I—I kept away from towns," he stammered.

"Well—well, open it, can't you?"

Looking docile, he did so, and she saw the check flutter in his fingers.

"It has eased my shoulder from the burden, my hands are delivered from the making of pots," he quoted.

She wondered what he meant; she was afraid that he was going to break down. That would be just like him. His mouth trembled and there was the queerest play of muscles in his cheeks.

She moved, her limbs looking weak





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

"OH, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME?"



beneath the wrapper she wore, and picked up a newspaper from the side table.

"Is it three thousand pounds?" she asked. "They say it is a record offer. There is a long paragraph all about it. Look here."

He nodded; he held the check out. Milly took it and kept it safe. For he might burn it; he looked wild enough for anything. You could never be sure of him.

"You must cash it early to-morrow morning," she said, speaking with the unquenchable timidity of woman when it comes to finance. She was trembling all over.

"Oh, my darling"—he laughed like a madman, he dragged her into his arms and covered her head with kisses—"that's all right. Those brutes on the *Bugle* are made of money."

She broke away, she held the paper up. Her eyes were tender and shining. Never before had she looked so utterly proud of him.

"Here it is, the first instalment. 'Suicide,' by Gregory Gotch. Did you ever see such enormous letters? A morbid title; you don't mind my saying so? What on earth made you choose it?"

"Give it to me." He took it from her; he stared through some happy winking mist. "What's it look like? I shall have to read the thing," he said, thoughtfully.

He shuddered at the flimsy paper, at the puffs of somebody's particular pills. His sensitive soul was asking itself questions which in this spacious moment seemed suddenly small. "Did Poulton have a shot at the thing?" he said to himself, and then: "What will my public say to this? and will it send up the sale of my other books?"

"I knew you must be doing something particular"—Milly sounded merry—"but you looked so fierce when you came down to meals that I didn't dare ask."

"I didn't even know that they offered a prize," he explained. "I've never touched a single issue of the thing—I sent it off as a joke—it was grim enough fooling. I thought I'd play as low down as ever I could."

His head dropped suddenly. She had never before noticed how worn he looked,

how stretched and yellowed. This writing was a great strain on him; for he would put too much emotion into his work.

"There's a letter with the check," she said. "You haven't even read it."

"Read it to me." He gave it her.

"They want an illustrated interview, for which they'll pay extra. What awfully generous people! I like this *Bugle*. You've got to tell the public how you did it; explain your mode of production—that sort of thing. You know, you've done it before."

He stood there grinning. She had expected him to be more grateful, more enthusiastic. He took it all with his usual most annoying arrogance.

"Three thousand pounds at four per cent."—she sat down, touching the check gently, as she touched her new babies when they came—"is one hundred and twenty pounds a year. You can get four per cent. quite safely upon mortgage. Papa used to say so. We shall have something behind us. We sha'n't," she borrowed a phrase of his, "stand giddy on the edge of things."

"Look here," he tossed the paper from him and his face was fierce. "I mean to get something for myself out of this." He spoke most rebelliously.

"Something for yourself?"

"Rather!" The odd quick fury of him seemed to die and, softly, he knelt down to slide an arm round her waist. "We'll get out of this. I insist. We'll go and live in the country where things are cheap and green and quiet."

"I should like that," she returned, equably. "I've come to the conclusion that a villa in the suburbs is vulgar."

How sad it was that he could never gauge her! He had been quite prepared for a little firework display of indignant social squibs and crackers.

"It would be nice." Her eyes were shining—what pretty trustful eyes they were! "We could have a donkey cart for the children."

Gregory flung back his gloriously happy head, and his wife surveyed for a moment the radiant creature who long ago had courted her.

"A donkey cart!" he said. "Darling! It shall be drawn by striped, unbroken zebras."



# A Voice in the Forest

BY MADISON CAWEIN

I HEARD a voice in the forest  
When the world was thrilled with morn;  
And its sound was the sound of waking  
And vision a moment born.  
And it said to my soul, "Behold me!  
But let thy heart beware:  
For I am she, the deity,  
Who slays men with despair."

And I opened my eyes and saw her,  
As Actæon saw of old;  
The perilous virgin presence,  
With the gaze of green and gold.  
As Actæon saw I saw her,  
White-limbed of the wind and light,—  
And the hound-like sense of that insolence  
Pursues me day and night.

I heard a voice in the forest  
When the earth was hushed with eve;  
And its sound was the sound of slumber  
And dreams that none perceive.  
And it called to my soul, "Behold me!  
But let one look suffice:  
For I am she, the divinity,  
Whom none shall gaze on twice."

And I looked as looked Endymion,  
And saw her glimmering there,  
With limbs of pearl and shimmer,  
A crescent in her hair.  
As Endymion saw I saw her,—  
Like the moon on Tempe's streams,—  
And the light of her look and the kiss I took  
Have blinded my soul with dreams.

ERNEST  
HASKELL



# The Wild Olive

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

## CHAPTER V

AS the days passed, one much like another, and the retreat seemed more and more secure, it was natural that Ford's thoughts should dwell less on his own danger and more on the girl who filled his immediate horizon. The care with which she foresaw his wants, the ingenuity with which she met them, the dignity and simplicity with which she carried herself through incidents that to a less delicate tact must have been difficult, would have excited his admiration in any case, even if the namelessness which helped to make her an impersonal element in the episode had not stirred his imagination. He was obliged to remind himself often that she was "not his type of woman," in order to confine his heart within the limits which the situation imposed.

It worried him, therefore, it even hurt him, that in spite of all the openings he had given her, she had never offered him a sign of her belief in his innocence. For this reason he took the first occasion when she was seated at her easel, with the dog lying at her feet, to lay his case before her.

He told her of his overindulged boyhood, as the only child of a wealthy New York merchant. He outlined his profitless years at the university, where a too free use of money had hindered work. He narrated the disasters that had left him at the age of two-and-twenty to begin life for himself—his father's bankruptcy, followed by the death of both his parents within the year. He had been eager to start in at the foot of the ladder and work his way upward, when the proposal was made which proved fatal.

Old Chris Ford, his great-uncle, known throughout the Adirondack region as "the lumber king," had offered to take him, train him to the lumber business, and make him his heir. An eccentric, childless widower, commonly believed to

have broken his wife's heart by sheer bitterness of tongue, old Chris Ford was hated, feared, and flattered by the relatives and time-servers who hoped ultimately to profit by his favor. Norrie Ford neither flattered nor feared his powerful kinsman, but he hated him with the best. His own instincts were city born and bred. He was conscious, too, of that aptitude with which the typical New-Yorker is supposed to come into being—the capacity to make money. He would have preferred to make it on his own ground and in his own way; and had it not been for the counsels of those who wished him well, he would have replied to his great-uncle's offer with a courteous No. Wiser heads than his pointed out the folly of such a course as that; and so, reluctantly, he entered on his apprenticeship.

In the two years that followed he could not see what purpose he served other than that of a mark for the old man's poisoned wit. He was taught nothing, and paid nothing, and given nothing to do. He slept under his great-uncle's roof and ate at his table, but the sharp tongue made the bed hard to lie on and the bread difficult to swallow. Idleness reawakened the propensity to vicious habits which he thought he had outlived, while the rough society of the lumber camps, in which he sought to relieve the tedium of time, extended him the welcome which Falstaff and his comrades gave Prince Hal.

The revolt of his self-respect was on the eve of bringing this phase of his existence to an end, when the low farce turned into tragedy. Old Chris Ford was found dead in his bed—shot in his sleep. On the premises there had been but three persons, one of whom must have committed the crime—Norrie Ford, and Jacob and Amalia Gramm. Jacob and Amalia Gramm had been the old man's servants for thirty years. Their



faithfulness put them beyond suspicion. The possibility of their guilt, having been considered, was dismissed with few formalities. The conviction of Norrie Ford became easy after that—the more respectable people of the neighborhood being agreed that from the evidence presented no other deduction could be drawn. The very fact that the old man, by his provocation of the lad, so thoroughly deserved his fate made the manner in which he met with it the clearer. Even Norrie Ford's friends, the hunters and the lumbermen, admitted as much as that, though they were determined that he should never suffer for so meritorious an act, as long as they could give him a fighting chance for freedom.

The girl listened to Ford's narrative with some degree of interest, though it contained nothing new to her. She could not have lived at Greenport during the period of his trial without being familiar with it all. But when he came to explanations in his own defence she followed listlessly. Though she leaned back in her chair, and courteously stopped painting, while he talked so earnestly, the light in her eyes faded to a lustreless gleam, like that of the black pearl. His perception that her thoughts were wandering gave him a queer sensation of speaking into a medium in which his voice could not carry, cutting short his arguments, and bringing him to his conclusion more hurriedly than he had intended.

"I wanted you to know I didn't do it," he finished, in a tone which begged for some expression of her belief, "because you've done so much to help me."

"Oh, but I should have helped you just the same, whether you had done it or not."

"But I suppose it makes some difference to you," he cried, impatiently, "to know that I didn't."

"I suppose it would," she admitted, slowly, "if I thought much about it."

"Well, won't you think?" he pleaded—"just to oblige me."

"Perhaps I will, when you're gone; but at present I have to give my mind to getting you away. It was to talk about that that I came this morning."

Had she wanted to slip out of giving an opinion on the subject of his guilt,

she could not have found a better exit. The means of his ultimate escape engrossed him even more than the theme of his innocence. When she spoke again all his faculties were concentrated into one keen point of attention.

"I think the time has come for you to—go."

If her voice trembled on the last word, he did not notice it. The pose of his body, the lines of his face, the glint of his gray eyes, were alive with interrogation.

"Go?" he asked, just audibly. "When?"

"To-morrow."

"How?"

"I'll tell you that then."

"Why can't you tell me now?"

"I could if I were sure you wouldn't raise objections; but I know you will."

"Then there are objections to be raised?"

"There are objections to everything. There's no plan of escape that won't expose you to a good many risks. I'd rather you didn't see them in advance."

"But isn't it well to be prepared beforehand?"

"You'll have plenty of time for preparation—after you've started. If that seems mysterious to you now, you'll know what I mean by it when I come to-morrow. I shall be here in the afternoon, at six."

With this information Ford was obliged to be content, spending a sleepless night and an impatient day, waiting for the time appointed.

She came punctually. For the first time she was not followed by her dog. The only change in her appearance he could see was a short skirt of rough material instead of her usual linen or muslin.

"Are we going through the woods?" he asked.

"Not far. I shall take you by the trail that led to this spot before I built the cabin and made the path." As she spoke she surveyed him. "You'll do," she smiled at last. "In those flannels, and with your beard, no one would know you for the Norrie Ford of three weeks ago."

It was easy for him to ascribe the glow in her eyes and the quiver in her voice to the excitement of the moment; for he could see that she had the spirit of



adventure. Perhaps it was to conceal some embarrassment under his regard that she spoke again, hurriedly.

"We've no time to lose. You needn't take anything from here. We'd better start."

He followed her over the threshold, and as she turned to lock the cabin he had time to throw a glance of farewell over the familiar hills, now transmuted into a haze of amethyst under the westering sun. A second later he heard her quick "Come on!" as she struck into the barely perceptible path that led upward, around the shoulder of the mountain.

They came out suddenly on a rocky terrace, beneath which, a mile below, Champlain was spread out in great part of its length, from the dim bluff of Crown Point to the far-away, cloud-like mountains of Canada.

"You can sit down a minute here," she said, as he came up.

They found seats among the low scattered boulders, but neither spoke. It was a moment at which to understand the jewelled imagery of the Seer of the Apocalypse. Jasper, jacinth, chalcedony, emerald, chrysoprasus, were suggested by the still bosom of the lake, towered round by light-reflecting mountains. The triple tier of the Vermont shore was bottle-green at its base, indigo in the middle height, while its summit was a pale undulation of evanescent blue against the jade and topaz of the twilight.

"The steamer *Empress of Erin*," the girl said, with what seemed like abruptness, "will sail from Montreal on the 28th, and from Quebec on the 29th. From Rimouski, at the mouth of the river St. Lawrence, she will sail on the 30th, to touch nowhere else till she reaches Ireland. You will take her at Rimouski."

There was a silence, during which he tried to absorb this startling information.

"And from here to Rimouski?" he asked at last.

"From here to Rimouski," she replied, with a gesture toward the lake, "your way is there."

There was another silence, while his eyes travelled the long, rainbow-colored lake, up to the faint line of mountains, where it faded into a mist of bluish-green and gold.

"I see the way," he said then, "but I don't see the means of taking it."

"You'll find that in good time. In the mean while you'd better take this." From her jacket she drew a paper, which she passed to him. "That's your ticket. You'll see," she laughed, apologetically, "that I've taken for you what they call a suite, and I've done it for this reason. They're keeping a lookout for you on every tramp ship from New York, on every cattle-ship from Boston, and on every grain-ship from Montreal; but they're not looking for you in the most expensive cabins of the most expensive liners. They know you've no money; and if you get out of the country at all, they expect it will be as a stoker or a stowaway. They'll never think you're driving in cabs and staying at the best hotels."

"But I sha'n't be," he said, simply.

"Oh yes, you will. You'll need money, of course; and I've brought it. You'll need a good deal; so I've brought plenty."

She drew out a pocketbook and held it toward him. He looked at it, reddening, but made no attempt to take it.

"I can't—I can't—go as far as that," he stammered, hoarsely.

"You mean," she returned, quickly, "that you hesitate to take money from a woman. I thought you might. But it isn't from a woman; it's from a man. It's from my father. He would have liked to do it. He would have wanted me to do it. They keep putting it in the bank for me—just to spend—but I never need it. What can I do with money in a place like Greenport? Here, take it," she urged, thrusting it into his hands. "You know very well it isn't a matter of choice, but of life or death."

With her own fingers she clasped his upon it, drawing back and coloring at her boldness.

"They'll expect you at Rimouski, because your luggage will already have gone on board at Montreal. Yes," she continued, in reply to his astonishment, "I've forwarded all the trunks and boxes that came to me from my father. I told my guardian I was sending them to be stored—and I am, for you'll store them for me in London when you've done with them. Here are the keys."



He made no attempt to refuse them, and she hurried on.

"I sent the trunks for two reasons; first because there might be things in them you could use till you got something better; and then I wanted to prevent suspicion arising from your sailing without luggage. Every little thing of that sort counts. The trunks have 'H. S.' painted in white letters on them; so that you will have no difficulty in knowing them at sight. I've put a name with the same initials on the ticket. You'd better use it till you feel it safe to take your own again."

"What name?" he asked, with eager curiosity, beginning to take the ticket out of its envelope.

"Never mind now," she said, quickly. "It's just a name—any name. You can look at it afterward. We'd better go on."

She made as though she would move, but he detained her.

"Wait a minute. So your name begins with S!"

"Like a good many others," she smiled.

"Then tell me what it is. Don't let me go away without knowing it. You can't think what it means to me."

"I should think you'd see what it means to me."

"I don't. What harm can it do you?"

"If you don't see, I'm afraid I can't explain. To be nameless is—how shall I say it?—a sort of protection to me. In helping you, and taking care of you, I've done what almost any really nice girl would have shrunk from. There are plenty of people who would say it was wrong. And in a way—a way I could never make you understand, unless you understand already—it's a relief to me that you don't know who I am. And even that isn't everything."

"Well—what else?"

"When this little episode is over"—her voice trembled, and it was not without some effort that she was able to begin again—"when this little episode is over, it will be better for us both—for you as well as for me—to know as little about it as possible. The danger isn't past by any means; but it's a kind of danger in which ignorance can be made to look a good deal like innocence. I sha'n't know anything about

you after you've gone, and you know nothing whatever about me."

"That's what I complain of. Suppose I pull the thing off, and make a success of myself somewhere else, how should I communicate with you again?"

"Why should you communicate with me at all?"

"To pay you back your money, for one thing—"

"Oh, that doesn't matter."

"Perhaps it doesn't from your point of view; but it does from mine. But it wouldn't be my only reason in any case."

Something in his voice and in his eyes warned her to rise and interrupt him.

"I'm afraid we haven't time to talk about it now," she said, hurriedly. "We really must be going on."

"I'm not going to talk about it now," he declared, rising in his turn. "I said it would be a reason for my wanting to communicate with you again. I shall want to tell you something then; though perhaps by that time you won't want to hear it."

"Hadn't we better wait and see?"

"That's what I shall have to do; but how can I come back to you at all if I don't know who you are?"

"I shall have to leave that to your ingenuity," she laughed, with an attempt to treat the matter lightly. "In the mean time we must hurry on. It's absolutely necessary that you should set out by sunset."

She glided into the invisible trail running down the lakeside slope of the mountain, so that he was obliged to follow her. As they had climbed up, so they descended—the girl steadily and silently in advance. The region was dotted with farms, but she kept to the shelter of the woodland till, before he expected it, they found themselves at the water's edge. A canoe drawn up in a cove gave him the first clear hint of her intentions.

It was a pretty little cove, enclosed by two tiny headlands, forming a miniature landlocked bay, hidden from view of the lake beyond. Trees leaned over it and into it, while the canoe rested on a yard-long beach of sand.

"I see," he remarked, after she had allowed him to take his own observations. "You want me to go over to Burlington, and catch a train to Montreal."

She shook her head, smiling, as he thought, rather tremulously.



"I'm afraid I've planned a much longer journey for you. Come and see the preparations I've made." They stepped to the side of the canoe, so as to look down into it. "That," she pursued, pointing to a small suit-case forward of the middle thwart, "will enable you to look like an ordinary traveller after you've landed. And that," she added, indicating a package in the stern, "contains nothing more nor less than sandwiches. Those are bottles of mineral water. The small objects are a corkscrew, a glass, a railway time-table, a cheap compass, and a cheaper watch. In addition you'll find a map of the lake, which you can consult to-morrow morning, after you've paddled all night through the part with which you're most familiar."

"Where am I going?" he asked, huskily, avoiding her eyes. The nonchalance of her tone had not deceived him, and he thought it well not to let their glances meet.

"You'll keep to the middle of the lake and go on steadily. You'll have all Champlain to yourself to-night, and in daylight there's no reason why you shouldn't pass for an ordinary sportsman. All the same, you had better rest by day, and go on again in the evening. You'll find lots of little secluded coves where you can pull up the canoe and be quite undisturbed. I'd do that, if I were you, as soon as I saw the steamers beginning to run in the morning."

He nodded to show that he understood her.

"When you look at the map," she went on, "you'll find that I've traced a route for you, after you get above Plattsburg. You'll see that it will take you past the little French-Canadian village of Deux Etoiles. You can't mistake it, because there's a lighthouse, with a revolving light, on a rock, just off the shore. You'll be in Canada then. You'd better time yourself to go by about nightfall."

He nodded his agreement with her again, and she continued.

"About a mile above the lighthouse, and close in by the eastern shore, just where the lake becomes very narrow, there are two little islands lying close together. You'll take them as a landmark, because immediately opposite them, on the mainland, there's a stretch of forest running

for a good many miles. There you can land finally. You must drag the canoe right up into the wood, and hide it as well as you can. It's my own canoe, so that it can lie there till it drops to pieces. Is all that quite clear to you?"

Once more he nodded, not trusting himself to speak. Again the sight of his emotion braced her to make her tone more matter-of-fact than ever.

"Now, then," she went on, "if you consult the map you'll see that an old wood road runs through the forest, and comes out at the station of Saint Jean du Clou Noir. There you can get a train to Quebec. . . . The road begins nearly opposite the two little islands I spoke of. . . . I don't think you'll have any difficulty in finding it. . . . It's about seven miles to the station. . . . You could walk that easily enough through the night. . . . I've marked a very good train on the time-table—a train that stops at Saint Jean du Clou Noir at seven thirty-five . . ."

A choking sensation warned her to stop, but she retained the power to smile. The sun had set, and the slow northern night was beginning to close in. Across the lake the mountains of Vermont were receding into deep purple uniformity, while over the crimson of the west a veil of filmy black was falling, as though dropped in mid-flight by the angel of the dark. Here and there through the dead-turquoise green of the sky one could detect the pale glimmer of a star.

"You must go now," she whispered. He began to move the canoe into the water.

"I haven't thanked you," he began, unsteadily, holding the canoe by the bow, "because you wouldn't let me. As a matter of fact, I don't know how to do it—adequately. But if I live at all, my life will belong to you. That's all I can say. My life will be a thing for you to dispose of. If you ever have need of it—"

"I sha'n't have," she said, hastily, "but I'll remember what you say."

"Thanks; that's all I ask. For the present I can only hope for the chance of making my promise good."

She said nothing in reply, and after a minute's silence he entered the canoe. She steadied it herself to allow him to step in. It was not till he had done so





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

HIS BOAT WAS ALREADY LITTLE MORE THAN A SPECK ON THE WATERS







and had knelt down with the paddle in his hand that, moved by a sudden impulse, she leaned to him and kissed him. Then, releasing the light craft, she allowed it to glide out like a swan on the tiny bay. In three strokes of the paddle it had passed between the low, enclosing headlands and was out of sight. When she summoned up strength to creep to an eminence commanding the lake, it was already little more than a speck, moving rapidly northward, over the opal-tinted waters.

## CHAPTER VI

ON finding himself alone, and relatively free, Ford's first sensation was one of insecurity. Having lived for more than a year under orders and observation, he had lost for the moment some of his natural confidence in his own initiative. Though he struck resolutely up the lake he was aware of an inner bewilderment, bordering on physical discomfort, at being his own master. For the first half-hour he paddled mechanically, his consciousness benumbed by the overwhelming strangeness of their parting. As far as he was able to formulate his thought at all he felt himself to be in process of a new birth, into a new phase of existence. In the darkening of the sky above him and of the lake around there came upon him something of the mental obscurity that might mark the passage of a transmigrating soul. After the subdued excitement of the past weeks, and especially of the past hour, the very regularity of his movements now lulled him into a passivity only quickened by vague fears. The noiseless leaping forward of the canoe beneath him heightened his sense of breaking with the past and hastening onward into another life. In that life he would be a new creature, free to be a law unto himself.

It was not till a steamer crossed his bows, not more than a hundred yards in front of him, that he began to appreciate his safety. Under the protection of the dark, and in the wide loneliness of the waters, he was as lost to human sight as a bird in the upper air. The steamer — zigzagging down the lake, touching at little ports now on the west bank and now on the east—had shot out unexpectedly from behind a point,

her double row of lights casting a halo in which his canoe must have been visible on the waves; and yet she had passed by and taken no note of him.

His sigh of relief became almost a laugh as he began again to paddle forward. The incident was like a first victory, an assurance of victories to come. The sense of insecurity with which he had started out gave place, minute by minute, to the confidence in himself which was part of his normal state of mind. Other small happenings confirmed his self-reliance. Once a pleasure party in a rowboat passed so near him that he could hear the splash of their oars and the sound of their voices. There was something almost miraculous to him in being so close to the commonplace of human fellowship. He had the feeling of pleasant inward recognition that comes from hearing one's mother tongue in a foreign land. He stopped paddling again, just to catch meaningless fragments of their talk, until they floated away into silence and darkness. He would have been sorry to have them pass out of ear-shot, were it not for his satisfaction in being able to go his way unheeded.

Peace of mind came to him gradually, as the little towns put out their lights, and the lake steamers laid up in tiny ports, and the rowing-parties went home to bed. In the smooth, dark level of the lake and in the stars there was a soothing quality to which he responded before he was aware of doing so. The spacious solitude of the summer night brought with it a large calmness of outlook, in which his spirit took a measure of comfort. There was a certain bodily pleasure, too, in the regular monotony of paddling, while his mental faculties were kept alert by the necessity of finding points by which to steer, and fixing his attention upon them. So, by degrees, his limited reasoning powers found themselves at work, fumbling, with the helplessness of a man whose strong points are physical activity and concentration of purpose, for some light on the wild course on which he was embarked.

Perhaps his first reflection that had the nature of a conclusion or a deduction was on the subject of "old Wayne." Up to the present he had regarded him



with special ill will, owing to the fact that Wayne, while inclining to a belief in his innocence, had nevertheless lent himself to the full working of the law. It came to Ford now in the light of a discovery that, after all, it was not Wayne's fault. Wayne was in the grip of forces that deprived him to a large extent of the power of voluntary action. He could scarcely be blamed if he fulfilled the duties he was appointed to perform. The real responsibility was elsewhere. With whom did it lie? For a primitive mind like Ford's the question was not an easy one to answer.

For a time he was inclined to call to account the lawyers who had pleaded for the State. Had it not been for their arguments he would have been acquitted. With an ingenuity he had never supposed to exist they had analyzed his career—especially the two years of it spent with Uncle Chris—and shown how it led up to the crime as to an inevitable consequence. Certainly, then, the lawyers must have been to blame—that is, unless they were only carrying out what others had hired them to do.

That qualifying phrase started a new train of thought. By a process of elimination he absolved judge, jury, legal profession, and local public from the greater condemnation. Each had contributed to the error that made him an outlaw, but no one contributor was the whole of the great force responsible. That force, which had set its component parts to work, and plied them till the worst they could do was done, was the body which they called Organized Society. To Ford Organized Society was a new expression. He could not remember ever to have heard it till it was used in court. There it had been on everybody's lips. Far more than old Chris Ford himself it was made to figure as the injured party. Though there was little sympathy for the victim in his own person, Organized Society seemed to have received in his death a blow that called for the utmost avenging. Organized Society was plaintiff in the case, as well as police, jury, judge, and public. The single human creature who could not apparently gain footing within its fold was Norrie Ford himself. Organized Society had cast him out.

He had been told that before, and yet the actual fact had never come home to him till now. In prison, in court, in the cabin in the woods, there had always been some human hand within reach of his own, some human tie, even though it was a chain. However ignoble, there had been a place for him. But out here on the great vacant lake there was an isolation that gave reality to his expulsion. The last man left on earth would not feel more utterly alone.

For the first time since the night of his escape there came back to him that vague feeling of deserting something he might have defended, that almost physical sensation of regret at not having stood his ground and fought till he fell. He began to understand now what it meant. Dip, splash, dip, splash, his paddle stirred the dimly shining water, breaking into tiny whirlpools the tremulous reflection of the stars. Not for an instant did he relax his stroke, though the regret took more definitive shape behind him. Convicted and sentenced, he was still part of the life of men, just as a man whom others are trying to hurl from a tower is *on* the tower till he has fallen. He himself had not fallen; he had jumped off, while there was still a chance of keeping his foothold.

The reflection gave still another turn to his thought. He was passing Burlington by this time—the electric lamps throwing broad bands of light along the deserted, up-hill streets, between the sleeping houses. It was the first city he had seen since leaving New York to begin his useless career in the mountains. The sight moved him with an odd curiosity, not free from a homesick longing for normal, simple ways of life. He kept the canoe at a standstill, looking hungrily up the empty thoroughfares, as a poor ghost may gaze at familiar scenes while those it has loved are dreaming. By and by the city seemed to stir in its sleep. Along the waterside he could hear the clatter of some belated or too early wayfarer; a weird, intermittent creaking of a wagon told him that some energetic farmer was already on his way to the town; from a distant freight train came the long melancholy wail that locomotives give at night; and then drowsily, but with the promptness of



one conscientious in his duty, a cock crew. Ford knew that somewhere, unseen as yet by him, the dawn was coming, and—again like a wandering ghost—sped on.

But he had been looking on the tower which the children of men had builded, and had recognized his desire to clamber up into it again. He was not without the perception that a more fiery temperament than his own—perhaps a nobler one—would have cursed the race that had done him wrong, and sought to injure it, or shun it. Misty recollections of proud-hearted men who had taken this stand came back to him.

“I suppose I ought to do the same,” he muttered to himself, humbly; “but what would be the use when I couldn’t keep it up?”

Understanding himself thus well, his purpose became clearer. Like the ant or the beaver that has seen its fabric destroyed, he must set patiently to work to reconstruct it. He suspected a poor-spirited element in this sort of courage; but his instinct forced him within his limitations. By dint of keeping there and toiling there he felt sure of his ability to get back to the top of the tower in such a way that no one would think he lacked the right to be on it.

But he himself would know it. He shrank from that fact with the repugnance of an honest nature for what is not straightforward; but the matter was past helping. He should be obliged to play the impostor everywhere and with every one. He would mingle with men, shake their hands, share their friendships, eat their bread, and accept their favors—and deceive them under their very noses. Life would become one long trick, one daily feat of skill. Any possible success he could win would lack stability, would lack reality, because there would be neither truth nor fact behind it.

From the argument that he was innocent he got little comfort. He had forfeited his right to make use of that fact any longer. Had he stayed where he was he could have shouted it out till they gagged him in the death-chair. Now he must be dumb on the subject forevermore. In his disappearance there was an acceptance of guilt which he must remain powerless to explain away.

Many minutes of dull pain passed in

dwelling on that point. He could work neither back from it nor forward. His mind could only dwell on it with an aching admission of its justice, while he searched the sky for the dawn.

In spite of the crowing of the cock he saw no sign of day—unless it was that the mountains on the New York shore detached themselves more distinctly from the sky of which they had seemed to form a part. On the Vermont side there was nothing but a heaped-up darkness, night piled on night, till the eye reached the upper heavens and the stars.

He paddled on, steadily, rhythmically, having no sense of hunger or fatigue, while he groped for the clue that was to guide him when he stepped on land. He felt the need of a moral programme, of some pillar of cloud and fire that would show him a way he should be justified in taking. He expressed it to himself by a kind of aspiration which he kept repeating, sometimes half aloud.

“O Lord, O Holy One! I want to be a man!”

Suddenly he struck the water with so violent a dash that the canoe swerved and headed landward.

“By God!” he muttered, under his breath, “I’ve got it. . . . It isn’t my fault. . . . It’s theirs. . . . They’ve put me in this fix. . . . They’ve brought this dodging, and shifting, and squirming upon me. . . . The subterfuge isn’t mine; it’s theirs. . . . They’ve taken the responsibility from me. . . . When they strip me of rights they strip me of duties. . . . They’ve forced me where right and wrong don’t exist for me any more. . . . They’ve pitched me out of their Organized Society, and I’ve had to go. . . . Now I’m free . . . and I shall profit by my freedom.”

In the excitement of these discoveries he smote the waters again. He remembered having said something of the sort on the night of his interview with Wayne; but he had not till now grasped its significance. It was the emancipation of his conscience. Whatever difficulties he might encounter from outside, he should be hampered by no scruples from within. He had been relieved of them; they had been taken from him. Since none had a duty toward him, he had no duty toward any. If it



suiting his purposes to juggle with men, the blame must rest upon themselves. He could but do his best with the maimed existence they had left to him. Self-respect would entail observance of the common laws of truth and honesty, but beyond this he need never allow consideration for another to come before consideration for himself. He was absolved from the necessity in advance. In the region in which he should pass his inner life there would be no occupant but himself. From the world where men and women had ties of love and pity and mutual regard they had cast him out, forcing him into a spiritual limbo where none of these things obtained. It was only lawful that he should make use of such advantages as his lot allowed him.

There was exaltation in the way in which he grasped this creed as his rule of life; and looking up suddenly, he saw the dawn. It had taken him unawares, stealing like a gray mist of light over the tops of the Vermont hills, lifting their ridges faintly out of night, like the ghosts of so many Titans. Among the Adirondacks one high peak caught the first glimmer of advancing day, while all the lower range remained a gigantic silhouette beneath the perceptibly paling stars. Over Canada the veil was still down, but he fancied he could detect a thinner texture to the darkness.

Then, as he passed a wooded headland, came a sleepy twitter, from some little pink and yellow bill barely withdrawn from its enfolding wing—to be followed by another, and another, and another, till both shores were aquiver with that plaintive chirrup, half threnody for the flying darkness, half welcome to the sun, like the praise of a choir of children roused to sing midnight matins, but still dreaming. Ford's dip was softer now, as though he feared to disturb that vibrant drowsiness; but when, later, capes and coves began to define themselves through the gray gloaming, and, later still, a shimmer of saffron appeared above the eastern summits, he knew it was time to think of a refuge from the daylight.

But the sun was actually in the sky when he perceived that he no longer had the lake to himself. From a village nestling in some hidden cove a rowboat

pulled out into the open—a fisherman after the morning's catch. It was easy enough for Ford to keep at a prudent distance; but the companionship caused him an uneasiness that was not dispelled before the first morning steamer came pounding from the northward. He fixed his attention then on a tiny islet some two or three miles ahead. There were trees on it, and probably ferns and grass. Reaching it, he found himself in a portion of the lake forest-banked and little frequented. Pastures and fields of ripening grain on the most distant slopes of Vermont gave the nearest token of life. All about him there were solitude and stillness—with the glorious, bracing beauty of the newly risen day.

Landing with stiffened limbs, he drew up the canoe on a bit of sandy beach, over which sturdy old bushes, elder and birch, battered by the north winds, leaned in friendly, concealing protection. He himself would be able to lie down here, among the tall ferns and the stunted blueberry-scrub, as secluded and secure as ever he had been in prison.

Being hungry and thirsty, he ate and drank, consulting his map the while and fixing approximately his whereabouts. He looked at his little watch and wound it, and fingered the pages of the railway guide he found beside it.

The acts brought up the image of the girl who had furnished him with these useful accessories to flight. For lack of another name he called her the Wild Olive—remembering her yearning, not wholly unlike his own, to be grafted back into the good olive tree of Organized Society. With some shame he perceived that he had scarcely thought of her through the night. It was astounding to recollect that not twelve hours ago she had kissed him and sent him on his journey. To him the gulf between then and now was so wide and blank that it might have been twelve weeks, or twelve months, or twelve years. It had been the night of the birth of a new creature, of the transmigration of a soul; it had no measurement in time, and threw all that preceded it into the mists of pre-natal ages.

These thoughts passed through his mind as he made a pillow for himself with his white flannel jacket, and twisted



the ferns above it into a shelter from the flies. Having done this, he stood still and pondered.

"Have I really become a new creature?" he asked himself.

There was much in the outward conditions to encourage the fancy, while his inner consciousness found it easy to be credulous. Nothing was left of Norrie Ford but the mere flesh and bones—the least stable part of personality. Norrie Ford was gone—not dead, but gone—blasted, annihilated, stamped out of existence, by the act of Organized Society. In its place the night of transition had called up some one else.

"But who? . . . Who am I? . . . What am I?"

Above all, a name seemed required to give him entity. It was a repetition of his feeling about the Wild Olive—the girl in the cabin in the woods. Suddenly he remembered that, if he had found a name for her, she had also found one for him—and that it was written on the steamer ticket in his pocket. He drew it out, and read:

"Herbert Strange."

He repeated it at first in dull surprise, and then with disapproval. It was not the kind of name he would have chosen. It was odd, noticeable—a name people would remember. He would have preferred something commonplace, such as might be found for a column or two in any city directory. She had probably got it from a novel—or made it up. Girls did such things. It was a pity, but there was no help for it now. As Herbert Strange he must go on board the steamer, and so he should be called until—

But he was too tired to fix a date for the resumption of his own name or the taking of another. Flinging himself on his couch of moss and trailing ground-spruce, with the ferns closing over him, and the pines over them, he was soon asleep.

## PART II.—STRANGE

### CHAPTER VII

DRESSED in overalls that had once been white, he was superintending the stacking of wool in a long brick-walled, iron-roofed shed in Buenos

Ayres, when the thought came to him how easy it had all been. He paused for a minute in his work of inspection—standing by an open window, where a whiff of fresh air from off the mud-brown Rio de la Plata relieved the heavy, greasy smell of the piles of unwashed wool—just to review again the past eighteen months. Below him stretched the noisy docks, with their row of electric cranes, as regular as a line of street lamps, loading or unloading a mile of steamers lying broadside on, and flying all flags but the Stars and Stripes. Wines, silk, machinery, textiles were coming out; wheat, cattle, hides, and beef were pouring in. In the confusion of tongues that reached him he could, on occasions, catch the tones of Spaniard, Frenchman, Swede, and Italian, together with all the varieties of English speech from Highland Scotch to Cockney; but none of the intonations of his native land. The comparative rarity of anything American in his city of refuge, while it added to his sense of exile, heightened his feeling of security. It was still another of the happy circumstances that had helped him.

He had leisure for reflection because it was the hour for the men's midday meal and siesta. He could see them grouped together—some thirty-odd—at the far end of the shed—sturdy little Italians, black-eyed, smiling, thrifty, dirty, and contented to a degree that made them incomprehensible to the ambitious, upward-toiling American set over them. They sat, or lounged, on piles of wool, or on the floor, some chattering, most of them asleep. He had begun like them. He had stacked wool under orders till he had made himself capable of being in command. He had been beneath the ladder; and though his foot was only on the lowest rung of it even now, he was satisfied to have made this first step upward.

He could hardly have explained how his decision to try Argentina had become fixed. Until he saw whether or not he should get successfully ashore at Liverpool there was a paralysis of all mental effort; but once on the train for London his plans appeared before him already formed. Within a fortnight he was a



second-class passenger on board the Royal Mail Steam Packet *Parana*, bound for Buenos Ayres—thus fulfilling, almost unexpectedly to himself, the suggestion made by the girl in the Adirondack cabin, whose star, as he began to believe, must rule his fate.

He thought of her now and then, but always with the same curious sense of remoteness—of unreality, as of a figure seen in a dream. Were it not for the substantial tokens of her actuality he possessed she would have seemed to him like the heroine of a play. He would have reproached himself for disloyalty if the intensity of each minute as he had to meet it had not been an excuse for him. The time would come when the pressure of the instant would be less great, and he should be able to get back the emotion with which he left her. Perhaps if she had been “his type of woman,” her image would not have faded so quickly.

There was but one thing for which he was not grateful to her. She had fixed the name of Herbert Strange upon him in such a way that he was unable to shake it off. His own first name was the unobjectionable monosyllable John—and as John Ford he could have faced the world with a certain amount of bluff. He meant to begin the attempt immediately on reaching London, but the difficulty of appearing in a hotel under one name while everything he brought with him bore another was patent to him at once. Similarly, he could not receive the correspondence incidental to his outfit and his passage under the name of Ford in a house where he was known as Strange. Having applied for his passage as Strange, he knew it would create comment if he asked to be put down in the books as Ford. Do what he would he was obliged to appear on the printed list of second-cabin passengers as Herbert Strange, and he had made at least one acquaintance who would expect to call him so after they reached land.

This was a little, clean-shaven man, in the neighborhood of sixty, always dressed at sea as he probably dressed on shore. He wore nothing but black, with a white shirt and a ready-made black bow-tie. He might have been a butler, an elderly valet, or a member of some discreet

religious order in street costume. Ford had heard a flippant young Frenchman speak of him as an “ancien curé qui a fait quelque bêtise”; and indeed there was about him that stamp of the ecclesiastic which is sometimes ineffaceable.

“I call myself Durand,” he said to Ford, using the conveniently ambiguous French idiom: “Je m’appelle Durand.”

“Et je m’appelle Strange—I call myself Strange,” Ford had replied, claiming the name for the first time without hesitation, but feeling the irrevocable nature of the words as soon as he had uttered them.

Monsieur Durand had been thirty years in the Argentine, observing the place and the people, native and foreign, with the impartial shrewdness only possible to one who sought little for himself. It was a pleasure to share the fruits of his experience with one so eager to learn, for young men were not in the habit of showing him deference. He could tell Mr. Strange many things that would be to his advantage—what to do—what to avoid—what sort of place to live in—what he ought to pay—and what sort of company to keep.

Yes, he knew the firm of Stephens & Jarrott—an excellent house. There was no Mr. Stephens now, only a Mr. Jarrott. Mr. Stephens had belonged to the great days of American enterprise in the southern hemisphere, to the time of Wheelwright, and Halsey, and Hale. The Civil War had put an end to that. Mr. Jarrott had come later—a good man, not generally understood. He had suffered a great loss a few years ago in the death of his brother-in-law and partner, Mr. Colfax. Mrs. Colfax, a pretty little woman, who hadn’t old age in her blood either—one could see that—had gone back to the United States with her child—but a child!—blond as an angel—altogether darling—*tout à fait mignonne*. Monsieur Durand thought he remembered hearing that Mrs. Colfax had married again, but he couldn’t say for certain. What would you? One heard so many things. He knew less of the family since the last boy died—the boy to whom he gave lessons in Spanish and French. Death hadn’t spared the household—taking the three sons one after another and leaving father and mother





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

HE THOUGHT OF HER NOW AND THEN, AS OF A FIGURE SEEN IN A DREAM







alone. It was a thousand pities Mrs. Colfax had taken the little girl away. They loved her as if she had been their own—especially after the boys died. An excellent house! Mr. Strange couldn't do better than seek an entry there—it is I who tell you so—*c'est moi qui vous le dis*.

All this was said in very good English, with occasional lapses into French, in a soft, benevolent voice, with slow benedictory movements of the hands, more and more suggestive of an ecclesiastic *en civile*—or under a cloud. Strange stole an occasional glance into the delicate, clear-cut face, where the thin lips were compressed into permanent lines of pain, and the sunken brown eyes looked out from under scholarly brows with the kind of hopeful anguish a penitent soul might feel in the midst of purifying flames. He remembered again what the flippant young Frenchman had said: "Un ancien curé qui a fait quelque bêtise." Was it possible that some tragic sin lay under this gentle life? and was the four-funnelled, twin-screwed *Parana* but a ghostly ship bearing a cargo of haunted souls into their earthly purgatory?

But listen now, sir, the old man began next day. There would be difficulties. Stephens & Jarrott employed only picked men, men with some experience—except for the mere manual labor such as the Italians could perform. Wouldn't it be well for Mr. Strange to qualify himself a little, before risking a refusal? Ah, but how? Monsieur Durand would explain. There was first the question of Spanish. No one could get along in the Argentine without a working knowledge of that tongue. Monsieur Durand himself gave lessons in it—and in French—but in the English and American colonies of Buenos Ayres exclusively. If his young friend would give him the pleasure of taking a few lessons, they could begin even now. It would while away the time on the voyage. For example: *el tabaco—la pipa—los cigarillos. Que es esto? Esto es la pipa*. Very simple. In a few weeks' time the pupil is carrying on conversations.

It would be an incalculable advantage to Mr. Strange if he could enter on his Argentine life with some command of

the vernacular. It might even be well to defer his search for permanent employment until he could have that accomplishment to his credit. If he possessed a little money—even a very little—Oh, he did? Then so much the better. He need not live on it entirely, but it would be something to fall back on while getting the rudiments of his education. In the mean time he could learn a little about wool if he picked up jobs—Oh, very humble ones!—they were always to be had by the young and able-bodied—at the Mercado Central, one of the great wool-markets of the world. He could earn a few *pesetas*, acquire practical experience, and fit himself out in Spanish, all at the same time.

Later on, perhaps Mr. Strange might take a season on some great sheep *estancia* out in the Camp, where there were thousands of herds that were thousands strong. To come into actual contact with the sheep, to know Oxfords, Cheviots, Leicesters and Black-faced Downs, to assist at the feedings and washings and doctorings and shearings, to follow the crossings and re-crossings and crossings again, that bred new varieties as if they were roses, to trace the processes by which the Argentine pampas supply novel resources to the European manufacturer, and the European manufacturer turns out the smart young man of London or New York, with his air of wearing "the very latest"—all this would not only give Strange a pleasing sense of being at the root of things, but form a sort of apprenticeship to his trade.

The men had not yet finished their hour of siesta, but Strange himself was at work. Ten minutes were sufficient for his own snack, and he never needed rest. Moreover, he was still too new to his position to do other than glory in the fact that he was a free being, doing a man's work, and earning a man's wage. Out in the Camp he had been too desolate to feel that, but here in Buenos Ayres, at the very moment when the great city was waking to the knowledge of her queenship in the southern world—when the commercial hordes of the north were sweeping down in thousands of ships across the equator to outdo each other



in her markets, it was an inspiring thing merely to be alive and busy. He was as proud of Stephens & Jarrott's long brick shed, where the sun beat pitilessly on the corrugated iron roof, and the smell of wool nearly sickened him, as if it had been a Rothschild's counting-house. His position there was just above the lowest; but his enthusiasm was independent of trivial things like that. How could he lounge about, taking siestas, when work was such a pleasure in itself? The shed of which he had the oversight was a model of its kind, not so much because his ambition designed to make it so, as because his ardor could make it nothing else.

The roar of dock traffic through the open windows drowned anything but the loudest sounds, so that, busily working, he heard nothing, and paid no attention, when some one stopped behind him. He had turned accidentally, humming to himself in the sheer joy of his task, when the presence of the stranger caused him to blush furiously beneath his tan. He drew himself up, like a soldier, to attention. He had never seen the head of the firm that employed him, but he had heard a young Englishman describe him as "looking like a wooden man just coming into life," so that he was enabled to recognize him now. He did look something like a wooden man, in that the long, lean face, of the tone of parchment, was marked by the few, deep, almost perpendicular folds that give all the expression there is to a Swiss or German medieval statue of a saint or warrior in painted oak. One could see it was a face that rarely smiled, though there was plenty of life in the deep-set, gray-blue eyes, together with a force of cautious, reserved, and possibly timid, sympathy. Of the middle height and slender, with hair just turning from iron-gray to gray, immaculate in white duck, and wearing a dignified Panama, he stood looking at Strange—who, tall and stalwart in his greasy overalls, held his head high in conscious pride in his position in the shed—as Capital might look at Labor. It seemed a long time before Mr. Jarrott spoke—the natural harshness of his voice softened by his quiet manner.

"You're in charge of this gang?"

"Yes, sir."

There was an embarrassed pause. As though not knowing what to say next, Mr. Jarrott's gaze travelled down the length of the shed to where the Italians, rubbing their sleepy eyes, were preparing for work again.

"You're an American, I believe?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you?"

"Not quite twenty-six."

"What's your name?"

"Herbert Strange."

"Ah? One of the Stranges of Virginia?"

"No, sir."

There was another long pause, during which the older man's eyes wandered once more over the shed and the piles of wool, coming back again to Strange.

"You should pick up a little Spanish."

"I've been studying it. *Hablo Español, pero no muy bien.*"

Mr. Jarrott looked at him for a minute in surprise.

"So much the better—tanto mejor," he said, after a brief pause, and passed on.

## CHAPTER VIII

HE was again thinking how easy it had been, as he stood, more than three years later, on the bluffs of Rosario, watching the sacks of wheat glide down the long chute—full seventy feet—into the hold of the *Walmer Castle*. The sturdy little Italians who carried the bags from the warehouse in long single file might have been those he had superintended in the wool-shed in Buenos Ayres in the early stages of his rise. But he was not superintending these. He superintended the superintendents of those who superintended them. Tired with his long day in the office, he had come out toward the end of the afternoon not only to get a breath of the fresh air off the Parana, but to muse, as he often did, over the odd spectacle of the neglected, half-forgotten Spanish settlement, that had slumbered for two hundred years, waking to the sense of its destiny as a factor of importance in the modern world. Wheat had created Chicago and Winnipeg Adam-like from the ground; but it was rejuvenating Rosario de Santa Fé Faust-like, with its golden elixir. It interested the man who called himself



Herbert Strange—resident manager of Stephens & Jarrott's great wheat business in this outlet of the great wheat provinces—to watch the impulse by which Decrepitude rose and shook itself into Youth. As yet the process had scarcely advanced beyond the early stages of surprise. The dome of the seventeenth-century Renaissance cathedral, accustomed for five or six generations to look down on low, one-storied Spanish dwellings surrounding patios almost Moorish in their privacy, seemed to lift itself in some astonishment over warehouses and flour-mills; while the mingling of its sweet old bells with the creaking of cranes and the shrieks of steam was like that chorus of the centuries in which there can be no blending of the tones.

Strange felt himself so much a part of the rejuvenescence that the incongruity gave him no mental or æsthetic shock. If in his present position he took a less naïf pride than in that of three years ago, he was conscious none the less of a deep satisfaction in having his part, however humble, in the exercise of the world's energies. It gave him a sense of oneness with the great primal forces—with the river flowing beneath him, two hundred miles to the Atlantic, with the wheat fields stretching behind him to the confines of Brazil and the foot-hills of the Andes—to be a moving element in this galvanizing of new life into the dormant town, in this finding of new riches in the waiting earth.

It was difficult, too, not to love a country in which the way had been made so smooth for him. While he knew that he brought to his work those qualities most highly prized by men of business, he was astonished nevertheless at the rapidity with which he climbed. Men of long experience in the country had been more than once passed over, while he got the promotion for which they had waited ten and fifteen years. He admired the way in which for the most part they concealed their chagrin, but he got respect from them, even if he could not win popularity—and from popularity, in any case, he had been shut out from the first. No man can be popular who works harder than anybody else, shuns companionship, and takes his rare amuse-

ments alone. He had been obliged to do all three, knowing in advance that it would create for him a reputation of an "ugly brute" in quarters whence he would have been glad to get good-will.

Finding the lack of popularity a safeguard not only against prying curiosity but against inadvertent self-betrayal, it was with some misgiving that he saw his hermit-like seclusion threatened, as he rose higher in the business—and consequently in the social—scale. In the English-speaking colony of Buenos Ayres the one advance is likely to bring about the other—especially in the case of a good-looking young man, evidently bound to make his mark, and apparently of respectable antecedents. The first menace of danger had come from Mr. Jarrott himself, who had unexpectedly invited his intelligent employee to lunch with him at a club, in order to talk over a commission with which Strange was to be entrusted. On this occasion he was able to stammer his way out of the invitation; but when, later, Mr. Skinner, the second partner, made a like proposal he was caught without an excuse, being obliged, with some confusion, to eat his meal in a fashionable restaurant in the Calle Florida. Oddly enough, both his refusal on the one occasion and his acceptance on the other obtained him credit with his elders and superiors, as a modest young fellow, too shy to seize an honor, and embarrassed when it was thrust upon him.

To Strange both occurrences were so alarming that he put himself into a daily attitude of defence, fearing similar attack from Mr. Martin, the third member of the firm. He, however, made no sign; and the bomb was thrown by his wife. It came in the shape of a card informing Mr. Strange that on a certain evening, a few weeks hence, Mrs. Martin would be at home, at her residence in Hurlingham. It was briefly indicated that there would be dancing, and he was requested to answer if he pleased. The general information being engraved, his particular name was written in a free bold hand, which he took to be that of one of the daughters of the family.

It was a foregone conclusion that he should decline their invitation, and he did so; but the mere occasion for doing it



gave his mind an impetus in the direction in which he had been able hitherto to check it. He began again to think of the feminine, to dream of it, to long for it. For the time being it was the feminine in the abstract—without features or personality. As far as it took form at all it was with the dainty, nestling seductiveness that belonged to what he called his "type"—a charm that had nothing in common with the forest grace of the Wild Olive, or the dash of the Misses Martin.

Now and then he caught glimpses of it, but it was generally out of reach. Soft eyes, of the velvety kind that smote him most deliciously, would lift their light upon him through the casement of some old Spanish residence, or from the daily procession of carriages moving slowly along the palm avenue at Palermo, or in the Florida.

Once the incarnation of his dreams came so near him that it was actually within his grasp. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil dangled its fruit right before his eyes in the person of Mademoiselle Hortense, who sang at the Café Florian, while the clients, of whom he was sometimes one, smoked and partook of refreshments. She was just the little round, soft, dimpling, downy bundle of youth and love he so often saw in his mind's eye, and so rarely in reality, and he was ready to fall in love with any one. The mutual acquaintance was formed, as a matter of course, over the piece of gold he threw into the tambourine, from which, as she passed from table to table, she was able to measure her hearer's appreciation of art. Those were the days in which he first began to be able to dress well, and to have a little money to throw away. For ten days or a fortnight he threw it away in considerable sums, being either in love or in a condition like it. He respected Mademoiselle Hortense, and had sympathy with her in her trials. She was desperately sick of her roving life, as he was of Mrs. Wilson's boarding-house. She was as eager to marry and settle down as he to have a home. The subject was not exactly broached between them, but they certainly talked round it. The decisive moment came on the night when her troupe was to sail for Montevideo. In the most delicate way in the

world she gave him to understand that she would remain even at the eleventh hour if he were to say the word. She might be on the deck, she might be in her berth, and it still would not be too late. He left her at nine, and she was to sail at eleven. During the two intervening hours he paced the town, a prey to hopes, fears, temptations, distresses. To do him justice, it was her broken heart he thought of, not his own. To him she was only one of many possibilities; to her, he was the chance of a lifetime. She might never, he said to himself, "fall into the clutches of so decent a chap again." It was a wild wrestle between common sense and folly—so wild that he was relieved to hear a clock strike eleven, and to know she must have sailed.

The incident sobered him by showing him how near and how easily he could come to a certain form of madness. After that he worked harder than ever, and in the course of time got his appointment at Rosario. It was a great "rise," not only in position and salary, but also in expectations. Mr. Martin had been resident manager at Rosario before he was taken into partnership—so who could tell what might happen next?

The first intimation of the change was conveyed by Mr. Jarrott in a manner characteristically casual. Strange, being about to leave the private office one day, after a consultation on some matter of secondary import, was already half-way to the door, while Mr. Jarrott himself was stooping to replace a book in the revolving bookcase that stood beside his chair.

"By the way," he said, without looking up, "Jenkins is going to represent the house in New York. We think you had better take his place at Rosario."

Strange drew himself up to attention. He knew the old man liked his subordinates to receive momentous orders as if they came in the routine of the day.

"Very well, sir," he said, quietly, betraying no sign of his excitement within. Raising himself, Mr. Jarrott looked about uneasily, as if trying to find something else to say, while Strange began again to move toward the door.

"And Mrs. Jarrott—"

Strange stopped so still that the senior partner paused with that air of gentlemanly awkwardness—something like an



Englishman's—which he took on when he had firmly made up his mind.

"Mrs. Jarrott," he continued, "begs me to say she hopes you will—a—come and lunch with us on Sunday next."

There was a long pause, during which the young man searched wildly for some formula that would soften his point-blank refusal.

"Mrs. Jarrott is awfully kind," he began at last to stammer, "but if she would excuse me—"

"She will expect you on Sunday at half past twelve."

The words were uttered with that barely perceptible emphasis which, as the whole house knew, implied that all had been said.

In the end the luncheon was no formidable affair. Except for his fear lest it should be the thin edge of the wedge of that American social life which it would be perilous for him to enter, he would have enjoyed this peep into a comfortable home, after his long exile from anything of the sort. In building his house at Palermo, Mr. Jarrott had kept, in the outlines at least, to the old Spanish style of architecture, as being most suited to the history and climate of the country, though the wealthy Argentines themselves preferred to have their residences look—like their dresses, jewels, and carriages—as if they had come from Paris. The interior patio was spacious, shaded with vines, and gay with flowers, while birds, caged or free, were singing everywhere. The rooms surrounding it were airy and cool, and adapted to American standards of comfort. In the dining-room, mahogany, damask, crystal, and silver gave Strange an odd feeling of having been wafted back to the days and usages of the boyhood of Norrie Ford.

As the only guest he found himself seated on Mrs. Jarrott's right, and opposite Miss Queenie Jarrott, the sister of the head of the house. The host, as his manner was, spoke little. Miss Jarrott, too, only looked at Strange across the table, smiling at him with her large, thin, upward-curving smile, comic in spite of itself, and with a certain pathos, since she meant it to be charged with sentiment. Over the party at table, over the elderly men servants who waited on them,

over the room, over the patio, there was—except for the singing of the birds—the hush that belongs to a household that never hears the noise or the laughter of youth.

Mrs. Jarrott took the brunt of the conversation on herself. She was a beautiful woman, faded now with the pallor that comes to northern people after long residence in the subtropical south, and languid from the same cause. Her handsome hazel eyes looked as if they had been used to weeping, though they conserved a brightness that imparted animation to her face. A white frill round her throat gave the only relief to her plain black dress, but she wore many diamond rings, after the Argentine fashion, as well as a brooch and earrings of black pearls.

She began by asking her guest if it was true, as Mr. Jarrott had informed her, that he was not one of the Stranges of Virginia. She thought he must be. It would be so odd if he wasn't. There *were* Stranges in Virginia, and had been for a great many generations. In fact, her own family, the Colfaxes, had almost intermarried with them. When she said almost, she meant that they had intermarried with the same families—the Yorkes, the Endsleighs, and the Poles. If Mr. Strange did belong to the Virginia Stranges, she was sure they could find relatives in common. Oh, he didn't? Well, it seemed really as if he must. If Mr. Strange came from New York, he probably knew the Wrenns. Her own mother was a Wrenn. She had been Miss Wrenn before she was Mrs. Colfax. He thought he had heard of them? Oh, probably. They were well-known people—at least they had been in the old days—though New York was so very much changed. She rarely went back there now, the voyage was so long, but when she did she was quite bewildered. Her own family used to be so conservative, keeping to a little circle of relatives and friends that rarely went north of Boston or south of Philadelphia; but now when she made them a visit she found them surrounded by a lot of people who had never been heard of before. She thought it a pity that in a country where there were so few distinctions, those which existed shouldn't be observed.



It was a relief to Strange when the sweet, languorous monologue, punctuated from time to time by a response from himself, or an interjectory remark from one of the others, came to an end, and they proceeded to the patio for coffee.

It was served in a corner shaded by flowering vines, and presided over by a huge green and gray parrot in a cage. The host and hostess, being denied this form of refreshment, took advantage of the moment to stroll arm in arm around the court, leaving Miss Jarrott in tête-à-tête with Strange. He noticed that as this lady led the way her figure was as lithe as a young girl's and her walk singularly graceful. "No one is ever old with a carriage like yours," Miss Jarrott had been told, and she believed it. She dressed and talked according to her figure, and had it not been for features too heavily accentuated in nose and chin, she might have produced an impression of eternal spring-tide. When coffee was poured, and the young man's cigarette alight, Miss Jarrott seized the opportunity which her sister-in-law's soft murmur at the table had not allowed her.

"It's really funny you should be Mr. Strange, because I've known a young lady of the same name. That is, I haven't known her exactly, but I've known about her."

Not to show his irritation at the renewal of the subject, Strange presumed she was one of the Stranges of Virginia, with right and title to be so called.

"She is and she isn't," Miss Jarrott replied. "I know you'll think it funny to hear me speak so; but I can't explain. I'm like that. I can't always explain. I say lots and lots of things that people just have to interpret for themselves. It's funny I should be like that, isn't it? I wonder why? Can you tell me why? And this Miss Strange—I never knew her really—not really—but I feel as if I had. I always feel that way about friends of friends of mine. I feel as if they were my friends too. I'd go through fire and water for them. Of course that's just an expression, but you know what I mean, now don't you?"

Having been assured on that point, she continued:

"I'm afraid you'll find us a very quiet household, Mr. Strange, but we're in

mourning. That is, Mrs. Jarrott is in mourning; and when those dear to me are in mourning I always feel that I'm in mourning too. I'm like that. I never can tell why it is, but—I'm like that. My sister-in-law has just lost her sister-in-law. Of course that's no relation to me, is it? And yet I feel as if it was. I've always called Mrs. Colfax my sister-in-law, and I've taught her little girl to call me Aunt Queenie. They lived here once. Mr. Colfax was Mrs. Jarrott's brother and Mr. Jarrott's partner. The little girl was born here. It was a great loss to my brother when Mr. Colfax died. Mrs. Colfax went back to New York and married again. That was a blow, too; so we haven't been on the same friendly terms of late years. But now I hope it will be different. I'm like that. I always hope. It's funny, isn't it? No matter what happens, I always think there's a silver lining to the cloud. Now, why should I be like that? Why shouldn't I despair, like other people?"

Strange ventured the suggestion that she had been born with a joyous temperament.

"I'm sure I don't know," Miss Jarrott mused. "Everybody is different, don't you think? And yet it sometimes seems to me that no one can be so different as I am. I always hope and hope; and you see, in this case I've been justified. We're going to have our little girl again. She's coming to make us a long, long visit. Her name is Evelyn; and once we get her here we hope she'll stay. Who knows? There may be something to keep her here. You never can tell about that. She's an orphan, with no one in the world but a stepfather, and he's blind. So who has a better right to her? I always think that people who have a right to other people should have them, don't you? Besides, he's going to Wiesbaden, to a great oculist there, so that Evelyn will have to come to us as her natural protectors. She's nearly eighteen now, and she wasn't eight when she left us. Oh yes, of course we've seen her since then—when we've gone to New York—but that hasn't been often. She will have changed; she'll have her hair up, and be wearing her dresses long; but I shall know her. Oh, you couldn't deceive me. I never forget a face. I'm like that. No,



nor names either. I should remember you, Mr. Strange, if I met you fifty years from now. I noticed you when you first began to work for Stephens & Jarrott. So did my sister-in-law, but I noticed you first. We've often spoken of you, especially after we knew your name was Strange. It seemed to us so strange. 'That's a pun, isn't it? I often make them. We both thought you were like what Henry—that's Mr. Jarrott's oldest son—might have grown to, if he'd been spared to us. We've had a great deal of sorrow—oh, a great deal! It's weaned my sister-in-law away from the world altogether. She's like that. My brother, too—he isn't the same man. So when Evelyn comes we hope we shall see you often, Mr. Strange. You must begin to look on this house as your second home. Indeed, you must. It 'll please my brother. I've never heard him speak of any young man as he's spoken of you. I think he sees the likeness to Henry. That 'll be next year when Evelyn comes. No, I'm sorry to say it isn't to be this year. She can't leave her stepfather till he goes to Wiesbaden. Then she'll be free. Some one else is going to Wiesbaden with him. And isn't it funny, it's

the same Miss Strange—the lady we were speaking of just now."

It was already some months since those words had been spoken, so that he had ceased to dwell on them; but at first they haunted him like a snatch of an air that passes through the mental hearing, and yet eludes the attempt to bring it to the lips. Even if he had had the synthetic imagination that easily puts two and two together, he had not the leisure, in the excitement of his removal to Rosario and the undertaking of his duties there, to follow up a set of clues that were scarcely more palpable than odors. Nevertheless the words came back to him from time to time, and always with the same odd suggestion of a meaning special—perhaps fatal—to himself. They came back to him at this minute, as he stood watching the loading of the *Walmer Castle* and breathing the fresh air off the Parana. But if they threatened danger, it was a danger that disappeared the instant he turned and faced it—leaving nothing behind but the evanescent memory of a memory, such as will sometimes remain from a dream about a dream.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Wise

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

AN apple orchard smells like wine;  
A succory flower is blue;  
Until Grief touched these eyes of mine,  
Such things I never knew.

And now indeed I know so plain  
Why one would like to cry  
When spouts are full of April rain—  
Such lonely folk go by!

So wise, so wise—that my tears fall  
Each breaking of the dawn;  
That I do long to tell you all—  
But you are dead and gone.



# The Wrecker

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

SOMETIMES the notion comes to me while I'm talkin' to people that maybe I don't make myself clear, and it's been so for some time now—the things I see in my mind fadin' away from me at times, like vessels in a fog. And that's strange enough, too, if what people tell me so often is true—that it used to be so one time that the office clerks would correct their account-books by what I told 'em out of my head. But sometimes—not often—things come back to me, like to-day—maybe because 'tis a winter day and a gale o' wind drivin' the sea afore it in the bay below there. Things come to me then—like pictures—wind and sea and fog and the wrecks on a lee shore.

In my business—but of course you know—runnin' after wrecks, from Newfoundland to Cuba, I had to be days and maybe weeks away from home—which was no harm when I had no more home than a room in a sailors' boardin'-house, and no harm later with Sarah. Even if anything happened to me, I used to feel that Sarah—that's my first wife—Sarah 'd still have the two lads to hearten her and keep her busy; but 'twas different with—but there, my mind's off again. . . .

Maybe some things—comforts, refinements—I might 'a' practised myself in, got used to 'em like, but could I see in those early days that I'd ever have a grand home—me who'd been cast away at fourteen—even if I'd had time? It was to be able to do without comforts—to make a pleasure out o' hardship—that meant success almost as much as knowin' the business. And I did know my business in those days—or people lied a lot. And it always meant more to me—the name of bein' the great wrecker—than all the money I made, and in those last few years I made plenty of it—I did that. Me who once slaved for six dollars a month as boy in a Bangor coaster. And I mind how I used

to look back and say—or was it somebody tellin' me?—that 'twas a great day for me and mine when the old lumber schooner wrecked herself on Peaked Hill Bar—because when she was hove down I was hove into a bigger world. Once in my pride I used to cherish praise like that—but sometimes now I'm not so sure.

And this man, an upstandin', handsome man, no one that knew him but spoke well of him—to me, anyway, for I would not allow aught else after I come to know him. Since that last wreck it seems to me I've listened to other talk of him, but that's not so clear to me—my brain, as I say, clouds up like on things that happened since.

No one ever met Her—my second wife, that is—but said she was beautiful and good—said so to me, anyway. It is true—but that came afterward, like the other talk, and it's not too clear in my mind what they did say. But he came to me and I liked him. And he liked me, too. . . . I think he did. He'd heard of me, he said, and would I examine his yacht—the *Rameses* that was—to see if any damage had been done—she'd grounded comin' in by Romer Shoal the day before. There'd be too much delay to put her in dry dock, and he wanted to sail soon 's could be—if she was sound—on her regular winter West India cruise. 'Twas in January, a fine clear day, and I said, all right, I'd send my oldest boy down and look at her. My oldest boy—but you know him? Aye, a grand lad. Both grand lads. Modelled off their mother, the pair of them. If I'd only a daughter like her. . . . the woman she was! A wife for a seafarin' man. "Watch and watch I've stood wi' ye," she said, goin'—"watch and watch, but I'm no good to see the lights longer. The sight's gone and the strength, Matt. Watchmate, bunkmate, and shipmate I've been to ye, but ye're in smooth water now, and no longer ye'll need me." A



daughter to stand by you she'd be. All my money I'd give for one such.

And while he was in the office She came in. "Ah-h!" he said—and then, "Your daughter, captain?" I said, "No—my wife," maybe o'erproudly. I was not ashamed of my years, for it's not years but age—I'd always held—that sets a man back. Those lads of twenty-five or thirty, I could wear them down like chalk whetstones. Maybe she heard—I don't know; but she didn't let on she did. My proud days those were—my office in the big building by the Battery. You remember? Aye, a grand place—the name in fine letters on the door, and on the window the picture of my big wreckin'-tug, the best-gear'd afloat and cost the most—a sailor's fortune just in her—yes—and I'd named it for Her. And 'twas to that same office I used often to come straight from my rough sea-work. She used to come there to take me to drive. Me, who'd been a castaway sailor-boy—but I could afford all these things then. I could afford anything She wanted. And She wanted the fine office, and so it was fitted up with fine desks and clerks, though it wasn't what the clerks put in their account-books that kept my business goin'. There were those who said that I'd pay the price some day for tryin' to carry so many things in my head, but small heed I paid to them—and 'twasn't in those days my memory dimmed.

There was but little damage to the yacht's bottom—a small matter to find that out—though the skipper he carried was no master of craft. So many of them like that, too. To face the sea like men is not what they're after, not to take winter or summer as it comes, rough or smooth—no—but always the smooth water and soft winds. But he did not sail for the West Indies that day, nor that week nor winter—something 'd gone wrong with the machinery. No concern of mine that. There were those who said later—but that was when my head begun to trouble me—as it does now sometimes, as I said. There was a time, when Sarah was alive, before we had even the old ship's cabin on the end of the old dock by way of an office, when I carried my business in a wallet in my breast pocket—that is, what we didn't

carry in our heads—but the mother of those two lads, she was with me then. That's long ago.

A most interestin' man he was. As I say, he made no West India cruise that winter—the machinery kept gettin' out of order—but he made a few trips with me—wreckin' trips—for I still looked after the big jobs myself. There were those who used to say that if I'd only learned to stand by and look on long enough to train a good man to take my place in the deep divin', that I'd be goin' yet. Maybe so, but maybe, too, they didn't know it all. I'd yet to meet a man who would do my work half as well as I could myself—never but one, and she was a woman and could do her part better—Sarah, my first wife, and her kind aren't livin' now.

He was not so soft, this yacht man, as I used to think. He stood the rough winter trips with me well. I learned to like him—rarely. I could talk to him about the work, and he'd try to understand—as so few of his kind would. He understood better after he'd been some trips with me, and I came to love him—almost. When I was away on those trips, my wife would be at home—until the time her aunt took sick. I recollect her speakin' of her aunt—or did I? No matter. She lived out West somewhere, and didn't want her to marry me—or so I made out. I didn't go too deep into it. When she hinted that she hadn't told me of her aunt before for fear of hurtin' my feelin's, it was enough. Women feel things more than men, and no use to rake 'em over. I knew I was a rough man, not the kind many women folks might take to—I never quite got over Her likin' me—nor did a whole lot of people—and 'twas natural if a woman like her aunt must be didn't like her marryin' a man like me. But no matter; her aunt was bein' reconciled, she used to write me, and when your wife is makin' up to her only livin' relative, and she dyin', it's no time to be exactin'. So she stayed on in the West. I've forgotten where—Chicago maybe?—too far, anyway, for me to go to her, because I had to stand ready in my business to leave at a minute's notice. A gale c'd rise in an hour, the coast be cluttered with wrecks in one day. And there were



so many big people, steamboat people and big shippin' firms, who counted on me, would 'a' been disappointed, you see, if I wasn't on deck when needed. It's something, after all, to be honest in your work all your life, not leave it to careless helpers.

He lost his interest in the wreckin' after a while, and natural, too. He hadn't to build up his family's name or provide a livin' for anybody by it. And her aunt still lingered, she wrote. And then I wrote that I would give up the business if she said so, and go out there. I could begin again—there was great shippin' on the lakes—better sell out a hundred wreckin' plants than be so much apart, for it's terrible to be comin' from the sea and never find the woman afore ye. But she telegraphed to wait, she would be home soon, and she wanted to see me, too, about something partic'lar. That was the night before the Portland breeze—in the year o' the war with Spain—yes, '98 that would be, the year the *Portland* went down on Middle Bank with all on board. A foolish loss that, and nobody ever went to jail for it; but it's mostly that way, nobody sufferin' for it—but the relatives—when passenger ships go down at sea.

There was half a dozen steamboat firms telegraphin' and telephonin' the morning after that storm, and I had to leave without waitin' till she got home. There was a wreck off Cape Cod, and that kept me away a week, and I was hurryin' back by way of Boston. And I saw him—me hurryin' up Atlantic Avenue to take the train and him headed for the docks. I hailed him. There was a rumor—'twas in the papers—that I'd gone down with the wreck I'd been workin' on off Cape Cod—Chatham way—but of course no one who knew me well believed it. But he must 've believed it, for—“What, you!” he says—not even puttin' in the “Captain” that he never before forgot. I missed that little word from him—and he didn't look at me the same—him that had always such a friendly way with me. He seemed to be in a great hurry, and so I left him without more talk. He did not even tell me that the *Rameses* was in the harbor and he leavin' on her, but the thought of that came later.

I had to stop off at Newport, to get things started for another wreck there, and that took me the rest of that day and the next, and then I was all ready to take the night boat for New York, but my oldest boy came hurryin' down the dock to me, and an old lady—not so old, but lookin' old—with him. And they told me how the *Rameses*, that had left Boston the morning before, 'd been wrecked off Gay Head durin' the night and sunk; and this was his mother, and she wanted me to go to the wreck right away and see if I could find and bring up his body.

I wanted to go home—a week of days and nights—and I was tired, too, and not easy to tire me in those days, but I thought of him and the trust he had in the skipper that didn't know his business, and I looks at my boy and at his mother, and Sarah's face came to me; and who's to gainsay a woman whose son lies drowned? So my boy and me we put out that night and was there next morning in our big wreckin'-tug.

'Twas a cold day, but clear, only there was a big sea runnin', makin' it dangerous, everybody said, to be lyin' alongside her. And, I suppose because o' that, my boy wanted to do the divin', but 'twas me that went down and fastened the chains so she wouldn't slip off into the deep water; and then I came up to rest, and it was while I was up restin' that the chains slipped and she slid off and on to a ledge twenty fathom down. Twenty fathoms is deep water for divin'—but one or two 'd been that deep before, and what one man has done another can do—and I'd promised the mother to bring her son home to her.

I went down and made fast the chains again, and then I went inside her to make one job of it, though I'd told the lad I'd come up after I'd made fast the chains. I needed no pilot—I'd been on her often enough—though I did find use for the patent electric hand-light I'd carried. Down the big staircase I went, through the big saloon, and toward his quarters I felt my way—through the fine cabin and the marble bath-room and his own room—all as rich and comfortable as in his own home ashore.

It was deep down, as I said—maybe too deep to be stayin' so long—but I'd





Painting by Howard Pyle

MY BOY WANTED TO DO THE DIVIN', BUT 'T WAS ME THAT WENT DOWN







never known what it was to give up on a job, and I kept on.

I found him . . . and he wasn't alone.

And hard enough it was on me, for never a hint had I of it. 'Twas my boy hauled me up that day. No signal o' mine, but I was gone so long he feared I'd come to harm below.

When I found myself better I made ready to go down again, for once you've promised to do a thing, there's nothin' but to do it. But just as they were about to slip my helmet on, me with my foot on the ladder, the chain that was holdin' her slipped again, and into two hundred fathom she went—too deep for any diver in this world ever to raise her.

I thought of his mother and I grieved for her, and it was the first job, too, that ever I'd messed.

"Never mind," says my son. "'Twas

me, not you. Nobody that knows you, father, will blame you." A great lad that, and his brother, too—off their mother's model—both of 'em. Sarah said I'd never have to worry about them, and I haven't, but I wish she'd lived to have the joy of them.

I don't remember much more of that, but when I got back to the office there was a letter from her. But I never read it. Nothin' it could tell me then that I hadn't already guessed.

'Tisn't often now it comes so to me, things bein' generally dim in my mind, as I say, slippin' away and drawin' nigh, like ships in a liftin' fog—but to-day—like that day—a winter's day and sunny and cold—with the seas runnin' like white-maned ponies before the gale in the bay below there—as it is now—always on a day like this it comes clearer to me.

## Ghosts of Indians

BY WITTER BYNNER

INDIAN-FOOTED move the mists  
 From the corner of the lake,  
 Silent, sinuous, and bent;  
 And their trailing feathers shake,  
 Tremble to forgotten leapings;  
 While with lingerings and creepings  
 Down they lean again to slake  
 The dead thirst of parching mouths,  
 Lean their pale mouths in the lake.

Indian-footed move the mists  
 That were hiding in the pine,  
 Out upon the oval lake  
 In a bent and ghostly line  
 Lean and drink for better sleeping . . .  
 Then they turn again and—creeping,  
 Gliding like the fur and fins—  
 Disappear through woods and water  
 On a thousand moccasins.



# The Fallen Queen of the Desert

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, *Ph.D.*

Department of Geography, Yale University

TWO famous cities have claimed to be Queen of the Desert. Once they strove as rivals apparently on equal terms. Palmyra was vanquished, and has become the prototype of desolation. Damascus has made good her claim, and stands for all that is queenly, permanent, and unchanging.

Once, under wise Odenathus and brave Zenobia, Palmyra dazzled the world for a space. In the third century after Christ the city, though hitherto relatively unimportant, rose to such greatness that, to judge by its ruins, it must have been fully as populous as its fortunate rival and far more important and beautiful. Practically all the trade between the Roman Empire and the Eastern lands of Persia and India was in its hands; and its merchants were opulent princes, able and willing to adorn the broad streets and luxuriant gardens of their fair city with colonnades, temples, statues, and other works of art in a profusion well-nigh unequalled in the history of the world. Rome and Persia contended for Palmyra's friendship; and each was willing to concede almost complete independence provided the city would be a faithful ally. So great was the power of the desert city that when the ambitious prince Odenathus came to the throne in A.D. 262 he was able quickly to establish an independent kingdom extending from Egypt almost to Constantinople. On his death the government fell into the hands of Zenobia, the famous Arab queen, whose beauty made men her willing servants, and whose chastity, wisdom, and bravery won the love and respect of all her followers. Unfortunately the greatness of her power drew down upon her the jealous wrath of Rome; and although she led her loyal Arabs in person and shared the dangers of the camp, the march, and the battle, the Roman legions were too

strong for her. She was defeated in 271 A.D., and was taken to Rome to grace the triumph of Aurelian, and then to become the wife of a Roman senator and the mother of Roman citizens. Palmyra suffered in the wars of Zenobia, but was not destroyed; nor was it injured more than other great cities have been time and again. Nevertheless its glory rapidly declined by reason of a decrease in its trade, and it soon relapsed into the comparative insignificance which had been its lot for ages previous to the Christian era. By the time of the Mohammedan conquest it had decayed still more; but in the Middle Ages it revived again, and is said to have contained two thousand Jewish merchants. Now it has fallen to the estate of a squalid village, whose mud houses cluster almost unnoticed among ruins which for combined splendor and desolation are almost unequalled.

Far different is the story of Damascus. She is now what she has always been since first the world found speech in history—a busy, enterprising city. Two thousand years after Christ, even as two thousand years before, her plashing fountains quench the thirst of myriads who bargain with half-angry clamor in her shady bazars, and then go forth to gossip under the fruit trees of mud villages round about, or to spread her fame in the hot tents of the sandy desert and in the lands which lie beyond. Old she may be, and wise, if experience gives wisdom; but she is far from being decrepit. Electric cars clang in her streets, and motormen more reckless than those of New York rejoice in running over sleeping street dogs or in causing pedestrians to jump as the cars swing dangerously around the curves of a crowded bazar. Three railroads—one might almost say four—centre in the city, running south to sacred Medina



and Mecca, southwest past Galilee to Haifa on the coast of Palestine, and northwest to Reyak, where one branch goes north to Aleppo to connect with the German railroad soon to be built from Constantinople to Baghdad, and the other west to the prosperous port of Beirut. Electric lights run by power from the clear Abana, praised of Naaman, illumine shops whose gowned keepers still sit cross-legged within reach of all their wares, and sell to wild camel-keepers of the desert just as their predecessors probably did in the days when Benhadad's general suffered from leprosy. As they sip their black unsweetened coffee, or drink their lemonade, the merchants talk not only of prices and of the doings of their great ones, but of liberty, parliament, and constitutional government. Everywhere new modes of action and of thought are curiously commingled with those of the past; for the most ancient of cities is still progressive in its own Oriental fashion, and seems to be endowed with the secret of perpetual youth.

History presents few contrasts more remarkable than that between short-lived Palmyra and long-lived Damascus; and few questions are more interesting than that of why two cities closely resembling each other in location and physical advantages, and inhabited by people of the same race, should have had such strangely different careers. Both towns are oases, located only a hundred and fifty miles apart upon the northern edge of the Syrian Desert, and dependent upon water from the neighboring mountains of Anti-Lebanon or its spurs. The greatness of both was due to an abundant supply of water supporting rich fields and gardens upon the edge of the desert where caravans must rest, and where those from the East naturally exchange goods with those from the West. A study of the map shows that

in some respects Palmyra had the advantage over Damascus. Caravans cannot cross the desert south of Palmyra, and therefore those from Egypt, Palestine, and southern Syria used to come up to Damascus and then strike northeast to the city of Zenobia. From the ports of northern Syria also, and from all the country up to Antioch, where the disciples of Christ were first called Christians, and to Tarsus, the city of Paul, at the northeast corner of the Mediterranean Sea, the Eastern trade went through Palmyra, leaving Damascus far to the south. Moreover, all the roads to Palmyra are level and easy, while some of those to Damascus are mountainous. Why, then, has Damascus persisted in almost unchanged prosperity and importance for ages, while Palmyra.



CARRYING HOME THE BARLEY HARVEST

long prosperous but relatively unimportant, suddenly flashed forth with meteoric splendor, and then utterly faded away?

The hope that he had discovered a clue which might, in part at least, explain the peculiar history of Palmyra led the writer to visit that city during the Yale expedition of 1909 to Palestine. It is easy to reach Palmyra. The desert



plains of fine gravel which lie east of the Anti-Lebanon range and between various minor ranges are so smooth that a carriage can readily be driven almost anywhere even without roads. Last spring a French count made the trip from Damascus to Palmyra in an automobile, accomplishing the journey in seven hours each way, over a route of one hundred and sixty miles. The only difficulties arise, first, from the waterless stretch of about fifty miles east of Karietein, the last inhabited place before Palmyra; second, from the heat of the desert; and third, from Arab robbers. As we travelled by carriage and were able to take water, the first difficulty proved insignificant; but it is so distinct an obstacle that, although previous to the opening of the railroad from Damascus to Aleppo caravans containing an annual total of from a thousand to fifteen hundred animals occasionally passed this way, many more chose to go a hundred and fifty miles farther north by way of the well-watered

son, namely, early spring or late fall. Our journey was of necessity made late in May, at almost the worst possible season. On May 31st, among some suburban ruins in the desert ten miles south of Palmyra, the temperature, under the influence of a south wind, rose to 104 degrees at half past nine o'clock, reached 107 at noon, and remained above 104 until after four in the afternoon. In the morning, when the temperature was about 75 degrees, the khaki shirts and coats which we put on felt uncomfortably warm, but later when the air became hotter than our bodies we wished that, like the Arabs, we had worn thicker clothing to keep out the intense heat. In passing from the shade into the sunlight it seemed, as my companion put it, as if we could feel the sun strike us with a veritable blow. A strong wind at noon brought no relief, but felt literally like the blast when a furnace door is opened.

Our journey from Damascus to Palmyra and back to Homs took place between May 26th and June 4th, at the height of the season for Arab raids; for these, like the majority of human actions, are timed according to the earth's rotation and the inclination of its axis. As a rule the Arabs make raids on one another rather than on the sedentary population. On long raids they often ride three or four hundred miles to the scene of operations. To be successful they must have camels to endure thirst and to travel hard on little food, and horses to use in the final dash, when speed and docility are required in order to round up and drive off the camels or other

animals selected as prey, or to ride down an escaping victim. The mares, however, which are the only horses kept by the Arabs, cannot endure long marches without drinking. Accordingly each Arab in a well-equipped party takes a milch camel and a mare which has been taught to drink camel's milk. He rides the



HARVEST SCENE IN THE STREETS OF KARIETEIN

route through Aleppo. Now, since the completion of the railway, the once-crowded roads to Palmyra are deserted by all save a few frightened villagers, occasional plundering Arabs, or a handful of curious Europeans.

Intense heat and Arab raids may both be avoided by choosing the proper sea-





THE RUINS OF PALMYRA

camel in the desert, and uses its milk to supply both himself and his horse with food and drink. When the prey is near, the camels are left in charge of a few of the raiders, and the rest ride off on horseback. It is only when the camel foals are several months old that the mothers can safely be taken away from them. Hence May and June are the great season for raids. Earlier than this the Arabs not only do not like to take away the mother camels, but every one is too busy with the young animals of all sorts to think much of making raids. Later many springs and wells dry up during the progress of the hot, rainless summer, and this not only makes it hard to travel across the desert, but obliges the Arabs, both the plundered and the plunderers, to concentrate around the larger supplies of water. Raids are therefore dangerous because so many people are together.

Our experiences in going to Palmyra show how numerous the raids are during the season. The first day's ride from Damascus brought us to Nebk, a clean Syrian village, whose poplar groves and orchards make a spot of lovely green among the treeless limestone wastes of

the gray and brown spurs east of Anti-Lebanon. There we heard that on the previous day a Danish newspaper correspondent, in a forlorn attempt to cross the desert with no money in his pocket, no water in his canteen, and no Arabic in his head, had been set upon by Arabs and not only robbed, but severely beaten and wounded. The next morning two men on their way home to Palmyra joined us for protection, raising our party to seven—namely, two Americans, a Syrian cook, a negro driver in the carriage, a soldier and the two Palmyrenes on horseback. Toward evening, after an uneventful day, we came in sight of the mud houses and green orchards of the oasis of Karietein, on a smooth plain four or five miles away, at the foot of some low mountains. Not thinking of danger, we allowed the driver to whip up the horses and drive quickly to the village; the soldier galloped along beside us, but the two Palmyrenes remained behind. We did not see them again till the next morning, and were shocked to discover that one had his right arm and side bandaged.

"The Arabs are here," he said, in answer to our eager questions. "Last night,





THE GREAT PORTICO AND MAIN COLONNADE

after you drove off, we saw them, a great *ghuzzru* [raiding party], sixty men on camels, each with his mare. They passed within half an hour of Karietein, and that was where I got hurt. My horse was struck in the side. The Arabs are still here. We must wait a few days till they are gone."

We regretted that we had left the Palmyrenes behind, for the Arabs would scarcely have dared attack our whole party close to a village. Moreover, we should have enjoyed seeing the raiders close at hand. We asked more questions, however, which brought out the fact that, as the Palmyrene's Turkish was even worse than mine, we had misunderstood each other. What he meant to say was that at the time when he saw the approaching Arabs his horse, which he happened to be leading, became frightened and kicked him in the side and knocked him on to the ground, where he hurt his hand. There was no doubt as to the presence of robbers, however.

We had planned to start about three o'clock and ride half of the waterless fifty miles by daylight and the rest in the cool of the night. At noon the

soldiers deputed to accompany us came and begged us to put off our journey. Not that they cared for themselves, they said, or were at all afraid, but solely for our sakes. When we said that we were not afraid if they were not, they were at a loss what to answer; and finally, when we seemed bent on starting, admitted that they were in mortal terror. We compromised by waiting till sunset, and riding the whole distance by moonlight. As we drove out of the village a herd of camels could be seen feeding closely bunched on a hilltop not a mile away. They belonged to the raiders, whose fires we saw behind us for some time; but we were not disturbed.

On coming back from Palmyra our two soldiers were so much afraid that we were compelled to return by way of Karietein instead of going direct to Homs. We did not follow our outward route, however, but went somewhat south to some ruins among the low mountains which run northwestward from Damascus to Palmyra. After seeing the ruins we found that if we could get the carriage over a spur a mile or more ahead, a *détour* of six or eight



miles would be avoided. One of the soldiers was sent to reconnoitre, but did not return, and we became anxious. After two hours and a half we sent the other soldier to find him. When the two came back in an hour or less the first soldier looked much disturbed, and there was an empty space in his cartridge-belt. For a while he would not tell what had happened, but finally he said: "I got up to the top of the ridge and found that the carriage could go, so I went on to another little ridge beyond, and found that there the path was too rocky. When I turned back I saw ten or twelve Arabs in the valley below me, and I knew that they were raiders. I hid, and then I was afraid they had seen me and would climb up another way and catch me, so I got behind a safe rock and fired eleven shots at them. I did not hit anybody, and they went off. Then I hid till just now when my companion came to the other ridge and I joined him."

Undoubtedly the Arabs were raiders, as he thought; but his action in shooting at them unprovoked was most idiotic. Luckily, to use a somewhat Irish expression, they did not know how many of him there were, and so did not attack him. If he had killed any one, and all the men of the tribe had been stirred up against us, it would probably have cost him his life, and might have cost ours. His conduct illustrates the bitter hatred which prevails between the Arabs of the desert and the Turkish government.

The approach to Palmyra has been often described, a broad desert plain between two lines of treeless mountains which come, the one from the west near Homs, and the other from the southwest near Damascus. The mountains converge toward a narrow opening or valley, through

which flows all the water of a great triangle, seventy-five miles on a side, having Anti-Lebanon for its western base. The country is so dry that practically no water ever flows above-ground except in phenomenally heavy storms, but much flows underground, and this it is which supplies Palmyra. As we approached the head of the valley, the plain was dotted with thousands of grazing camels, and soon we saw a hundred dark tents of Aneezeh Arabs beside the wells of Abu Fawaris along the line of the chief aqueduct of old Palmyra. The aqueduct runs underground at first, but soon comes to the surface, and we were able to follow its course and mark the carefully hewn stones of which it is built. Following it down the valley between the two mountain ranges, we came upon numerous tall square towers, varying from twenty to sixty feet in height and honey-combed with sepulchral niches, where the rich Palmyrenes were once laid to rest with their families. To the left, northward, a Moslem castle of medieval age rises from a hilltop as bare of vegetation as the castle walls themselves. Elsewhere the castle would be well worth visiting, but here one scarcely looks at it; for at a distance down the valley the view opens out, and on the border of a vast barren plain row after row of splendid



ARCH OF AN ANCIENT BATH



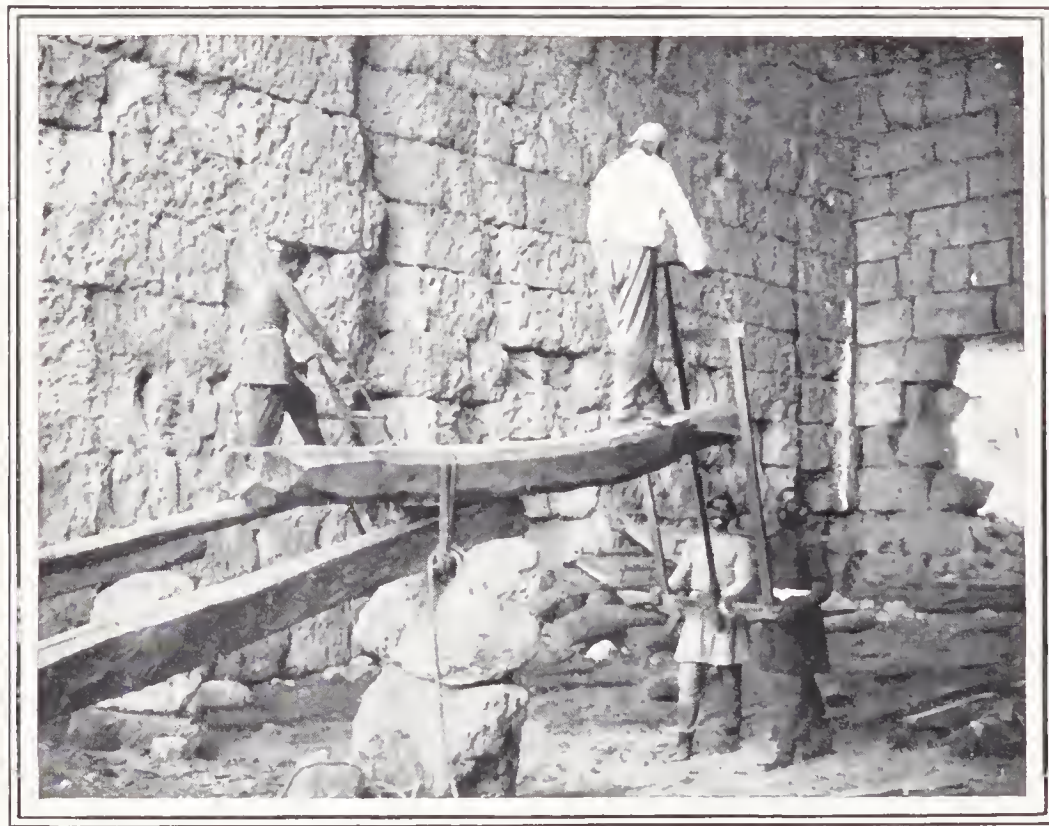
columns is seen, and the huge mass of the Temple of the Sun, covering an area eighteen times as large as that of the Parthenon.

Compared with other famous ruins of Syria those of Palmyra are perhaps less artistic than those of Jerash, less picturesque by far than the great rock-hewn remains at Petra, less massive and less carefully executed than the temples at Baalbek; but in extent and in the aspect of unutterable desolation which they present they are unrivalled. At first one does not notice the modern village and its orchards and palm trees, and in most views of the ruins anything which suggests life is conspicuously absent. The whole aspect is that of ruin and desolation. The tones of the landscape are dull brown and gray; drifts of wind-blown sand are piled up here and there; broken columns, half-fallen walls, and massive stones lie all about; the mountains rise bare on the north and west,

tance it looks narrow—the half-fallen towers of death are left behind and the ruins open out before one—here a line of columns, there an isolated temple, yonder the solid walls of great public edifices and the radiating arches of the splendid portico in the centre of the town, and back of all the huge bulk of the Temple of the Sun, its inner columns and entablature half revealed where the lofty enclosing walls have fallen down.

Of ancient houses or small buildings there is nothing to be seen except the stones and dust. The squalid modern village sinks into oblivion as soon as its gray mud walls are a quarter of a mile distant. The village to-day has but fifteen hundred people, and spreads only a little beyond the limits of the great temple. It contains not a tithe, probably not a hundredth, as many people as the ancient city, yet even these few are poor, and find great difficulty in procuring water enough to raise the necessary crops

for their support. In the modern village one wanders into intricate passages between walls of mud, and enters secluded courtyards, where women, shrieking at the sight of a strange man, throw veils over their faces and run into the houses. From the courtyards one climbs flights of narrow stone steps leading up the outer walls to the tops of the houses, where one clambers over low mud walls separating one flat roof from another. Only thus is it possible to examine the details



CIRCASSIANS SAWING WOOD

while toward the south and east a monotonous desert plain stretches far away toward Arabia and the Euphrates, dreary brown except where the white line of the Sebkah, or salt playa, interrupts it some two miles away. Riding on down the broad, glaring valley—for such it now seems, although from a dis-

of the Temple of the Sun, its groups of columns, fine bits of carving, and misspelled Greek inscriptions, with the Palmyrene equivalents in strange half-Arabic letters. Outside the modern village the ruins are more attractive, for there one wanders unhampered among colonnades and temples and over heaps



of rubbish, looking here through an arch and there down a vista, always attractive and always desolate. Drought and death are as all-pervading here as are verdure and life at Damascus.

In studying the cause of the contrast between Damascus and Palmyra we were led to the surprising conclusion that Palmyra's sudden rise to glory was due to the drying up of the surrounding desert, and that its fall was due to the same cause. In ancient times Palmyra was famous not only for the abundance but for the sweetness of its water; to-day the supply is not only scanty even as measured by the needs of the present few inhabitants, but is so highly impregnated with hydrogen sulphide as to be very disagreeable. Eight ancient conduits are known to the Pal-

myrenes, who have tried to get water from them all by cleaning them out and repairing them. The attempt has failed except in two cases, so that now six of the eight conduits are dry; and the other two give sulphurous water instead of sweet. The smaller of these has much the better water, but it is little used. Such a weak fluid with so little taste or scent is good only for women, not for men, say the Palmyrenes. In years of heavy rainfall the water in the two conduits increases in amount and becomes less sulphurous, showing that increased rainfall would cause them to assume their ancient condition. All around Palmyra the desert contains the ruins of villages which evidently were agricultural. The remains of walls of fields, old towers of refuge, and low ramparts running for miles across the country to keep the Arabs from the fields exist in places where irrigation never

could have been practised, and where the crops depended upon the rain—a condition which is now quite impossible. In many other parts of western and central Asia similar phenomena are seen, and throughout a large part of the continent the same changes of climate seem to have occurred.

A careful study of phenomena such



A LUSTRAL BASIN—COURTYARD OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN, BAALBEK

as these, and of those in other lines of evidence such as the variations of the level of salt lakes without outlets, shows that there has not been a steady change from moister to drier conditions, but that there have been fluctuations. Sometimes the climate has remained comparatively uniform for centuries; again through the life of several generations it has grown markedly drier; and sometimes there have been periods when it has become moister. On the whole the present climate is decidedly drier than that of two thousand years ago. It is quite possible, however, that in course of time there may be a return to the old conditions. As nearly as we can reconstruct the course of events, the chief changes in climate during the last two thousand years seem to have been about as follows: At the time of Christ conditions in dry countries were much better than they now are; but within a



century a change began, and by the end of the third century the climate was decidedly drier than it had been, though probably not so dry as now. This period corresponds with the time when Palmyra suddenly rose to prominence, and at the end of which she began to decline. During the succeeding period from the fourth to the sixth centuries the

been diminution, but the process has gone on irregularly, and during the past century there has been no change of any appreciable magnitude.

Let us see briefly how these changes would affect Palmyra as compared with Damascus. The present Queen of the Desert may be dismissed briefly. Damascus to-day has plenty of water to support one of the largest cities in the Turkish Empire, and if the city should grow there would still be no difficulty in obtaining water up to a certain point. In the environs of the city practically all the land which is capable of irrigation without the construction of expensive works is now cultivated. Under such conditions it is evident that even if the Abana and Pharphar rivers were once larger than now, as there is reason to suppose, this can have had little effect directly upon the city, for it would occasion no change from the



TEMPLE OF THE SUN, PALMYRA

climate again improved, and though the rainfall was not equal to what it had formerly been, it was so much better than now that all about the borders of Syria and Palestine prosperous cities flourished in places which are now too dry to support any population except nomads, who depend chiefly on their flocks. This favorable period was a time of comparative prosperity in Palmyra, although the former glory was by no means wholly restored. During the sixth century the rainfall was probably decreasing rapidly, for in the seventh we find that the climate was drier than it has been known to be at any other historic period either before or since. Several changes have occurred since that time, but it suffices to say that after the seventh century there was an improvement in the rainfall, which reached a maximum about ten or eleven centuries after Christ. Since that time there has

present conditions, except that the so-called Meadow Lakes, which are really marshes lying east of the city, would become genuine lakes. Indirectly the size of Damascus might be increased somewhat, because an increase in rainfall would diminish the area of the desert and cause cultivation to spread out some ten or twenty miles farther than it now does, into a region abounding in ruins.

With Palmyra the case is very different. She never was blessed with a fine mountain river like the Abana or even like the Pharphar, although on his map Ptolemy locates a small stream here. Most of her water must always have been derived from underground and have come to the surface in the large springs for which the place was famous. Even if the change in climate has been greater than that which we have inferred, there is no reason to believe that the natural springs of Palmyra were ever large



enough to support an oasis which in any degree approached that of Damascus in size and importance. The almost complete silence of history as to the place until the beginning of our era confirms this conclusion. Palmyra never was great until she suddenly became a centre of commerce; and her jump into commercial pre-eminence seems to have been due directly to the drying up of the desert.

Up to the first century of the Christian era the road from Syria through Palmyra to Mesopotamia was but one of many. Far to the south the direct route from Egypt and from southern Palestine to Mesopotamia gathered to itself many branches at the rock-hewn city of Petra and ran straight across the desert to the oasis of Jauf, and then to Baghdad on the one hand and the Persian Gulf on the other. No ordinary trading caravan could possibly follow this dry route now, and no European is ever known to have done so. The Arabs themselves prefer to go by a longer route lying farther north near Jebel Druze. Mr. Douglas Carruthers has recently

discovered an old fort or combination of fort and inn at Khan Bayer upon the line of this road. It lies seventy or eighty miles east of Ma'an, the last town east of Petra; and the whole seventy miles is waterless. Yet the size of the structure, some two hundred feet square, and its solid construction prove that Pliny and others are right in their statement that formerly great caravans constantly passed with ease along this route which now runs through the impassable desert. Farther north other similar roads once conducted caravans from Syria to Mesopotamia. From Bosra in the Hauran one ran past Sulkad, and its castle perched on a volcanic cone, to Jauf and then to the other Bosra on the Persian Gulf. So important was this route that the western Bosra was often called Little Damascus, and the Romans thought it worth while to build one of their famous roads straight to Jauf. According to the Arabs, the road, which they call a railroad now that they have seen the new line of track and embankment to Medina, runs perfectly straight, not even turning aside to pass the sources



INTERIOR OF THE TEMPLE OF THE SUN

Showing houses of mud built in modern times among the ruins



of water which alone now make it possible for the Arabs to use this route. No caravans can pass this way, for east of Jauf, so far as can be learned from the Arabs, the desert is impassable. Yet in the Roman days it was so well provided with water that caravans did not even need to turn aside an hour or two to the sites which alone are now provided with wells.

Still farther north another route led from Damascus straight east to Baghdad. During the last century it was used for a while by the British government as the shortest post route to India, but commercial caravans could not possibly employ it. Neve, one of the few Europeans to traverse it, says that his chief memory is of the rough voice of the cameleers waking him again and again from a brief rest in the sand with the remark: "Come, we must be going. The camels must get to water." North of this route lies that through Palmyra, still passable, but with dry stretches of such length that many caravans prefer to go through Aleppo by the most northern of all the Syrian routes. Here, then, in the space of four

hundred miles from Petra on the south to Aleppo on the north, we have five routes across the Syrian Desert. The southern one is utterly impassable so far as caravans of the ordinary kind are concerned; the second is equally impassable in its eastern half; the third is passable provided a caravan is willing to run the risk of killing most of its animals; the fourth by Palmyra is passable, but not good; and the fifth through Aleppo is easy.

In the days before Palmyra rose to prominence all these five routes were practicable, and they divided with one another the great trade which then united the East with the Roman Empire. Then during the early centuries of the Christian era the southern routes were abandoned one by one. Other reasons for their abandonment have been suggested—for instance, the opening of communication by sea—but in the light of what we have learned as to the changes of rainfall in this part of the world, it seems almost certain that they were given up because the supply of water became scanty. Caravan leaders found their animals finishing the journey weak and



AN ARCH IN THE COLONNADE AT A STREET CROSSING



sick from heat and thirst, or dying on the road from long dry marches and from scarcity of fodder. The Arabs, too, doubtless began to make more raids than of yore, for their flocks must have been suffering for lack of grass, and the opportunities for legitimate profit in connection with the caravans were growing less. Accordingly the traders began to take the more northern roads, which were in truth longer, but were much better supplied with water and with forage. Thus the southern roads gradually fell into disuse, part of the old trade going by sea and the rest by more northerly routes. In the third century of our era practically all the trade from the East was concentrated upon the Palmyra road, while Petra and Bosra had already begun to sink into insignificance, and even Damascus felt the strain. With such an increase in its trade Palmyra could scarcely fail to grow both in population and in wealth. Public works arose, built from the rich coffers of the merchants—some, like the colonnades, for ornament, and others for very practical use, as in the case of the aqueducts and conduits, which the growth of the town as well as the decrease in the size of the springs must have made peculiarly necessary.



AN ANCIENT CHURCH AT HAWARIN

Dating from the fifth century, and constructed from the remains of older temples

Farther than this we cannot trace the history of the town at present, but when the desert grew more rigorous and even the Palmyra road became difficult, all trade languished and the town decayed. And when there came a few centuries of more propitious rainfall in the Middle Ages, once more Palmyra began to revive; but not for long, because the desert again grew dry. Thus while Damascus, safe at the foot of her life-giving mountains, still sits throned in queenly state amid her gardens, Palmyra has been a prey to all the vagaries of the desert, and has risen or fallen according to the abundance with which nature has furnished rain. To-day she sits mourning in the sand—a fallen queen among the shattered fragments of her glory.





# Rose of the Dawn

BY ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

"Light breaks on the mountain,  
Night shadows are gone,  
I'm waiting thy coming,  
O Rose of the Dawn—  
My first love—my last love—"

THE old song came through the sunset, over the green of the pines, from the lonesome little house as I neared the bridge of the Silver Fork, where it tumbles down the clefts of Loon Mountain.

From the changing light it was plain the singer was moving from room to room; and at length she came to the door, candle in hand, to inspect some furniture which, carefully packed, stood ready for the carrier.

I saw a tall, finely modelled, superb woman, forty-five or fifty years of age, with black hair parted Madonna-like over a low forehead, soft gray eyes, and a russet glow in her cheeks, standing there in her black frock, the radiance of the golden azaleas around her, looking toward the mountains.

"You've been so good to me," she said, when we were seated, "so good; and I've wanted to tell you my trouble before I went away from here. Not that there's any help for it—trouble that's been for twenty-five years, started by oneself, isn't like to change."

She rocked back and forth in the low chair. A few stars had come out in the afterglow of the twilight. She fixed her eyes on them as she talked to me.

"I was old Bill Renalle's girl. He had a 'still' about sixty miles from here, back in the mountains in the Dark Corner of Polk County. He was proud of me as a child, and gave me some schooling as a girl, but he drank more and more every day. It was at the time when the government officers were watching us closer and closer, and Dad was liable to be taken any time because of his drunkenness and carelessness. You'll maybe not believe it," she went

on, "but seeing it was so long ago, and that I am dead"—she struck her breast passionately as she spoke—"dead," she repeated, "as though I were under the sod—there can be no harm in my saying that I was a handsome girl then. I was eighteen when I met—him.

"I had come down from the 'still.' It was in the afternoon. I was wearing a light-blue dimity dress Dad had bought me for my birthday. It was cut out at the neck and I wore a white muslin handkerchief with a ruffle on it, pinned across the breast. I stopped by the spring for a drink and was standing there when he came."

For the first time since she began to talk she looked from the stars into the dusk of the trees, and memory lit her face with a tender glow.

"You don't see such men nowadays! He came down the trail in riding-clothes, leading his horse. He was tall, with wide, square shoulders but spare built, and he had the grand air, the air of being proud because he was somebody; and he was just twenty-two.

"As our eyes met he took his hat from his head and passed me, holding it by his side. After he had gone a little way I turned to look at him. He had turned too, and again our eyes held each other before he went down the path to the road. Later a groom came after him, one of the Donnell negroes, and by that I knew who he was—the son of a great man—Donald Blake.

"The next afternoon I dressed myself in the blue frock and went down to the spring again. I heard horse's steps coming up the trail, and my heart leapt. I started to pick some of the galix leaves as an excuse for being alone. As he passed me going up the hill he took off his cap again as though recognizing me from the day before. After he had passed I went down the hill, but somehow I knew he would come back to me.





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

"HE HAD TURNED TOO, AND AGAIN OUR EYES HELD EACH OTHER"



"He stopped at the spring for a drink, and as he came near he said, 'Good evening,' and asked if I lived on the mountain. We spoke gravely. There was never any light talk between us. It was as though we knew from the first how sad it was to be. After that he came often, until I expected him every day.

"And the summer passed.

"Sometimes I've wondered if other women love as I loved him. You see, living alone as I did—for Dad was kept over the State line through fear of being arrested—I had nothing to think of but him. There was no one to tell me it was wrong—though I'm not excusing myself that way. Every girl *knows* what's right and wrong without telling.

"There were things that ought to have warned me, too, for he brought me presents, jewelry—beautiful things such as I did not know could be made, showing that he thought of me when he was away. I cared for that more than for the presents.

"The thing hardest to fight was that he seemed to have respect for me as well as"—she hesitated, choosing between words—"passion," she ended in a brave tone.

"'I have never known such selflessness as yours,' he told me once.

"And another time:

"'You make all other women seem unnatural and stupid and self-seeking, Rhona.'

"'Rose of the Dawn,' he used to call me. You remember the old song? Every one in the South was singing it that summer. You wouldn't think it of me now, would you?" she asked, with a pitifully brave smile, and with tear-stained eyes.

"One morning in late September I knew what was to happen. Knew that I must face death for him and his, and a dreadful fear and joy held me, till I shook from head to foot as one with the palsy, while I waited his coming.

"It was hard that it should have been that day he had to tell me. I have wondered at that often. Why should it have been that day?

"He was white as he came out of the woods, white to the lips, and there were lines around his eyes which had never been there before, and he took me in his

arms and held me close until he hurt me, but he spoke no word. Just stood so in the stillness of the woods.

"I fell to wondering if he had guessed my secret without telling, but he found his voice presently to say that he was going away.

"I had known he must go sometime, but I remember crying out in my soul against his telling me *that day* that he must go. But when I looked at him—so that I might understand, I saw a new look—a look of something in his life I didn't know. Then it came to me—women don't have to be told some things—and looking straight into his eyes I said, 'There is another woman!'

"'There is another woman,' said he.

"'You are not married!' I heard my own voice like a scream as I asked the question.

"'Not yet,' he answered.

"'But you are to be?'

"'Yes,' he answered; 'I am to be married—soon.'

"I was on the rock under the beech tree where we had been so often, and he sat beside. Neither of us spoke for a long time. My heart began to ache, numbly at first, and then with sharp pains, so that I held my hand to my side to ease it. I couldn't think, but just sat looking dully into the blue of sky over the pines, wondering how I could end it all. And the fire in my heart spread and grew until it meant danger—danger for him—for I hated, despised, loved, and worshipped him in a way near to madness—and there was no one there to see. But I said as gently as I could:

"'You've told me in the times past that I had gentleness far beyond any other woman. I want you to think of me that way always. I have pride in it even now—now when I seem to be dying. I'm asking your help, Donald—praying that you can just bring yourself to forget I've been your sweetheart, but only that I'm a woman in great trouble. Will you go away,' I cried—'away where I can neither see nor hear of you—nor her! Will you go away *now, now, now!*' I asked, rising. 'Oh, go!'

"'It would have been less difficult for me to have gone without seeing you, Rhona,' he said, 'but there were things that for my own sake I must explain to



you. This was all arranged before I knew you; before I knew such love could be between a man and woman.'

"'Go!' I cried. 'I cannot stand words now. You can do nothing, say nothing, to help me; only go!'

"I think he knew the madness in me, for he turned from me, and without good-by went down the trail.

"I saw and heard no more of him, but I worked, worked, worked, early and late. There were arrangements to be made, the future to be looked to.

"He had given me many presents, and since money would be needed I sold them all. I had no feeling about them. It just seemed common sense to do it, and I did it without tears.

"Dad had been arrested with two other moonshiners in Georgia, and after getting out of jail had started west somewhere. I never expected to hear from him again.

"In April my baby was born. Old Aunt Hartley was with me. She was an old negro who lived with a weak-minded son further up on the mountain. She was mighty kind, and after the baby came the hardness left me about Donald and I could cry.

"But the thing that hurt me most was that I knew he had never loved me. I knew no man could ever have loved a woman and treated her as he had treated me. What a man loves he protects, and he had protected her. He had given her his word. She must not be humiliated before the world—and, after all, I suppose he thought, *what was I?*

"But the baby was like him—oh, so beautiful, so perfect! It was such rapture to have this part of him with me, and I tried to enjoy every minute of him while I had him for my own, for I knew he was mine only for a while. I had picked out the path for my feet and I felt that strength would be given me to tread it.

"One evening in June, about sundown—the baby was about three months old—I had gone to the spring for the water, and had stopped to look at a thin new moon, when I felt he was near. There was no sound of his coming, but I *knew*. He couldn't have been nearer than the ford when I had this feeling first, and it was over a mile away. When he came

out of the beeches I seemed to choke for joy at sight of him, but I remembered there was some one between us now, and I put out my hands to keep him from touching me.

"'Are you married yet?' I cried.

"'Yes,' he said.

"At the word I turned my face toward the tree and moaned so that I heard the echoes of my grief through the woods.

"He took my hands from my face by sheer strength and stood holding my wrists.

"'Rhona Girl!' he said. 'Oh, Rhona Girl! If you knew all it wouldn't make any difference to you,' and I understood by that that she had failed to win him, and, right or wrong, it comforted me.

"'She would come to the hotel here for the summer,' he went on. 'I knew if I were here I couldn't keep away from you, and I begged her not to come. But she persisted, and yesterday I heard of you. I want to see my child,' he cried, 'I want to see my child!'

"I sprang to the door and stood barring it with my arms.

"'You'll never see it,' said I, 'never, never, never! Not while I have strength left in me to keep you from it. You thought little of me when your honor and another woman were concerned last year. You can go your way now. You're the sort of gentleman,' I cried, 'who has honor on one side of his life only—' and at these words he came straight toward me as though he would pull me from the door, but he changed his mind and sat down on the step, and putting his head in his arms he began to sob.

"'I want to see my child, I want to see my child!'

"One would have to be a woman with a very different heart from mine to be hard when she sees the man she loves, with his dear head bent in anguish, demanding to see his own child—and I took the baby from its little bed and placed it in his arms."

She paused. The light in the sky had gone, leaving only the gray which comes before the dropping down of the dark. In the silence she had groped her way back to that moment of ecstatic anguish when they two were reunited by a tie which would hold them together till all should stand alike for judgment before God.





*Drawn by Elisabeth Shippen Green*

"'ROSE OF THE DAWN,' HE USED TO CALL ME"



When she came back in thought she spoke in whispers—broken by dry sobs which shook her frame.

"All night long we stayed there, I on the low step, he lying on the grass beside me, and I showed him the child, how wonderful it was! Its little hands with dimples, its pink feet, all of it—all of it we went over together, and he buried his face on its baby body and cried with joy.

"There are some men to whom pater-nity is the greatest thing in life. I think it was so with him. This idea of a child of his drove him wild with joy. Men," she explained, "are neither all good nor all bad. They are not saints nor villains, but have their goodness and badness mixed up together so that it is hard to tell which is which.

"We knew," she went on with her story—"we knew we should not be able to see each other again for a long time, and through the night we talked of the child and its future, and the way its life might not be blighted by any act of ours. All night long we sat there underneath the stars, I with the baby in my arms, he lying with its hand to his lips on the grass beside me, pleading with me to stay where he could be near me, where he could sometimes see the child.

"And how long would it be," I asked, "before the world would begin to guess? How long before it would put two and two together and say who was the father, when he is you over again from crown to foot? You must come no more," cried I, though my heart broke at the saying of it. He answered nothing, but I knew he was resolved to have his way.

"He was always generous. Money had come easy to him and he told me he would send all I needed for myself and the child. I was glad of that. Some women, they say, have pride at such times and refuse anything from the man who has wronged them. It seemed foolish to me to think that way when there was a child to be thought of—a child for whose existence he and I were responsible. I wanted the baby to have everything the world could give.

"Together we watched the morning come, moist and dewy, and about four o'clock, with the first pink line in the sky, he called me 'Rose of the Dawn,' and kissed us both good-by.

"He was to come again in about a week to bring me the money. In the mean time I had to go down to the village to see the doctor, and I hated to do it, for all the summer folk were there. At the corner of the hotel I saw him standing with Her, and as I passed she put her hand on his arm.

"When he came from the woods that evening I was waiting for him, wild with fear of myself.

"'Boy Donald!' I said as he came near me, and I walked straight into his arms. 'Hold me to you,' I cried, 'so close that it will crush out this anger and rage that's killing me. I saw you with her at the hotel to-day, and something wild broke loose in me at sight of her.'

"Already, at the touch of him, I was calmer. (It was always that way between us," she explained, "his presence, his voice, his eyes comforted me for the misery of living.)

"'I must go away,' I went on, 'if you cannot. If it ever happened again I couldn't answer for myself or for what I might do. You are mine! mine! mine!' I cried, holding him fiercely.

"'Rhona,' his voice was solemn as he spoke, 'had you told me all you knew last spring I swear to you I would never have married her. I swear it!'—he spoke the words like one taking an oath. 'She is a good woman, but it's "moonlight after sunlight and water after wine" to me,' he said.

"While he stayed with me my heart was quieter, but when he had gone I knew there was but one thing for me—flight. By midnight I was on my way. In two days I was in this little house, with not a trace of my whereabouts left in the old place.

"I heard of him no more for nearly two years. Then—for news flies like quicksilver through the countryside—there came word, by way of a nurse who had chattered, that a child had been born to his wife; that she had been very ill, but had sufficiently recovered to take the baby and go to some health cure in Germany.

"When I first came here to Loon Mountain, I went to the boarding-house and said I was a widow named Borden. There were so many Bordens through the State that I didn't think one more



would be noticed. As soon as I had looked around a little I found Judge Middleton, who was practising law here, and told him I wanted to buy a place of my own; that I had money, that my father had been a moonshiner, and that, as he'd been arrested, I wanted everything done as quietly as possible.

"He was kind to me from the first, and for four years I had peace here in this little place. I had allowed myself only four years, because I knew about that time the baby would begin to remember, and that for his sake I should have to give him up before his remembering time came.

"I didn't know it then, but later—after the minister taught me—I found the thing I was trying to do in a poem he showed me. It went like this—not exactly, for the words don't come to me—but I have the thought:

"'Everybody's problem in life isn't to fancy what we'd like to do, but to find out what we have to do and make the very best we can of it.'

"You will never know what it meant to count ahead the way I did. It seemed like having set a date for the child to die, but I had made up my mind to blot out any stain on the past for him, so far as it was possible.

"The morning of his fourth birthday I went to Judge Middleton and told him my story, withholding nothing. He didn't have to be told that there was money for the child, he knew what I had, but I asked him to take the boy and bring him up as his own.

"He was sitting at his desk as I talked, with his hand over his face, and finally he got up and stood looking out of the window with his back to me. Twice he put his handkerchief to his eyes, and when he came over to the desk I saw he had been crying.

"'You poor, brave girl,' he said, and there was a world of pity in his voice. 'I'll think it over. I'll help you if I can.'

"The next week he agreed to take the boy. I was happy in a way, for they were great people, the Middletons, and old Miss Sara, the Judge's sister, who kept house for him (he was a widower), was as fine a lady as could be found in the South. Three years after, Judge

Middleton adopted the child legally and I gave up all claim to him, and made over nearly all the money to him that Blake had given me, only just enough to get back home.

"It's best not to talk of that time!" her face darkened as she spoke. "Yes, far best not to talk of it!

"After I got back home—and I walked the whole eighty miles—I lay for two days with neither food nor drink. But Aunt Hartley found me the third morning and kept some life in me. She thought the baby had died, and I let her think so.

"I felt that I must work, and the new minister found some nursing for me to do. I asked him for the worst cases, the ones who were very ill—where there was a fight to be made for life.

"About three months later a woman died in the village and left a baby with no one to look after it. I asked the minister if I could have it, and he said it would be a great burden off his mind if I would take it. The little thing was a comfort—not like my own, of course, but it was good for me to have something to care for, and it eased my heart. The minister, Dennison, was a young man; not very sensible, but kind, who didn't understand how anything was. He was a soft, pale little gentleman who seemed always to feel just the way the Bible told him he should, but he *was* kind and tried to teach me.

"Back somewhere in my head there was always the hope and the belief that some day I might see my boy again, and the reason I began to study was that he might be less ashamed of me if ever he knew the truth.

"It was hard to work alone, but I was young and had had some education, and one by one I passed the books that were hard, and got," she hesitated, "to the place where there was joy in the working; the place that Mr. Dennison called 'The Land of Ideas.'

"All through the lonesome years the boy was at school I tried to follow him in his studies, teaching the little girl at the same time and sewing or nursing as the chance came to me.

"Every year Judge Middleton wrote me a letter, and twice he sent me photographs of 'his son,' as he called him,



which I kept in the bottom of the chest to worship alone at night or in the early morning when none was by.

"It was the boy's second year in college when I began first to hear how wonderful he was. It seems that there was nothing in electricity he did not know by instinct, and he invented two or three changes for the working of motor-cars, and after that a great inventor in Washington wrote concerning his future, and before he was twenty his life's work was settled.

"The old Judge wrote me that he had tried to have him study the law, but that Dick (Richard Middleton the boy was known as) said:

"'Daddy, it's a great profession, the law; but if I was on my way to plead the greatest case in the world (supposing such a thing should ever be given me) and saw an automobile out of order or an electric light gone awry, the chances are heavy the court-room would not see me that day.'

"It was three years after he graduated that I saw him again. The hotel here had been built, Judge Middleton had sold some of his own land for it and he wrote me that the house and land on the mountain had increased a great deal in value, and he thought it was best for me to sell it. I came up to see about it, and when I got here—last June—I found a hotel full of people, and everything changed in the village.

"The very night I got here I saw him, my baby, my boy, standing on the steps of the hotel in evening dress, talking to a young lady in white, and as I looked at him—you may believe it or not, but as I looked at him I thought perhaps God would forgive me much for having given birth to anything so beautiful.

"He was like his father, inch for inch, only taller and happier-looking; but he had the same way with women, and as I saw him bending over the girl and smiling down at her, there was a stirring at my heart of memories that made me sick and faint.

"It was the next day that I read in the town paper a word that caused me trouble, for his son—Donald Blake's own legal son—was at the hotel for the summer, too."

"I stayed around, whenever I could

without being noticed, to see this other one, this boy of his, my own child's half-brother, with law or without it, and I had a wicked joy in me when I saw him; for he was like his father, too, but smaller and paler and inconsequent, with no distinction, and marks of dissipation around his weak mouth and eyes.

"I suppose if I had been as I should be, I would have been sorry he was not so fine a man as Dick, but I was not! *I was not!*" she repeated, and finished with some logic difficult to follow:

"It seemed right that it should be so!

"It was soon after this," she went on, "that Miss de Puyster (she was the girl to whom Dick had been talking the night I saw him first) came up the mountain to see me about some embroidery work she wanted done.

"She was pretty and kind, with gray eyes and yellow hair, a pale skin like cream; a slender, sweet, touchable thing that seemed all gentleness, but with a will of her own, which any one could have told from her chin.

"And after the first day she came often, sometimes alone, sometimes with my own boy, and my heart seemed to stop and turn cold all the time I knew he was waiting outside for her.

"It was the days when she came alone, and stayed learning a new embroidery stitch, or sitting on the porch with her chin in her hands, that I loved most, for gradually she grew to talk of Dick all the time.

"She told me that young Blake had been devoted to her all winter, and that she had liked him well enough until she came to the mountains, but that then she had changed.

"'Have you ever seen Mr. Middleton?' she asked, on one of the early days of her coming.

"'I saw him one night talking to you,' I answered.

"'I'll bring him up some day, so you can see him,' she said as she went down two or three steps, coming back to put her shining head in the door, 'and if you don't think he's the handsomest man that ever lived, you need never speak to me again, Rhona Borden,' she cried, laughing.

"After that she would come and talk



of him by the hour; of how her parents liked him, but because he was only an adopted son they held against him. And one evening, she told me, the old Judge had resented bitterly some speech of theirs concerning Dick.

"‘You should have seen the Judge glowering at Dad,’ she said, ‘as Dick stood there so big and splendid.’

"‘“Yes,” said Judge Middleton, slowly, “he’s only my adopted son, but I tell you right here, de Puyster, he comes of a better family than either yours or mine. The best blood of the South is in his veins and his mother was a saint. But he’s a *man*, and doesn’t need, by reason of the brains God gave him, to know anything more to get on in the world with than he trusts his old adopted Daddy to tell him—does he, boy?”’ and here she said the old Judge rose and put his hand on Dick’s shoulder. “‘And his name,” he went on, “will be spoken among the great of the earth when yours and mine are forgotten, de Puyster, and if it wasn’t for the fact that we are of the same college and our families have been friends for generations, I’d say damn you all together!” And,’ Miss de Puyster finished, ‘the Judge got up and tramped off, leaving Daddy with his mouth wide open!

"‘And I went around the corner of the porch,’ she continued—with a laugh—‘where the Judge had just ordered something to appease himself, and said:

"‘“Am I a very pretty girl, Judge Middleton?”

"‘“You are that,” says he.

"‘“Do you like me?” said I.

"‘“I do,” said he.

"‘“Then,” said I, “kiss me!” and he did it.’

"‘I knew things couldn’t keep that way much longer if Dick were anything like his father, and a day or two after this Miss de Puyster came running up the steps with a bag of embroidery and threw it on the bench by the door.

"‘“Madonna,” she cried—for Dick and she had given me that name—‘Madonna, do I look happy?’ There was no doubt-ing that she did, and I told her so.

"‘“Look,” she cried, holding up her slender hand, and I saw a great diamond on the third finger.

"‘“Well?” said I, waiting with my heart in my throat.

"‘“It’s Dick,” she said, ‘and it always will be Dick; and every de Puyster, dead, living, and to come, may object till he’s speechless, but it will make no difference. And Daddy’s purple with rage and says he’ll never speak to me again, and I laughed at him and said:

"‘“You’ll be miserable without me. Daddy! Don’t—oh, Daddy,” said I, “don’t, for your own sake don’t stop speaking to me. It won’t matter half so much to me as it will to you, for I could talk to a graven image, but everybody on earth bores you except me.”

"‘“You are an ungrateful piece,” he said, his mouth full of buttered toast.

"‘“Whom did you marry?” I asked. “The one you wanted or the one somebody picked out for you?” and he stamped out of the room and I stamped after him, singing “The blow that almost killed father.” and I saw his shoulders shaking with laughter, and Aunt Harriet’s gone to bed ill over it and, as Dick says, “There’s the deuce to pay generally.”

"‘“Daddy ’ll come round all right,” she continued; ‘he always does. The thing one has to learn, Madonna, is to be firm with one’s parents—gentle but firm!’ She laughed as she spoke; but a minute after, without a word of warning, she put her head on my breast and began to cry. I understood and let her cry it out. It was the best thing she could do, being wrought up the way she had been, and she went down the path in an hour or more, quiet and calm, with a radiance in her face.

"‘That night I, Rhona Borden, thanked God for life, for the first time since I was a child. I thanked Him as well that He made our mistakes, our wrong-doing, our selfishness even, instruments to work His will.

"‘I remember the next day so well. All morning there was peace in my heart like a benediction, as though the past had been blotted out, and I sang as I sewed. I hadn’t had a happy day before for more than twenty years, so it is natural I should remember it—but that night—!”

She caught her breath as though frightened before she went on.



"It was dark when I heard a carriage and voices outside and then a hurried tap at the door, and when I opened it Miss de Puyster was standing there with her maid.

"'Rhona dear,' she cried, 'we need your help! We need it—oh, so badly!

"'Yesterday morning Dundas Blake was so ill he wanted his father telegraphed for, and to-night the elder Mr. Blake came. He was standing in the lobby of the hotel. It was about five when he came into the office, and as he turned from registering, Dick walked in from the tennis court, singing as he came.

"'Mr. Blake looked at him for a minute, and without a word dropped in front of him as though he had been shot. Dr. Burnham says it is a stroke—probably the second or third. He doesn't know Mr. Blake's history, so that he can't be sure, but he knows that he has been a careless liver for years and that he has little chance to recover. He is quite unconscious now.'

"She waited.

"'Dr. Burnham says there is a chance that with good nursing he may live, but of course he can't tell yet. Ah! please come,' she went on. 'Dick feels terribly!'

"'Where is Mr. Blake's wife?' I asked.

"'His wife is dead,' she answered, 'and he has no one. Will you come?'

"'Yes,' I answered, a great joy in my heart to serve him, 'I will come!'

"The room was in shadow as I entered, the night-light shaded from his eyes. One pitiful hand lay outside the cover, and as I looked at the face on the pillow I knew there had never been anything in my life but him; that I even loved Dick because of him and that this poor, wrecked, broken body was what I would give my soul to save.

"You don't know, you couldn't know what it was to be alone with him once more. All the longings through the dark of twenty years; the bitter, quick memories that come by sound or smell when least expected; the awakenings at the dawn convulsed with pain; the anguished sense of sin and shame slipped from me. Oh!" she cried, "some day up yonder I will be able to explain. I have no words now.

"It was three or four days before we knew whether he would live or not, for

the doctor was afraid the paralysis would reach the heart; but one night, at the turn of the dark into the morning, I heard him speak.

"'Voice,' he said.

"'Donald Boy,' I answered.

"'Voice,' he repeated, in a muffled tone with his eyes still closed. 'Voice from somewhere,' and became unconscious again.

"The next morning he was able to turn his head on the pillow, which was a great gain, and one day, about a fortnight later, his eyes followed me around the room, and I knew he wanted to speak.

"I lifted his head on my breast.

"'Rose of the Dawn,' he said, plainly, 'Rose of the Dawn.'

"He cannot live long, the doctors say. He will never be able to walk or move himself again, but I can help him, and if God is willing, and I hope He is—oh," she cried, "I hope He is—I shall be with him at the end.

"It was last week he first began to talk of marrying me, but I refused. There were two others to be thought of, I told him—his two sons.

"'That is why I want it,' he said.

"And so to-morrow I am to be married, though the world will never know. If it make him happier, and I think it will, or more peaceful to face the end of life, what difference? There can be no words spoken between us that will make me more his wife than I have been all these years."

"And Dick?" I asked.

Her face took on a tender glow. "He knows nothing. He is happy. He will be married in the fall."

"And the other son—?"

"He likes me," she answered, simply, "and perhaps it may be that I can help him, too.

"You have been so good to me," she went on, a sweet humility in her tone, "that I wanted you to know me just as I am. I wanted to say that I am most grateful for the happiness that has come to me, and to ask if you think that up there the great wrong—which seemed almost a Divine right—"

"Rose of the Dawn," I cried, "leave it to Him! Leave it to Him! For He will understand."



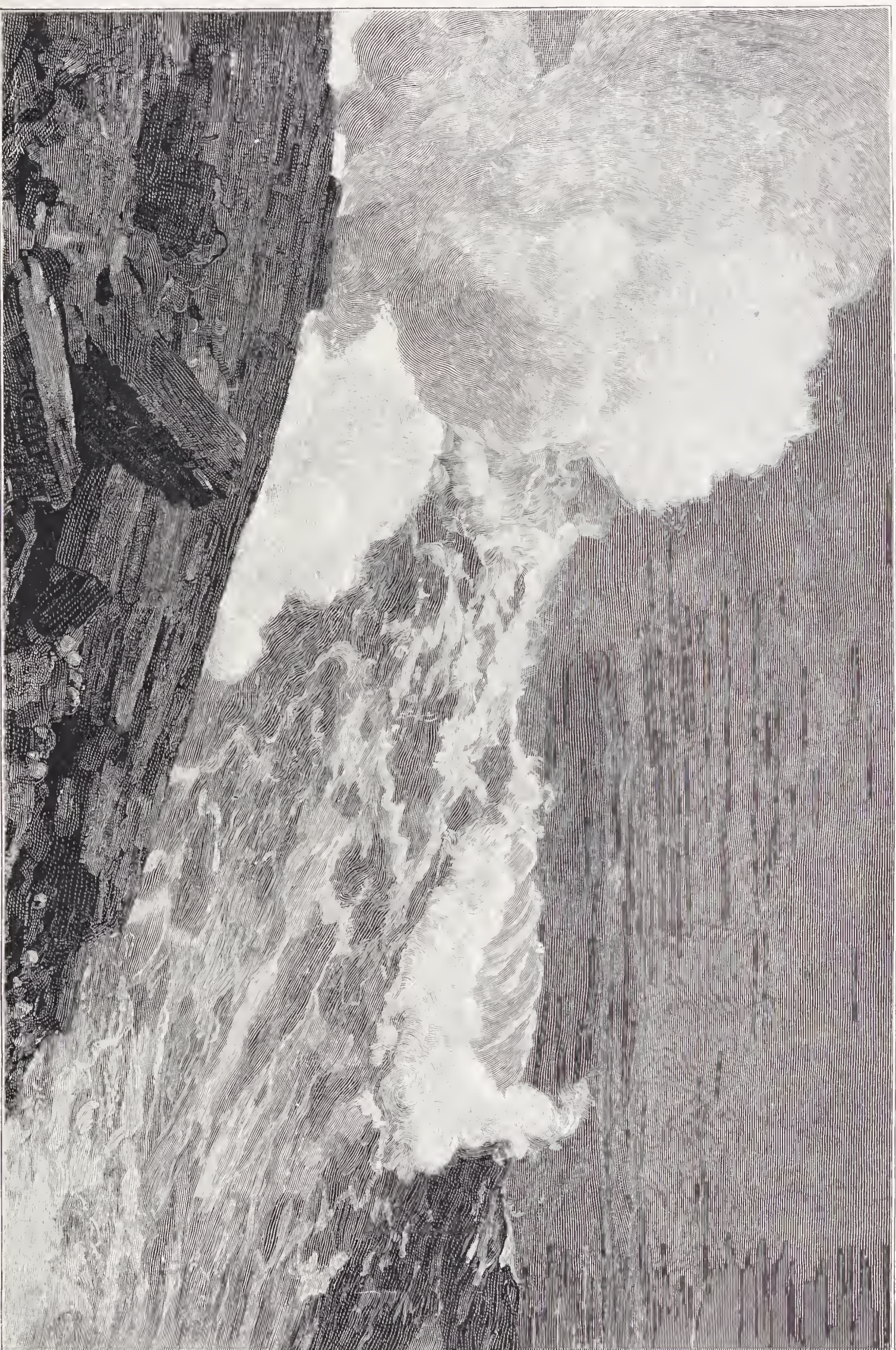
## “A Northeaster,” by Winslow Homer

WHILE still living, Winslow Homer may be classed among the immortals. The rugged characteristics which have made him a recluse on the rock-bound coast of Maine have found full expression in a long line of pictures setting forth the pitiless power of the sea and the hard life of those who follow it—the seamen, fisherfolk, and life-savers. There is stern truth, but also much of tragedy and heart-break, in such pictures as *The Lookout* and *The Life Line*, as well as in those that portray the women watchers with straining eyes searching the gray horizon at sunset.

In *A Northeaster*, from the collection of Mr. George A. Hearn, the artist shows the tempestuous tumult of the angry sea; he gives the sensation of its power and impact, its resistless force and violence. The work must have been produced in the presence of such a sea, with the impression of its tumult hot upon him. There is a revelation of its energy surpassing imagination. Only sensitive vision and long observation could have chosen from the swiftly changing forms and colors and set forth this memory of a moment with such power and conviction. It is the vision of a fleeting moment indeed, but its suggestiveness of movement, its majestic force and grandeur, stir the imagination, and the observer feels the excitement, the intensity, with which the artist recorded his impression of the splendor of things seen and conveyed the thrill that ran through his own soul. In this great ocean symphony he strove to express not only the majesty but also the relentlessness of the sea. Even the black rocks over which the waters break into foam and surge add a note of terror. In his direct, vigorous style one feels the strength of the painter's physical being, the clearness of his vision, the firmness of his purpose. Free from artifice, his work is great and inspiring in its simplicity, because the artist concerns himself more with the message than with his technical methods.

W. STANTON HOWARD.





"A NORTHEASTER," BY WINSLOW HOMER

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*







# Golden Baby

BY ALICE BROWN

WE were in the *Sycorax* smoking-room, within an hour of turning the lights out for the night. The air was gray with smoke, and everybody, even the men that made it, looked dulled by it. The scion of one of our oldest families, who had seized the occasion of an ocean voyage for extravagant over-indulgence, sat at a little table, monotonously repeating, "She was the fairest of all the country round," in a tone of eccentric rhetorical emphasis. Nobody took any notice of him, because we had ceased doing that when he introduced us, one by one, to the aura of his ancestor who had "preceded Sir Philip Sidney at the battle of Zutphen." What he meant by that initiatory phrase we never knew. We were merely convinced, one after another, by the sound of it that we weren't strong enough to hear it again. The man who was travelling round the globe on his own private fortune to discover a parasite for hostile bugs was absorbedly making diagrams of larvæ and what he called winged coleoptera for a buyer of seer-sucker, who was not listening to him, and the big fellow with the grizzled beard and the William Morris look of the eyes was sunk in some private reverie of his own. Suddenly the clerical young fellow opposite him asked him some question, whereupon he leaned back in his chair, gripped the beer glass before him as if he might sling it, and began in a voice like a bell:

"Logic is a fool. The mystery your calling is founded on is no more a mystery than a million others. You simply fail to get the connections. I could tell you a dozen tales more unaccountable than that, because they're just ripped out of the air and made manifest. It's as if you should go out there on deck and see a film of some kind of impalpable parchment hanging from the topmast. You'd send up a man, he'd

bring it down to you, and you'd find on it characters you could seem to read, but the story they made would say nothing whatever to you. I mean, it couldn't be hitched on to the general course of things. Now I'll give you a case in point."

He had given us no cases in point throughout the voyage. He had simply rowed about labor and capital, and said one was as bad as the other, capital being only labor reversed, and we thought we had discovered his pet nursling of a fad and just what road it was leading him. Now two or three other men looked up, and then moved a little nearer. They scented story as you do when you buy the new magazine and are lotting on having it to go to bed on. The scion of the noble family leaned back in his chair, regarded us haughtily, and said, "What's all this?" in a loud tone nobody noticed except discouragingly because he was making more noise. We left him to the solace of it, and drew up in a circle about the William Morris man. He had put the tip of his blunt finger—the kind of digit artisans work wonders with—delicately into a little pond of beer on the table and drawn out a line from it like a peninsula. Then he dabbled his finger again and put it down in another place, to make an island, and another. A merchant of many sorts of goods, who sailed all seas, burst out there, with a sudden recognition:

"Why, you're making islands!"

A white-faced young man of no breadth and inconsiderable stature, who, we understood, had some reputation as a poet of the minor variety, bent over the table and put on his large horn-bowed spectacles to look. He, too, spoke with an irrational quickness, as if everything the William Morris man did suddenly bore a meaning. It seemed as if the man had turned on his battery and we had become aware of his voltage.



"Do you suppose that's how God did it?" asked the little poet. "Before He 'came to the making of man'?"

But the William Morris man never answered him. He did look up at the merchant.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "it's the West Indies." Then he hunched his big frame back in his chair and began speaking, rather slowly and in a quiet voice, as if what he had to tell bore for him a significance of a particular and really a solemn nature.

"It was a week before Christmas when we sailed. Some company—it was a bum company and went to pieces afterward when its unseaworthy boats had all gone cranky, one way or another, and the public had turned back to the old standbys that rule the wave and sap the pocket—this company—I forget the name—had bought an old boat for a song and a promise, knocked out bulkheads, furbished up some dog-holes for new staterooms, put in red velvet and gilding, called her the *Siren*, and advertised a grand excursion to the West Indies. Somehow the idea took. It had been a nasty winter, there was easy money, and without much delay the *Siren's* list was full. I was among the first to take passage. I was done up that winter with statistics and the deviltry of the rich, and besides I'd always wanted a sniff of sugar, rum, and spices on their own ground. When I went on board there was a great copper sunset; it looked as if it belonged to the land exclusively and we might never have a whack at such another when we'd left New York behind us. I turned to look at it, as I'd been turning all the way along, and I stood there till the splendors and banners of it blinded me. So when I went aboard things were dark before me momentarily, in queer shapes, the outlines of warehouses and such, and I didn't feel that I'd really seen anything, until, on the deck at the end of the gangplank, I came face to face with a coolie woman, the thinnest of her sort, with bare feet and legs, bare arms, the slightest possible garment, and a weight of silver bangles on her wrists and collars round her neck. She stood there holding a child, a baby with a queer expression of maturity, and her

eyes as she looked at me were black and solemn. They seemed to talk in a language of their own, to sing things maybe, chant 'em—talking wasn't good enough—and they made me shiver. The child sat there supported on the crook of her arm and looked at me as seriously as she did, but with a kind of well-wishing, too, as if he said:

"'Old man, you're tired, aren't you? Everybody's tired. Glad you're shut of little old New York for a spell. Wish all of 'em could do the same.'

"What came into my mind—I don't see why—was that he was a kind of golden baby. Maybe it was because he had bright hair—an image to be worshipped—and my mind said inside, as plain as your lips might speak it, 'Golden Baby!' I felt I liked him, too, better than any piece of littleness I'd ever seen. And then, in the same minute—for it all passed as quickly as you might set your foot on deck and lift the other foot to keep it company—the coolie woman and the golden baby were gone, and there was a spot of blackness where he'd been. A sailor was passing me with an end of a rope.

"'Where's the woman?' I asked, before I could stop myself. He gave me a glance, and said, 'Sir?' without stopping, because he was evidently on business of the ship.

"'The woman and the child,' I called after him.

"I felt I'd got to know. But he shook his head and went along, and I felt disappointed, as if I'd lost something. But there was one queer thing. A darkness in the outline of the child stood before my eyes until I'd got into my stateroom and after. I couldn't rub it away.

"Well, gentlemen, that voyage was a corker for sheer madness of the human creature let loose. We hadn't been a day out before I knew what we'd got aboard—mothers that regarded the boat as a summer hotel and had fitted out their daughters with every rag known to milliners, to sell 'em in the market of some rich man's desire. That was the first—exhibit A. Then there were copper kings whose copper queens hadn't any chance to show off their diamonds and pearls and loot of the earth and sea



in the regulation manner, and brought it all on board to flout the moon and stars, I guess, and the Creator of the moon and stars, and the other folks He'd made that had more or hadn't so many, each in a different way. It was all money and class hatred and scorn and contumely."

Here the scion of a noble stock broke in, his dreary drone addressed to none of us in particular:

"Sir Philip Sidney, let me inform you. Sir Philip Sidney! Battle of Zutphen!"

"That's it," said the William Morris man, quietly. "That's just it. There were a few of 'em on board just like him. They'd had ancestors at Zutphen, and they wouldn't speak to the Semitic walking diamond-shops, nor me because I said I'd been in a foundry, nor the captain even, because he wasn't a *von*. Intercourse was restricted because they could only speak to one another, and they'd trodden that ground so long that they had only common recollections to go on, and I felt they were the best-bored set on the boat. But in spite of all the hatreds and mildew of exclusiveness, the same old farce obtained that they were all enjoying themselves immensely. The decks were canvassed in nearly every night and the stars shut out, so that those apes of various degrees could put on their gimcracks borrowed from the earth and sea, and dance and strut under the light of electric bulbs with backgrounds of flags and paper garlands. Great Israel! I wonder the Lord of all don't turn His face away from the whole bloomin' show sometimes and say, 'I'm sick of vaudeville.'

"Well, as days went on, I can't tell you how or why, I began to be conscious of hate, hate everywhere. Whether it was the heat and madness of the tropics that got into our blood and set it seething I don't know, or whether it was the revenge of big nature rising up against fool civilization—we were separated into as many little cliques and parties as the factions in a South-American state. I was out of the whole thing, not because I was better, but because I was worse. They hated one another, and I hated them all with a glorious impartiality. We'd gone due south, struck Jamaica, steamed on to the

Isthmus, and then skirted the coast to Trinidad and dipped down beyond the mouth of the Orinoco, with the Southern Cross dominant now and the Dipper selling short. And suddenly one night about eleven, when the band was whanging away at a popular waltz and girls were swishing their muslins and laces round the deck in time, the boat stopped. You know there's always an underconsciousness of danger at sea, in the thickest-hided. No man forgets he's over an unplumbed abyss, except maybe he's in his cups and taking the return trip to Zutphen. So when the motion—there wasn't much of it on that sea—when it fell into a calm, the dancing grigs stopped, I suppose as the dancers did in 'Belgium's capital' when George Osborne got his summons to go and be killed, and wondered what the god of the machinery was going to do to them. We stopped, and we stayed so. I was on the hurricane-deck, and I came down with that same premonition of panic in me—I'm an old sailor, but I did feel actual panic—and the first man I met, making his thirty-six-inch strides along the deck, was the second officer. He was a good fellow; I hadn't hated him. We'd chummed together quite a lot on the voyage. I've grinned since to think how I greeted him inanely.

"'We've stopped,' said I.

"'Yes,' said he, two paces away from me.

"'What for?' I called, knowing I shouldn't be told.

"'Don't know, sir,' he returned. I knew he was entrenched in official reserve and not the accessible fellow I'd smoked my pipe with.

"Well, gentlemen, we had stopped, and there we hung all that night, and the next morning we were there still, a little motion under us, the very least, like the sound, so far as motion might be, of tiny ripples lapping on the beach. Everybody came haggard to breakfast. Nobody had slept, except some of the rummies who were in that state of tissue where you might call 'em permanently asleep. The crew, such of them as I saw at intervals, seemed also to be in a condition of tension. Then the questions began, fired by the broadside and popping like guerrilla warfare, always



to the same tune: What was the matter? The answer reassured us briefly. It was no longer, 'We don't know.' 'Some trouble with the engine,' we were assured. 'The engineer's at it now.' So we went on eating, and fault-finding when our toast varied in brownness, and hating one another; but the day, the sulky, burning tropical day, went by, and the tropical night with its quick onrush of stars, and still we hadn't moved. That next morning I met the wireless man at the rail, where he'd gone to lean both arms and, it seemed, throw some problem of his own at the bright horizon-line. He was a little, round, oily, dark fellow with curly hair, and in spite of his fatness his face looked funnily tragic with anxiety, as if he were going to cry. At once I felt he was pretty well shaken, and he'd tell me what's the matter.

"Have you tried wireless?" I asked, in the fatuous way we have of baiting with a commonplace when we mean to fish up something that might dart and elude us unless it thought it was snapping at the same old bait. He shook his head as if he shook me off. I'd thought he knew nothing but wireless, but it was evident he sized me up for the ass I was.

"Tried it?" he said. "What else?"

"Well, don't you get anything?"

He shook his head again.

"Why don't you keep on trying? There must be stations down here—there must be ships—"

"They don't answer," he said. It was almost as if with another word he might break down actually. "I've changed my tune, and changed it—changed it. I can't get them."

"He turned abruptly as if he were really concealing tears now, and ran up the ladder to his post. Then I went away to think. I was afraid, sheer afraid, and wondered at myself. You see, I've no more pluck than any man of my inches, but I'd been about a good bit. I'd seen adventure and heard other fellows talk it over, and I knew you're pretty sure to get out of everything with a whole skin till that last particular time when you don't—so what's the use of grizzling? But this time there was panic in my left waistcoat pocket, neatly sewed in to stay, and I knew it and hated it for being there. There was

foul weather all over the ship. Nobody sang, nobody strummed the light guitar as one girl had been doing till we wished she was at home in the kitchen with a consignment of pots and pans to wash. New York hated Jerusalem more frankly than ever, and Jerusalem wagged its fat chin and openly put up its beak at New York. Hate! Talk about the wars of nations! If that ship couldn't have made use of a whole Hague conference all to herself, it wasn't because she wasn't sick for it and only needed diagnosis to have it prescribed. Toward night I climbed up to the door of the little wireless cage, and stopped there, hat in hand, if you'll believe me. I don't know what kind of besetment made me feel as if every Jack on board that ship was in as tight a place as he could breathe in, and that every lubber that spoke to them had got to walk Spanish. He looked up at me. His tired little eyes were set in a bed of wrinkles. It hadn't been long, this universal panic of the ship, but it had had time to eat into him and change him, from a fat little manipulator who'd learned to do a certain thing, to a crying, hungry soul in trouble, beseeching—maybe with no voice, only with those eyes and that quiver of a mouth—beseeching the Lord of things big and little to lift him out of the pit he'd stumbled into. I don't know whether the wireless chap ever heard of the Psalmist, but if he had, I bet he was tuning his own little pipe to him that minute.

"Go down," said he, looking at me as if I were in pinafores.

"That was all. But I felt I must speak. I had an ass's desire to bray and a meddler's insane push to help on somehow. I'd got to help the ship on. We all felt so. One man in the smoking-room—we kept it all of a cloud now, we smoked so hard and universally—he told me he felt as if he must get out and push, even if he drowned in doing it. He gave a queer little catch in his throat when he said it. If it had been a woman that gave that sound, you'd have said it was a sob. 'That's it,' two or three other men had said, and looked the same way, and it was ten to one that, give them a lead, they'd have sobbed, too. It was then I had lighted out.



I was afraid we should all be in hysterics together like a girl's boarding-school. But the wireless man:

"‘I beg pardon,’ I said to him.

"‘Go down,’ said he.

"‘I beg your pardon,’ I said again, ‘but mightn’t there be—isn’t there—some sort of magnetic field, and mightn’t we be inside it?’

"He laughed a little—a shrill hoot all scorn and tiredness.

"‘Magnetic grandmother!’ said he. ‘Go down.’

"Then I went.

"Well, whatever it was that stopped stayed stopped. Life hung fire. Electricity hadn’t played us false. There were plenty of lights, as faithful as the night. It wasn’t true that according to the old tune—it ran in my head all the time then—‘water wouldn’t quench fire, fire wouldn’t burn axe,’ and the rest of it. Fire was faithful and cooked us three—no, by George! six times a day the most elaborate and embroidered and sinful meals for richness the tropics ever saw. But we simply didn’t move, and now the mischief was so patent, the whole thing grew so upsetting and queer, that the usual disciplinary silence cracked and broke. The captain made no secret of it. The mate made none, nor the chief engineer. He, I found out, was spending his time digging into his engine, prying into her heart to find out whether she’d got some deadly secret he hadn’t shared. At last he was crying over her, the chief electrician told me afterward. But they made no secret, any of them. There was nothing the matter anywhere. The engine simply would not go. And we saw no ship and we saw no land, and wireless wouldn’t talk. The only creatures on the ship that showed any animation, because they hadn’t time to break, were the stewards and I suppose the *chef*, though I never saw him, and the band. For according to the notion that you can ensure a man against panic by making a noise or stuffing him, they kept the band playing the last comic-opera airs, and the stewards brought on more food, food, food, and offered it up to the god that’s in every man’s belly. I’ll say right here that I never knew stewards so over-worked as those poor devils had been from the start, and by now they were

so pasty-pale it made you ashamed of yourself, if you were an able-bodied man, to ring a bell and see ’em totter out and start into that perfunctory sprightliness—you know it. See it here on this very ship; but these boys look better, a heap better. The stewards on the *Siren* made you want to say, ‘For God’s sake, give me the key of the pantry and I’ll get it myself.’

"Well, one night, as if a great bubble burst in the air, something happened. Don’t you know how it feels when your head’s sort of muffled and woozy, and suddenly something clicks in your ear, and everything clears and lightens, and you find yourself out in the open? This was exactly that way. We were all on deck, packed into our rows of steamer chairs—I believe we were afraid of going below, and besides it was hot—and the band was dashing along from

"‘Oh, I am the King of Gold,  
And I made it all myself;  
My heart and brain I sold  
In accumulating pelf,’

to the Sylvia ballet music, when a man down the line of chairs somewhere—I never knew who he was—burst out into a kind of screech: ‘Stop that band! For God’s sake, stop that band!’

"We didn’t have to. The band stopped. I believe it knew, instruments and all, that we had had every hair’s weight we could endure, and that it had blared out all the breath it could spare, and had got either to scream or die dead from tiredness and fear. And then I turned my head a little—I don’t know why: I felt as if I had been called—and in a veil of darkness by the rail pretty well aft I saw them, the coolie woman and the baby. ‘Golden Baby!’ I caught myself saying, under my breath, ‘Golden Baby!’

"And at once my fear passed away from me as the shadow passes when the cloud moves on. Something snapped—that same lightening like a bubble’s breaking—and something came up in me that was like summer mornings and being young. I felt it going all over the ship, as if there’d been long breaths—what the stories call breaths of relief—and I knew I was in the midst of a flood of the same kind of sudden happiness.



I had time to ask myself why, why, and to wonder a little, because the ship hadn't started and we were in exactly as bad case as before. But that I couldn't stop to think of, for my eyes were on the Golden Baby, and I seemed to be wanting to learn everything I could about him by heart, for fear I should never see him again. You know some minutes warn you they're going to be mighty short and you'd better take a snapshot of 'em while you can. The coolie woman stood there exactly as she'd stood on deck the first minute I saw her. She had on the same scanty, dignified garment down to her bare knees and thin legs, and the silver round her neck and on her arms shone out there in the dark. It seemed to shine like moonlight. The electric lights didn't touch her or the child. They were there in a darkness of their own, and it seemed as if they made their own light. The child sat on her arm and looked toward us and smiled. His hair was bright. His face was bright. Afterward I had a kind of feeling that he stretched out his arms toward us, but that I couldn't swear to. His smile was queer, too. Or, no, it wasn't queer. It was pretty much what you'd see in any baby, only more so. It wasn't—well, it wasn't benignant, you know; spiritual, you might call it, same as it is in pictures of—” He hesitated here, being, we thought, diffident about matters of accepted religion.

“Madonnas,” said the little poet, raptly. He had hung on every word.

“Exactly, Madonnas. No, it was the way you'd like to have your own baby look, if he'd come in from play with his hands full of flowers. But the coolie woman smiled. She held out her arms toward us, and him in them. And all along the line I knew women were holding out their arms toward the child; and the men—well, I guess they did what I did. I brought my feet down to the deck and sat up straight and bent forward. That's all the way I know how to express it. I wanted to get there, somewhere near the baby, and same time I knew I mustn't go any nearer, not a step. And the only relief I had was muttering, just as you'd breathe hard, ‘Golden Baby!’ Then the woman spoke. It was a kind of voice—well, I don't know exactly, a

cool voice, smooth, kind of like a silver horn. Something shaking in it, too, something that trembled and yet had a power of its own, a vibration—I never 've been able to describe it to myself, all the times I've tried, and I'm not having any better luck now. But there wasn't any mistake about what she said. ‘You're keeping him back, and he's got to be there. Oh, don't! You mustn't keep him back.’”

“What language did she speak in?” asked the man that sought the parasites. He'd been listening very seriously, not in any spirit of unbelief, I could see, but with the gravity due a marvel. The William Morris man nodded at him.

“I knew that would come,” he said. “It came that very night, before we turned in. ‘What language did she speak?’ says the wireless man to me, and I carried the question on to the first mate. ‘God, man, I don't know,’ says he. ‘She spoke, that's all I can say.’”

“And a Frenchman that was going to write up Martinique as he saw it from the deck swore she spoke in French, and the German that played the trombone said it was the best Hanoverian German. I knew well enough it wasn't either, but I didn't know what it was, and I didn't care. I only know she spoke and we understood. I didn't have much eyesight to spare from looking at the baby, but somehow I did realize that everything round me was different, and different all over the ship. Mrs.—I forget her condemned and sacred name—she was one of your Boston Apocalypse people, the kind that got transfigured on some mount or other and haven't spoken to anybody since—why, up to now she hadn't accepted anybody's being on that boat but herself and her two long-footed daughters and their following. And now she sat there with her hand on a bedizened Jewess's fat knee, and her daughters had hold of a school-teacher from the West—not with a ten-foot pole and a hook on the end of it, mind you, but as if they were constrained to hug somebody and it didn't matter whom. It was the same all over the ship. Something had lubricated us. Something had washed us clean. I understood, and at the same minute I knew they all understood, too. Hate had passed away, and in its place was that other word that's



just as big. 'Golden Baby!' I says to myself. I saw he had done it, though I didn't know how. That didn't concern us somehow.

"The coolie woman seemed to come forward. I say seemed, though she didn't move a step, but we all knew she was nearer, every one of us, and that it wasn't important except as she brought the child. Anyhow, he seemed nearer, and if everybody felt as I did it was as if the child was warm and bright right in the midst of us. She spoke again.

"'That's it,' she said. 'That's good. When you feel like this it doesn't keep him back. Don't keep him back. He's needed so.'

"And then something happened. It was so gradual and so natural that at first we didn't realize what it was, only that everything in general was all right, and the sun would rise to-morrow on the good old practical world with no fear in it, and God was up there in His heavens wishing us well and not playing tricks on us. The ship was moving, that's what it was. There was the beat of the engine and the little heaving motion of a ship that begins to feel herself, though on smooth water. Then somebody began to cry and somebody else laughed, and we hugged each other, I guess, nobody particularly anxious to know whether he was hugging out of his class or not, and somehow or other the coolie woman and the Golden Baby were gone. But that night it seemed no more incredible to have them go than it did to have them come. And the engine was beating and the wireless man suddenly appeared among us, his flabby round face all puffed out again with satisfaction in his box of tricks, and he says:

"'There's a revolution in Haiti!'

"And we laughed louder and more foolishly, not because there was a revolution, but because it was such a joyful thing to have wireless say anything at all.

"'Let's have something to eat,' says somebody then, because we'd got used to eating as a kind of expression of emotion of any sort; but somebody else roared out: 'Let the stewards rest, can't you? Poor devils!'

"'Poor devils!' said somebody else, and then I understood, and I guess everybody else did, that we not only impossibly

loved one another, but we loved the pasty stewards, too.

"And we bunked down quietly that night, and there was no eating or drinking, only a kind of prayerful yearning over the engine that kept beating on, and thoughts we didn't dare to put into words about the Baby. And next day the engines were still going, and there was a breeze, and in some queer way we were a quiet, happy crew of people. And everybody spoke to everybody else."

"Where were the woman and the baby?" asked the parasite man. He was frowning a good deal and beating a forefinger silently on the table.

"I don't know."

"Don't know? Didn't you ask for them?"

"No."

"Didn't anybody?"

"No."

"Why didn't you ask?"

The William Morris man paused a long time here, and seemed to study the question in many aspects. Then he answered slowly:

"We knew we were not to ask. We knew they'd come for a special purpose. What it was didn't concern us, and we felt—we felt a loyalty to the child, a loyalty bigger than anything I'd ever felt before. I guess it was so with all of 'em."

"Did you ever see them again?"

"Oh yes. We sailed north, touching at an island now and then, contented as you please, but solemn, changed in a way. I was changed. I guess they all were. I haven't been the same man since. It was the pasty stewards on that trip that set me thinking labor and capital wasn't an institution to be sworn over. There was something to be done about it. Well, we kept our course north, and then we slid along the coast of Haiti, and the wireless man picked up more about the revolution. Hot as pepper it was, black as ink. And then one night off that coast—I never knew whether there was a harbor or not—the engines slowed down and we stopped. But queer as it was to stop again, we didn't feel a breath of our old panic, only a solemn expectation. And we heard a stroke of oars, and before I knew what was doing there was the coolie woman, Golden Baby in her arms, going



over the side. They seemed to make their own light—the child did. His hair was bright almost like flame. His face—I never saw—”

Here he stopped a moment, as if the memory were too blinding to be borne.

“I heard a woman say—it wasn’t as if she was afraid, but only awed and wondering—‘Don’t let them go there into that island in the dark. Don’t let them go!’ And somebody else said:

“‘Hush!’

“I jumped to the rail and looked over, and I got a glimpse—I swear I did—of a boat full of blacks and the stern seat vacant for a passenger. And the boat moved away, and there was a light in it there hadn’t been before. It was bright, like the baby’s hair. We put on steam again, and that was all.”

Nobody spoke for a while, and the steward, perking out the curtains at the port-holes, to give himself pretence for lingering while our talk shut down, ventured to look at us imploringly, like a tired clock striking the hour. The parasite man began to feel his way cautiously through a sentence, evidently not knowing where he was to come out.

“It’s your theory, is it, that—that the spirit of those on board ship delayed—well, it’s absurd to say it—stopped the machinery?”

The William Morris man nodded.

“When you put it that way,” he owned, “of course there’s nothing for it but to laugh. But there were evil pas-

sions aboard that ship, envy, pride, covetousness, lust, hate—chiefly hate. Now if you should ask me if hate could stop an engine, I should say, ‘No, it can’t,’ and so would you. Still, the hate was there and the engines stopped.”

“Ah!” This was a breath in unison from us all, not a breath of understanding, but of concurrence. The scion of a noble stock, who’d been cooling off a little, got on his wobbly pins and stretched himself cautiously, with regard to equipoise.

“Look here, old chap,” said he, “I’ve heard that story before.”

The William Morris man was too much absorbed in the after-tang of his renewed memory of it to notice who spoke, or he wouldn’t have answered. Nobody answered the Sidney man.

“Not likely,” said he. He spoke briefly, absently. “None of us who were there were likely to tell it. I never told it before in my life.”

“But I’ve heard it,” said the little poet.

“Have you?” asked the William Morris man. He looked up at him and spoke as if in that quarter something might be doing. “Have you?”

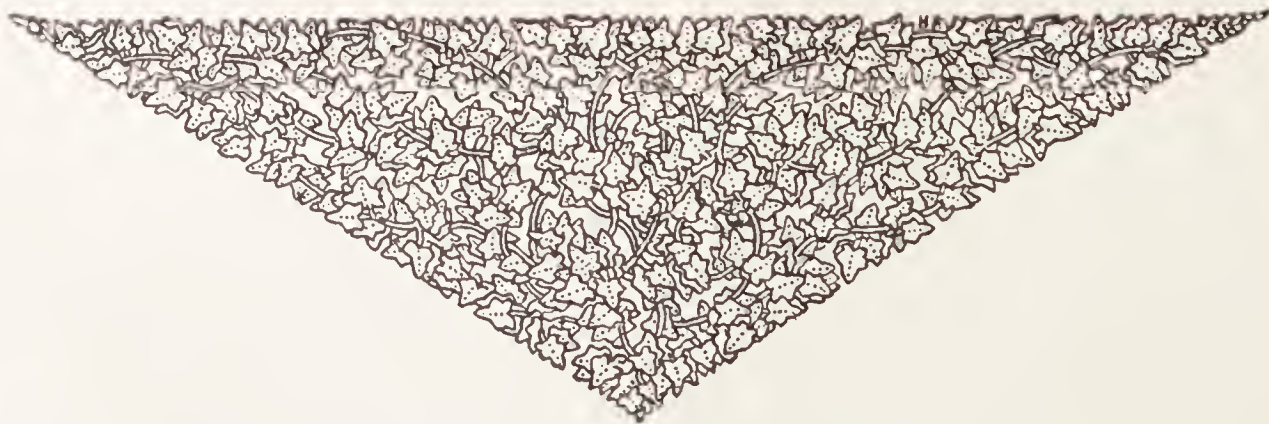
“Yes,” said the little poet. His eyes shone. His hair seemed to bristle and come alive with some new excitement under his poll. “Oh yes, I’ve heard it.”

“When’d you hear it?”

“Long ago—oh, long ago!”

“Who told you?”

“A man named Coleridge. He called it ‘The Ancient Mariner.’”





# Jules Adler, Painter of Labor

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

JULES ADLER'S art is in direct succession from that of Jean François Millet. He is, that is to say, one of those painters who select their subjects from human life, which they study with the understanding that is born of sympathy and interpret with that feeling for the romance of life which intimacy with its actual conditions justifies. For they do not merely look upon its face; they have penetrated within the case and searched the mainspring of its action. The aggregate has revealed to them the secrets of the individuals composing it; the crowd has been decomposed by them into its individual units. For the most of us humanity is but a crowd; a vast amorphous, insentient, unsensed mass of beings outside ourselves. In a city during an hour's walk we pass a thousand faces, never seen before, probably never to be seen again. Their orbit has chanced to cross ours; we are together for a moment, then separated for eternity, passing like planets in the void of space. Or our lot may be cast in a smaller community, so that our recognitions are frequent; we even stop and pass the time of day; yet separate as strangers, for we never get below the outer casing. Or possibly we do; we number that man, that woman, among our acquaintances. We say we know them; but it is with very partial understanding and perhaps less sympathy. A few friends, indeed, we have, whose consciousness our own has penetrated with sympathy and understanding; but our very need of their affection colors both. What we know of them is what we want for our own happiness to know, and our feeling for them is tintured with our craving for sympathy. Our attitude toward them is the reverse of objective. To be, however, a real student of human life the objective attitude is necessary.

It must be out of his sympathy for human life itself that the artist,

whether his medium be paint or clay or words, is drawn into a knowledge of it. He must study it from the outside, but with the eye of a seer, one who sees not only the visibilities but the latent soul of the facts. Further, he must have the constructive faculty; the power to create a personality that, interpreted by his art, compels our understanding and sympathy. More even than this he will achieve if he has the full gift of the seer. He will interpret the selected types in relation, not only to the immediate mass from which they have been cut, but also to the larger scheme of things of which the mass itself is but a part. This, I believe, Jules Adler has succeeded in doing; for which reason one speaks of him as carrying forward the work of Millet.

The special phase of human life with which Adler has identified himself is that of the working classes of Paris and the mining districts. While he has not monopolized the field, he has cultivated it in a way that is individually his own. Raffaelli, for example, in his pictures of Parisian street scenes, has represented a variety of familiar types. But they have been studied with the eyes of one who is in love with Paris and recorded as incidents in the inexhaustible panorama of its variegated life. It is Paris and not its people that is primarily felt; and, even when the artist surprises some *buveur* in his favorite haunt or a workman resting on a bench, and finds himself alone with the man, secluded from immediate contact with the life of the streets, it is as an example of his type that he studies him; as a specimen caught and examined at close range. It becomes for the nonce individualized, but apart from its ordinary habitat. Or again, it is Jean Béraud who mingles allegory with his realism; shows, for example, the scene of the Crucifixion enacted upon a hill that overlooks the



reck of factories. Among the modern working-men and working-women that huddle round the Cross stands forth an *ouvrier* in his blue blouse, shaking his fist toward the great factory chimneys in violent denunciation of the crime of capital that is crucifying the Lord anew. Béraud, in fact, here and elsewhere, has utilized for sensational effect the spirit of revolt and anarchy with which a portion of the working classes in Paris is penetrated. These two painters, Raffaelli with his conservative attitude that regards the working-people as a picturesque incident of the Protean life of Paris, and Béraud opportunely seizing upon the radical extreme of the conditions of labor, alike miss the fundamental reality of the theme. Between these two comes in the art of Jules Adler.

Adler notes the picturesqueness of the working class, but has discovered its humanity; he feels the shadow upon the lives of the people, but allows also for the lights, and while relating both to the local environment, interprets them in their relation to the universal scheme. In his point of view he is more truly objective than either of the painters I have named, and at the same time interprets more fully the picturesqueness and more truthfully the sentiment. For he has lived among the people he depicts and made their thoughts a part of his own knowledge, and has warmed his heart at theirs. He loves them; but neither with sentimentality nor any loss of his own sense of values. His intimacy with them, in fact, has not drawn him off into personal entanglements of feeling, but has induced a philosophic outlook, no less sane and broad than sympathetic. After the example of Millet he views human work as part of the diurnal labor of the world; by no means the burden of a curse, nor altogether the source of blessing, but as man's share in the problem of the destiny of the universe. Not more inevitable nor more unreasonable than the daily rising and setting of the sun are man's daily going forth to work in the morning and coming back at evening. No more doomed is man's struggle for life than the labor of living imposed upon the trees and flowers, that struggle perpetually against the bafflements

of storm and blight and parasites, stunted often by the narrow exigencies of their environment. Somewhere in the vast universal scheme of interlocked and conflicting energies lies the labor of humanity; its feet planted on the rocks that are continually disintegrating to form new foothold; its face, if it wills it, lifted to the perpetual courses of the planets. A great mystery that Millet, nourished on his Bible and Homer, but carrying always with him a sombreness of temperament, born in him during the days of hard unremitting toil at Gruchy, and thickened by the disappointments and narrowness of his after-life, interpreted in terms of solemn epic.

But the art of Adler, coming later, when the acquiescence of man in the gloom of the inevitable has become punctured by a new belief in the possibilities of more sunshine for the toiler, is less solemn and not epical. While it involves the universal idea, it is taking note of the particular, and interpreting its theme in terms less typical, more personal. Compare, for example, his *Song of the Open Road* with Millet's *Sower*. The latter comes down the furrow with a momentum derived from countless ages of sowing, dating back in long unbroken perspective from man's first need of making sure provision for his living, and in the swing of its movement the man's figure has something of the universal rhythm. But the figure is in the shade, and the face, bowed to the soil, is obscured by the shadow of the hat. The figure is impersonal—it is not a man, but *man*; not a sower, but *the* sower. Observe, on the other hand, the digger in Adler's picture. He, too, is swinging along with energetic strides; not, however, impelled by a momentum, but drawn forward by the magnet of an expectation ahead of him. His eyes are fixed before him; his head held high, as he rolls out the song of the open road. No cry of the soil breaks from him, but joy in the chance of work and pride of power, while at his back recedes the winding road through wide stretches of broad land, beaming pleasantly in the pearly light of morning. Swift and strong and free is his movement, but it has little or nothing of the classic rhythm of Millet's *Sower*; not anything of its





DESCENT OF THE FAUBOURG

impersonality. This man is individual, as well as typical of his class, expressive or possibly prophetic of its happiest and most hopeful spirit. The daylight of a new dawn has come and the lot of the toiler is lightened with expectation of the future.

But turn to another aspect of the subject, *The High Furnaces*. No wholesomeness of open country here or gladness of sunshine; but a sky swollen with the murk of smoke and the flare and fumes of gases; stabbed with the naked chimney stacks, and lowering heavily above the piled masses of the furnaces. Is it terrible, this weight of foulness bearing down upon the lives of men; or even in its terribleness grandly stim-

ulating and uplifting, like smoke and flame of sacrifice upon a mammoth altar? Possibly both. Within the heat of that Phlegethon the strong are being consumed, while the weaklings, the children whose strength is not yet and the old men and women whose strength is gone, are scratching the heaps of refuse for bits of coal to warm themselves. But the eye turns at once from these atoms of humanity, passes beyond the river, cribbed within unnatural banks, the wharfside and railroad, and finds itself caught up into the reaching splendor of the sky; a turmoil of crimson and yellow, reflected in a myriad hues upon the panting steam and stirred with purple smoke; swaying, tossing, swirling, heav-





THE PLEASURES OF THE PEOPLE

ing, but ever mounting slowly, mounting surely to the upper twilight heaven, where above the turmoil faintly glimmers the glory of the sun. Meanwhile the eyes of the weaklings are painfully searching the dirt-heaps, and the bodies of the strong are bowed over their toil. Neither look up to, perhaps they are not aware of, the mystery of splendor that swings above them; still less are they conscious of it as symbolic of the spirit of their lives of toil. It is the poet or the poet-painter that can find in the murk and rack which environ men's lives a suggestion of the soul concealed within.

Yet I wonder if many of us, who are neither the one nor the other, do not sometimes rise to this abstract sense of things? The incubus of the concrete for the most part hedges round and presses down upon us; but there are moments, rare perhaps but in the experience of all of us, when the soul of things is revealed. It may be when the rigor of the day's strenuousness is relaxed and the aggressiveness of factory and office build-

ing, the gaunt harshness of wharves and warehouses, dissolve in the kindliness of twilight. They loom up as presences; here silent and impalpable in the luminous evanescence of the vault of ether; now sternly, patiently obdurate beneath the threat of storm, or again grimly sordid in contrast with the pageantry above. However it be, they seem no longer steel, stone, and concrete, working cells of countless human lives. They have ceased to be the result and means of individual and collective effort. To the eye of sight they appear incorporeal, phantoms only of reality; yet by reason of their very unreality more real to the spirit's eye. For the accidents of time and matter are lost sight of; they rise as monuments to the truth that man builds better than he knows, altars on which through sacrifice his aspirations are revealed. They are seen to be the spiritual expression of the common and collective soul of human endeavor.

Yet while this abstract suggestion of the need and nobility of labor is appar-

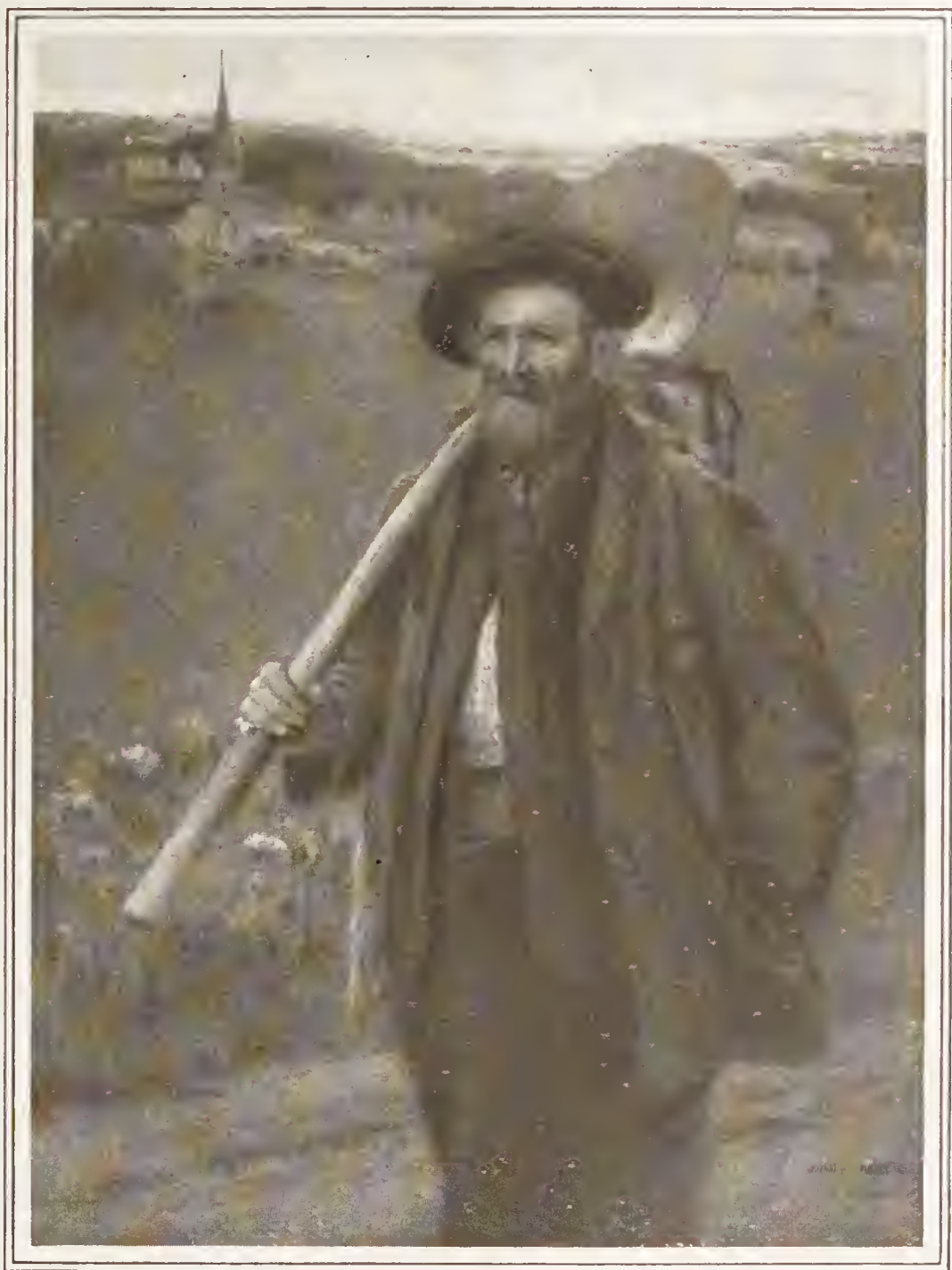


ent in Adler's art, he does not blink the hideous results of man's unpracticalness; the need distorted to necessity, the nobility polluted by individual degradation. He sees and feels the stupid, blundering, criminal waste of human life that results from treating the individual as a tool, and not as part of a machine-like aggregation, wherein all the parts are scientifically combined and balanced so that the human energy is conserved. Adler has no sympathy with the fruitless spirit of anarchy that is emitted like foul gas from this welter of mismanagement. Both as artist and man his creed is orderliness; therefore, like so many reasoning men and women of to-day, he is a socialist, one who would do for the community as a whole what, for example, some of our great corporations have done so admirably in the interest of their employees and shareholders. In a word, substitute the scientific method of organization in place of every man for himself and the devil take the under dog.

That there is no strain of sensationalism and sentimentality in Adler's point of view may be seen from his *In the Country of the Mines*. There is a peep of distant open country; otherwise the scene is barricaded with the ugly piles of surface works, as the afternoon shift replaces the men who have toiled since morning. Three of the latter are prominent in the foreground. The action of their bodies is a little stiff and cramped, and their gaze is strained ahead partly with the apathy of fatigue and partly because their eyes are still

loaded with the darkness of the mine. But their step is alert, they are not men broken by toil. Two young women follow them. As yet their work below has not robbed them of their womanhood. One of them turns to look at two little tots sitting by the side of the path playing with a doll. The sight stirs in the girl an instinct that nature never intended should be thwarted by laboring in a coal mine. You see the point. Adler makes it with a quiet sane sincerity; and any sane man or woman who believes in the bettering of humanity must acknowledge it.

Or turn to his picture *On the Bench*: a mother and father, the latter holding their baby. Behind them men are repairing the roadway, which in the background is busy with the familiar sight of trucks, 'buses, and *fiacres*, women with bundles hurrying to and fro, and a *bonne*



THE ROADMAN



with her young charges, watching a regiment of soldiers march by: the gentle gayety of spring hovering over the trees in the square beyond. Meanwhile, isolated in the foreground, sit the man and the woman, staring fixedly before them, united in their love for the little one, but separated by thoughts that they dare not share. The present is for them in some way wrong; else why should this man, in a scene of so much active life, be sitting inactive? Why these gaunt faces and eyes that do not seem to see much hope ahead? Assuredly something is wrong; nor would it seem to be due to any moral fault of this man and woman. It is something rotten in the body politic that makes insufficient provision for the man who has run behind in the race, for the woman in her days of motherhood, and leaves the care of the next generation to the haphazard of sickness and want.

*The Mother* in one respect presents again the old, old shocking feature of the waste of motherhood: the woman who

to the last pang of mental and physical suffering has done her duty to the community, burdened with the very healthiness of her own child and with the added weight imposed upon her of having to earn a living for both of them. But there is another feature no less shocking, the men's waste of their own lives, which helps to increase the burden on the women. One of the men, seated at the marble-top table of the café, is earnestly maintaining a thesis. Without overhearing the argument one feels certain that it is based on the iniquities of Capital that grinds the faces of the poor. Meanwhile they are guzzling, and a flashy poster, advertising absinthe, tells its tale. Adler is no windbag inflated with hot air, but a thoughtful and truthful analyst. While he feels the shortcomings of the social system, he takes account of the difficulties that the individual puts in the way of reasonable reform; though how far the individual may be a product of social conditions is not lost sight of.



LE CREUZOT





THE MOTHER

The note of profoundest gloom is struck in one of his pictures not represented here. It is *The Soup of the Poor*: a line of hungry people of both sexes, children, young, middle-aged, old, for the most part a respectable-looking crowd, passively waiting while the light from an open door quavers upon their wan, pinched faces. It is "The Bread Line," such as with certain local differences you may see in New York on any week night in all weathers, when in your passage down Broadway you have left behind the flare and flaunting gayety of the theatre zone which is awake by night, and reach the comparative darkness of the lower part that lives by day. Perhaps it is this contrast between gayety and gloom that helps to make the awful spectacle of

human beings waiting silent for their turn of dole additionally terrible. At any rate, in his picture Adler is in no fierce denunciatory mood; he does not exaggerate the horror or make a sensational plea for sympathy. It is rather as if he felt that conditions being as they still are, wofully blundering and wasteful, it is meanwhile a blessing that charity is doled. Yet he portrays the recipients of it respectable, that he may drive home the sin of the community in permitting poverty to exist.

But the subject of his imaginings changes. See *The Roadman* proceeding to his day's work. He is older than the man we met singing the song of the open road, and he moves more slowly; energy settling down into self-respecting sta-





SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

itself it is gay or that finds vent in overdressing and formal promenade; it is simple, natural, and spontaneous, truly Gallic. As a scene, viewed *en masse*, the picture infects us with pleasure, and if one studies the figures individually, they are discovered to be charmingly diversified in character and interesting.

In all his pictures, as already hinted, the artistic purpose controls Adler's treatment of the subject. However serious the human suggestion, it is accompanied with a decorative arrangement of the *mise en scène*, from the beauty of which it gains a poignancy. Another good example of this is *The Haulers*: where a woman, a boy, and four men are com-

bined in one mass of motive power; six human lives being cheaper than one horse. Yet back of this herd of humanity reduced to the condition of beasts of burden, what a delicate beauty of pearly water and magical illusion of wharves and factories, invested with the light-irradiated mists of morning! Here it is the environment that is idealized, while humanity is brutalized. But observe the contrast in *Le Creuzot*. There a strike is in progress; the "hands" and their womenfolk are marching down the street past the silent works. The latter show for what they are, mere gaunt ugly sheds and towers and chimneys, empty shells of structure, now that the spirit of labor which animates them is withdrawn. The spirit is outside of them within the hearts of the strikers, lifting their souls as they march beneath the tricolors to a pitch of exaltation that bursts forth in singing. In the front rank

bility. But like the other he makes a handsome showing against the beauty of the landscape; for you may have noticed what a feeling for decorative composition Adler has. The lines and masses and color are sources of æsthetic pleasure, and have, moreover, a psychological significance. Compare, for example, the meadow behind this man, smoothly spreading back to the village church, with the sweeping curves of the roadway in the other picture. Both are country scenes, in which the artist finds the most harmonious possibilities of labor; but turn back with him to the city and note the interval of happy ease that he portrays in *Joues Populaires*. How shall one translate it? *The Pleasures of the People* is somewhere near the mark. It is a Sunday or a general holiday in the Faubourg that Adler knows so well; and gayety is in the air. It is not of the sort that has to be obstreperous to assure



marches a young widow. She has the face of the idealist, transformed by the fervor of the moment into the pain and dangerousness of a Medusa's head. She is solitary and walks alone; but behind her comes an older woman. She leans on the arm of her man, whose toothless mouth is working to the chorus, as he strides with fists clenched and lifts his tired eyes to a vision of deliverance. But the woman at his side looks straight before her, with the suffering resignation of one who has been schooled to wait. A boy with a drum turns his young face to hers with a pitiful, worshipping gaze. So face after face, if you examine the crowd, reveals its individual character of submission or militant protest, idealized by the thrill of a common and collective impulse.

Lastly, as a further proof, if it be needed, that Adler's point of view is sane and genial as well as trenchantly scrutinizing and intolerant of wrong, observe *The Descent of the Faubourg*. The tenements have given up their multi-

tude; the flood of humanity fills the street; the stream all one way—workward. It is impelled by necessity; but the note of need to work because of pride in oneself and love of others is not absent. See the light of hope and love and pride on the faces of the lovers in the foreground. Yes, Adler knows his Faubourg and loves it; has seen its picturesqueness and peered into the hearts of its humanity, and touched the collective soul of the population; and philosopher-like, an artist in the broadest, deepest, creative way, he has sensed its relation to the universal soul of labor. When will American painters thus prove themselves artists of the humanity that throbs in our cities and mining districts?

Yesterday evening, as often, I took my stand in Union Square at six o'clock. Had I been earlier I should have seen the square scattered with clerks, typewriters and stenographers, the clerical staff of the office buildings, following the diagonal paths on their way to the car and subway and elevated roads, or to



ON THE BENCH





THE HIGH FURNACES

their hall-bedrooms in the immediate neighborhood. But by this time these have passed, to be succeeded by another human stream, as the clothing-shops pour forth their employees. Into the dark of the sky the office buildings still rear their tiers of lighted windows, where the scrub-women are cleaning up the dirt of the day's work, and over on the south of the park the picture-shows present their external bravery of illumination. The big bell in the Madison Square tower booms the signal of release. A few more minutes and the streets to the westward become black with men and women and girls. On they come, the stream gathering volume as it advances; across Broadway to the paths that cross the park; a multitude converging on the park to divide again on the other side into separate streams, that gradually thin off and scatter their human drops among the homes on the East Side. Some of the men are old, with the bent backs they brought from Europe; some of the women

still retain the foreign habit of a shawl over their heads. But the majority are young and carefully dressed; they pass singly, in pairs, or linked by the arms in threes and fours; so swiftly that the faces flash but for an instant in the electric light beneath which I am standing. Suddenly the stream is cut by an Indian file of Italian workmen, excavators of the foundations of some office building or factory: the men at the bottom of this mass of labor. Blue overalls, grimed with dirt, here and there the glow of a red sweater, they move with swift low stride, one behind the other, each carrying a billet of wood, the perquisite of his work; silently pressing forward, they too, to their homes on the East Side.

Twice each working day this and countless other similar phenomena elsewhere renew themselves, but the eyes of most American artists remain sealed to their human significance and their pictorial possibilities.



# A Credit to Densmore

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

OF course the school you were graduated from has a way of seeming altogether different when you have been out a year. That's understood. But the first time I went back to Densmore I wondered if it really hadn't changed. The superintendent was enthusiastic about the improvements in the equipment, and the new Nurses' Dormitory was better than the cramped little quarters we used to have. But I believe that machines for cracking ice are not quite as important as—well, some other things.

When I entered the big dining-room, that would have been cool even on the hot June day if the forty girls all talking at once hadn't made it seem hot, at first I couldn't make out a familiar face. I had the forlorn, out-of-place, *old* feeling that always comes when you are not known in a place where you used to be of some importance. And nobody spoke or paid any more attention to me than just to look up curiously. A prim-looking nurse came through the door with me.

"How is 37 to-day?" asked an eager little probationer before she had taken her place at her table.

"Fine. Hasn't had any temperature for a week," replied the prim one, complacently.

Still nobody spoke to me, and I stood hesitating a moment, not knowing just where to go. So I was pleased when Miss Stryker caught sight of me and came forward. She had entered with my class, but had had to stay out a year because of illness. I had never known her very well—she was a reserved, satirical sort of girl, although I had heard lovely things about her. There was that time when she had asked permission to special a case in the Free Ward who couldn't afford to pay a nurse, and had sat up for three nights and carried her own work too. And nobody would have

known anything about it if the woman hadn't recovered and got into a paper in some medical congress. But this time the quiet courtesy of her manner and her nice, *low* voice made me feel as if she must have been my most intimate friend in the class.

"Won't you come to my table?" she said. And I was only too glad to do it. "You are specialling Miss Ardmore, I believe. What do they call her trouble this time?"

"An obscure nervous affection, I am told." But a twinkle in Miss Stryker's eye made me say, before I realized it, "Hospitalitis, I should call it."

Miss Stryker laughed—not satirically, rather pityingly: "After all, that's just as definite a disease as mumps, only it's located in the lobes of the brain instead of in the glands of the neck. It's all a question of mental attitude."

Pretty Miss Lockwood, whom I recognized as one of last year's second-year girls, came into the room.

"Oh dear!" she sighed, plaintively, sinking into her chair. "I'm so tired. I've been standing there for four hours. I was so afraid I wouldn't get here in time for lunch."

"What was the case?" asked the eager probationer.

"Appendicitis—heart and bronchial features were the worst. She was on the operating-table almost as long as 37 was last week. *That* was the most fascinating case! Doctor Dupont has made a big reputation out of it—Doctor Moore told me so." And she attacked the luncheon a colored maid had brought, with appetite.

Miss Stryker and I made our escape at the same time. Outside the door she paused.

"Are you very busy?"

"No; I think Miss Ardmore is just as well pleased to have me away. It's so evident that I've nothing to do for



her—it rather wears on her to think things up.”

“It’s the fourth time she has been here in twelve months. Indeed, it’s a shame for the hospital to take her money. Who’s the physician?”

“Doctor Dietrich. But she called him in after she came here—and he doesn’t know her yet.”

Miss Stryker smiled rather unpleasantly.

“He’ll be like all the rest. How I hate doctors!”

“Doctor Dietrich is blunt he’s so honest—”

“I don’t know him. But when I see one that will admit he knows nothing when he does, I’ll believe that. And to have to stand by like a reverential image and see them blunder—! Are you going out?”

“No; it’s too hot.”

“I wish you’d look in on Miss Padgett—in 37—poor little girl—”

“Oh, then 37’s a girl—and young!” I suppose that shouldn’t have made any difference, but it did.

“I went in yesterday,” said Miss Stryker, “when Miss Rainey was off duty, and I thought she looked forlorn. I believe she isn’t doing a bit well. See if you can find out what the matter is. Miss Rainey is so mechanical, she never sees anything but what she’s told. That’s why I think some one ought to look after Miss Padgett, some one with an imagination. You know I haven’t any. Doctors and nurses haunted her for the first week—it was a sort of a show case. But now—!” She made an expressive gesture and turned down a cross-corridor that led to the diet kitchen.

When I had shut the heavy door, all of the noise, the fun, the life, of the great institution was cut off so suddenly that the effect seemed mystical. The hospital corridors stretched spacious, dim, cool, endless. Through doors, opened to let in the air, quiet figures lay straight and calm, limbs graven by the simple lines of thin white coverlids, hands lax at sides or holding aimlessly book or flower. After the din, the heat, of the crowded room I had left, the peace, for a few minutes while my tread sounded sharply down the space, seemed grateful.

Then my eyes, newly adjusted to the

dimness of shuttered interiors, saw, under the enforced quietude, the stir and seething that could not be allayed, the aching unrest of this deadly mechanical business of mending faulty bodies. One thrashed aimlessly about, one pale girl tucked a ball of a handkerchief under her pillow at my approach, a man bit off a rebellious sound between closed teeth as he tried to adjust with ineffective hands the screen near his bed so that a persecuting ray of sunlight might not probe into feverish eyes. At the sound of my footsteps heads turned suddenly, an awakening of hopeful expectancy in the dull depths of their eyes, only to subside with weary patience as I passed them by.

Opposite the door of 37 I paused. A screen hid the figure on the bed from view. Even after I had entered and stood looking at the small, pale girl, she did not move. Yet there was something in the attitude that spoke of tension more certainly than all the uneasy mutterings and longing glances that had pursued me down the hall.

“Is there anything I can do for you?” I asked. She turned her eyes on me, big, hollow eyes from which, together with the color, all life and all interest seemed to have faded. She spoke in a small, thin voice, and as mechanically as if she had been pulled by a string.

“Nothing, thank you.”

“Don’t you want me to prop you up a little so you can read?”

“No; the doctor told me to be careful, and—she—and Miss Richards warned me.” But she shifted her position slightly to bring me more conveniently within her line of vision. She made an effect of moving with caution, as though a natural effort might prove deadly. Yet, with her operation already nearly two weeks past, she should be beginning to feel some freedom of movement.

“But how long ago was that?”

“I forget. It doesn’t matter. I don’t feel strong enough.” She opened and shut her mouth like an automaton.

“Isn’t there something I could bring you—an egg-nog—a milk-punch—?”

“I don’t know whether the doctor has ordered it.”

“But surely you want to be gaining your strength. Have you any appetite?”





Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"WHEN I'M NOT A NUMBER I'M A CASE"







"I don't know—I thought I would be hungry. But the things they bring me don't taste right."

"Have you told the doctor?"

"I—I don't know Doctor Dupont very well. I believe he has discharged me."

"Who's looking after your diet?"

She turned her big, hollow eyes on me again. "Why—the hospital, I suppose."

"When was Miss Richards here?"

"I don't believe she has been here since that—first day."

At last there was something human, if only in the childish quivering of the lips that couldn't be stilled. Then I realized that her indifference might be from fear of showing weakness. At all events I knew that it was not a very safe thing, at her stage of convalescence—and looking as she did. So I pursued the opening relentlessly:

"When are you going to get up?"

"I don't know. They haven't told me. Never—it seems—sometimes." This time she turned her head away from me. The helpless fluttering of the little hands made me think of a butterfly in a net.

"Where are your family?" She turned her head from side to side impatiently, protestingly: "They think I am doing so well—they went home. And I haven't felt able to write."

"Why don't you get your nurse to write for you?"

"Miss Rainey?" in a startled, protesting tone. "Oh, she is a very fine nurse—but there's so little time to do everything in the morning, she says—and of course she isn't here in the afternoon. And—somehow—I never thought to ask her to do it."

"I'll write one for you now. Just tell me what you want to say."

"Oh, could you? I'm afraid—you're so kind—would it be all right? They are always telling me to be careful. And you—can you spare the time—?" Before she was half through her stumbling remonstrance and feverish eagerness I had the table pulled out and the paper under my hand.

"My own dear Mother," she began. Then her voice shook and the tears came into her eyes.

"Oh—I—wait a minute—I'm so ashamed—"

"That's all right," I said, comfortably.

"There's a hair in my pen, anyway. Where's your home?"

"In Virginia—not far at all. But it seems—thousands of miles." The last word came in a gulp.

"What is your name? I believe they haven't told me."

That brought the deluge. There were some moments before she could make herself understood, but when she did I heard something like:

"You are the f-f-first person that has wanted to know whether I *had* a name. I am n-n-nothing but a N-n-number!"

When she had sobbed in the most satisfying manner for about five minutes, and I had held her hand and had stroked it with as much sympathy and elder-sisterly emotion as I could put into that action, she checked herself suddenly.

"What's the matter?" I asked, startled. I hadn't expected her to get through for a good ten minutes more.

"I mustn't. It's bad for my temperature."

"I wouldn't worry about my temperature," I said, scornfully, in the most shocking disregard of professional fetishes. "I'd like to know what Nature gives women such capable tear-glands for if it isn't to use them. Tell me something more about your home."

When she had had a most enjoyable time, talking when she felt like it, sniffing comfortably when emotion overcame her at the thought of what "M-mother would feel if she knew how she had nearly *died* with homesickness," and recollection of what "F-f-father had said when she saw him after she had been brought in from the operating-room," and how "*heavenly* the front gallery was at this time with Crimson Rambler all over it," she stopped and said, wonderingly: "But how did you happen to come here? I haven't seen you before, and you're so different."

"I'm one of last year's class—special-ling."

"Was Miss Richards here then?"

"No; why?"

She gave a furtive look out into the corridor, and then her eyes came back to mine, clingly. A sudden color came into her pale face.

"I—hate her!" she said, with sur-



prising energy. "She's not human. She's a machine. She's a ghoul—all made of steel and ice." This astonishing contribution to natural history must not go unchallenged. So I said, with proper loyalty:

"Oh no; you must have misunderstood her. And she has taken the greatest interest in your case! I've heard her talk about it."

"Yes, that's it. When I'm not a Number I'm a Case. She doesn't even know my name. I know she doesn't, for I heard her outside the door. When the doctor spoke of Miss Padgett, she said, 'No, it's 37 I want the directions for.' I'm a Number and a Case. And sometimes I feel like a mouse caught in a trap. Just before you came in I was feeling that there was no chance of getting out of these high, white walls, or down those endless, clean, echoing corridors, until they take me out—dead!" Her color had ebbed again, and she looked alarmingly white and exhausted. I began to feel fearful that I had not done the right thing in making her talk.

"There, just turn over now and try to sleep," I said. "You'll be walking out in a week or so back to Virginia and the Crimson Rambler." But she wouldn't listen to me.

"Do you know," she said, "when they brought me in from the operating-room, and when I was sick and suffering and so weak that I couldn't think of anything but of how every inch of me ached and shrieked, and that the only thing that could make me ever get well was to have father and mother and—everybody I cared for sitting in a ring around my bed and just pumping love and strength in with every breath, She sailed in. She was starched and stiff and horribly rosy and strong. She was with one of the house doctors, and he was stiff and starched and shining in glossy white linen too. And I was so mussed up and my gown so limp and smelling of ether because I hadn't been strong enough for them to dress me yet. The house doctor smiled at me rather kindly. But She just came forward and stood there and said: 'Now you must get well fast. We expect you to be a credit to Densmore—'"

"There, there," I said, soothingly,

alarmed at the tempest I had raised. "You see she wants you to get well; every one does. So you—"

Her pale eyes were flashing now.

"I didn't know that I came here to be cut up and nearly killed and to die of lonesomeness just to be a 'credit to Densmore'! And I've been shut up here ever since. And I've been nothing but a Number. And if you hadn't come in when you did I know I would have died. I was just thinking how nice it would be to die if that would get Her into trouble!"

I had to work over her for fifteen minutes to get her calmed down. And at the end of that time I sent for one of the house doctors and gave her some brandy to revive her. But I had at least begun to find out what was the matter with her.

"'Imagine how she feels'?" said Doctor Dietrich, genially. "I haven't any imagination. If I had, I should have gone in for fancy surgery."

"But, Doctor Dietrich, she isn't doing well at all. She picked up a little after I talked to her the other day, but she has dropped back again."

"But she's Dupont's patient. I can't interfere—"

"She says the doctor has discharged her; he is so busy, and he thinks she's convalescing."

"Of course Dupont's busy. I forget just what the female white population of the District is," the doctor mused. "But Dupont, of course, has fully seventy-five per cent. of that."

"It's something besides doctors that she needs. Her father's ill and her mother can't come. And the nurses here—"

"Yes, I know all about nurses," said the doctor, pessimistically.

"All but Miss Stryker; she told me first about Miss Padgett, and she's *fine*."

"Yes, yes, I suppose so." Doctor Dietrich spoke absently. "Now, see here, I have just fifteen minutes I can spare. I'll look in on Miss Padgett—just a friend, you know, brought in by you. Wouldn't it just be a star in my crown if I could pry one of his patients away from Dupont of the cathedral voice? Then, if you'll get the other young woman, we'll talk it over for a minute. Where will you be?"



"There's a little ice-cream place just across the street—"

"All right. It's one of the places the Health Officer brought up for a fine. But I suppose they cleaned up for a time. And it's martyrs for science we'll be."

Ten minutes later we were sitting around a marble-topped table. Doctor Dietrich contemplated his pyramid of soft pink ice-cream with amusement; Miss Stryker had a detached expression as she trifled with hers. For my part, I love ice-cream, and it would be rank affectation to pretend to be superior to the thrill.

"What are the plans of the Relief Expedition?" asked Doctor Dietrich.

"We have to take our instructions from you," I replied.

"You mean you're too busy to talk." He laughed at me not a bit unkindly. Ten years had dropped from his face since we left the hospital. "All right, then, if I must lead off—I think she's suffering from anæmia."

"I think it's that she lacks the will to live," put in Miss Stryker, promptly.

She hadn't spoken before, and Doctor Dietrich turned abruptly and surveyed her. There was challenge in her voice.

I said, "She's homesick."

"Yes, yes, I'm sure you're right. It takes the womanly touch to feel out those things. But"—he turned pugnaciously to Miss Stryker—"I can't stand for that modern cant. There's always a physical cause for depression. In her case it's a lack of good red blood."

Miss Stryker acknowledged the opinion with calmness.

"Undoubtedly. But she would make blood fast enough if she once asserted herself. It's a moral defect."

Then they began to do what, if they hadn't been well-bred, I should have said was quarrelling. And, even granted that they were well-bred, it wasn't far from that. And they were letting their ice-cream melt!

"She needs to be treated as if she were a human being and not a Number," I said, feebly, hoping that would stop them.

"That's just what I said!" Both Doctor Dietrich and Miss Stryker turned to me with relief and with unqualified approval. "She needs to be treated like a human being and have her will aroused," said Miss Stryker.

"She needs to be treated like a human being and be fed," stated Doctor Dietrich.

You never saw two people approve as heartily of a third as they did. I began to feel delightfully popular.

"I can give her some time in the afternoon, when I'm off duty. I think Miss Ardmore will feel able to get along without me." I said this gravely enough, but I didn't dare to meet Doctor Dietrich's eyes. For he had seen Miss Ardmore, and I knew well enough that he had diagnosed her case as Hospitalitis of an aggravated type. But of course we both had to preserve a professional reticence.

"The morning is the time Miss Padgett feels worst. I can get in there a little while about breakfast-time. Rainey will be only too glad to have a free hour; she's getting ready for Commencement. And 55's beginning to be ambitious to do things for himself—and it's time," commented Miss Stryker, severely. "Besides, he follows me around with his great hungry eyes, and I *can't* give him any more food than they order. So I can spare the time," she added as an after-thought.

"Who's 55?" asked Doctor Dietrich, quickly. "Trenholm? Are you nursing *him*?"—with a grunt of entire disapproval. "Well—try to get all the red meat into her diet that she can digest—and beef juice and raw eggs."

"I shall try to get hold of her mind, take her out of herself," Miss Stryker asserted, stiffly. Then they began to quarrel again, so that the young woman with the lowering coiffure who had brought us the cream began to look at us curiously.

"There's a lover in the case," I said, to make them stop. And you never saw two more interested faces than those two cynics turned to me. Again I sunned myself in their approval.

"Well, well, we'll have to see what we can do about *that*," Doctor Dietrich was all prepared for action. "He can do more than Dupont and ourselves put together. Where is he, and why isn't he on hand?"

"He can't be. I think that may be the real trouble. He's one of the Geological Survey scientists. He's off on one of the Alaskan trips. Nothing has been heard from the party for weeks. She's



frightened. You see, he has been discouraging about the dangers of the way, so as to gloat over her caring so much, I suppose. You'd be angry with him if his picture didn't look so boyish. And she is convinced that he has been spilled out of his canoe shooting rapids. Something may be known of the party at the Survey, but she is timid and doesn't know the proper way to get at them."

The doctor took out his note-book in his quick, impatient way. "Poor little lonesome child," he said, tenderly, under his breath. "She needs hope to make her want to live." Then, after a minute: "I'll see if I can get some news of the party for her. Maybe I can get a message through—I know Kennedy. What's the youngster's name?" He made a note of it. "How did you find out?" He shot one of his quick glances at me as he dropped the book back in his pocket.

"You don't suppose any one could possibly have the rapt expression she wore every time she spoke of the gallery at home, and the way the moonlight slipped through the vines, and the perfume that drifted in from the Crimson Rambler—unless *something* had been said on that gallery—?"

"Yes, yes," was the doctor's only comment. "Well, I must be off. I'll look in to-morrow and give her any news I can gather."

After he had gone Miss Stryker gathered up her gloves and handkerchief in a subdued manner. As we separated at the hospital door, she said: "I'll go up to the kitchen and see if I can tempt her appetite a little. The table at Densmore is pretty bad. I'll get Rainey off and take up the supper."

"Is it to be tea or cocoa or coffee?" I asked.

It was a five-o'clock we were having that afternoon in Miss Padgett's room. The hour the Relief Expedition met depended upon how long Doctor Dietrich had had to talk to the Hospitalitis case to persuade her that she wasn't ill, and that the thing she wanted to do was to leave Densmore and go to work to raise money for the Tuberculosis Camp. But, whatever were his preoccupations, he always tried to be with us when we got together at the time when Miss Padgett ought

to swallow her afternoon eggs and sherry and needed somebody to divert her mind.

"Tea," said Miss Padgett, forgetting to make a face over the raw eggs.

At this moment Doctor Dietrich entered. He brought a flat bottle out of his pocket and unwrapped it.

"I prescribe port," he said, gravely. And he watched with satisfaction while I put away the cups and saucers we kept there so we could forget the hospital china.

Miss Stryker hurried in.

"Fifty-five's made up his mind to leave," she cried out, jubilantly, and then blushed her most unbecoming blush when she saw Doctor Dietrich was there. Then she saw I was putting away the cups. "Oh, I did want coffee so much," she said, in dismay.

"Do have some, do have some," Doctor Dietrich hurried to say. And I didn't blame him. It was a delight to watch Miss Stryker when she had had one cup of strong coffee. Her eyes grew bright, a lovely pink flush came to her cheeks that didn't interfere with her hair, and she was so clever and happy. "Coffee is injurious, you know," he added, as a conscientious afterthought.

"I don't agree with you at all." Miss Stryker was rebellious immediately—and her eyes grew bright even without the coffee.

Miss Padgett and I exchanged disappointed glances—we had so wanted to tide them over one afternoon without an argument. And it hadn't been five minutes since Miss Stryker said to me that she really must stop drinking coffee.

"I don't believe it will hurt Miss Stryker for just this one afternoon," put in dear little Miss Padgett. You never would have recognized 37. Such a wonderful change had come over her during the two weeks in which we had taken charge of her case. She had gained ten pounds and her color had begun to come back; you could see that her eyes were a soft, black-fringed hazel.

One thing that had done the patient a great deal of good was to have to think up expedients for keeping the peace between the two belligerents. One afternoon she had started a discussion about open-air treatment for tuberculosis, thinking there could be no possible debate about that. But Doctor Dietrich took





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

WE WANTED TO TIDE THEM OVER ONE AFTERNOON WITHOUT AN ARGUMENT







the other side! He used all sorts of medical terms that we were not familiar with, so we didn't get very far and hadn't a clear idea of what we were talking about. At last, when I had begun to be afraid that he must be suffering from a nervous breakdown caused by overwork, he came out of an apparent abstraction and said, "Oh, I beg your pardon; I thought you were talking about measles!" Then he had bowed with gravity and left.

So Miss Padgett had been sitting up a week, and there was really no reason why she should not have gone home to Virginia and the gallery with the *Crimson Rambler*, except that, ever since the first day when Doctor Dietrich had found out that the Alaska Expedition was safe, he brought her so much news that I suppose she felt it would be dangerous to cut herself off from such a mine of information.

And this day he sat comfortably surveying us all while we sipped the wine and Miss Stryker drank her coffee with double pleasure. And his eyes had a pleasant spark in them. He drew some letters out of his pocket and began fingering them absently. One that had not been opened he kept very much before us. When he took up his glass of wine he laid the letter down on the table. There it caught Miss Padgett's eye.

"Why—where did you get that?" she cried, a great flush rising to her face.

"Queer, isn't it?" he said, frankly. "A much-travelled letter, I should say. One of those things that seem to belong only to rapid-fire romance, but that do really happen sometimes. A letter that came from across the continent—and then lay for two weeks within a mile of its owner." He spoke in a detached tone, and with an inference that no one present was concerned. Little Miss Padgett, her eyes glowing like unquiet flames, was clasping and unclasping her hands in alternate desperation and timidity.

"Have you seen any of the Survey people lately?" I asked, to help things along, for I had caught sight of the address, and the name looked wonderfully like "Miss Mary Padgett."

"Yes, indeed, just this morning, and there's good news of the expedition your—relative, isn't it?—is with. They ought to be here in a week."

"Just long enough for you to gain the ten pounds you need to be absolutely beautiful," I put in.

But she didn't hear me.

"But, Mr. Tolliver—?" She could hardly bring out the words.

"I don't know anything about particulars, Miss Padgett," blandly.

It really was wicked to tease her so, for she hadn't yet recovered all of her strength.

"I'm sure it's all right, Miss Padgett," I was beginning. "And isn't that letter—" when Miss Stryker had seized upon it and had put it into the trembling hands.

"There!" she said, with flashing and defiant eyes. "I think humor is sometimes out of place!"

But the doctor, his eyes carefully averted from the corner where the little Virginia girl was devouring her letter, was smiling, not at all ill-pleased.

Then we all fell silent. To tell the truth—I don't want to intrude my personal affairs—but—I was a little worried about—something I had said to Mr. Kent—the last time I had seen him. I don't blame him for being—well, indignant. And, with the Hospitalitis case in the morning and the Relief Expedition in the afternoon, I hadn't been home very often of late. And if Ned could mix things up—of course he would do it! I don't know what he had told Mr. Kent, but it must have been something about Doctor Dietrich—from what Mr. Kent said. I didn't mind it for myself at all—though if there is one thing that is sillier than the nurse-and-typhoid "romance" it is the nurse-and-doctor fiction. If Miss Ardmore would only decide to get well, there was an auto trip through the Shenandoah that my cousin Evelyn was getting up, with Mr. Kent in it. And that would have been such an easy way to see him. But it was just that morning that my patient had asked me to get her fresh sets of ribbons, pink and blue and lavender and yellow. And it looked as if she were going to want me to array her in invalid finery for the rest of the summer.

"Miss Ardmore is going to-morrow," said Doctor Dietrich, smiling as if at the recollection of some recent triumph.

Of course it's foolish to say your heart



gave a leap, when it's only that the action stopped for an instant—as it often does at some great surprise. But that is exactly the way mine felt.

“And—and—so am I!” We all started at the ring in the voice that came from little Miss Padgett's corner. Her cheeks were flaming, her eyes were beautiful with a soft, dark brightness.

“He's coming home—and he only got spilled out once, and then the water wasn't deep—and—and—” but her eyes ran hurriedly over the rest of the letter. “Oh—I won't have time!” she cried out, in dismay.

“Then this is the last time we'll have to make you take your eggs and sherry, Miss Padgett!” I looked around for the others to come up and sympathize with her in her happiness. I don't see how any one could have helped feeling glad just to look at her. I know I couldn't.

But neither Doctor Dietrich nor Miss Stryker spoke. Miss Stryker was looking carefully into the bottom of her coffee-cup, and Doctor Dietrich was aimlessly polishing his clinical thermometer. Miss Padgett had gone back to her letter.

“Good heavens! What a vapor-bath of a climate this is!” broke out the doctor, irritably. “Well, well! what are you girls going to do now!”

“I think I will take a little vacation trip—with some friends,” I said.

“I believe my people are going to Lewes for a few weeks—before I begin private nursing.” Miss Stryker spoke listlessly. “I'm just waiting for the Commencement.”

“Well, Miss Padgett—” The doctor took up his hat and then halted. “You know all about the tender womanly care now that these girls' graduating essays will tell you they have showered on you—” he began in his usual way—and halted. Nobody smiled at all. And Miss Stryker didn't raise her eyes.

Brisk footsteps came down the hall, accompanied by a crisp swish—swish. We didn't often welcome Miss Richards with enthusiasm. But this afternoon we fell upon her as she made her entrance, white-clad, glistening, healthy. Miss Padgett was the first to speak.

“You will be able to have my room now, Miss Richards. I am going home to-morrow.”

Miss Richards smiled with blandness.

“No one can doubt what the hospital has done for 37. I am sure you are going out a credit to Densmore.”

I quite expected Miss Padgett to explode with indignation over this. So I said—to fill the silence—I could *feel* Doctor Dietrich's suppressed smile through the back of my head:

“Miss Padgett is going home to Virginia—to be married—Miss Richards.”

You never saw anything more startling than the way those words dissolved the starch in her manner. She beamed so I felt as if there were even a possibility that her shining collar might melt into the prevailing limpness. She took a step forward.

“Indeed, Miss Padgett—what a good old Southern name that is!—this is interesting. We didn't know how great a responsibility ours was. Is the wedding to be at home or at church? Virginia, I believe, you said was your home. Why don't you have an out-of-door ceremony? But, no, I am afraid the lines of the frocks this year will *not* lend themselves to a good effect. And that is too bad—it would be so charming out on the lawn—at this season—”

Her eyes wandered and grew absent. But she brought herself back to the present and crossed the room to pat the girl's glowing cheeks with a lingering touch. “I'm sure—he will feel grateful to us,” she said, softly, her professional manner not entirely encompassing her.

When Miss Richards had borne our patient from the room, to look over some fashion plates in the superintendent's own apartment—Miss Padgett, injuries forgot, radiantly smiling—we, the Forgotten, the Ignored, were left behind. For a minute we surveyed each other without speaking. Finally the doctor's good hearty laugh broke the spell.

“Well, the Relief Expedition is disbanded,” he said, gathering up his things. “It's not the first time the laurels have been misplaced.”

At the door he glanced back, not at me, at Miss Stryker's quiet face and enigmatic eyes.

“Yes, yes. It was to Lewes you said you were going?” The tone was absent—but the glance was not.



# Trailing the "Come-by-Chance"

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

A DIM, prophetic vision of her—paint fresh and glistening, sails full spread, nose resolutely pointed toward the north—must doubtless have been born of that first stirring sight of the great, close-packed harbor of St. John's. But it was then too early to define the shape of our desire. Later, like fascinated wharf-rats, we stood within a forest of stripped masts towering from great unyielding hulks that had weathered the perils of every navigable sea. We saw Adventure, high-masted and heavy-freighted, sail boldly forth between the brown scarred cliffs of the Narrows; and full-rigged Romance float as mysteriously in. It would have been mere dulness not to covet a share in the life so dramatically revealed. It is true that the ownership of a five-masted trading-vessel would have been perhaps an embarrassment. But more and more did a modest little craft that should be just large enough to live and dream upon come vaguely to seem the only desirable possession. And already there defined itself the main feature of the ship of our delight. She should be rigged with sails as heavily as she could bear. Not a breath of steam, we would already have declared, not a taint of gasoline, should violate her. For we were rapidly developing, in regard to this question, the attitude that was sharply expressed by an illustrious captain of our later acquaintance, navigator of frozen seas for fifty years: "Seamanship? You'll find little enough of it nowadays. A man who hasn't handled a sailing-vessel hasn't even heard of proper seamanship. Why, any fool at all, if you give him a compass—or, for that matter, a good smart woman—can handle a *steamer*!" The captain doubtless believed himself to be flattering a sex whose abilities in Newfoundland are held in little honor.

A few days' junketing along the coast crystallized the determination of the chief

adventurer to secure, and commission, and promptly beard a schooner of appropriate size and gentle habits—one that would display no bravado about staying out late of nights nor false pride as to seeking harbor in a storm. It should be understood that the unfamiliar island to which this pilgrimage was made is little travelled. Those who do insist on making a jerky progress from one fishing-village to another may take the railroad, which is the most leisurely method; or drive, which is the fastest and most perilous, the stout little horses running at full speed both up and down hill; or use the coastal steamship service, which has the disadvantage of all scheduled systems in that it forces the traveller to plan ahead. It can readily be seen that passionate debating upon these various alternatives came shortly to take up all the time at our disposal; and it was not alone those who were defeated in argument who foresaw that the commissioning of the *Come-by-Chance*, as the unseen schooner had already christened herself, would be the inspired solution of every difficulty.

Our own first journey was made by train. We had not yet decided where we were going, but in any case there was but one train to take, and there would be plenty of time to settle on the destination after we were once aboard. We made an unnecessary stir about "catching" this train—a phrase that still clung to us—because it was advertised to leave at a quarter before nine in the morning. The lady hotel clerk, when we presented our case to her, the night before leaving, in the nervous, imperative American fashion, gave us dubious reassurance. In the soothing brogue of the Newfoundlander, with whom the upward inflection signifies acquiescence in everything that is, we were told that the hotel did not serve early breakfast, and that although it was pos-



sible that the truckmen (who operate a raft on wheels) might appear in time to convey our trunks to the station, it was nevertheless not their habit to begin work before nine o'clock.

We did not succeed in altering the country's customs, and therefore left St. John's when the train got ready to take us, which was not at the hour scheduled. But we were the only travellers who experienced any agitation on that account. It is recognized that nobody bound for the outports can possibly be in a hurry, and the Newfoundlander enjoys and makes the most of the social opportunities that an elastic time-table provides. We came to understand that an hour's margin both in advance and in retard of the nominal hour is allowed by all discreet travellers. But if sociability—we never got on a train without finding some one able and willing to tell us where to get off, and following his advice—if sociability is the pre-eminent feature of the Newfoundland railway service, its picnicking facilities are no less markedly agreeable. That is to say, if you take a five hours' journey, you may count upon spending three of them in waiting somewhere. If you are properly equipped with a picnic basket, you wander out into the adjoining landscape and eat something, and later concede that a great charm has been lent to travel. And stocking a luncheon-basket shortly becomes as simple a matter of routine as packing a hand-bag. In no boasting spirit, but as a stimulus to later travellers, neither the tin-opener, the cork-screw, nor the vacuum bottle, which are there the chief requisites of a railway journey, was once forgotten.

But beneath the soft spell that this deliberation laid upon us our inner impatience more and more sharply pricked. There was no resisting the lure of those wonderful spots to which no train would take us—"reaches" and "bights" and "tickles" of quaint repute and enchanting nomenclature. *Come-by-Chance*, for which our schooner was so aptly named, was yet to be visited; as were *Seldom-come-by*, and *Little Heartsease*, and *Hope-all Head*. Nowhere else in the world could there be a coast-line of such charming intricacies; or blue harbors so safe and still and tight-locked; or such patient

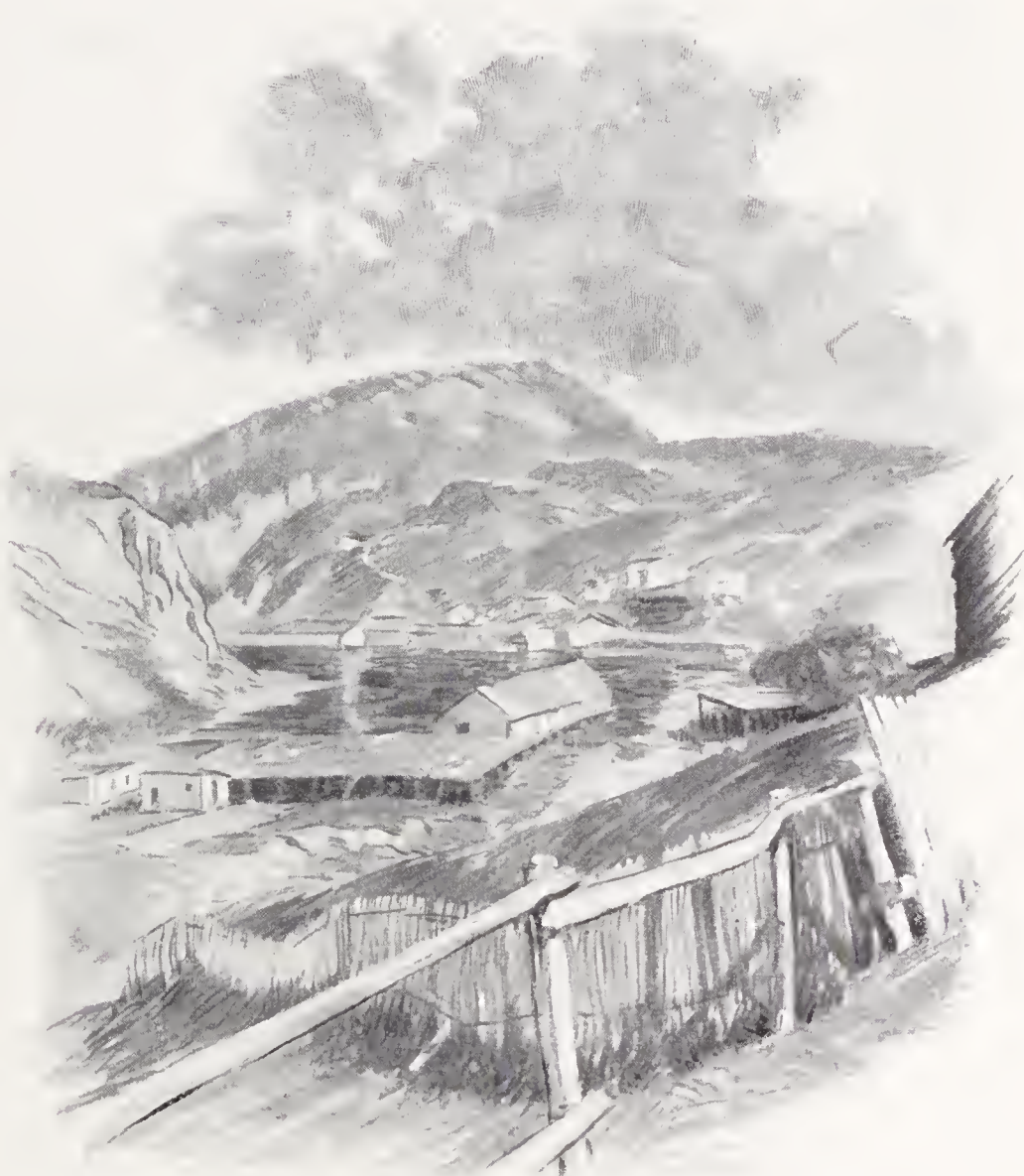
and always rather pitiful recurrence of demure brown fishing-villages. It may be left to the meanest intelligence whether these things should properly be seen from the rocking seat of a shrieking railway carriage or from the placid deck of a silent schooner. It is true that at this unsophisticated period there was not one of the adventurers who could invariably tell a schooner when he saw one; and our landlubberly misinformation was of the completest character; but the *Come-by-Chance* had nevertheless become a fixed idea. And it was plain that inasmuch as there were no inland towns, we could stop at no settlement that would fail to yield boats, captains, and crews. It would be the easiest thing in the world, we argued, to investigate—anywhere. We investigated so feverishly that it wasn't twenty-four hours before we could talk intelligently of tonnage and rigging, and in twenty-four more we had met Tommy White.

It was Tommy White who in his own stout fishing-boat so cautiously steered us among the glistening, green-lighted icebergs of Conception Bay, and who first instructed us regarding an iceberg's gender. "Ye wouldn't believe the treachery of him," he explained. "If I took ye ten foot nearer, it might be at that very minute that he'd founder, and there'd be nothing more I could do for ye after that." And as "he" did founder, a few hours later, we doubtless owe our lives to Tommy White. He was small and brown and servile, an island type. His eyes were mild and faded and his speech was soft; but he allowed a rim of tobacco juice that permanently encircled his sad mouth to advertise his right to a manly vice or two. He had known lean seasons; so, by way of making up for them, he charged eighty cents a day for the combined services of himself and his mate; and it must be admitted that he knew how to keep the mate in his place. "I've fished there thirty-five summers—to my sorrow—curse it!" said Tommy, with gentle deliberation, when we asked him about the Labrador. He was conservative, but open-minded; and although he had never before heard women brazenly declare their preferences and intentions in the listening presence of men, he did not on



that account at once condemn us. Instead, he listened with deep respect to the story of the *Come-by-Chance*; and learned that although this desirable vessel was then hidden from us by a slight mist of uncertainty, we expected to find and board her within the week; that we were then to make a leisurely voyage northward, anchoring in frequent harbors, and often spending a night ashore in camp; and that we expected ultimately to reach the Labrador. Indeed, his sympathy and intelligence were such that we were on the point of making him our schooner's skipper; but he himself modestly forestalled this appointment. His "papers" entitled him only to the position of mate, but he knew a man—a good man and a superlative skipper—one Jim Forrest. "Man an' b'y I've known him," he assured us, earnestly, "and I'll let ye look on him this very night."

Several hours later two leisurely figures with rolling gaits and an air of silent comradeship passed our inn. They did not pause, but a certain furtive gleam in the corners of their eyes indicated that they expected to be hailed by those within. We hailed them; and Tommy presented to us his accomplished friend. Forrest's first grave salute to us expressed a lifetime of devotion. His eyes were those of an innocent and pious child, pleading for tasks to which it may diligently apply itself. From the first moment he loved us and vowed us loyalty. And as the first proof of this he had brought a wonderful message. He could introduce us to the *Come-by-Chance*! She had been built in this very bay, he told us, and was a "proper pleasure-



Pots.

NOWHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD COULD THERE BE BLUE HARBORS  
SO SAFE AND STILL

boat"—that is to say, a thirty-ton schooner, with trim cabin and accommodations for eight passengers and a crew of four. It was true that the wrong man had bought her a month earlier, but he would give her up if matters were presented to him in the proper light. Indeed, this mistaken purchaser would never have bought her at all if he could have foreseen that we were coming.

Flattered, we listened in an ecstasy, then put a series of eager questions. If Forrest had no heavier responsibility for the month ahead, would he stoop, entreated the chief adventurer, to being skipper of a mere pleasure-boat? Would he captain the *Come-by-Chance*? Had he not personal preferences of some sort that it should be our pleasure to consult? And inasmuch as, according to his own narrative, our schooner lay in St. John's harbor at that very moment, could he not, would he not, in our behalf go to St. John's, buy the schooner, and return with her to our present harbor, where



we might all in, say, four days from that time, embark for our cruise?

Forrest could and would. But although he foresaw no difficulties, he felt, as only a pure, high-minded man can feel, the weight of the responsibility that we had laid upon him. He swore that the mission should be accomplished to our satisfaction; and as he left us, his honest, unsmiling face wore the look of one who goes forth to seek the Holy Grail.

The burden of mere waiting during the next few days promised to be rather heavier than we should be able to bear, and it was therefore decided to devote the time to incidental adventures. After sending an order to St. John's for a heavy supply of provisions, enough to ensure us a well-fed month at sea, we crossed the island for a few days' experience of Placentia Bay, where we believed that we could conveniently "cram" on the subject of navigation, and be by that much the readier to look our schooner in the face.

As everywhere among this modest and unhumorous people, we found ourselves regarded, not indifferently as "summer boarders," but reverently as superior, almost as god-like, beings. Great dishes of wild strawberries, heaped with clotted cream, were brought for our greedy consumption, and deep pitchers of goat's milk evoked our thirsty raptures. Feather beds were piled so high and soft that while it was easy to fall precipitously into them and sink to sleep, it was no such simple matter to rediscover oneself in the morning. The wonderful tact of our utterly self-effacing hosts ignored us most of the time, yet at crises sapiently appeared, to guide us. But we detected reservation in their voices when we took counsel with them regarding the *Come-by-Chance*. When their own men distrusted and avoided Labrador, they could not see why the caprice of foreign women should select it as a goal. And when we suggested that we should like to go out on Placentia Bay in a sailboat, they agreed with sober courtesy. "Oh yes, ma'am, I suppose you can do it. But if you do, it will be the first time in the history of Placentia that any woman has gone out on the bay for pleasure!" And, indeed, the attitude of the alien must always seem suddenly trivial when he remembers that where men make their liv-

ing from the sea, and where the recollection and the fear of disaster are the foremost realities of life, the women can only regard the ocean as an enemy that each day must be conquered afresh. But the women of Placentia were sufficiently well employed as it was, without taking thought of possible pastimes. They do not have here raised "flakes" to dry the codfish that supplies the only industry of the entire coast; but they spread the split fish on a great stretch of stone-covered land that they call a beach. And here at any time of day you will find women and children engaged in the back-breaking work of spreading the fish, one by one, turning them, or taking them up and stacking them under cover. We suggested to one of them that the fishermen's work had to be pretty amply supplemented. "Oh ay," she agreed, resignedly. "The work's only begun when they gets 'em out o' the sea."

Restrained as we were from bolder adventures, there was rich opportunity here for visiting anchored schooners and comparing their size, weight, and convenience; and we felt considerably wiser, as well as more fluent with technicalities, when, rather late on a dark rainy evening, we came back to our village on Conception Bay. We had delayed our return as long as possible, elaborately calculating that early the next morning, or by noon at the latest, we should behold the full-spread sails of the *Come-by-Chance* bearing our schooner to her dock; and we pictured contentedly the shining face of Skipper Forrest as he should spring proudly ashore to relate to us his triumphs. What a magically simple thing our own transition to the seafaring life bade fair to be!

As we stumbled from our train upon the station platform an insecure but by no means unhappy Newfoundlander tacked wildly across our path, halted, desperately recovered his balance, then lurched again into the half-light. Recognition was instantaneous and complete on the part of the adventurers, but not, they believe, on the part of their late skipper. In a flash our own fair visions had been dissipated; but James Forrest remained deliciously enveloped in a haze of dreams from which he would not soon or easily emerge. For a moment we





THEY SPREAD THE FISH ON A GREAT STRETCH OF STONE-COVERED BEACH

stood still and met our disillusionment in silence; while the night and the rain encompassed Forrest and all present hope of the ship of his command.

In our progress up to this point we believed that we had preserved a happy mean between the furtive and the conspicuous. But from the moment of Jim Forrest's ignoble return to the village of his birth we were marked figures. Dropping in the next morning upon our friend the cobbler, we found his kind face furrowed with distress. The postmaster shook his head dejectedly as he passed us our biweekly mail. The boy who brought the goat's milk added his plaintive argument. And the concern of all these was lest Forrest's action cast dishonor upon the village. They could not endure that the good name of their community should suffer. And it has not. There was general agreement with our own estimate of the skipper as a sweet, honest chap. Yet it appeared that there was not a soul in the village but knew of his one weakness save ourselves and—extraordinary as this will always appear—his best friend, Tommy White.

Then—the episode had cast another shadow. As we walked that day along

the narrow, stony streets, through those scenes of bleak decay to which we confessed ourselves bound by so subtle an attachment, we could not but be conscious that walls that had hitherto been blind and blank developed apertures and eyes behind them. In those simple and uncovetous hearts the chief adventurer's already notorious profligacy in supplying Jim Forrest with his expenses for the St. John's excursion had planted the first corrupting seed. An adventurer who strayed off alone was touched on the arm by an ancient and long-disabled mariner, who addressed him in a dialect that he described as of incomparable perfection. "Would ye buy a pony, zur? It isn't a year ago that a great gentleman from Hengland would fain 'ave 'ad 'e. But I couldn't part with 'e then, zur. And me old woman, she couldn't part with 'e, not for the gold with the galloping 'orses on it, zur. We're wonderful fond of 'e. But now, zur, if ye should want to look—?"

Another adventurer was beckoned by a responsible-looking citizen into an alley—or "cove," as the Newfoundlander insists on calling it. A magnificent caribou head, the largest on the island, was



in the citizen's custody, and an appointment could be made that afternoon, with a view to purchase. Escape was barely made from this encounter when a full-grown Newfoundland dog was offered, at an ample price, as an appropriate souvenir of the country. A collection of nar-whal horns, wonderful great trophies of twisted ivory, were placed at our disposal with the most touching confidence that they would be promptly bought. And in each case there was tearful and uncomprehending regret at our refusal.

By the next day we had begun to feel rather seriously misunderstood. And our need of sympathy and counsel led us to realize that the time was ripe for our deferred visit to Nicholas Peddle. We knew that the poet of his country had followed the sea for fifteen years, and that during all that time he had been a tireless singer of songs. Mariner and

man of letters, vision-haunted yet rich in practical wisdom, we believed him our appointed deliverer. The fact that we had never read the venerable bard need not prove, it was decided, too serious a handicap, and the pilgrimage was therefore undertaken without delay. We found him behind a neat white cottage in Mosquito Cove, drying the caplin that he had caught that morning in his nets—a stalwart old man, with a noble head and scarcely grizzled hair. In urbanity and a large self-possession, Peddle was a very Whitman; and nothing could have seemed to him more natural and appropriate than that strangers from whatever distant continent should alight to call upon him. Ushering us indoors, he kindly, yet with Olympian condescension, indicated a red-checked figure of ample outlines. "This is my old woman," said Nicholas, and banished her. After which

he seated us about him in the manner of an overgrown primary class, and supplying us each with a printed volume that we might conscientiously follow the text, he genially intoned to us what seemed a very great many of his compositions. "The most beautiful spot in this place of my nativity," explained the poet, with engaging grandiloquence, "is Saddle Hill"; and then recited the poem glorifying this elevation:

"In evening time  
when Venus  
bright sank in  
the western  
sphere,  
And azure blue  
bedecked the  
vale—"

and so on.

A complete and contented figure was Nicholas Peddle,



"WOULD YE BUY A PONY, ZUR?"



full of bardic dignity; but on the subject of the Labrador, of the *Come-by-Chance*, and of the seafaring life generally, a discouraging counsellor. Like Tommy White, he had seen too much of the cruel splendors of sea and ice, and preferred pottering with his fish-nets in the warm sunshine of Mosquito Cove, where we reluctantly left him.

But this narrative is not a diary. And those incidents must be omitted that intervened before our industrious destiny flung in our pathway, almost, indeed, to our grateful embraces, the agreeable figure of Mr. Castleton—we have never known his other name. The adventurer who first brought us news of this highly prepossessing skipper could never explain just how they met. But in the course of the social fusion that in some way took place between them, Mr. Castleton offered his condolences in regard to the delicate matter of Jim Forrest, and in a straightforward, manly fashion suggested himself as a substitute. A description of this gentleman induced so strong a desire to see him that the sub-chambermaid was immediately despatched and in ten minutes returned with the ruddy skipper in tow. The moment we caught sight of him we knew that he had figured heroically in all the sea-stories we had ever read. At his best and soberest, Jim Forrest would have been a fantastic and inadequate figure as master of a vessel; but Castleton had been made by nature, trained by circumstance, and encouraged by all writers of marine fiction to fill this honorable office. His round, red, weather-beaten cheeks, his deep, hearty laughter, his Falstaffian girth, bespoke the man of jovial masterfulness, of wisdom, and good humor; the kind of captain that his crew would give up their lives for and be glad of



HE GENTLY INTONED TO US A GREAT MANY OF HIS COMPOSITIONS

the chance. We did not ourselves say much to Mr. Castleton. There was no need of it. He knew intuitively what we wanted, and as we deferentially listened he amplified and embellished our desires. The phantom schooner that Forrest had described to us he discarded as too small for our proposed journey. It was an easy matter to secure a larger, more convenient one; he would bring this about within a few days. Yes, she had been a fishing-boat; but a fresh coat of paint could be slapped on at once, and the brass rubbed up, and a little later, should the chief adventurer be pleased with her, she could be remodelled and refurnished according to our own very enlightened requirements. There were tears of gratitude in our voices as we bade Mr. Castleton good night.

Our local notoriety had by this time so embarrassed us, and the unvisited villages were so many and so enticing, that





"IF I WERE TEN YEARS YOUNGER, I'D TAKE CHARGE OF HER MYSELF"

"I've taken one rather absurd precaution," absently remarked the chief adventurer, as we steamed out of the harbor. "Our friend the clergyman exacted a promise from me that before engaging our *next* skipper I should consult him. So, although it did seem an insult to Castleton, I sent a note to the rectory before we left."

Our own more elaborate civilization rather sharply defines the province of the clergy; but the Newfoundland pastor is still in the widest sense the shepherd of his simple flock. These good men know little of the luxury of writing sermons

we had planned to leave by steamer the next day for a point farther north. We did so. The poignant emotions of departure were heightened by the unexpected appearance at the last moment, freshly shaven and dressed in the stiffest and most uncomfortable Sunday clothes—of Tommy White. To his explanation, clearing both himself and Forrest, we listened indulgently—there had always been something so winning about Tommy. But an abrupt end was imposed upon his story by the announcement that on the opposite deck Mr. Castleton waited to make his adieus. Despatching Tommy with ungrudging remission of his sins, we hurried to group ourselves fervently about our sailor hero. And as we shook his great strong hand at parting we reminded each other that in a week at most we should see him captain of the *Come-by-Chance*.

in their studies, but much of the sea and its dangers and discomforts. They are doctors, pharmacists, charity bureaus, arbitrators, confessors, comforters of the sick and dying—in short, they successfully combine the most difficult and essential offices that a village life demands, and in all these they give themselves unstintedly. For which reason a clergyman's testimonial is something that no seaman could afford to scorn.

A day or two later there arrived a letter addressed in the reverend gentleman's agreeable English hand. Absorbed in the lives of the fisherpeople, he had been a contented exile for almost fifty years. "I note your inquiry," it read, "in regard to the man Castleton, and strongly advise you to have nothing to do with him. He scuttled a ship off Labrador."

Our earlier disappointment had not

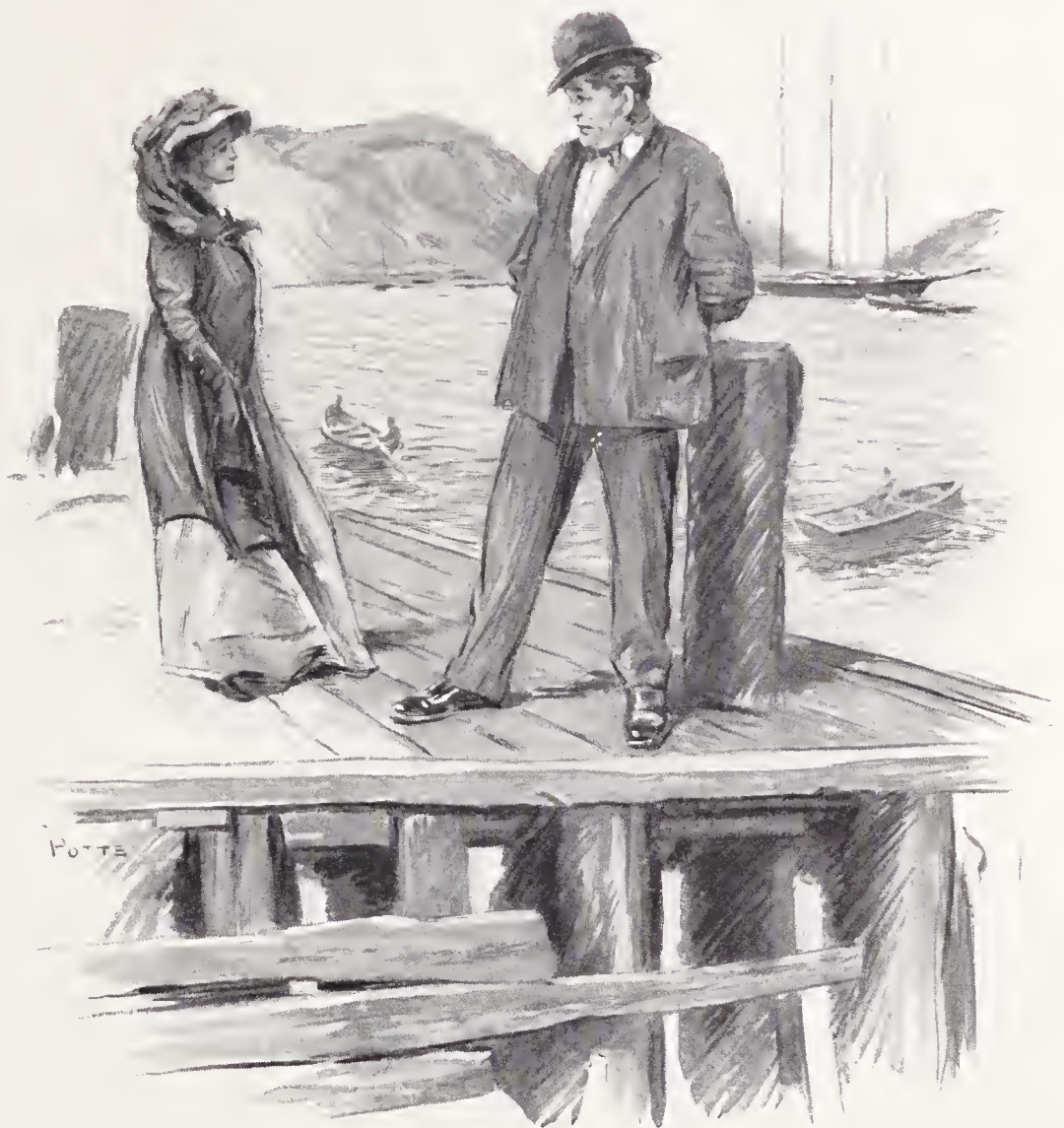


inured us. This new revelation smote us with an untempered sorrow. We began, too, to suspect that some malign and uncanny influence must govern our own fortunes. No sane person could fail to see that as a people the Newfoundlanders were angelically honest and kind. Why should we have fallen upon the few unholy characters in an immaculate and godly race?

It was perhaps inevitable that at this point our minds should suspiciously revert to the stories that had been told us of the native wreckers and smugglers and their exceedingly black practices. Although we remembered that "God send all wrecks safe ashore!" is a saying that still prevails in St. John's, we ourselves had of course seen nothing of this reprehensible industry, nor indeed visited the southern coast of the island, where it is still alleged to flourish. We had seen no misleading lights placed in their cottage windows of dark nights by coast-dwellers experienced in this unlovely trade. We had not personally investigated the interesting region where every building is said to be made from the timber of wrecked vessels. We were not the travellers who discovered the rosy and benignant old lady of nearly ninety whose isolated house was hung with crimson damask and stored with rich, inexplicable trophies — inexplicable, that is, until, with a candor naked and unashamed, she confessed that her still more aged husband and herself, after thriftily practising their trade for a lifetime mercifully prolonged, had recently retired,

leaving an opening for younger and more stalwart successors whose rheumatism wouldn't prevent them from sitting up of nights to wait for booty. I say that we had seen nothing of all this; but as we suddenly recalled it, it furnished an appropriate sombre background for our own not too lightsome reminiscence.

And these dark rumors might have found longer lodgment in our minds had we not shortly found ourselves landed within a lovely harbor of Trinity Bay, where the life of the settlement presented an aspect of unmistakable and shining innocence. Nor did any experience befall us to destroy this theory. Of all the distractions that we here encountered, perhaps only two need be recalled; and one of them is Captain Rand. This venerable seafarer was the Circe of our northern summer. There is no estimating what we might have accomplished had it not been for the seduction of his



"WHY, IF THEY'D BEEN ANY GOOD, THEY WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ASHORE"



society. At the age of seventy-five the captain had seriously regarded the calendar of his life and decided that it was time to retire from the sea; but he had yet to learn the sense of physical infirmity. Sagacious, clear-headed, gay-humored, and of a tremendously elastic vitality, he was a type of seaman only to be met with on those chilly coasts; and it may be imagined how greatly the prestige of our schooner seemed to be enhanced when, after hearing of the *Come-by-Chance*, he promptly chose to regard her not as a fantastic figment, but rather, with the adventurers themselves, as a living vessel. "If I were ten years younger, I'd take charge of her myself!" he declared, with ringing enthusiasm, although at that very moment he was years younger than any of us. At first we rather persistently besought the captain for advice. But a question about the *Come-by-Chance* always reminded him of some experience of his own to which we were enthralled to listen. And so the days ran on and we made no practical progress. Tucked away in the stern of the captain's own sailboat, while we flew into one cove after another, or admitted, as an unprecedented privilege, with the men adventurers, into the tiny, half-lighted ship's cabin that he had shaped for himself in the centre of his own house, we would listen to his tales of mutinies and famines and ice-adventures until we not only lost sight of our cherished mission, but almost forgot that we had ever had any—when, one day, the captain put his wise old head on one side and reminded us that if we really wanted to establish connection with our schooner, we would better make our wishes known to Mr. Miller.

The story might as well end here. No traveller who entrusts his fate to Mr. Miller can possibly suffer any further misadventures. And we suffered none. Now and then the sturdy but not over-imaginative Devonshire stock has been varied by a dash of Irish; and it was this lighter and more swiftly flowing infusion that accounted for the versatile genius of our deliverer. On land he was reputed to be the best forest guide in the country; at sea he could as easily assume the captaincy of a vessel. Beyond this he had great wisdom in regard

to human beings, and did not shirk telling them the truth. For example, although we had been quite well aware that the men of Newfoundland go to Labrador in the summer to fish, we had never really faced the situation until Mr. Miller, having heard the story of Jim Forrest and Mr. Castleton, smiled engagingly, lowered his long-lashed Irish eyes, and remarked with great good humor to the chief adventurer, "Why, ma'am, if they'd been any good, they wouldn't have been ashore at *this* time of year!"

We were obliged to yield the point; to admit that every captain worth the name was "down the Labrador"; that most of the good schooners were there too; indeed, that Newfoundland in summer was a poor, emasculated country. Submissively we agreed that the only course was to wait until the autumn and then secure a returning schooner and a returning skipper; or, which would really be the only safe and business-like method, to entrust the management of the whole affair to the superior firm in St. John's to whom Mr. Miller would introduce us. It may have been very simple advice, but there was no controverting it. To the letter, therefore, we acted upon Mr. Miller's instructions, and sailed away with light and hopeful hearts.

The *Come-by-Chance* is not yet in commission, but famous voyages have been made in that visionary craft. Idly lying on her immaculate decks, we have spent innumerable smoothly flowing days gazing through crystal atmospheres at receding shores of rose and amethyst, or peering down through many fathoms of clear green water to that wonderful white bottom where sea-men and sea-maidens, by every law of appropriateness, should live. We have navigated every tickle and anchored in every harbor. The fogs have dissipated at our coming, favoring winds have never failed us, and the icebergs have been as our very brothers. We have gone ashore for fragrant tented nights, and after steaming breakfasts on the wooded shore we have with fresh delight set sail again. We have penetrated all the far cold mysteries of the Labrador. . . . Swift, strong, seaworthy, the *Come-by-Chance* has been the friendliest wraith that ever sailed a phantom sea.



# The Forlorn Hope

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THERE was much comment and curiosity, when the story got about, concerning the identity of Kirk Ranlett's mysterious friend, but apparently it never occurred to any one to connect Judge Grosvenor with the adventure, and the principals in the affair, naturally, kept their own counsel.

If Jean Ranlett had not been one of the bridesmaids, it is doubtful whether Grosvenor would have come East at that time, even to attend Tom Keeler's wedding, for it was just before election, and he was a candidate for a second term.

He was the youngest judge on the bench of the Western State in which he had settled after leaving college, and was generally recognized as a brilliant and able man. That he was still a bachelor was a matter of much concern to various matrons who knew him and had never heard of Jean Ranlett, and wide and intricate were the nets spread for his ensnaring; but if he was conscious of this solicitude on the part of his women friends, he gave no sign. He was impartially attentive to all of them, but worked and waited for the time when he might approach the stately and fastidious Ranlett family from a position as dignified, if not as long established, as their own, and one which Jean would not have to step down to share.

He had decided that this time would have come when certain momentous decisions of his, which had already brought him much honor, had been confirmed by the upper courts and publicly endorsed by his re-election, and he had planned a trip East in the winter to see Jean, when he received a letter from her saying that she had decided to go abroad with her mother and sister for an indefinite period. Immediately following this came the invitation to be an usher at the Keeler-Towne wedding in New Rochelle, with the added information that Miss Ranlett had promised to stay

over one steamer in order to serve as bridesmaid, and would sail on the day following the ceremony.

Therefore it was that he arrived in New York the evening before the wedding, with very definite plans as to the employment of his time during the two days of his stay. It was no part of his scheme that Kirk Ranlett should meet him at the station and ask him to lead a forlorn hope.

Grosvenor had never known Ranlett well, but he had been strongly attracted to the younger man by that very charm of manner and frank joyousness of nature which not infrequently involved their possessor, although he had reached an age when discretion is generally expected, in peccadillos entertaining to his friends and distressing to his family.

The New York man met Grosvenor with cordial conventionality, saying all the customary things with a warmth that made them seem fresh coinage, but the eyes of the lawyer instantly saw and recognized the haggard traces of anxiety and trouble, and for the first time he realized that Kirk Ranlett could no longer claim the exemptions of youth. Whatever the spirit in which he frolicked, he must pay as a man.

The matter was not mentioned, however, until Grosvenor said that, instead of going to a hotel in town, he intended to spend the night at the home of his widowed sister in Montclair, as it might be his only opportunity to see her. Ranlett stared fixedly at nothing for a moment. Then he said:

"I wish you'd give me half an hour now, Judge, before you go over there. Can you? I—the truth is, I'm in a deuce of a hole, and— Oh, I suppose there's nothing to do, but—anyhow, I'd like your advice."

Grosvenor wondered whether the other even dimly suspected how gladly he would undertake impossible feats to help



Jean Ranlett's only brother, but all he said was:

"Certainly. I'll do what I can. First, let me telephone to my sister that I shall be detained." This done, his luggage was put on a cab, and as they drove away from the station the lawyer went directly to the point.

"What's the matter, Ranlett?"

"I've been a fool," said the other, tensely. "I got into a game the other night and lost more money than I ever had at one time. The notes are due to-morrow. I can't pay them. They are judgment notes. That's all."

"How much do they amount to?"

"Eight thousand dollars."

"H'm!" It was evident that the Judge was somewhat startled. "How much have you?"

"Not a cent of my own. I can raise about four thousand."

"Who holds the notes now?"

"The Midland National, of Philadelphia."

"A bank, eh? They won't renew them?"

"No."

"You've tried?"

"I've tried everything. Except—"

"Except?"

"Mother. I suppose she could raise it somehow, but I don't—"

"No, no," interrupted Grosvenor. "You mustn't go to your mother with this."

"That's the worst of it, Judge—the family, I mean. I made a fool of myself and I can take my medicine, but it's pretty tough to make mother and the girls take it too."

"Yes," assented the lawyer, "it is."

"You see, I've caused them a good bit of worry, one time and another, though I've never done anything quite so bad as this before. And now they're all so pleased that I've settled down to business—I have, you know, except for this one break—and they're going off so happily to Europe—or they think they are!" He shut his teeth and pressed his lips tightly together. Grosvenor nodded, in silence. Presently Ranlett resumed:

"Besides, mother hasn't any money on hand. She has nothing—none of us have—except a monthly allowance from father's estate, which is to be held in

trust until I'm thirty-five. My father knew me, you see! She could probably raise it through her friends, but—"

"No," again interrupted Grosvenor, "that won't do."

They had arrived at Ranlett's club now, and he led the way to a quiet corner in the lounge, where they sat down.

"Tell me about it," said his guest. "How did it happen?"

"Oh, it's the same old story. A conceited fool who thought he knew something about cards, and a jolly good fellow who steered him up against some professional friends and unlimited booze. The situation hasn't even the merit of novelty. I deserve all I'll get. I've earned it. But the others— There's Jean. Jean's a brick, you know. No matter what has happened, she has always stood by me and believed in me. She has even been proud of me, at times. And now, when she knows this—" Again he shut his teeth hard and turned away.

"She mustn't know." Grosvenor's tone was definite, and the other looked at him quickly. "The notes are due to-morrow, you say?"

"Yes."

"H'm!" ruminatively. "I wish we had a little more time. . . . It may be difficult. . . . Still, I think we can manage it. I'll go down to Philadelphia on the first train in the morning—I must see my sister to-night—and straighten this matter out for you if I can. Unfortunately, I haven't that amount of money available at the moment, but I can probably get it, if they refuse to accept my guarantee. I think I can arrange it somehow."

"You do? I didn't expect— Jove! Grosvenor, if you will!"

"I'll do what I can. The only thing is—that wedding to-morrow night. You know I'm expected to be an usher. I'll have to get out of that, I suppose."

"Oh, you can get back! It won't take long to do this business—if it can be done at all. If you are there soon after the bank opens in the morning, you can surely be back here for dinner."

"Think I could? I admit, Ranlett, that there are very important reasons—personal reasons, quite aside from the matter of the wedding—why I should be there, if possible."



"Of course you must be there! Man alive, you've crossed half a continent to 'ush' at that wedding! It would mix everything up—why, there'd be the very deuce to pay if you weren't there!"

"But if I can't go out during the day to get my instructions—"

"It isn't as if it was to be a church affair, Judge. All you have to do is to hold your end of a white ribbon, look ornamental, and take Jean out to supper."

"Jean? Have I—am I to attend your sister?"

"Yes; and I can tell you there'll be some tall explaining to do if you don't appear on the scene. Nothing but the whole truth would satisfy her or exonerate you."

"I'll be there, Ranlett." Even in his own excitement and relief Jean's brother perceived that this was a pledge, gravely given, and paused to wonder a little, but the current of his own necessity swept him on.

"They'll surely accept your guarantee, won't they? See here, I'll go down with you. That may facilitate matters a little."

"No, you stay here and get together what money you can. And keep in touch with me over the telephone. I may want you to see some people here for me, in case I have to find the cash, though I shall try to arrange all that to-night over the phone."

"All right. And—I haven't said much, Judge—I can't—just yet. But I want you to know that I'm through with this sort of thing, and—if you ever need me for any pur-

pose whatever—or in any capacity—I hope you'll remember that I want the job."

Grosvenor whimsically wondered whether he would consider favorably a life position as brother-in-law, but as this was not the moment to ask, he merely laid a friendly hand upon the other's shoulder, saying:

"That's all right, Ranlett. I hope you'll know, some day, why I am especially glad to do this for you."

They sent for train schedules, and arranged as far as possible a plan of action for the following day. As it would obviously be out of the question for Grosvenor to go to Montclair to dress for the wedding, it was decided that he should check his suit-case and hat-box as he went through town in the morning, and make his toilet at any convenient hotel upon his return. Ranlett wanted to send a boy for his things and put him up at the club, where they expected to dine together, but the Judge objected that if he should be delayed in any way



"OH, IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY"





BAG, SUIT-CASE, AND HAT-BOX, HE TOOK INSIDE THE CAB WITH HIM

he might not have time to go to the club, and pointed out that he could dress, at a pinch, at the Grand Central Station. They agreed upon certain hours and locations for communication the next day, and parted.

Grosvenor went to Montclair, and from there made several vain attempts to get in touch with friends in New York upon whom he might call in an emergency for a considerable loan. One man was out of town, another was dangerously ill, and a third was at the theatre. He left a request that this one should call him up when he came in, to which there was no response. He was not greatly disturbed, however, having little doubt that the bank would accept payment of half the amount due and his guarantee of the remainder.

After some difficulty he located Tom Keeler, the prospective bridegroom, announced his arrival, and explained that an unexpected business matter, of a confidential nature and grave importance, would occupy him during the following day. He learned that nothing complicated or intricate would be expected of him at the wedding, however, and promised to report at the Townes' in ample time for the ceremony.

A discussion of family matters with his sister ensued, and until a very late hour they were engaged in settling many questions in which she relied upon his judgment. Nevertheless, he took time, before he finally went to bed, to put the studs in a dress shirt, and to pack with unusual care everything he should need to wear at the wedding, realizing that he might dress in haste.

The next morning he arose very early, checked his luggage at the Desbrosses Street Ferry, as the most convenient point from which to reach the office of a friend upon whom he hoped to call in the afternoon, and reached Philadelphia about half after ten.

He found the president of the Midland National Bank decidedly disinclined at first to make any compromise in the matter of the Ranlett notes, and he spent some anxious hours conferring and telephoning and telegraphing before he got the matter arranged.

At three o'clock he telephoned Ranlett that everything was satisfactorily settled, and that he would leave Philadelphia at four, reaching New York about half after six. A train that would get them to New Rochelle just in time for the wedding would leave the city about



quarter to eight, and he asked Ranlett to meet him at the Grand Central Station, where he would dress and snatch, if possible, a bite to eat.

He was in very good spirits as he started north, and contentedly watched the miles click off, his train on time to the second. He had stopped timing it and was lost in dreams of what Jean would say and how she would look, when, just outside Jersey City, there was a jar, a rumble, and the train stopped. The passengers stirred, looked out of the windows, discovered where they were, and settled back to their books or conversation.

Five minutes went by, during which Grosvenor looked at his watch four times, fidgeted, and tried to interest himself in a paper that he had already read through. Ten minutes—and not a wheel moved. The Judge got up and found the conductor, who told him that there was a breakdown ahead, but that the track would be clear “right away now.” He returned to his seat and read for the third time the details of the disappearance of one Laurence Tracey, cashier for the Beaver & Leeds Company of St. Louis, together with many thousands of dollars of the company’s money. He knew Tracey slightly, having at one time been retained as counsel in a suit against this corporation, but he found himself at the moment quite indifferent to the man’s fate. Fifteen minutes—twenty minutes—twenty-five—and then they crawled into Jersey City behind a disabled local.

This was before the days of subways and

taxicabs, and as the ferry-boat nosed its way across the river, Judge Franklin Grosvenor stood in the bow, watch in hand, and deliberately planned the fantastic procedure wherein lay his only hope of keeping his word to his friends, serving at the wedding, and taking Jean Ranlett to supper.

It was five minutes past seven when the boat bumped against the piers at Desbrosses Street, and Grosvenor was the first man off. He sent a porter for a closed cab, while he went himself for his luggage, all of which—bag, suitcase, and hat-box—he took inside the cab with him. He gave his order, told the man to drive fast, as he had to take a seven-forty-four train, slammed the door, and pulled down the curtains.



“COME ALONG, NOW, AND DON’T MAKE A ROW”



Twenty-five minutes later he stepped out of the cab at the Grand Central Station, in full evening dress, properly shod, hatted, and gloved, with nine minutes to spare.

He was too preoccupied to notice the cabman's stare, nor is it probable that he would have heeded it in any event. Certainly, had he seen the man excitedly beckon to a policeman, it would never have occurred to him that he could be the subject of their colloquy.

He looked about for Ranlett, and not seeing him in the large waiting-room, decided that they could not fail to meet on the train. He had bought his ticket, left his luggage at the parcel counter, and was approaching the gate to the tracks, when his arm was firmly grasped and a quiet voice said in his ear:

"We want you, Tracey. Come along, now, and don't make a row."

He turned, and found himself the prisoner of a plain-clothes man, whose coat lapel had been slipped back to show the shield beneath. Behind him stood the policeman whom the cabman had called.

"What does this mean?" sternly demanded Grosvenor.

"It means that you are wanted in St. Louis, Mr. Tracey. I guess you know why, all right. We've been looking for you all day."

"Oh! . . . I see." And in the little pause that followed as they stepped aside, out of the stream of people, he did see—many possibilities. "But what reason have you for believing me to be Tracey?"

Knowing full well, he asked the question to gain time, and while the officer explained that he fitted the description of the absconder and that he was known to have changed his clothes in a hurried trip from one station to another, the Judge rapidly reviewed this new situation. He would have no difficulty, of course, in ultimately establishing his identity, but in the mean time the train would be on its way to New Rochelle. It was possible that the cards and personal letters that he had in his pocket might be accepted as identification; then he remembered that these were all locked up in his suit-case, on a shelf of the parcel counter within. Ranlett might be found, to vouch for his name and his story, in time to make the train. And

then he saw in his mind's eye the headlines in the morning papers, and the position in which this would place him in the eyes of the world—and the Ranlett family. The incident would also make excellent campaign material for the humorists of the opposing party at home. To be sure, he could probably summon influence enough to keep the story out of the papers, but in that event he would have to work hard and fast all the evening, and miss the train and the wedding and all they meant to him. Meanwhile he talked.

"You are mistaken. I am not Laurence Tracey," he said. "I am going to New Rochelle to a—to a reception. Here's my ticket. I changed my clothes in the cab because my Philadelphia train was late, it is very important that I should catch this one, and I hadn't time to go to a hotel." His was the manner of one accustomed to authority, and the officer was impressed.

"If that is so," the man suggested, "perhaps you have papers about you that will prove it. If you are not Tracey, who are you?"

At that moment Grosvenor caught sight of Ranlett, just emerging from the waiting-room, looking hurried and worried, and instantly his course was decided.

"I have papers, but they are all in my suit-case inside," he rapidly explained, "and if I stop to get them out, I'll miss my train. My name is Graves—Frederick A. Graves, of St. Louis. I know Tracey by sight, and I assure you that I don't look in the least like—By George, there he is!"

"Who?"

"Tracey!"

"Where?"

"There! See him? That worried-looking chap in evening clothes, behind the crowd at the gate there. Speak to him, man! *Don't* let him get away! Leave me with this policeman if you don't believe me, but *catch—that-man!*" It was a desperate *coup*, but if it failed, the situation would be no worse. There was little to lose and everything to gain. Ranlett was quick-witted, an excellent amateur actor, and fitted the general description of Tracey at least as well as Grosvenor did.

The detective hesitated a bare instant,





"I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T FIND IT A JOKE"

but again the authoritative manner of the Judge conquered. He nodded to the policeman, who stepped up to the prisoner, and darted off to intercept Ranlett. Grosvenor stepped back of the policeman, so that his friend should not see him at once, and watched. The detective tapped Ranlett on the shoulder, took hold of his arm, and spoke to him. The young man stared, made some quick reply, and turned sharply away. The officer wagged his head in Grosvenor's direction, showed his shield, and the two approached, Ranlett angrily expostulating the while. The crowd, which had paused to stare, decided that it was merely a dispute between two acquaintances, and flowed on to its trains.

The second captive did not see Grosvenor until he was very near him, and then he saw also that the policeman unostentatiously held his friend even as the detective held him.

"What the devil does this mean?" he demanded, staring. "Is it a joke?"

"I'm afraid you won't find it a joke," Grosvenor replied, challenging his gaze. "You might as well give up, Tracey. We've got you." For a moment Ranlett simply stared in bewilderment, and the lawyer continued to look steadily into his eyes, repeating: "We've got you, Tracey. You might as well own up. You may not remember me, but I'm Frederick A. Graves, of St. Louis, and I know you perfectly well."





"I MIGHT EVEN NOW BE LANGUISHING BEHIND PRISON BARS"

Ranlett stared for a moment longer; then comprehension flashed in his eyes. He glanced from Judge Grosvenor to the policeman, looked at the detective, and exchanged one long look with his friend before he fell into his part and began to act. Then he seemed to wilt. His shoulders drooped, his hands relaxed, and all the defiance dropped from him.

"Oh, I know you well enough, Mr. Graves," he sullenly admitted. "I dodged you out there in the waiting-room and thought you hadn't seen me. And here you are, laying for me with detectives. What business is it of yours?" He flared into weak indignation. "Why should you hound me? What is it to you?"

Grosvenor shrugged his shoulders and turned to the detective.

"Then you *are* Tracey?" the officer asked.

"Oh yes," wearily returned Ranlett, "I'm Tracey fast enough. Take me in. I give up."

"Are you satisfied?" hurriedly asked Grosvenor. "I've only half a minute left to make that train."

"Yes, I guess this is all right, Mr. Graves. Thank you. Sorry to have troubled you, but you must admit that your action looked suspicious. Where can I find you tomorrow, in case—"

"The Caravan-sary," Grosvenor flung over his shoulder as he ran toward the gate, which clashed together behind him. Looking back through its bars, he saw Ranlett led away, handcuffed to the detective.

Several hours later, as the wedding guests were beginning to disperse, Grosvenor and Jean, sitting in a shadowy corner of the library, heard shouts of laughter from a group of people gathered about some one in the hall.

"Why, it's Kirk!" cried the girl, and hurried toward him. "Kirk dear, when did you come? And where *have* you been?"

"Sister dear, I've been in jail," returned her brother, who looked tired but very much amused, "or so near it that it almost ceased to be humorous. But for a tried and trusty friend or two I might even now be languishing behind prison bars."

"You don't really mean—Kirk, you're joking!"

"Well, I thought it was something of a joke, I admit, but the detective didn't see it that way at all. That fellow's sense of humor needs developing."



"How did it end, Ranlett?" asked one of the still laughing men. "Tell us the rest. Who is this man Graves, anyhow?"

"The rest was easy enough. When we got to the police station I simply told them my real name and telephoned to the club for some fellows to come and identify me. I had a little difficulty in convincing the officers that I absolutely knew Graves was not Tracey in disguise, and that I simply did it to oblige a friend, who was obviously in too much of a hurry to stop for explanations—"

"But who is this extraordinary Graves person?" persisted the man.

"Graves? Oh, he's just a chap who once helped me out of a bad hole. That's all right. I'd go to jail for him any day. But, I tell you, that detective was hot!" His twinkling glance met Grosvenor's for an instant. "When I left he was trying to explain things to some of the newspaper boys. He can't stop the story, though. It's too good to keep. I told them Graves was quite a personage in his own State, and they are all hot on his trail by this time."

"That will be delightful for your friend Mr. Graves," suggested one of the women.

"They won't trouble Graves any," said Ranlett, with a queer smile. "They'll never find him. I'm mighty sorry to have missed my appointment with you, Judge, but you see how it was." He turned to Grosvenor, and the merry group melted away to tell the story to the remaining guests, leaving the three alone together for the moment. "I hope you pulled it off all right?" His eyes still laughed, but the other responded soberly.

"I did, thank you. I found my way without much trouble"—here he twinkled a little himself—"and arrived in time for the ceremony—but that's the least of it. Ranlett, your sister has just promised to marry me."

Kirk held their hands for a moment before he exclaimed, shakily:

"Bless you, my children! If I had known, when I went to jail for Graves, that this was coming—"

"Why should you go to jail for Mr. Graves?" asked Jean. "Who is the man?"

"That, my dear," replied her brother, "is what no fellow—not even you—will ever find out from me."

Then, as if casually, he looked at Grosvenor and smiled.

## Pierrot

BY SARA TEASDALE

PIERROT stands in the garden  
Beneath a waning moon,  
And on his lute he fashions  
A little silver tune.

Pierrot plays in the garden,  
He thinks he plays for me,  
But I am quite forgotten  
Under the cherry tree.

Pierrot plays in the garden,  
And all the roses know  
That Pierrot loves his music,  
But I love Pierrot.



# A Children's Institute

BY G. STANLEY HALL, LL.D.

President of Clark University

THE movement for the scientific study of children began barely thirty years ago with a comprehensive census in Berlin of the contents of children's minds upon entering the public schools of that city, which was soon repeated with variations in Boston and elsewhere. The first result was described as the development of a new science, viz., that of ignorance. Large percentages of these five and six year-old children had never seen the sun or moon rise or set, thought meat was dug from the ground, thought potatoes grew on trees, had never seen a robin, harvest field, seeds sown, could not count up to five, did not know where their heart, lungs, or elbows were, had never seen the objects of chief interest in their own city, had very limited vocabularies, so that they had not the knowledge requisite for understanding the contents of their primers, which were generally based on country life. Of God, thunder and lightning, the origin of rain, sun, frost, etc., their ideas were often those of primitive savages.

Next came the comprehensive studies begun by Bowditch on growth in height and weight, on which topic there are now scores of detailed monographs, showing that children grow tall in the spring, thick and heavy in the fall, and usually rest for a season in midwinter and summer; that there is an outburst of growth in the early teens, and that for a short time, at about thirteen, girls average taller and heavier than boys, who soon overtake and exceed them in these respects. The methods of this work are now highly refined and mathematical, and trace the growth of the skull, each of the long bones, with curves for the development of grasping, lifting, and other norms of strength, in great detail.

A third method was the detailed study of individual children from birth to the

end of the second or third year, where most of these studies end because the phenomena become too complex. Here, too, we have a wealth of material which shows that children do sometimes invent original words, and the development of the power to make each sound and pronounce words, the history of the infant vocabulary, the very gradual development of the sense of self, the progressive expressions of fear, anger, jealousy, clothes consciousness, etc. The story of the child's religious life, from its native fetishism on, has also been traced in numerous cases—its imitation, imaginary companions, plays, games, questions, etc.

Fourth come the more or less medical studies of children's diseases, especially in their milder and contagious forms, together with the study of sense and motor defects. These range all the way from the appalling statistics of the death rate of infants in cities during July and August, which is four times as great for bottle-fed as for breast-fed children, and has motivated the activities of all the clean-milk agencies.

Fifth comes the study of adolescence, the most important and critical period in a child's life, which some achieve three or four years earlier than others, and the demonstration of the practical importance of what is now called "the physiological age." Adolescence marks the new birth of the emotional and intellectual life, and brings great dangers and great opportunities.

Sixth, the studies of the crimes and vices of young people constitute another large double chapter which abounds in practical suggestiveness. This stage is peculiarly liable to arrest during the eight or ten years of storm, stress, and ferment, when the methods of harmonious growth and development are slowly being wrought out.

Seventh, back of all these questions



lies that of eugenics, or the improvement of the race through heredity, the most ancient form of wealth and worth one knows of, which according to Huxley is worth a centner of education.

These designate the chief lines of activity up to date in what is called child-study, for which some prefer the Greek term, *paidology*, or the ology that deals with the child. *Psychogenesis*, sometimes confused with this, is a larger term in that it includes the development of the psyche in animals as well as in children and the human race, and it is smaller in that it is limited to the growth of the soul as distinct from that of the body.

The literature in these fields is now immense. The librarian of Clark University, L. N. Wilson, has for twelve years printed an annual bibliography of the scientific works in different languages in this large field, which shows several thousand articles that have appeared each year. There are at least twenty-six journals in the world devoted in part or entirely to different aspects of this work; there are scores of chairs in normal schools and colleges, and societies and clubs without number.

This work in general has had two chief results: the first the scientific. It has shown that the soul, like the body, is a product of evolution. As Wiedersheim enumerates, some sixscore rudimentary organs in the infant's body, which are of no service in its own life, will dwindle or perhaps entirely pass away before maturity, like the gill-slits, rudimentary tail, milk-teeth, etc. These show in a language that every scholar admits that the human body has been evolved from that of the higher anthropoids. In the same way the soul abounds in vestiges of primordial and prehuman instincts that man has in common with animals, many of which, too, will dwindle or pass away with childhood and youth. Thus genetic psychology is coming to occupy a place in the study of the soul very much like that occupied by embryology in the study of the body.

The second net result of work in the above fields is practical and applies to education. It is singular to look over the proceedings of the various meetings of teachers in recent years, and to see how more and more those contributions

to pedagogy which have a permanent interest and value are those that are based upon investigations into the nature and needs of childhood. The child was formerly for the sake of the school, but now everything concerning the latter—studies and their order, methods of teaching, and all the hygienic questions connected with their location, structure, and everything else—is for the sake of the child.

One might add a third result that is slowly being evolved from these studies, viz., a new way of looking at the soul. Formerly every one supposed that self-observation or looking in upon our own psychic processes, or the intensification of self-consciousness, was the oracle and muse of philosophic studies. Now, however, under the influence of child-study it is coming to be seen that this method gives us access to but a very small part of the soul, as, like an iceberg, nine-tenths of which is submerged under water and only one-tenth is visible above the surface of the sea, in the same way unconscious and instinctive forces now seem to be dominant in human life, especially in the young, and these can be studied only objectively by natural-history methods. We can reach this more comprehensive knowledge only by carefully recording descriptions of what we see in others. Moreover, if we study all soul life we must not forget the marvelous field of instinct in animals, and that three-quarters or more of the brute species that have lived on the earth are now extinct, and that each as it passed out of existence took with it certain types of soul life just as unique and characteristic as their bodily forms.

It ought to be a source of satisfaction to Americans that for the first decade or two this new science had its chief home in America, where most was done to further it, although now it has spread to every civilized land. The methods by which it has advanced should also be noted, for they contributed something essentially new to logic and already have a high disciplinary value in themselves. Let us enumerate these:

First, every student in, *e. g.*, a normal school is required to write any and every striking thing observed in individual children or in groups of them. Blanks of different colors are provided: *e. g.*,



red for original observations, white for hearsay, green for things read of by the recorder, and yellow for things remembered in one's own personal experience. The data are jotted down concisely, as definitely as possible, and with the greatest fidelity to fact. After some years, when large bodies of such items have been collected, they can be classified under such rubrics as *fear*, *anger*, *self*, *God*, *imitation*, and some score of others. A collection of aptly selected data of this sort thus grouped takes the place of a text-book in psychology in class work. The material is more concrete, more practical, and the topics are far more numerous and thus give a better idea of the immense range and variety of psychic life than is found in any treatise. Not only does this method vivify teaching and learning, but it gives pupil teachers an intense interest in children, and makes them prone to both love and study *them* as well as the topics which they will later teach in the grades. Again, this material can be worked up into scientific form, and real contributions to knowledge are often found in such memoirs.

A second method is that of the questionnaire. Here a single topic, like dolls, boy gangs, children's feelings toward the different animals or natural phenomena, are asked about in a more or less systematic way. The suggestion of the topic suitable for a questionnaire is all-conditioning. Not many themes are suitable for treatment thus, although for those that are it is an invaluable device. Having carefully wrought out the questions and printed the leaflet, these are circulated to a carefully prepared list of teachers, psychologists, parents, and others of proven ability to observe carefully and report faithfully. Some are addressed to pupils, and answers collected in the form of compositions under the direction of a skilled teacher. The greatest care to avoid undue suggestion, to obtain uniformity of conditions, to secure real interest on the part of those making these records, is essential. And here, too, care and experience have accumulated a list of things to do and to avoid which constitute all the difference between precious and worthless data. Sometimes one single question only is asked of a large number of pupils. Oc-

asionally teachers are asked to pool their own observations. Thus, on the principle that many are always wiser than one, we get a large collective point of view and a rich anthology of facts. Now comes a new and very different problem: viz., how to extract the new and valuable and to eliminate the worthless from a mass of written data. Here the expert must read everything, mark what is salient and characteristic, condense and epitomize it, always observe age, sex, and perhaps other personal conditions; and thus he will find that this material falls into natural groups, sometimes more, sometimes less, readily. On these he makes his inductions and writes his section or chapter, using his condensations of the answers now and then as illustrative and perhaps clinical material, as doctors describe cases to illustrate their theses. In this way often entirely new and neglected view-points are obtained which may be used as incitement for further investigations. There are, of course, dangers here, and there have been many errors in all directions, but the method has slowly developed and demonstrated its worth, so that a composite picture of a large aggregate of minds upon a topic can now often be worked out, and is of great value for each stage and line of development, as hundreds of printed memoirs now attest.

Third, the methods of physical measurements of both dimensions and functions need not be dwelt upon here, for these methods are common to biology and genetic psychology. Here, even more often than in the above, the binomial curve has a permanent place, and the mathematics of error and probability come in.

Fourth comes the method of the study of the individual child. Here we have many blank books, norms, etc., which have been suggested and used with good results, but none of which are entirely adequate. The most practical method here is what is called "the life and health book," opened for each child by the mother before birth, who records from time to time her observations and impressions. The father also writes his. Sometimes these observations are very prolonged and systematic. One observer had his child spend much time upon a



delicate balance to study the very slight daily variations of weight, and registered the quantum of every kind of food and drink, the effects of fatigue, sleep, etc. Others have tried to note every single vocal expression and every word as first used; while others focus on activities. No one can possibly keep tab on all the lines of development, as the child in the first year or two of life fairly rushes up the long ladder of development which it took the human race so many hundreds of thousands of years to climb. In some places the doctor makes contributions to this life-and-health book, entering his recommendations and records of every little illness. In other cases the book is amplified in the school; perhaps once a month the child in its best clothes writes all its exercises, so that its progress through the school years can be seen at a glance. The teacher also enters notes. In some places these books are kept in the City Hall for a season. All in all they constitute a marvellous aid to self-knowledge which the child in maturer years can profit by. They are also a very tangible record of the care lavished by parents and teachers upon the pupil, and in some places are utilized by the young in seeking employment. In general, individual studies of children may be said to constitute one very important line of work, perhaps now most developed for subnormal, criminal, or peculiar children, but no doubt to be developed far more than at present for all. In this field we realize the profound differences of individuality which children bring into the world, for which the present uniformity of our school system needs to be given a far greater flexibility. Such records are of great service as guides to vocations, and immense social efficiency may some day be secured by guiding the young eventually to those things they can do best, and away from those activities where nature has doomed them to work with perennial handicap. To do one's best means success in life, sometimes for otherwise very stupid people; and to do one's worst means failure for those otherwise highly gifted.

There is nowhere in the world now an institution devoted to collecting, diffusing, and increasing the scientific knowledge of childhood, which for the

last quarter of a century has been so fruitfully studied. The following problems, however, are planned, and four of them are already begun, and it is hoped that others will be in operation here before the close of the academic year:

1. A library department which shall collect not only the scientific literature, but legislation pertaining to child-labor, orphans, houses of detention, compulsory school age, age of witnesses, and all other matters pertaining to children's relations to the law; also reports and working of the two or three score of child-welfare associations, some of which have branches in every city. There might be a standard library on the subject, references might be answered, and the correspondence about backward and otherwise peculiar children attended to.

2. A pedagogical museum, of which there is really none worthy of the name in this country, although there are many large ones in Europe. This should cover the school departments — arithmetic, reading, geography, history, apparatus in science, specimens, etc. The material is very extensive, and illustrative apparatus is a labor-saving device of very great and growing importance in teaching. These should be demonstrated for teachers in Saturday courses.

3. The hygiene of infancy and of the school. Ninety per cent. of the deaths from contagious diseases occur during the first ten years of life. This is the season, too, when defects of sight, hearing, teeth, adenoids, and the basis of nervous breakdown are found; and there is an increasing tendency to doubt the validity of existing modes of education before eight. There would be also a laboratory of school hygiene with standard apparatus for testing ventilation, lighting, cleanliness—*anemometers*, *hygrometers*, *photometers*, also a hygienic museum of model school furniture.

4. A department of eugenics or heredity, corresponding to Galton's society in England and the still greater activity in this line in Germany. This department should utilize the census and other data on birth rate, race suicide, sterility, fecundity, and the causes of infant mortality. In nearly every civilized land the rate of infant mortality is increasing, while the rate of birth is decreasing.



The periods of infection of measles, scarlatina, diphtheria, the conditions of virulence, the qualifications of nurses and midwives, and even the methods of purifying milk, since the modern infant is becoming a parasite of the cow, might be included here.

5. In the anthropological and sociological department, the growth, height, weight, muscular power, dexterity, etc., should be studied with a view to establishing norms. Here, too, belong the studies of child insurance, child witnesses in court, the age of weaning, teething, walking, age of consent, history of the treatment of children in different lands and ages; and also the subnormal and backward or problematical children, including the deaf, blind, and idiots, with a clinic to which all children in the city and vicinity can be sent. This work should be done only in small part by physicians, but mostly by expert psychologists.

6. Juvenile vice and crime, including truancy, probation officers, juvenile courts, etc. Everywhere juvenile crime is rapidly increasing with the increase of urban life. Younger children are vagrants, runaways, and adolescent boys are hoodlums. Vice is the most delicate of all subjects, but within a few years has been greatly illuminated by special studies, and by societies which have gathered information.

7. Child linguistics. Here the child repeats the history of the race to a remarkable extent from its first cry up to the mystery of the mother tongue. Here correlation of work with further investigations would shed great light not only upon the origin and development of human speech, but upon the methods of teaching the vernacular and other tongues.

8. Experimental pedagogy, which began to be a scientific subject some years ago in Germany under Meumann and others. Its object is by carefully controlling the conditions to determine the most economic methods of teaching elementary branches. These studies, besides the curriculum, include investigations as to the best hours of the day for mental work, length of recess, vacation, and even food values. Enough has already been done here to show that this line of work has a great future, and is

destined to make every dollar spent in education worth more.

9. Religious and moral education and influence. This includes the colligation of methods now in vogue in different lands for training in morals without religion, many of which were brought together in the late London Conference; religious training in schools where church and state are and are not separate; Sunday-school pedagogy, and how to make it more effective. Missionary pedagogy is also a part, and is just beginning to utilize the crude religious sentiments of even fetish-worshippers for Christianity.

Every one of these lines of study has somewhere been organized; but they have never been brought together so as to affect each other in fruitful reciprocity.

Finally, scores of child-welfare societies, twenty-seven of which met at Clark University last July for eighteen sessions, the proceedings of which are now in press, should be organized together for more economic work, to avoid duplication, to see what ground is and what is not covered in the various cities by the organizations working together, so that all can experience the vitalizing effect of mutual contact and co-operation. What this can do is already seen in the work of the associated charities, and in the splendid work that is begun by the Sage Foundation. The proposed bureau in Washington suggested by Doctor Lindsay and others, the bill to establish which has several times been before Congress but failed, was a significant and wholesome step in this direction. Our plan adds to this the association of the active workers in these societies and the scientific institute above described; and it is believed that the co-operation of these two will have peculiar advantages. The fact that in Washington the Bureau of Ethnology that studies the Indian and the Indian Bureau that cares for him have almost no point of contact, should be a warning to us in this field. If it be true that there is nothing in all this world so worthy of love and service as childhood, is it not high time that the very many agencies outside the school which have for their purpose the rescue or development of youth should be correlated in their various activities?



# One of the Others

BY FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

NOT even Tomlinson, materialist that he was, and confessed scoffer at futile sentimentalities, could have devised so brutal a jest as the trick of fate that, on his wedding journey, the day before Christmas, set him and his wife across the aisle of a Pullman from Helen McNair, and by means of a wreck marooned all three in the naked Western prairie.

It was somewhere about five in the morning, a black, cold, windless morning, that the wreck occurred—a great sickening jerk, a grinding of brakes, and then a motionless train, by the side of which various men ran up and down with lanterns. More or less like ants the men were; the lanterns, like glow-worms. Mrs. Tomlinson, after a trifling hesitation, consented tremblingly to let her lord go forth and investigate.

When he had gone, and the lanterns continued to flicker past her window, she struggled into skirt and blouse, with a dim idea of being ready for sudden departure, and ventured between her curtains into the aisle, where the sole other occupant of the car, a young woman in a dark frock, with a long braid of blond hair flung incongruously over one shoulder, was coolly interrogating the porter.

"C-can you tell me what is the matter?" asked little Mrs. Tomlinson, nervously. The porter had taken instant advantage of the diversion to disappear. "I am so terribly frightened," added Mrs. Tomlinson, appealingly, "and my—my husband has gone to find out—"

The other girl turned and came toward her, smiling reassuringly. It was impossible not to smile so, at Mrs. Tomlinson's red curls crowding into the wide, dark eyes, the little blush-rose face paling above an irreproachably fastened collar.

"Why, there's been a sort of wreck, I believe," said Miss McNair, quietly. She was the other girl. "The train

ran over a calf—that was the jerk we felt—and the engine was derailed—the coal-car too. There's nothing to be afraid of now. It will delay us, that's all. Were you very badly frightened?"

"Horribly!" cried Mrs. Tomlinson, with a shudder. "I thought something dreadful must have happened—the train's stopping so suddenly and the men with lights—I hated dreadfully for my husband to go out."

Some caressing emphasis on the tenderly repeated word lit Miss McNair's smile with a subtly warming comprehension. "Your husband?" she repeated. "Then you are not alone?"

"No—oh no!" answered Mrs. Tomlinson, proudly. She added with a deepening blush, "I—we were married day before yesterday."

"Your honeymoon? How charming!" cried the other. She put out an impulsive hand. "You mustn't let a trifle like this spoil things for you. After all, it may be rather a lark. At most, it can't keep us here longer than noon, the porter tells me."

"I am not so much afraid now," Mrs. Tomlinson announced, bravely. "Do you know where we are?"

"Out on the prairie, thirty miles from the nearest town—that's the porter's information again."

"All the men seem to have gone out to investigate," commented Mrs. Tomlinson, thoughtfully. "There isn't another soul—"

"I think we are probably the only women in this coach," said Miss McNair. She went on, drawing the blond braid between her fingers, where its ends curled richly: "I hate the delay myself. I'm going to spend Christmas with some people in Colorado."

"We are going to Denver," returned the bride. "Doesn't it seem funny? Christmas Eve on a train!"

"It's rather an amusing experience,"



Miss McNair admitted. She saw Mrs. Tomlinson's face flush and soften suddenly, and turned. Tomlinson came down the aisle to them quickly.

"Oh, Dannie!" cried his wife, "what a time you've been! I was so frightened. Do tell us about it."

Tomlinson, having flung, in the murky light, only a careless glance at the other girl, now turned very courteously.

"Why, it's nothing—" he began, and stopped dead. Mrs. Tomlinson, both hands on his arm, shook him with a pretty pretence of impatience, then lifted friendly eyes to Miss McNair.

"Oh, I forgot," she cooed. "This is my husband—Mr. Tomlinson. Now won't you tell us your name?"

Miss McNair waited a curious second or two, her look asking and answering the man's. Even in the half-light of the lamps overhead her face took on a growing pallor.

"I think I've met Mr. Tomlinson before," she said at last, just saving the pause from awkwardness. "Perhaps he has forgotten me—I am Helen McNair."

"Oh, how do you do?" said Tomlinson, instantly. "It is rather dark in here—I didn't recognize you just at first." He spoke with a trace of confusion.

"How do you do?" said Miss McNair, and seemed not to see that the occasion required any further comment.

"Why, isn't that funny," Mrs. Tomlinson came blithely into the breach, "that you should have known each other before? It's such a small world, after all. Miss McNair has been telling me that we'll have to stay here half the day, Dannie?"

Her pretty *camaraderie* took no account of undercurrent uncertainties.

"I have my information from the porter," Miss McNair remarked, somewhat aloofly. She closed one hand upon the curtains of the berth behind her because the hand shook.

"I believe that's about the truth of the matter," said Tomlinson, more or less coolly. He recounted in detail the story of the slaughtered calf and the derailed engine.

"We're miles from nowhere," he concluded, "but the worst thing is the delay. They've sent on to the next town for a wrecking-car. We'll just

have to wait here until they come and fix us up."

"Well, I'm awfully glad it's no worse, aren't you?" said Mrs. Tomlinson, relievedly, to Miss McNair. "I suppose we can amuse ourselves somehow."

"I should think we might," said Miss McNair. She did not miss the quick glance of distrust that Tomlinson flung her. "Meantime I am going to put up my hair." She stooped for her suit-case.

Once inside the heavy curtain, with the door closed, she set down the bag of rosy-flowered chintz that held her brush and comb, and wrung her hands together hard.

"This is my husband—Mr. Tomlinson," she echoed, in a whisper that was almost a sob. She had grown very white, even to the soft lips with the hint of humor in their curving.

After a long time she lifted both hands to her hair and unbraided it slowly. She looked at herself in the mirror with relentlessly bitter eyes.

"She could hold him," she said to herself. "You couldn't."

Mrs. Tomlinson opened the door of the dressing-room presently, bringing with her a bulging bag and a distinct fluttering fragrance of violet-water.

"It's spilled," she explained, delightfully calm, "all over everything. Dannie says they'll put me out of the car. Oh, you're quite ready, aren't you? How quick you've been!"

"I won't stay here in your way," said Miss McNair, hurriedly. "This is such a tiny little place."

Outside she looked about her slowly. Day had come upon them unawares, fighting feebly with the gaslight for supremacy. In the vestibule the cold air struck the girl's hot cheeks and eyelids with a bracing thrill.

She left the little bag in her section, drew on a heavy coat, and went out to walk up and down beside the train. There the morning shadows lightened beneath a low sky, and, on either hand, gray barren prairie stretched flatly to the horizon.

It was not very long before Mrs. Tomlinson appeared on the steps of the car, and when she did, Tomlinson, from a group of men about the engine, went at once to meet her. Her uncovered hair





*Drawn by Gayle Porter Hoskins*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE HAD TAKEN AN ENORMOUS FANCY TO THE GIRL



was puffed and curled with an incredible elaboration, considering the place and the facilities. She held her furs up close beneath her rosy chin, and her eyes were starry with excitement.

"Did I take long?" she demanded. "Gracious! it's cold out here! Haven't the people come yet to fix the engine? Dannie, I'm starved to death. When are we going to get something to eat?"

"My dear little girl," he said, regretfully, "that's the beastly part of it. We were to pick up the diner at the next town but one. We'll have to wait—"

Mrs. Tomlinson's eyes widened.

"You mean there's nothing—nothing at all?"

"Nothing but what people may have in their suit-cases."

"A box of candy," she supplied, promptly, from an individual recollection. "Good heavens!"

"It's pretty rough," said Tomlinson. They stood together beside the step of the car, and with a possessive hand he tucked the black fur closer about her throat. "I don't mind myself, but it hurts me like thunder, Dolly, for you to suffer."

"Oh—me?" she cried, with a determined brightness. "I'm all right! Don't you care, Dannie. I can stand it."

"You're a brave little red-headed angel," said Tomlinson, softly.

Mrs. Tomlinson rewarded him with a fleeting glance before she sprang past him to a figure that turned, just beyond, and started back on its path.

"There's Miss McNair," she cried. "Let's walk with her a while."

So it happened humorously enough, all things considered, that Tomlinson and his wife and Helen McNair walked up and down beside the train, shoulders touching, and talked of the weather. When the cold grew too much for them the women retreated to the sleeper again, and Tomlinson, from a lurking, shapeless fear of what might come uppermost in the conversation, found the cold too much for him, too.

Mrs. Tomlinson, after the impulsive fashion of some women, had taken an enormous fancy to the girl, and out of the depths of her kind little heart she had interpreted the look in the other's eyes for loneliness. In the reasoning of

the three-days bride, a woman having no husband might well be lonely; and the prairie, stretching barren and unbroken outside the window, was not a sight conducive to seasonable cheer.

Thus Mrs. Tomlinson to her inner self; outwardly, she produced from her suitcase a box of chocolates and pressed it upon Miss McNair's consideration. Tomlinson, sitting in the opposite seat among a litter of magazines, interrogated the landscape, and smiled, when he was spoken to, unconvincingly.

After a time the strain wore on his nerves to such an extent that, flinging precaution to the winds, he left the women alone together and went out into the open again.

While he was gone Mrs. Tomlinson ate nearly half the chocolates and confided many pretty absurdities; but when, an hour or so later, he came back, she welcomed him eagerly. Across the aisle Miss McNair sat with her cheek pressing a fresh white pillow, her eyes closed.

"Asleep," Mrs. Tomlinson explained, in a whisper. "She has a bad headache, poor child! and I made her take some phenacetine." She sat very close to her husband, regardless of the one or two men who had come in and were sitting farther down the car, and ducked her head for a little furtive caress against his sleeve. "Dear me, Dannie," she murmured, "I can hardly believe this is us. I keep thinking that you'll have to go away presently."

"I'm never going away again," said Tomlinson, ardently; but, out of the tail of his eye, the quiet figure with its cheek on the pillow laid claim to his attention. He remonstrated uselessly with his uneasy consciousness.

"It seems so perfectly heavenly," Mrs. Tomlinson continued, playing lovingly with her wedding-ring, "to have you all to myself."

An opening presented itself magically.

"Then why," he reproached her, "do you want any one else along? I haven't had a word alone with you all morning. I've been disappointed. I thought it would be just us two." A phrase to conjure with!

"Oh, Dannie," said Mrs. Tomlinson, with exquisite remorse, "I never thought of that! I felt sort of sorry for her."



She's all alone, you know. But never mind! We'll have all the rest of to-day. Just us two! We'll have lunch all by ourselves—" She broke into a little gurgle of laughter. "I forgot! There isn't any lunch to have—is there? Well—we can wait. We don't care!"

"You darling!" said Tomlinson, under his breath, but he said it distinctly aware of the girl across the aisle.

"Why didn't you ever tell me about her?" asked Mrs. Tomlinson, in an undertone, presently. She might almost have been following his thoughts. "I think she's perfectly dear."

"Who?"

"Silly! Miss McNair, of course."

"Why—I never knew her very well," said Tomlinson.

"I forgot—she said she had never really known you."

"She did?" he asked, almost sharply, taken for a moment off his guard.

"Yes," said Mrs. Tomlinson, yawning prettily. "Did you ever see anything bleaker than that prairie? What time is it, Dannie?"

It was eleven by Tomlinson's watch; and the morning, to one racked consciousness at least, crawled lingeringly.

It was very cold, and to most of the passengers hunger added an unpleasing spice to the situation.

Mrs. Tomlinson, her red curls blown into effective disarray by the wind that had come up and now whistled complainingly at the windows, fluttered about as restlessly and as lightly as a child. At Tomlinson's heels she visited the wrecked engine and surveyed it gravely. She offered a cheerful front to a stout drummer's respectful pleasantries, and when she tired of walking she sat for a long time on the steps of the car, furs drawn close about her, her hands snuggled into a great black muff, swinging her pretty feet and chattering to Tomlinson, who stood over her with a smile of somewhat abstracted devotion.

At one o'clock the train moved on again, and Tomlinson, perforce, led the way back to the vacant section. To his wife's instant inquiry, Miss McNair, who sat by her window reading, answered slowly, with a smile, that her head was better, and that she had slept. She did not offer further conversation, and

Mrs. Tomlinson, mindful of her husband's reproaches, as well as of her own tender inclinations, resumed the low-voiced duet the question had interrupted.

Tomlinson's uneasiness lifted a little. It was not, after all, he reflected, so much uneasiness as sensitive dislike of an awkward situation. A year is not, when all is said and done, so long a time. Things supposedly forgotten may be remembered in the lifting of an eyelash. He had forgotten Helen McNair, but he observed with unconscious exactness that a little loose curl slipped down above one ear—the right—just as it always did; how often he had kissed that ear, and put back the curl, he remembered with a start, before he could get himself well in hand and return to platitudes.

It *was* an awkward situation, and Tomlinson sat ill under its whip.

The next town but one came at last, and with it the long-awaited dining-car, ravenously besieged. The Tomlinsons had a table quite to themselves near the door, and Mrs. Tomlinson consumed great quantities of bread and butter, like a hungry schoolgirl, unable to wait for the first course.

Miss McNair came out later and ordered a brief meal, most of which she left untouched, although she lingered over it incredibly, watching with desolate, unsmiling eyes the cheerless world that fled past her window—gray sky, gray plain, gray smoke in unending and monotonous procession. When she went back at last, Tomlinson had gone into the smoker, and his wife was fast asleep, breathing softly, her face delicately flushed.

*The Suitors of Gladys* is not an engrossing chronicle, being mostly compounded of impossible situations and forced epigram, but it is better under some circumstances than one's own thoughts. Miss McNair opened it at chapter ten, and took up the thread where she had laid it down. Tomlinson, in the smoker, listened to garish tales, and added his quota. Meanwhile the day, such as it was, faded out. Evening set in, with a sharp icy rain beating against the windows, and occasional vicious flashes wrinkling the low clouds in the west. It was, as the stout drum-



mer observed, a profanely inadequate setting for the night before Christmas. Tomlinson went back to the sleeper, and imagined, as he went, Fate leering at him across Miss McNair's slender shoulder.

As his irritated fancy had foretold, the two girls were sitting together in the Tomlinsons' section. One of them at least was deep in argument.

"Come here, Dannie!" she cried, gayly, as he approached. "I want you to talk for me. I'm not clever enough to prove things, but I know Miss McNair is wrong."

"About what?" asked Tomlinson, meeting, as he sat down, two very different glances.

"This book," explained Mrs. Tomlinson, triumphantly. She fingered *The Suitors of Gladys*. "There's a girl in it, and a man, and he stops caring for her, and jilts her—just throws her over, plain so. I say men don't do things like that, except in books—not nice men, that is—do they?"

"It's a very silly story," Miss McNair observed, indifferently. She seemed to prefer an ending of the discussion.

"But when I asked you, you said that it often happened, it wasn't unnatural," Mrs. Tomlinson insisted. "Didn't you?"

"Perhaps I did."

"Now, Dannie—don't you think she's wrong? She's too cynical, isn't she?"

Tomlinson faced the inevitable. He admitted to himself with reluctant justice that the question was of his wife's making, a chance thrust, none the less striking home. Miss McNair obviously had no part in the fitness of things. If anything, she shirked the issue, but Mrs. Tomlinson clung to her point.

"Dannie!"

"You wouldn't want a man to marry a girl when he found he didn't care for her. She'd be sure to know the truth sooner or later."

It was the reasoning with which he had once justified himself to himself.

"But how *could* he make a mistake about loving her?" cried Mrs. Tomlinson, surprisedly. "You know there's just one love in a lifetime, Dannie; we both believe that."

The glancing comprehension of Miss McNair's smile left Tomlinson writhing inwardly. He had forgotten the perfect

understanding of old, in which spoken and unspoken thoughts flashed equally between them. He recognized it now reluctantly.

Miss McNair spoke for his silence.

"Isn't it fairer to suppose that, with a man, love evolves through a number of phases up to its final expression? All the little loves are just so many facets of the big one."

"Exactly," said Tomlinson, quickly. He stopped there, biting his lip, because of the look she flung him.

Mrs. Tomlinson shook her head.

"It would break my heart to think Dannie could have loved some other woman just as well."

"Why need you care?" asked Miss McNair, with a curious slowness, "since you are the last?"

Tomlinson, looking out of the window into the rain and the night, saw, brutally clear, the raw wound beneath the surface of that last question. It did not reassure him.

"I'd rather believe there hadn't been any others," insisted the bride, half playfully, sure of her sovereignty.

"Others!" repeated Miss McNair. Her smile was all at once oddly unmirthful. "That's it! Why should you care? They're only the others now. 'This is the end of every man's desires'—*nous autres*."

At Tomlinson's look, half conciliatory, half defiant, she leaned forward, her mouth curving to a restless mockery, her eyes inscrutable.

"I once knew a girl—one of the others—would it bore you to hear it?"

"Oh, if it's a story, do go on," cried Mrs. Tomlinson, eagerly. "It's just a night for story-telling."

Tomlinson bowed, as a duellist facing his opponent, without a word.

"She was rather a cold girl," said Miss McNair. She twisted a ring on her right hand, and spoke quickly, but rather low. "Not a girl to care lightly. She was alone, too—nobody in her life that mattered very greatly, until the man came. Perhaps, to give him his due, I ought to say that he was rather an interesting man." She separated the words carefully. "Distinctly—an—interesting—man. They were friends first, then chums, then, strangely enough, he seemed to become quite mad about





*Drawn by Gayle Porter Hoskins*

SHE WENT BACK TO THE OLD LONELINESS



her. Perhaps her indifference woke his love of the chase—who knows? Anyhow—he laid siege—he was very determined, very strong—he appealed to her every side—she didn't take fire easily, but in the end he started the blaze—and they were engaged."

In the silence that followed the last controlled, low word, Mrs. Tomlinson folded her hands.

"I know," she murmured, pathetically. "Now you're going to say he threw her over."

"No," said Miss McNair. "No—I'm not." The scorn in her even voice lashed Tomlinson like a whip. Her smile above it was for the moment rather a painful thing. "If I were, the story might be prettier. He wasn't honest enough to go to her and say, 'I've made a mistake—'"

"He tried to spare her," Tomlinson interrupted, stung past discretion, but his defence ceased abruptly.

"Do you think so?" asked Miss McNair, very courteously. Her voice had grown slightly husky.

"He only came less often—he neglected to answer her letters. She thought the letters had been lost in the mail—and when he didn't come, she thought it was because business kept him away. She never dreamed that he was trying to show her—Oh, it's a sordid enough little story! As soon as he was sure of her, he grew tired—That's not extraordinary, I suppose. There must be always one who kisses, and one who turns the cheek. She made the mistake of loving him too entirely. After a while—after even *her* pride had been prodded awake, she saw—what any one else must have seen long ago—and released him. Turned off the light, and left the world in the dark. She went back to the old loneliness, only now it was worse than ever, because she knew the difference. . . .

"She would have followed him into certain death with a laugh if he had cared—but he stopped caring. Oh, there'll never be another woman who will give him what she would have given!—heart—brain—soul—every inch of her, to be fed to the fire, if need be—so long as

he loved her. Most women are too wise to love like that. She didn't know any better—until he taught her—until—"

Hands clenched tight in her lap, she broke off abruptly, realizing the danger of her own intensity, forcing herself back into a strained white calm in a pause where the man tasted torture.

"You see," she said at last, almost smiling, "I knew her very well, and there *are* men who do things like that—nice men."

Under the contemptuous flick of that last phrase, Tomlinson offered inadequate rebuttal.

"It probably seemed the decentest way, to him."

Miss McNair looked back at him straightly. There might have been no other soul on earth. She faced him as if they stood alone with the truth—quietly withal, so that in the silence the little bride fingered her rings, considering the question musingly.

For an instant Tomlinson's eyes seemed almost to ask a truce, then the mask settled down.

"I dare say," he added, grimly, "he wasn't worth it."

"I have thought that," said Miss McNair, "myself. But when did it ever make a difference?"

She rose and said good night, coolly enough.

"I'm rather sleepy, and I shall be getting off in the morning before daylight, so it's good-by as well."

"Why, it's been awfully nice to know you," cried Mrs. Tomlinson, impulsively. "Good night—and a merry Christmas! I hope sometime again—"

"Thank you," said Miss McNair. She did not echo the wish, but she added rather wearily, "A merry Christmas to you, too."

An hour or so later, out of a tender discussion of future Christmases, Mrs. Tomlinson remembered something.

"I have a suspicion," she announced, sagely, cuddling closer against Tomlinson's arm, "that she was telling her own story. What do you think, Dannie? That girl has sad eyes."

Tomlinson held his peace, which had been lost and was found again.



## Editor's Easy Chair

THE Easy Chair saw at once that its friend was full of improving conversation, and it let him begin without the least attempt to stay him; anything of the kind, in fact, would have been a provocation to greater circumstance in him. He said:

"It was Christmas Eve, and I don't know whether he arrived by chance or design at a time when the heart is supposed to be softest and the mind openest. It's a time when, unless you look out, you will believe anything people tell you and do anything they ask you. I must say, I was prepossessed by his appearance; he was fair and slender, and he looked about thirty-five years old; and when he said at once that he would not deceive me, but would confess that he was just out of the penitentiary of a neighboring State where he had been serving a two years' sentence, I could have taken him in my arms. Even if he had not pretended that he had the same surname as myself, I should have known him for a brother, and though I suspected that he was wrong in supposing that his surname was at all like mine, I was glad that he had sent it in, and so piqued my curiosity that I had him shown up, instead of having my pampered menial spurn him from my door, as I might if he had said his name was Brown, Jones, or Robinson."

"We dare say you have your self-justification," we put in at this point, "but you must own that it doesn't appear in what you are saying. As a good citizen, with the true interests of the poor at heart, you would certainly have had your pampered menial spurn him from your door. His being of your name, or claiming to be so, had nothing to do with his merit or want of it."

"Oh, I acknowledge that, and I'll own that there was something in his case, as he stated it, that appealed to my fancy even more than his community of surname appealed to my family affection.

He said he was a Scotchman, which I am not, and that he had got a job on a cattle-steamer, to work his way back to his native port. The steamer would sail on Monday, and it was now Friday night, and the question which he hesitated, which he intimated, in terms so tacit that I should not call them an expression of it, was how he was to live till Monday.

"He left the calculation entirely to me, which he might not have done if he had known what a poor head I had for figures, and I entered into it with a reluctance which he politely ignored. I had some quite new two-dollar notes in my pocketbook, the crisp sort, which rustle in fiction when people take them out to succor the unfortunate or bribe the dishonest, and thought I would give him one, if I could make it go round for him till his steamer sailed. I was rather sorry for its being fresh, but I had no old shabby or dirty notes such as one gives to cases of dire need, you know."

"No, we didn't know. We so seldom give paper at all; we prefer to give copper."

"Well, that is right; one ought to give copper if the need is very pressing; if not so pressing, one gives small silver, and so on up. But here was an instance which involved a more extended application of alms. 'You know,' I told him, while I was doing my sum in mental arithmetic, 'there are the Mills hotels, where you can get a bed for twenty-five cents; I don't remember whether they throw in breakfast or not.' I felt a certain squalor in my attitude, which was not relieved by the air of gentle patience with which he listened, my poor namesake, if not kinsman; we were both at least sons of Adam. He looked not only gentle, but refined; I made my reflection that this was probably the effect of being shut up for two years where the winds were not allowed to visit him



roughly, and the reflection strengthened me to say, 'I think two dollars will tide you over till Tuesday.' I can't say whether he thought so too, but he did not say he did not think so. He left it quite to me, and I found another mathematical difficulty. There were three nights' lodging to be paid for, and then he would have a dollar and a quarter for food. I often spend as much as that on a single lunch, including a quarter to the waiter, and I wouldn't have liked making it pay for three days' board. But I didn't say so; I left the question entirely to him, and he said nothing.

"In fact, he was engaged in searching himself for credentials, first in one pocket, and then in another; but he found nothing better than a pawn-ticket, which he offered me. 'What's this?' I asked. 'My overcoat,' he said, and I noted that he had borrowed a dollar and a half on it. I did not like that; it seemed to me that he was taking unfair advantage of me, and I said, 'Oh, I think you can get along without your overcoat.' I'm glad to think now that it hadn't begun to snow yet, and that I had no prescience of the blizzard—what the papers fondly called the Baby Blizzard (such a pretty fancy of theirs!) which was to begin the next afternoon, wasn't making the faintest threat from the moonlit sky then. He said, 'It's rather cold,' but I ignored his position. At the same time I gave him a quarter."

"That was magnificent, but it was not political economy," we commented. "You should have held to your irrefutable argument that he could get along without his overcoat. You should have told him that he would not need it on shipboard."

"Well, do you know," our friend said, "I really did tell him something like that, and it didn't seem to convince him, though it made me ashamed. I suppose I was thinking how he could keep close to the reading-room fire, and I did not trouble to realize that he would not be asked to draw up his chair when he came in from looking after the cattle."

"It would have been an idle compliment, anyway," we said. "You can't draw up the reading-room chairs on shipboard; they're riveted down."

"I remembered, afterward. But still I was determined not to take his over-

coat out of pawn, and he must have seen it in my eye. He put back his pawn-ticket, and did not try to produce any other credentials. I had noticed that the ticket did not bear the surname we enjoyed in common; I said to myself that the name of Smith, which it did bear, must be the euphemism of many who didn't wish to identify themselves with their poverty even to a pawnbroker. But I said to him, 'Here!' and I pulled open my table drawer, and took from a small envelope full of English coins, which I had been left stranded with on several returns from Europe; the inhuman stewards had failed to relieve me of them; and as I always vow, when I have got through our customs, that I will never go to Europe again, I had often wondered what I should do with those coins. I now took out the largest and handsomest of them: 'Do you know what that is?' 'Yes,' he said; 'it's two shillings and sixpence—what we call a half-crown.' His promptness restored my faith in him; I saw that he must be what he said; undoubtedly he had been in the penitentiary; very likely our name was the same; an emotion of kinship stirred in my heart. 'Here!' I said, and I handed him the coin; it did not seem so bad as giving him more American money. 'They can change that on the ship for you. I guess you can manage now till Monday,' and my confidence in Providence diffused such a genial warmth through my steam-heated apartment that I forgot all about his overcoat. I wish I could forget about it now."

We felt that we ought to say something to comfort a man who owned his excess of beneficence. "Oh, you mustn't mind giving him so much money. We can't always remember our duty to cut the unfortunate as close as we ought. Another time you will do better. Come! Cheer up!"

Our friend did not seem entirely consoled by our amiability. In fact, he seemed not to notice it. He heaved a great sigh in resuming: "He appeared to think I was hinting that it was time for him to go, for he got up from the lounge where I had thoughtlessly had the decency to make him sit down, and went out into the hall, thanking me as I followed him to the door. I was sorry to



let him go; he had interested me somehow beyond anything particularly appealing in his personality; in fact, his personality was rather null than otherwise, as far as that asserted any claim; such a mere man and brother! Before he put his hand on my door knob a belated curiosity stirred in me, which I tried, as delicately as I could, to appease. 'Was your trouble something about the'—I was going to say the ladies, but that seemed too mawkish, and I boldly outed with—'women?' 'Oh no,' he said, meekly; 'it was just cloth, a piece of cloth.' 'Breaking and entering?' I led on. 'Well, not exactly, but—it came to grand larceny,' and I might have fancied a touch of mounting self-respect in his confession of a considerable offence.

"I didn't know exactly what to say, so I let myself off with a little philosophy: 'Well, you see it didn't pay, exactly.' 'Oh no,' he said, sadly enough, and he went out."

Our friend was silent at this point, and we felt that we ought to improve the occasion in his behalf. "Well, there you lost a great opportunity. You ought to have rubbed it in. You ought to have made him reflect upon the utter folly of his crime. You ought to have made him realize that for a ridiculous value of forty, or fifty, or seventy-five dollars, he had risked the loss of his liberty for two years, and not only his liberty, but his labor, for he had come out of the penitentiary after two years of hard work as destitute as he went in; he had not even the piece of cloth to show for it all. Yes, you lost a great opportunity."

Our friend rose from the dejected posture in which he had been sitting, and blazed out—we have no milder word for it—blazed out in a sort of fiery torrent, which made us recoil: "Yes, I lost that great opportunity, and I lost a greater still. I lost the opportunity of telling that miserable man that thief for thief, and robber for robber, the State which had imprisoned him for two years, and then cast him out again without a cent of pay for the wages he had been earning all that dreadful time, was a worse thief and a worse robber than he! I ought to have told him that in so far as he had been cheated of his wages by the law he was the victim, the martyr

of an atrocious survival of barbarism. Oh, I have thought of it since with shame and sorrow! I was sending him out into the cold that was gathering for the Baby Blizzard without the hope of his overcoat, but since then I have comforted myself by considering how small my crime was compared with that of the State which had thrown him destitute upon the world after the two years' labor it had stolen from him. At the lowest rate of wages for unskilled labor it owed him at least a thousand dollars, or with half subtracted for board and lodging, five hundred. It was his delinquent debtor in that sum, and it had let him loose to prey upon society in my person because it had defrauded him of the money he had earned."

"But, our dear friend!" we entreated, "don't you realize that this theft, this robbery, this fraud, as you call it, was part of the sanative punishment which the State had inflicted upon him?"

"And you don't think two years' prison, two years' slavery, was sanative enough without the denial of his just compensation?"

We perceived that it would be useless to argue with a man in this truculent mood, and we silently forbore to urge that the vision of destitution which the criminal must have before his eyes, advancing hand in hand with liberty to meet him at the end of his term when his prison gates opened into the world which would not feed, or shelter, or clothe, or in anywise employ him, would be a powerful deterrent from future crime, and act as one of the most efficient agencies of virtue which the ingenuity of the law has ever invented. But our silence did not wholly avail us, for our poor misguided friend went on to say:

"Suppose he had a wife and children—he may have had several of both, for all I know—dependent on him, would it have been particularly sanative for them to be deprived of his earnings, too?"

"We cannot answer these sophistries," we were exasperated into replying. "All that we can say is that anything else—anything like what you call justice to the criminal, the prisoner—would disrupt society," and we felt that disrupt was a word which must carry conviction to the densest understanding. It really



appeared to do so in this case, for our friend went away without more words, leaving behind him a manuscript, which we mentally rejected, while seeing our way to use the material in it for the present essay; it is the well-known custom of editors to employ in this way the ideas of rejected contributors.

A few days later we met our friend, and as we strolled beside him in the maniacal hubbub of the New York streets, so favorable to philosophic communion, we said, "Well, have you met your namesake since you came to his rescue against the robber State, or did he really sail on the cattle-steamer, as he said he was going to do?"

Our friend gave a vague, embarrassed laugh. "He didn't sail, exactly, at least not on that particular steamer. The fact is, I have just parted from him at my own door—the outside of it. It appears that the authorities of that particular line wished to take advantage of him, by requiring him to pay down a sum of money as a guarantee of good faith, and that he refused to do so—not having the money, for one reason. I did not understand the situation exactly, but this was not essential to his purpose, which made itself evident through a good deal of irrelevant discourse. Since I had seen him, society had emulated the State in the practice of a truly sanative attitude toward him. At the place where he went to have his half-crown changed into American money they would only give him forty cents for it, but he was afterward assured by an acquaintance that the current rate was sixty cents. In fact, a half-crown is worth a little more."

"Well, what can you expect of money-changers?" we returned, consolingly. "And what is going to become of your unhappy beneficiary now?"

"Why, according to his report, fortune has smiled, or half-smiled, as the novelists say, upon him. He has found a berth on another line of cattle-steamers, where they don't require a deposit as a guarantee of good faith. In fact, the head steward has taken a liking to him, and

he is going out as one of the table-stewards instead of one of the herdsmen; I'm not sure that herdsmen is what they call them."

We laughed sardonically. "And do you believe he is really going?"

Our friend sighed heavily. "Well, I don't believe he's coming back. I only gave him the loose change I had in my pocket, and I don't think it will support him so handsomely to the end of the week that he will wish to call upon me for more."

We were both silent, just as the characters are in a novel till the author can think what to make them say next. Then we asked, "And you still think he had been in the penitentiary?"

"I don't see why he should have said so if he wasn't."

"Well, then," we retorted, bitterly, again like a character in fiction, "you have lost another great opportunity: not a moral opportunity this time, but an æsthetic opportunity. You could have got him to tell you all about his life in prison, and perhaps his whole career leading up to it, and you could have made something interesting of it. You might have written a picaresque novel, or a picaresque short story, anyway."

Our friend allowed, with a mortified air, "It *was* rather a break."

"You threw away the chance of a lifetime. Namesakes who have been in jail don't turn up every day. In his intimate relation to you, he would have opened up, he would have poured out his whole heart to you. Think of the material you have lost."

We thought of it ourselves, and with mounting exasperation. When we reflected that he would probably have put it into his paper, and when we rejected that we could have given so much more color to our essay, we could not endure it. "Well, good day," we said, coldly; "we are going down this way."

Our friend shook hands, lingeringly, absently. Then he came to himself with a mocking laugh. "Well, perhaps he wasn't, after all, what he said."







## Editor's Study

THE Copernican revolution of our views concerning the earth in its relation to the sun and other celestial bodies was not more radical than that which has happened to our modern thought of woman's place and function in the human scheme. She, like the earth, had seemed immovably fixed in one place, while man, the roamer and hunter, the master statesman and artist, magnificently circumscribed her humble and abject station, triumphant in the infinite range of his free motion. Then, as in the case of the earth, it was finally disclosed that the real motion was her own, while that which had all along been attributed to her partner, man, was a splendid illusion.

Notwithstanding the fallacy which lurks in every analogue, there are in this analogy some true intimations as to the range of woman's activities and sympathies. Woman is not "the lesser man," and it is only apparently that man's scope circumscribes hers—that is, in a philosophy of humanity as merely traditional and wholly illusory as was the Ptolemaic astronomy. Reversing obvious appearances, hers is the orbit in any real organic scheme of human life—about man, it may be, and, in its whole course, she constantly turning to him, rejoicing in his light and strength, and held by the bond of attraction, which is mutual, action and reaction being equal. As we thought the earth opaque before our discovery of the sources of radiant energy which are hidden in her bosom, and which are a possible reserve against the diminution of solar light and heat, so we may look upon woman as hiding in her heart unsuspected resources of power and illumination, seeing that she is not man's dependent satellite, but a constantly contributive reinforcement of even his enfeebled or dissipated energies.

In saying of woman that, in any real organic scheme of human life, hers is the orbit, we do not mean that she alone has

motion, or that the scope of it circumscribes that of man's activities. What we mean is that, in the realization of our humanity, she, rather than man, is the initial mover, the leader, determining also the quality and scope of action—all this, indeed, more after a physiological than an astronomical similitude; and in any human scheme the physiological lies next the psychical.

In such a view the course of heredity forbids us to draw a rigid line of distinction between the sexes, since it discloses woman in man's and man in woman's personality. When man acts independently of woman—as he apparently has, during almost the entire period of civilization—the womanly in him has but a perverse showing, and this is true, *vice versa*.

Bounty and all the graces associated with it are womanly. We cannot but think of woman, herself naturally the fountain of nurture, as being, in a peculiar and radical sense, cherished by Nature. The one man whom, if not so ordained, we should choose to be the representative of humanity, compels—not our admiration of what we are accustomed to call distinctively manly characteristics, but our regard of him on the womanly and bountiful side of his nature, as of one not only himself growing in grace and favor, but the source of such growth in human lives—all kinds of nourishment, like the loaves and fishes, increasing under his touch; that regard of him naturally leading up to the impressive sacrament in which the bread and wine become the symbols of his abounding life in the human heart. Thus more and more, by common consent, he is the central figure in the field of Wonder. It is in that field, wholly sequestered from that of manly grandeur, that we behold woman with him.

For see how it had been hitherto, and was still to be, in civilization—in mart, arena, forum, and battle-field, where



purely masculine grandeur is illustrated. The whole course of this civilization was away from Nature—inevitably, since a distinctively human destiny, compact of human experience, was impossible in the old naturalism. The first stages of such a departure involved a bewilderment of faculty and vision, precipitating barbarism, a rude estate in no way resembling that into which savage tribes have degenerated. Among the Barbarians known to the Romans, woman held ostensibly a higher position than in Rome. Progression threw her into the background, because the conquest of natural forces, the strenuous efforts for material betterment, and the conflict with outlying barbarism, were naturally initiated and carried on by the more masterful man.

Seen from our point of vision, history seems to register bewildering images of human errancy, and a large part of contemporary human phenomena is not free from such confusion, when considered in relation to the real issues of life. If, in our clearer and ampler light, we are still struggling for the harmonious realization of humanity, we must admit that in all ages the earnest struggle of noblest souls was toward that realization, however eccentric or even contradictory the course of progression may seem to us, who have, as we verily believe, discovered the true centre of motion. It has all been one continuous movement, in successive renaissances separated by whatever dark abysses. The advance in material and mental progress has always afforded, at critical moments, the permissive conditions of creative evolution as manifested in art, literature, and life. Homer and Plato emerged, each from a civilization just adequate to his appearance, though not accounting for it. If this old order emphasized the external aspects of life and involved much that seems to us vain and mock-majestical, and if the creative imagination in art transcended the plain realities of human life, yet the scheme reflected the earnestness of the human spirit in such manifestation as was at the time possible—in such truth as was visible, and in such ethical ideals as the sense of life could compass.

Masculine as this scheme was in its

outward shaping, woman's part in it, if apparently passive, was more intimately determinative than we imagine or than the annals of history disclose.

In the first place, no man, however eminent in the scheme, could escape heredity—he had a mother; and it has become a formula, which may not express a scientifically demonstrated truth but only a general impression, that sons inherit chiefly from mothers, and daughters from fathers.

The home nurture of even heroism was womanly. In northern races it was so to a greater degree than in the Mediterranean. It is true that home has a meaning for all of a modern man's life—thus expanding the domestic range of womanly influence and inspiration—that it could not have had for men whom every note of aspiration, in youth and maturity, called out-of-doors and away from women; but always in the *pene-tralia* of such family life as there was were the mother and the nurse, and invested with sacred circumstance.

The finer the civilization, the more woman was withdrawn from public life. The Barbarian woman had fuller participation in masculine adventure and enterprise, and was not excluded from the battle-field. But Hellenic maids took part in athletic games; and we may infer that, in spirit at least, they joined their male comrades in more heroic contests. Homer would not have represented Agamemnon as having his daughter Iphigenia with him on his flagship if, in that remote Heroic Age, young women had been held entirely apart from association with martial exploits. Though not competitors for prizes or fame with their brothers in art, statecraft, or war, women have always abundantly stimulated and reinforced their brothers in every field of action and in every department of culture, quietly rejoicing in the whole spectacle, with prompt and ample appreciation of all beauty and excellence. Indeed, but for their meed of praise and admiration, valor and mastery would have lacked both their motive and flavor.

We can picture to ourselves Helen in Priam's house close by the wall of Troy, overlooking the interval between the towered city and the sea, and, while only



a passive spectator, working into her tapestry the fluctuating scenes of Trojan sorties and Greek onset. But she is herself the cause of the war—it is she that has really marshalled these battling hosts. The historic record does not betray woman's passive part, as determinative as Helen's, in many conflicts as critical as the Trojan war; but in art and literature—chiefly in poetry and romance—she has been the central theme. This is the more notable because of her plastic nature—almost like the child's in this quality—averse from strenuous action, without induration of character, unfixed, sudden, and uncertain of purpose, from any logical view, yet the source of charm and wonder, and often the centre of worldly agitations and storms and of the fiercest feuds and rivalries. As if to accentuate her irreconcilability with any theory of her, she abounds in niceties and precise formalities hopelessly beyond masculine imitation or comprehension; yet, in these delicate cosmicities, she loses nothing of her naïvety or of the spontaneous grace and dignity which she, like the child, seems to derive directly from Nature.

It is her plasticity that has developed the nobler qualities of manly strength, for protection of the weak, for tender concern, for disinterested compassion. This quality, even more than the helplessness of infancy, because it lasts through the whole of woman's life, has promoted civilization itself and uplifted it. Woman's protection of her offspring is a natural passion, an instinct. Man's care for woman is a culture. She does not appeal to him by inert helplessness; she creates in him a sense of wonder. Hence man's worshipful regard of woman in all ages. In the older literature about her she is presented in this field of wonder—as wonderfully bountiful, tender, gracious, and as wonderfully terrible. Her potency, like that of all plastic organisms, is immeasurable.

In the later period of ancient literature, and in all periods of the modern, it has not been merely about woman that men have written, but especially to them. Not only was such Greek romantic fiction as we know of addressed to women, but English romances of the Elizabethan age, like those of John Lyly, oftenest

sought ladies' boudoirs, as English poetry always has, in all but its loftiest flights. The rapidly increasing audience of women determined the general course of English eighteenth-century literature. It was a stimulant and a response to Addison and Steele, and the occasion of the society novel as handled by Richardson. Doctor Johnson was never so much at home as in the "assemblies" of women who appreciated current literature and were themselves beginning to take part in its production, as writers of letters, essays, and fiction. Through the nineteenth century and to the present time the influence of women, simply as an audience, in determining the prevailing characteristics and tendencies of literature, has steadily increased, while her active participation in it, especially in fiction, has been, if not the most important, certainly the most distinctive feature of its modern evolution. This influence, as marked in life as it is in literature, has become so potent that it has raised the question—asked by some with apprehension and by others with thoughtful interest—whether our whole human culture is being feminized.

Now, there is no question but that this culture, during the greater part of human history, has, in its external and obvious features, been masculinized, and to such an extent that, following its first intention, civilization would have become intolerable if the hidden processes of feminization had not always, in the ways we have intimated, been going on.

There is this paradox in woman's attitude toward civilization from the beginning—that her nature has always unconsciously and inevitably promoted departure from every position gained in the course of progress, and which apparently she most persistently sought to uphold and maintain. Only from the estate of primitive naturalism she would not, either really or apparently, have sought a departure; and what departures her nature has since promoted have been by way of return to that estate in some new and more exalted form—so that she is as conservative in what new things she unconsciously seeks as in what old things she consciously maintains. In creative evolution hers is the real motion as well as the apparent stability.



Therefore we say that woman has always anticipated modernism, though it is she who has seemed in every past age to be most steadfastly fixed in her appointed place, most reverent of traditional opinion and convention, and most disturbed by any innovation menacing old loyalties, while, on the other hand, it is man who seems to have taken the lead in all revolutions, impatient of the old order and eager for the new, logically forecasting its definite design and masterful in its execution. Her inmost and hidden faith is in the creative powers of human nature for the realization of our humanity—his faith is in a charted plan, reckoning with strenuous deed and abrupt statute, swiftly changing the map of life by arbitrary adjustments, but ignoring the living forces really operative. Here, too, the line of distinction is not one of sex. Often the woman in man waits upon Nature, and the man in woman, as in Charlotte Corday, upon cold calculation made poignant by feminine impulse.

Thus the fabric of human civilization is a blurred web, the patterns in which may not at sight be referred absolutely or exclusively—this to masculine and that to feminine origin. In those periods when men seem to have had all to themselves the stage management of life as well as the chief performance, their mastery must have had a strange fascination for woman, whose sensibility was deepened by her greater plasticity. The earlier and more rugged forms of art, though distinctively masculine, appealed strongly to this sensibility, which forthwith became, perhaps unconsciously, a potent influence upon art itself, affecting its theme and style. In Greek tragedy, though women were neither dramatists nor actors, we seem to feel their influence in the succession of Euripides to Æschylus and Sophocles. We find more of the woman in Shakespeare than in earlier English dramatists. Correspondingly, since women came into their own in fiction, we note the steady growth of

the man in the woman in their themes and artistic methods.

Woman stood for the modernism of every old culture—for its ultimate kindest and most gracious expression. Hard as the old mailed Roman seems to us, crediting the legend of his original she-wolf nurture; battling for an empire to which he was tempted, but which was not the less forced upon him; impelled to, yet compelled by, the large responsibility of world-administration, there was developed in him a softer side of his nature, a gentler growth sheltered by the adamant walls he spent so much of his force in building, a kind of home culture unknown to the Greek. Because his worldly edifice was so hard, it must break, and the corruption has been ascribed to his "effeminacy"—so, with his contempt of his own softness, he would himself have called it; but his decadence diffused radiant light and priceless wealth to the world that, reacting, bore down on all sides against his crumbling ramparts. The breaking of the shell disclosed rare treasures stored by womanly instinct, and it was seen from what flowers was distilled the honey on which Aurelius and Epictetus had fed. Whatever Greek art and philosophy had done for Rome, the Greek was fully compensated; and, long before the decline of the empire, the new humanities of the Christian faith had found much to fitly blend with in the gracious home life created by Roman women. The best of Roman culture was due to its feminization.

The modern feminization of culture, not less through the woman in man than through the woman alongside of him, inevitably follows the acceptance by Christendom—after centuries of perverse contradiction—of the essential principle of the Gospel, which, in the creation of a new humanity, lays stress upon the plastic side of our nature rather than upon that course of structural achievement which illustrates individual and collective pride and ambition.





## The Meddling of Mr. Doty

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

**I** HOLD that of all the meddliest kinds of meddling, the worst kind as is is meddling in love-affairs of people. And if Mr. Doty hadn't been so ready to meddle in the romance of myself and George, then he would have had no regrets. Which he certainly has to-day, and little I care, though I will say for Mrs. Doty that she is as good a hearted woman as ever I cooked for. And I saved her many a dollar on her grocery bills, too, for didn't George begin delivering the groceries to the Dotys when I accepted a position as cook for them?—George being my steady company and the Dotys changing grocers because I told them George's employer was patternized by all the elight.

I never did like Mr. Doty, him being a man what wears eye-glasses on his nose and is cross of mornings. And what call had Mr. Doty to laugh at me because I took the old ribbon he flung off his typewriter machine into the waste-basket, where he always tears his letters up so small nobody can get any sense out of them? Which shows a suspicious disposition, just as developed in another way. But about the ribbon. He had no call to laugh at me for taking that there cast-off ribbon from his waste-basket and trying to trim it on my Sunday hat and getting inedible ink all over my fingers, which it wouldn't wash off of. But as the poetry says, a woman scorned hath a fury like the bad place, and I made biscuits for Mr. Doty with that same inedible ink on my fingers.

However, this is but a prelate to the events that has just closed, and I have give Mrs. Doty my two weeks' notice and accepted Mr. Doty's invitation to regard the two weeks as already past.

George Higgs and me had been keeping steady company off and on for four years. And it was the first evening after I had come to the Dotys that George come to see me, with his hair all fluffed up becoming on his forrud and a silk handkerchief sticking careless like in his breast pocket, with rich perfume on it. That was the first time he ever made any actual advances toward me, indicating that he had serial intentions.

"Miss McNoon," he said, as polite as you could require, "would it be distasteful to you if hereinafter I should address you by your maiden name?"

I appreciated the insignificance of his re-

quest, and acceded to his wish, and after that he always addressed me as "Maggie," though my maiden name really is in full Margaret Jane McNoon. But most men prefers "Maggie" as being more pettish.

Well, to begin with, Mr. Doty began his objectshuns to George almost at once. What he first kicked about was one evening when George and me was standing at the back steps, and George said something funny to me—him being naturally comic—and I



HE HAD NO CALL TO LAUGH AT ME FOR TAKING THAT THERE CAST-OFF RIBBON FROM HIS WASTE-BASKET

laughed heartfully, me forgetting that it was so late at night, and allowing my laughter to emit loudly. Mr. Doty was up-stairs writing as ever and as usual, and he complained that our merry chatter and happy laughter disturbed the training of his



thoughts, or something like that. But George and me and the Dotys got along all right until six weeks and three days ago. They had to smother their opposition to George because the groceries he brought us were the best in the store. Mr. Doty did kick most outrageous about the bills, but I have noticed that when a man kicks good and hard and frees his mind of the wrath that is stored up inside of it that ends the argument for him and he never thinks no more about it.

It was six weeks and three days ago to-day that Mr. Doty begun his unwarrantable meddling in the romance of George and me. George had came as usual the Sunday evening previous and had told me that he had lost his job at the grocery, the boss being a suspicious man and objecting to his stopping every morning and afternoon on his route to talk with me.

So George told me he couldn't get no other job here, him having delivered for all the groceries in this place, and he was going away to St. Louis. He would save his money and build a home, he said, and send for me and we would be joined together in the holy wedlocks of matrimony.

Oh, but that was a sad evening! But finally George tore himself from my loving arms and started forth to win his way in the great world. He talked terrible romantic to me, and borrowed my watch so that he wouldn't miss the right time to go to work when he got to St. Louis. He swore he would write to me every day until I could come there to be married.

Well, I laid awake and cried all that night, and the next day, being wash-day, I had just got to sleep when Mrs. Doty called me and told me Mr. Doty was impashunt because breakfast wasn't ready. But I got a letter from George on Tuesday, him having arrived in St. Louis and got his job, which was much better and easier than the job he was fired off of through his love for me. He gives me his address and told me to write often, but he would be so busy I should not expect many constant letters from him, but he would write every opportunity he had.

I answered his letter at once. I wrote him nineteen pages on both sides, and Heaven knows that is a lot for me to write, being unused to literary pursuit. In reply I got a post-card with a picture of a darky rolling cotton bales on it, and a line saying that George was going to Kansas City, having quit his job. He said he was going to work for a firm which he named in Kansas City.

Mrs. Doty come in to tell me what to fix for lunch and dinner, and she found me weeping, and asked me what was the matter, and I told her. She was that sympathetic I knew she must of had a similar experience some time in her young life.

I heard her telling Mr. Doty about it at dinner that evening, and he, the heartless and suspicious-natured man, laughed glee-fully and told Mrs. Doty that evidently George was handing me a lemon. I, being

in the pantry, could not help listening to him, and I cannot be censured therefor, being as it was my own affairs that he was discussing. He said to Mrs. Doty that George was seeking for other worlds to conquer, and that another romance in the ranks of the common people was shattered.

Mrs. Doty rang the bell for me to bring on the salad at this juncton, and when I come into the dining-room I give Mr. Doty a glance of haughty spurn, but he did not seem affected by it. After I had retired to the pantry again he said:

"If Maggie had any smoothness in her make-up she would have little Georgie, the grocery-boy, playing Romeo at the kitchen window within a month."

"In what way?" asked Mrs. Doty.

"Why," Mr. Doty said, "what Maggie ought to do is to write to this Higgs party of hers and invent a new beau."

"Invent a new one?" Mrs. Doty asked.

"Yes. Write to Higgs and tell him how she misses him, but at the same time drop an innocent hint of some new fellow who is paying her attentions. There's nothing to renew a faded love like jealousy."

"You ought to know," says Mrs. Doty. Heaven bless her for rapping him as she did! Mr. Doty flared right up.

Then they got onto their own love-affairs and dropped mine for the time being. But they got on good terms again and was joking and laughing when I brought on the dessert. Mr. Doty finished his dessert and I brought him another cup of coffee to finish up what the red pepper couldn't do to his stomach, and he lit a cigar and smiled and said to me:

"I understand that George has sought green fields and pastures new."

I hurried out of the dining-room, for my heart was trampled on. I lingered in the pantry and heard Mrs. Doty scolding him and telling him he hadn't ought to make fun of my love-affairs, that love was as sacred to George and me as it was to anybody else.

"I guess it is," Mr. Doty said. "But if she ever gets George back from Kansas City she'll have to get him to guessing."

"I think your idea is splendid," Mrs. Doty said. "I believe I will suggest it to Maggie."

"It will work like a top," Mr. Doty answered. "And it will be good fun."

That night Mrs. Doty came into the kitchen and found me composing a letter to George. I will acknowledge that it seemed to me there was a good deal in what Mr. Doty had said. Of course, I hadn't no reason to believe that George had gone back on me, but a woman doesn't ask for a reason for believing. Though his message had seemingly been a true one, still the female heart can detect symptoms of waning love long before it breaks out, and I have a female heart. I knew George was gone forever as well as to Kansas City if I could not win him back.

"Are you writing to George, Maggie?"



Mrs. Doty asked me, kindly.

I started to respond calmly that I was, but my feelings got the best of me and I had to cry again and tell her I was afraid he didn't love me any more. Then she broke Mr. Doty's idea to me gently, and said it wouldn't do any harm to try it. So I agreed, and she went back upstairs to Mr. Doty and he wrote a few lines I was to work into my letter. They were:

"Of course it is lonesome without you, but the ice company put a new man on the wagon this morning. He is a very handsome man, but of course not as handsome as you are. He stood and talked with me until the ice almost melted this morning. I hope he will not bother me that way much, as it puts me back with my work."

Mrs. Doty said that Mr. Doty said that would be enough to break the ice. So I wrote that in the letter and stamped it and sealed it and gave it to the postman next morning. Well, I got a letter from George. He must of wrote as soon as he got my letter. He wrote kind of peevish, and said he was not taking any notice of other girls, being too busy trying to keep his promise to me, but that there was a girl at one of the places where he delivered groceries that reminded him of me. I read that part of his letter to Mrs. Doty, and I heard her tell Mr. Doty about it at dinner that evening.

"George is beginning to feel the poisoned arrow," Mr. Doty said, with an unfeeling laugh.

I wanted to write to George again that night, but Mrs. Doty said Mr. Doty said for me to wait a day or two. So I waited, and finally he wrote some more for me to put in my next letter. It was:

"I would of answered your letter sooner, but Mr. Jones, who is the new iceman, just insisted on me going to the park with him, and took me there last night. He is not as entertaining as you, and seemed to resent it when I kept talking about you all the time. I believe he is jealous of you. Silly! He hasn't any right to be jealous of anybody. He wants me to go to the theatre with him Saturday night, but I hardly think I will go."

Well, that letter just about ended things. George wrote me in answer to it, and said that evidently I had found some one who was more attractive than he was, and if I wanted to drop him why didn't I say so. I



MY FEELINGS GOT THE BEST OF ME AND I HAD TO TELL HER

was sure I had lost George forever, and I ran up-stairs to show the letter to Mrs. Doty. She was awful sympathetic, and told me not to worry, that Mr. Doty would suggest something. He did. At dinner he asked her:

"Well, did Juliet hear from Romeo?"

"Maggie heard from George, if that is what you mean," Mrs. Doty responded. "Poor girl! She is all broken up. George writes that all is over."

"Aha!" Mr. Doty exclaimed. "The plot thickens! That's just what we want. We will show this Higgs person that he cannot enter our home and trifle with the affections of an innocent and trusting girl. The thing to do now," Mr. Doty went on, "is to pile it on. When George gets Maggie's next letter he'll want to come here and fight the ice trust." And he laughed.

However, at that time I still had faith in Mr. Doty and believing he was working for my true interests with George, and when Mrs. Doty brought me some more Mr. Doty had written for me to put in a letter to George, I took it and wrote it to him as innocent and misguided as a lamb. This time it was:

"I have received your angry letter and am surprised that you should adopt such a tone in your correspondence with me. Simply because you go away to foreign parts and leave me here to suffer in silence and alone, is that any reason why I should deny myself the social gayeties and enjoyments that are the right of every woman? A man who would seek to exercise authority over a girl before he marries her would make a prisoner of her as his wife. George, you are cruel to write such things to me. Mr. Jones, the iceman, is nothing to me, even if he did take me to the theatre, and





IT TOOK BOTH OF THEM TO PUT GEORGE OUT

then come out and go walking with me Sunday afternoon. He says he is going to bring me a poetry-book that has a piece in it that reminds him of me, when he comes to see me this evening. Write soon."

George wrote soon. And he wrote different. Instead of upbraiding me for being a false and heartless creature, as I expected him to do, he wanted to know why I was treating him this way. I couldn't help being effected by the weepiness of his letter, and I had a good cry over it myself.

Mrs. Doty told Mr. Doty about that letter from George, and this time he come into the kitchen and disussed things with me himself.

"We've got him going, Maggie," Mr. Doty said. "Now the trick to turn is to slam it right into him."

I told him dignified that I was not such a lady as would slam a gentleman, and he laughed and said he was speaking paregorically. I excepted his apology and he went on:

"I'll fix up a letter now that will jolt George good and hard, and then I think the affair can safely be left in your hands. After this letter you can tell George anything you like about the iceman, or just say nothing and leave him to guess the worst."

Poor Mrs. Doty! She thinks her husband is the smartest man on earth. Actually, she believed that his advice to me was clever and good. She brought the letter to me, smiling with glee and joy.

"This is the best one yet, Maggie," she said.

Well, I will be fair, and say that if there

had really been an iceman who was my beau and he really had been courting me as hard as that letter made out, I would be married to him to-day.

"Pardon my delay in writing to you," it said, "but I have hardly had a moment I could call my own since I wrote last. Mr. Jones has pestered me to death. I do wish that man would come to his senses and go on about his business. He must be stealing the money he gets for the ice, the way he buys candy and things for me. And Sunday he came here in a beautiful rig and simply wouldn't take no for an answer, but made me go driving with him. He says he knows you, George, and always says the nicest things of you. He wants to know when I hear from you and how often you write to me, and he teased and teased me till I showed him one of your letters—the one where you said all was over between us. My! I got mad at him when he made fun of your handwriting. Just because he has been to night school is no excuse for his bragging, is it? Goodness! it is lonesome without you! I think I would die of lonesomeness if Mr. Jones wasn't here twice a day and almost every night."

Oh, how I suffered for a week after that letter was sent to George! Instead of getting an answer immediate, as Mr. Doty said I would, I got cold and stony silence.

Well, come Sunday evening, I was sitting in the kitchen and trying to make up my mind to write to George and confess Mr. Doty's cruel deceiving of him, when there come a loud knock on the back door, and I went and opened it.

"George!" I screamed, for there he stood.



My! but he strode into the kitchen, brushing a-past me as if I hadn't been anybody. Oh, he was a hero in appearance! He stood in the middle of the kitchen floor and glared all around and then said to me:

"Where is he?"

"Where is who?" I asked.

"Where is your iceman, woman?" he said, clinching his fists.

I was so overcome with joy that I got hysterical and dropped into a chair and begun to laugh and giggle and cry all to once.

"I've come all the way from Kansas City," he said, "to confront you in your perfidiosity, woman. I have come to show you that you cannot play with me as you would like a child with a new toy, to idle with it to-day and east it aside to-morrow!"

"Wait a minute," I said. I went out of the kitchen and asked Mrs. Doty if Mr. Doty would come to the kitchen. I told her George had come.

"Splendid!" she cried.

Mr. Doty come to the kitchen, and was about to speak to George, him knowing him by sight, when I said:

"There is Harry the iceman, George."

"What!" George shouted.

"Ha, ha!" Mr. Doty laughed, but not sarcastic this time. No, no. He laughed kind

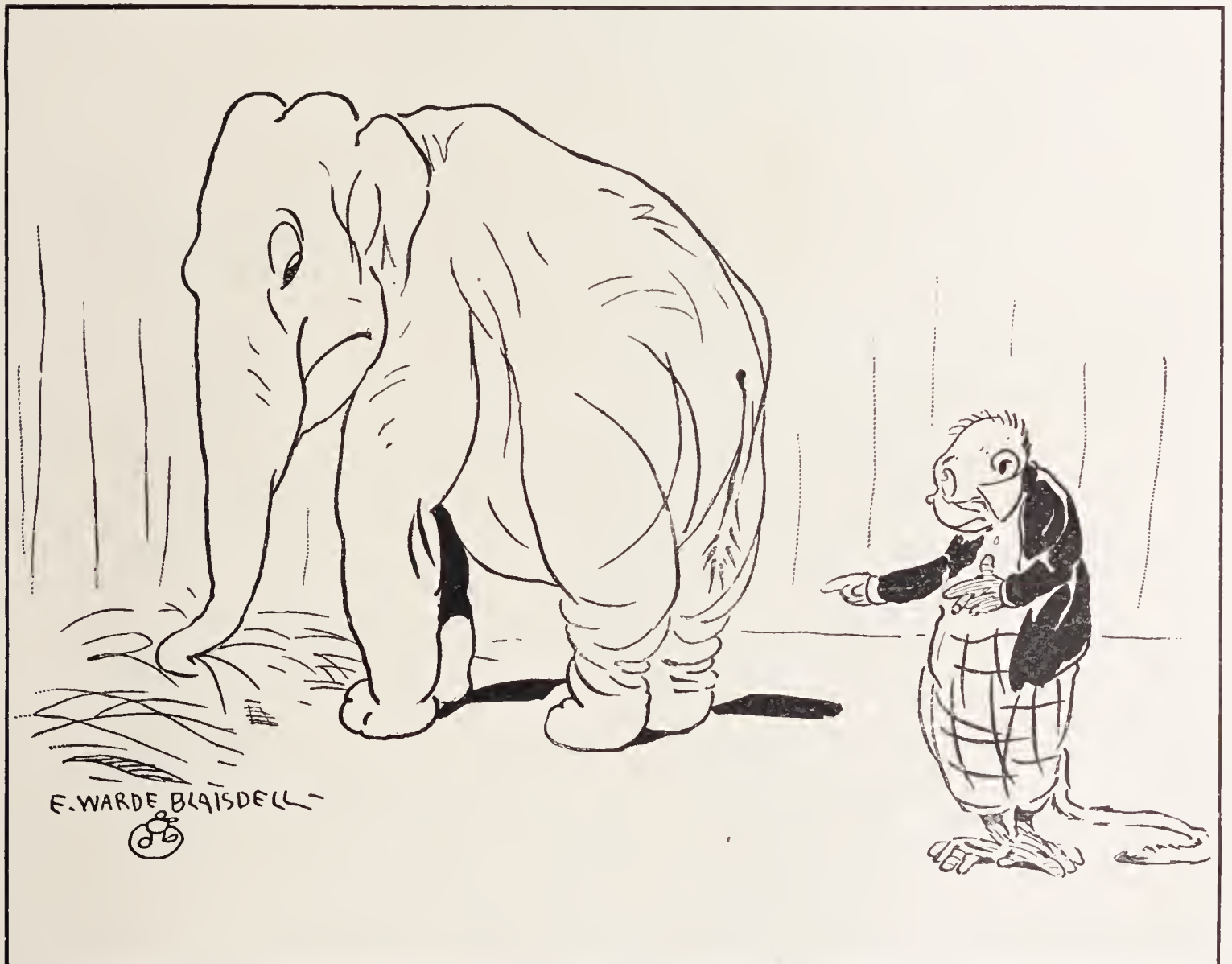
of uncertainly. "Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I see our letters brought you."

"Our letters?" George asked.

Then me and Mrs. Doty both begun at once to tell him all about it, and I cried and Mr. Doty laughed, and George just frowned and said nothing whatever. And then he begun.

"I'd like to know what right you've got to come between this lady and me!" he said to Mr. Doty. George hollered so, and Mr. Doty tried to make him stop, and George kept shaking his fist and daring Mr. Doty to come out as far as the sidewalk, and Mr. Doty ordering George to leave the house, and Mrs. Doty begging Mr. Doty to keep still, and me begging everybody not to kill each other, and realizing that it was me that was the centre of it all. It was all so fast and mixed up that I can't get it straight in my mind yet, but finally Mr. Doty went to the front door and there was a policeman coming up the steps to see who was fighting, and he brought the policeman back to the kitchen, and it took both of them to put George out.

So it is all over and I have quit the Dotys. George was so anxious to come back to see me that he pawned my watch to get the money to buy the ticket, and if that don't prove a devoted heart, what does?



THE MONK. "Pardon me, old man; but your suspenders are broken."



# Accounting of Stock

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

COME here, little girl, come here!  
Your daddy has serious fears  
That no one took care, when combing your hair,  
To see what became of your ears.  
Why, bless me! I shouldn't have said  
There was one on each side of your head!  
But p'raps it is done that way for the fun  
Of hearing two secrets as easy as one!

Come here, little girl, come here!  
Your daddy is anxious to see  
If that nose is in place on the front of your face  
Just where it's intended to be.  
Dear, dear, it's too round at the end!  
But that 'll be easy to mend—  
A little girl's nose grows just where it grows  
So it 'll be easy to pinch, I suppose.

Come here, little girl, come here!  
Your daddy with trouble is tossed.  
It's ages since he has counted to see  
That none of your toes have been lost.  
Thank goodness! There's ten of 'em here—  
There was no occasion for fear.  
But every one knows a little girl's toes  
Should *all* hurry with her wherever she goes.

Come here, little girl, come here!  
And cure your poor daddy's alarms.  
He really can't say, from so far away,  
If you've got the right number of arms.  
What! No more than two? Is that right?  
Let's see if they're fastened in tight.  
But two isn't bad—and I'm specially glad  
They're so well adjusted for hugging your dad!



The Winged Age

BEGGAR. "Please, sir, will you help a poor woman who has lost both her wings?"



### On Time

AT the railway station in a small town, a solitary traveller was waiting for the day's only train. Train-time came and went, but no train. He went over to the station-master, an old ducky: "Say, when does to-day's train get in here, anyway?"

"Oh, dat train won't be in for a long time yet."

In a few minutes, however, a train was seen crawling toward the station. "There comes the train now!" exclaimed the traveller, exultantly, to the ducky. "Seems to me you don't know your business, if I'm not mistaken."

"Say, mister," replied the ducky, "I reckon you's a perfect stranger around here. Dat's yesterday's train, dat is. To-day's train won't be in till to-morrow."

### An Inward Conviction

TOMMY, having disposed of three helpings of sausages and doughnuts, sat mournfully regarding his empty plate.

Observing his pensive expression. Aunt Sarah kindly asked. "Tommy, won't you have some more doughnuts?"

"No'm!" the poor lad replied, with feeling emphasis, "I don't want them I got now!"

### Reincarnated

THE professor, in his lecture on *King Lear*, had just finished discussing at some length the unaccountable disappearance of a Fool from the play's action; and in leaving the discussion he had given it for his opinion that the point in question would have to remain unaccounted for.

"Are there any questions before we go on?" he asked.

A sleepy-eyed occupant of one of the rear seats raised his head at the note of interrogation:

"Yes, professor," he answered; "I'd like to know what became of the Fool."

A fleeting smile crossed the professor's face and he resumed his lecture.



THIS morning when I came to play  
The waves were big and high;  
They chased me when I ran away,  
And laughed, and so did I.

But night is coming now, and so  
The little waves just sigh  
And whisper, for I think they know  
It's time to go by-bye.

And out there where the water's deep  
And reaches to the sky,  
The great big waves have gone to sleep,  
I guess, and so must I.

MARGUERITE DOWNING.

### Glad to See Him

A BOSTON father, the past summer, sent his boy Reginald and his three sisters to visit a relative in Maine. Though it was understood the visit was to consume three weeks, their stay lengthened to two months.

"Well," asked the father, upon the return of his offspring, "was your uncle William glad to see you?"

"Was he?" reiterated the eldest boy, as though surprised by the query. "Why, dad, he asked me why we didn't bring you, mother, the cook, the maid, and the dog!"



## Preparedness

THERE'S "company" for dinner, 's w'y  
I musn't hurt my new blue tie—  
We're goin' to have *three* kinds of pie!  
'Cause "company's" for dinner.

I'm watchin'—that helps Gram'ma bes',  
'Long's I don't call, "That's them, I  
guess!"  
'Fore she's got time to change her dress,  
'Cause "company's" for dinner.

Th' pantry's full of choc'late cake,  
Th' oven's full of things you bake—  
An' Gram'ma knows lots more to make  
W'en "company's" for dinner.

Th' big "spare room" was clean before,  
But Gram'ma dusted it some more  
An' made th' broom go roun' th' floor,  
'Cause "company's" for dinner.

My Gram'pa's raked up all th' leaves—  
That's w'y he says as how he "b'lieves  
He'll rest a spell in his shirt-sleeves—  
If 'comp'ny' is for dinner."

My hands is all scrubbed clean with soap,  
An' Gram'ma says at she "does hope  
'At she won't hear no boy say 'Nope,'  
W'en 'company's' for dinner."

My Gram'pa thinks "it ain't no way  
For folks to 'drop a line to say  
They 'spect to take a run—an' *may*  
Drop in on us for dinner."

MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS.



## A Gentleman

"It's pretty slippery, grandma. P'rhaps  
you'd better take my arm."

## Just Like Spaghetti

MARJORIE, aged six, was speculatively  
examining the noodles in her soup.  
"Mother," she asked, "what are noodles  
made of?"

Dorothy, aged eight,  
bursting with knowl-  
edge, laughed scorn-  
fully. "I know," she  
volunteered. "They're  
not made at all, you  
silly goose; they *grow*  
—just like spaghetti!"

## He Knew

THE pastor of a  
church in Harris-  
burg, Pennsylvania,  
was questioning a boy  
pupil of the Sunday-  
school.

The lad answered  
greatly to the satisfac-  
tion of the good man;  
but, finally, the latter  
was stumped when the  
youngster made his  
last reply.

"What command-  
ment, my son, did  
Adam break when he  
ate the apple?" asked  
the pastor.

"Please, sir," re-  
turned the boy, "there  
were no command-  
ments at that time."



## Scientific Scruples

"Before I let you cross the bridge, you'll have to kiss me,  
Mary."

"Indeed, I will do no such thing—it isn't sanitary!"









*Painting by Howard Pyle*

Illustration for "An Initial Letter"

THE WHOLE WORLD GOES AFIELD TO-DAY



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXX

APRIL, 1910

No. DCCXIX

## A Woman in the Pennsylvania Silk-Mills

THE CONSERVATION OF OUR YOUNG WOMANHOOD

BY FLORENCE LUCAS SANVILLE

Executive Secretary of the Consumers' League of Philadelphia



"**H**ERE, let me tie yer skirt—y'll git it ca'at! Gim me yer hat—I'll put it where it won't git no dirt—hain't it a pretty one, though?"

Such was my reception at a mill reputed to employ the roughest girls of

a large Pennsylvania town—girls whose treatment of the well-intentioned charitable visitor, and whose abuse of passing strangers at the noon hour, had formed the topic of some very vivid tales recounted for my benefit by one of these well-meaning visitors. I was a green hand there, and of necessity I absorbed the time and tried the patience of the "learner" assigned to me; my manner was somewhat different and my speech very different from the speech and manner of the central Pennsylvania girls among whom I worked. But, as a stranger, it seems that all help and courtesy possible were due to me, and they were given.

I was present as a worker in the mill. It was with the twofold object of seeing industrial conditions as they actually are, and of meeting on a natural and easy footing the girls who are subject to these

conditions, that I undertook this work with Miss Fanny Cochran, a director of the Consumers' League of Philadelphia, of which I am the secretary.

We chose to confine our efforts to a single industry—that of silk manufacture—not because of any preconceived idea that, as an industry, it fosters any special evils, but because it happens to be a characteristic industry of Pennsylvania, especially engaging the labor of young girls and women.

For a month we travelled from end to end of the long, narrow anthracite coal-belt, in the track of which the silk industry has persistently followed. Here in the shadow of the gaunt coal-breakers have been planted the silk-mills, which employ the sisters of the breaker-boys—the young daughters of the miners. All through the coal-fields we worked in every mill where a job was obtainable, remaining only long enough to receive an impression of the girls and the conditions surrounding them, living with them when and where we could, and then dropping our job and picking up one in the next community that offered. We did this in order to get a broader impression of the situation, to see all varieties of mills—good and bad—so that our point of view and our conclusions might be fairer. Then, when we felt that there was no danger of our making too hasty a generalization, we settled in what seemed to



be a typical mining-town, obtained board in the family of one of the girls in the mill where we worked, and for another month we lived with her, met her friends, and joined in her recreations when the day's work was over.

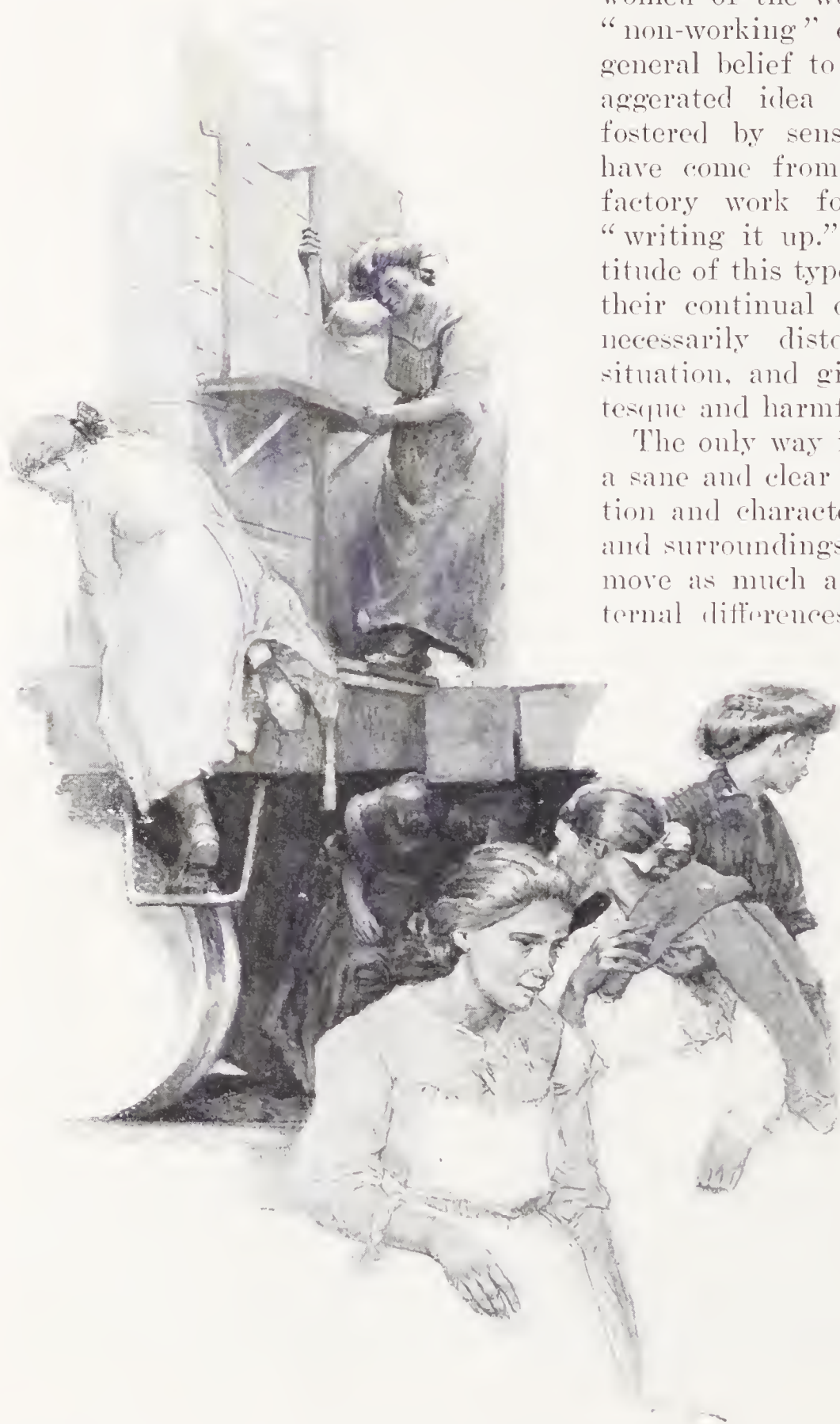
Looking for work was not a difficult process, except that on account of the general business depression "jobs" were scarce. The obstacle which we had been led to fear as most serious proved to be no obstacle at all. I refer to the attitude

adopted by superintendents and workers toward us. With ordinary care in choosing suitable clothes and language, the exaggerated chasm which is supposed to separate a college-trained woman from a factory-bred one shrank out of sight.

The opening incident in this paper is indicative of the almost universal attitude of our fellow workers toward us. And before giving other instances of the manner in which they receive strangers, I feel impelled to emphasize again the essential similarity which exists between women of the working and the so-called "non-working" class, in spite of a very general belief to the contrary. This exaggerated idea of difference has been fostered by sensational accounts which have come from people who have done factory work for the sole purpose of "writing it up." The self-conscious attitude of this type of "investigators," and their continual desire to note contrasts, necessarily distort their view of the situation, and give to the public a grotesque and harmfully untrue picture.

The only way in which one can receive a sane and clear impression of the condition and character of people whose work and surroundings are unfamiliar is to remove as much as possible any small external differences, and then to be absolutely one's self.

No confidence can be won in any other way. The people we met were much less given to questioning and doubting than is generally believed; the element of "queerness" in a stranger was rather more alluring to them than repellent. But any attempt to act a part creates a false note and a distrust which are fatal to any true feeling of friendliness and confidence. While I was working at a winding or doubling frame, I was as much myself as when I sit here writing.



ON THE WAY TO THE FACTORY





A MOMENT OF CONVERSATION DURING THE FOREMAN'S ABSENCE

In my comparatively short stay among these workers the opportunity for making friendships occurred more frequently than in any other equal length of time that I have spent among strangers. A young Hungarian girl in a mill near Scranton invited me, after two days of work by her side, to take a walk the following Saturday afternoon, so that she could show me some "lovely waterfalls," and she asked me to "bring my friend from the other mill." This was followed by a picnic together on Independence Day, and a visit to her home. When we parted she said cordially: "Perhaps you are lonely sometimes. Come and see us any Sunday or every Sunday." Since my return to Philadelphia, I have received a letter from her in answer to a note I wrote, explaining that I had been called home. Here are some extracts, transcribed exactly:

DEAR FLORENCE:

I was very glad to get your letter I thought you was sick or to tired to come to work.

The silk mill workers are out on strike on account of the foreladies and they threw rotten eggs and oranges at the foreladies and Mr. J—. You missed a fine scene.

Are you glad to be back home again

There's no place like home where ever it is or how poor it may be. I am Very Sleepy so here is a good-bye.

Ever your friend

E—— M——

In another mill an Irish girl, directly across my doubling-frame, constituted herself my guardian on the second day of my work there. She was apparently impressed with something in my appearance, for several times she inquired with interest whether I liked factory work. Early the next day she called across to me: "Florence, wouldn't you rather work out than work in a mill? I got a grand place for you in a swell family if y'd like it." When I declined the offer, her next concern was to secure me a beau. She asked me if "I had a feller" in P—, where I was living, and when I confessed that I had not, she inquired, "Wouldn't yer like some one to come see yer Sundays? I got some dandy brothers." At this juncture the factory mechanic—a good-looking young man—came past to repair some machinery. Annie caught sight of him. "Oh, there's Tom—he's a dandy, y'd like him! Hey—Tom! Here's Florence Sullivan wants you to come see her Sundays. Come here!" And Tom came, rather unwillingly I thought, and



was properly presented. But he did not appear that week; and on the following Sunday I had left the town.

In the mill with the unenviable reputation, where the girls protected my skirt and hat with so much solicitude, I was taken in hand at noon of the first day and introduced to the "lunch-room"—a pile of empty spool boxes on the floor of the spinning-room, which reeked of ill-smelling raw silk. The girls all told me their names and were cordial in their interest—expressing it by the usual questions: "Well, how do yer like it?" "Think y'll stay?"

As six o'clock drew near I was warned to be ready to start at the sound of the whistle, as I had only time to catch my car, which ran on a half-hour schedule. When the whistle did blow, I was shoved along by at least a couple of pairs of hands, and when I had reached the top of the hill, on which were the car tracks, I turned and saw three girls toiling after me. "I guess the car won't come for five minutes yet," they remarked as they sat down on the curb, after five hours of uninterrupted standing. I imagined they were waiting to board the same car. But I found they had waited to see me on safely; and they helped me in with friendly "good-byes" and "I'll see you to-morrow."

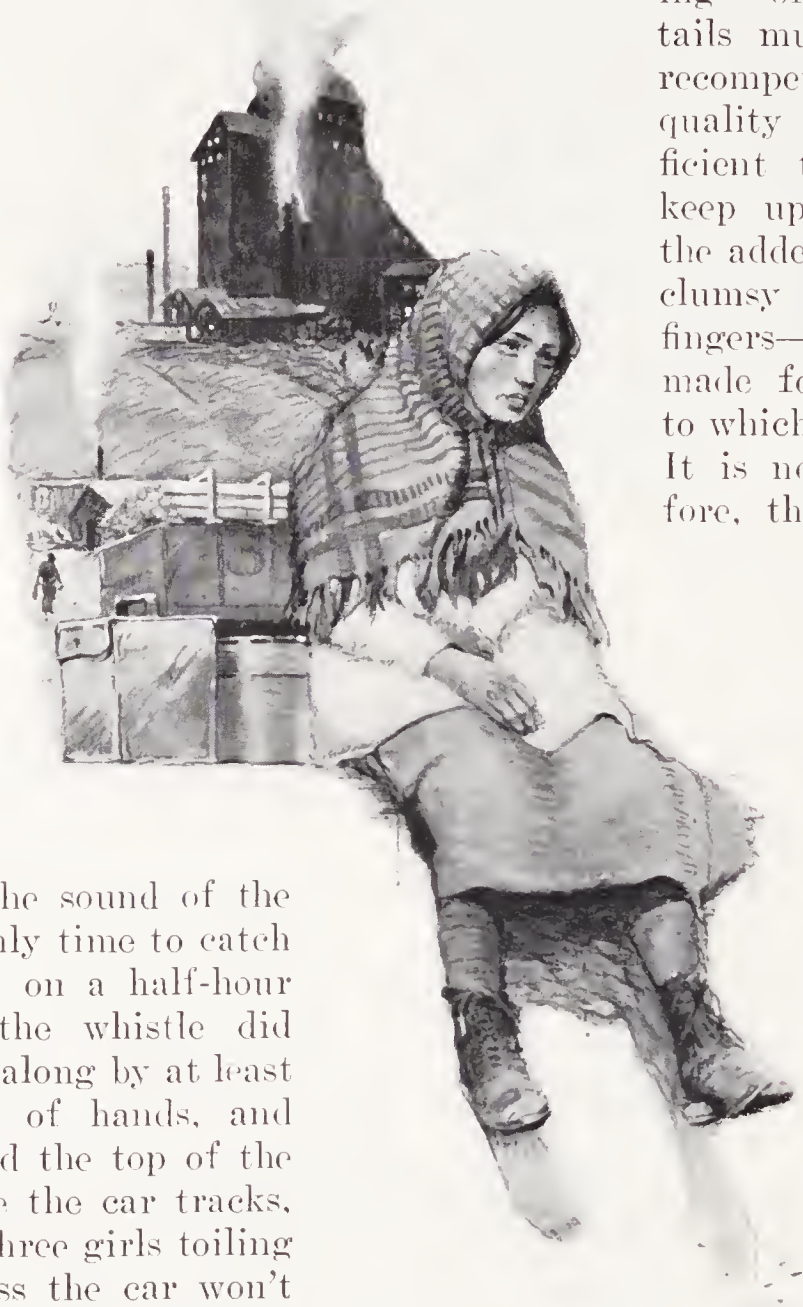
These were the girls who "insulted and stoned visitors." They were untidy in their dress, uncouth in their language, but I have given this experience in detail in order to show what was truly in their hearts toward a stranger among them—one at a disadvantage, because inexperienced and in unfamiliar surroundings.

And even with this detail I cannot indicate all the acts of kindness, the interest and helpfulness which they showered upon me. So little can the outsider judge!

That this spirit of kindness ever extended to our "learners" is the more remarkable. The teaching or, in the vernacular, "learning" of a green hand entails much trouble and no recompense. With a poor quality of silk it is sufficient task for a girl to keep up her ends, without the added burden of guiding clumsy and unaccustomed fingers—and no allowance is made for the interruptions to which the work is subject. It is not surprising, therefore, that at times I have

found my "learners" sulky and uncommunicative; but whenever this has been the case, some other girl in the same or an adjacent corridor has come to my rescue. I recall most vividly a sulky young Hungarian girl who stolidly avoided showing me the required presses—except when the "forelady" was looking; and then

when, through lack of knowledge, I had made a rather serious blunder, snatched the bobbin from my hands, exclaiming, "My God, but you'll git an awful scold for that!" A pretty Italian girl, working on the opposite side of the corridor, drew me aside and said: "Never mind. I'll show you. Annie don't mean nothin', but she likes to git through quick. She forgits she didn't know nothin' at first, neither." And for the rest of the day I was her self-appointed pupil—when the forelady was absent.



THE LUNCH GIRL





RETURNING TO WORK AFTER THE MIDDAY MEAL

There are certain definite factors which determine the conditions to which a girl is subject while at work. These are chiefly her hours, the physical demands of her work, and her environment in the factory.

The length of a factory girl's work-day varies from a legal limit of eight hours in one or two advanced States to ten, eleven, or twelve in less enlightened communities; and in some States where the law still fails to protect its women from industrial exploitation the hours are regulated only by the needs of the industry.

In Pennsylvania, the State which I have studied most closely, the law prescribes a limit of twelve hours daily and sixty hours weekly for women over eighteen; for girls under that age the law since January 1, 1910, restricts this further to fifty-eight hours a week and an average of ten hours a day. In the larger cities of this State the tendency has been toward a ten-hour day in industries where there is a sufficient organized demand among the workers to make itself felt. But in the factories scattered through the villages and small mining-towns, in which great numbers of young girls are employed—such as are established by the silk industry—I found in a period of industrial depression that over half of the mills were working ten and a half to eleven hours a day. It was especially interesting to discover that,

with one or two exceptions, all the ten-hour mills were situated in the zone which had been affected by a successful strike in 1907; and in many of these factories we were told jubilantly by the girls that "they used to work sixty hours, but it had been shortened to fifty-five."

Eleven hours of work a day means entering the factory at 6.45 in the morning and leaving at 6.15 at night, with a half-hour at midday. During a large part of the year it means that for day after day the sun does not shine upon these hosts of working women and children, as they come in the chill of the early morning and return in the dusk of the evening.

The work which fills these crawling minutes is not absorbing—is not even interesting; but the few people who are disposed to consider the dismal tone which colors a life made up of such days, generally recover their equanimity by the comfortable thought, "But, after all, they don't mind it—they're used to it."

Now, if my two summers as a silk-mill worker have taught me anything, it has taught me the fallacy of this statement. The appalling monotony of the day was not the subject of conversation—it was not even directly referred to that I can recall. But countless little incidents





AN OUT-OF-DOOR LUNCHEON IN SUMMER-TIME

were significant of the attitude of the workers. One of these occurred on my first day of work. As the minutes of the morning wore interminably on, a young girl came up to me, her face beaming its good news. "Eleven o'clock—only an hour more!" Then, a few minutes later, crestfallen and downcast, she returned to say, "Aw—I looked wrong—it's only ten!" The disappointment in her voice cut painfully; all the dull fatigue, the sickening weariness of her unspoken revolt, were in it.

In fact, I found that the passage of the

time becomes the most absorbing question of the day about an hour after work has commenced. In mills where the employer failed to provide a clock I quickly found that, as the discovered possessor of a watch, my life became a burden. If I passed down the room for a drink of water at the sink, I ran the gauntlet of a continuous volley of questions—"What's the time, please?" "Let's see your watch"; while the operation of drinking from the broken glass was made more difficult by the little group of questioners who besieged me. The second day I found it hard not to be impatient, despite the wistful questions and answering expressions of pleasure or disappointment at my reply; the third day in self-defence I left my watch at home—although my penalty was to share the prevailing ignorance of how the day was passing.

The evils of prolonged hours of labor for growing girls are intensified when this labor is performed at night. Night work after a given hour is prohibited by law for all women in certain industries in a few States: Massachusetts, for instance, requires that no woman shall work in a textile factory after 6 p.m. Other States protect all girls up to a certain age from any night employment—as in Ohio, where no girl under eighteen years of age is allowed to work after 6 p.m. Many States have no restrictive legislation on this subject. Pennsylvania, four years ago, forbade all children under sixteen, with the exception of boys in certain kinds of





WORKING AT THE WINDING-FRAME

occupation, to work for wages after 9 P.M., and the Legislature of 1909 has included all girls below eighteen years in this protected class. But this law, which sounds so well on paper, has up to the present proved but a lame one on account of the loose requirements of the age certificates; how lame Miss Cochran and I saw most clearly on the evening when we first applied for work on the night shift.

As we went into the factory our passage was blocked by a return stream of girls, and the announcement that "the boiler was burst, and there was no work that night." In the outpouring throng, jubilant at their release, were so many short skirts that it might well have been a group of schoolgirls, dismissed late by their teacher. We naturally fell in with the girls whose way led in the same direction as ours, and we walked down the railroad track together.

"Yer never worked nights, did yer?" was the first question put to us. We confessed not. "Y'll git more fer it—but it's terrible hard." I asked about the

hours and found that they were from 6.30 in the evening until 6 in the morning, with a half-hour at midnight. "They keep the doors locked so that no one can't git out—they didn't used ter."

A few of the girls left the track to cut across a near-by lot. "We're goin' to git blueberries afore it gits dark," they called out as they went away.

"I 'most always go berryin' when I leave the mill in the mornin's," one of our companions vouchsafed to us.

"But aren't you too sleepy?" Miss Cochran asked.

"Oh no—I can't sleep none when I leave the mill. I go to bed after dinner, when I've helped my ma some."

"It's not so bad at nights when you gits used to it," another encouraged us. "When yer ends is all up the boss lets you lie on the floor and go to sleep. 'Most all of the girls takes a nap about three o'clock, and he don't say nuthin'."

But as I looked at the white young face with the blue shadows beneath the eyes I remembered the warning which other girls had given us against work





A BIT OF GOSSIP AMONG THE NIGHT-WORKERS

at night. "Yer git all blue under the eyes," they told us.

Finally all our escort had dispersed except Lena R——, a thin-shouldered, anæmic-looking girl, with a sweet, bright face. She looked so young that I asked her age. "I'll be fourteen in the winter," she replied, and added that she had been doing night work since she was eleven.

"Gee—but I didn't think I'd be so lucky to-night; Monday's always the worst night to keep awake."

"I hate—*hate* the mill," the child exclaimed, hotly. "I never did no work till my pa got killed in the mine three years ago."

In Pennsylvania the factories which employ women at night have, with the growth of public sentiment in the matter, become comparatively rare; and with the more stringent new law, which is already in operation, the young girls will be far more carefully protected. But many States have neither public sentiment nor

legislation on the subject; and in them the cases of disaster and ruin worked to a human life would, were the toll ever taken, prove appalling.

One of the most striking evils in the physical environment of women in the factories is the lack of seats, due sometimes to simple oversight, at other times to a definite and most erring—as well as inhuman—policy on the part of an employer, begotten by an idea that the right to sit down encourages slow work and laziness. As a result of one of these two reasons, so very few mills as to be an almost negligible quantity provide the seats which are required by the Pennsylvania law. In other factories, while no seats of any kind are visible, there is no rule against sitting down if anything to sit on can be improvised. In the first mill where I worked I was fortunate in being placed near the wall close to a low and rather broad window-sill, which, though slanting, served as a resting-place if one could find a piece of frame against which to brace the feet. In other places, however, we found no such convenient piece of architecture. When the point of utter exhaustion was reached, a girl sometimes stopped the last two wheels in order to take what rest she could on the narrow wooden rim that guarded the wheels. When a girl was so worn out that this poor substitute for a seat could not suffice, she was forced to sit on the floor for a few minutes, in spite of her dislike at adopting so conspicuous a measure. There are many mills, however, in which sitting was absolutely forbidden; in which a rest in the course of an eleven-hour day could be obtained only at the risk of being caught by the foreman and told roughly to "get up and watch out for ends."



SNATCHING A GLIMPSE AT THE WORLD OUTSIDE



The harmful effect of continuous standing, upon young and growing girls, is too well established a fact to require any elaboration. In addition to the permanent ill effects, much immediate and unnecessary suffering, especially in hot weather, is inflicted by the prohibition of sitting. I could always detect the existence of this rule by a glance at the stocking-feet of the workers, and at the rows of discarded shoes beneath the frames. For after a few hours the strain upon the swollen feet becomes intolerable, and one girl after another discards her shoes.

The universally adopted remedy for the effect of this prolonged standing seems to be a foot-bath of salt and water at night. And I vividly recall the sight presented one evening when we called at the home of a fellow worker to see about securing board. The front door opened into the little living-room. And there in a corner, with both feet in a basin of water, sat Viola, the tears of pain streaming down her face. Immediately after our entrance there was a knock at the kitchen door, and a man's voice called out: "Hello, Vi! Can I come in?"

Viola called out "No!" Then appealed to her protesting mother in agonized confusion. "They hurt too much—Ma! I can't see him to-night," she groaned. And the best young man was turned away.

Another harsh and very common practice of employers is to cover the lower sashes of the windows with paint, and to fasten them so that they cannot be raised in hot weather. This is done so that the girls "don't waste time looking out." The utter fallacy of this policy was made as clearly evident to me as was the rule against sitting down. In the factories of my acquaintance where these rules are not imposed, I have never seen their absence taken advantage of. On the contrary, I have noticed that the girls have an object in getting their work under way—so that they may win the reward of a few minutes' rest. And the keen consciousness which the workers possess of their employer's attitude toward them, as expressed in occasional seats and raised windows, works wholly for his interests—not against them.

The harshness of these unnecessary

rules is often counterbalanced by a most amazing lack of regulation in another direction. Most striking is the utter absence of attempt to save labor by requiring the girls to observe some regard for cleanliness in their habits. The factory floor, at the end of the dinner period, both looks like and savors of the refuse heap. With perfect freedom each girl sweeps from her lap to the floor all the remnants of bread, cheese, fruit, meat or old paper that are left from her luncheon; and the returning stream of workers, when the afternoon whistle blows, walks over and through this unsightly and malodorous mess, which remains there until about two o'clock. Then two little bobbin-girls come along with brooms, and sweep the floor as clean as is possible with the machinery in motion and the floor well occupied with workers. Thus the sanction of the employer is tacitly given to these careless, dirty habits. The simple idea of providing a covered can, and requiring all refuse to be thrown into it, seems to have occurred to very few employers; such a regulation would be far more comprehensible, and therefore much better observed, than the illegal rule against sitting. It would assist materially in the cleansing of the factory, and would have a very definite reaction upon the general efficiency of the girls—who cannot be expected to be untidy and slovenly at one moment and skilled, careful workers at the next. I can conceive of nothing more brutalizing than this combination of harsh oppression and ill-judged license, added to the unspeakable sanitation and the lack of the most ordinary elements of privacy and decency which characterize some factories.

I have implied that the eating of the midday meal is a very haphazard operation. Only in the rarest cases is a separate lunch-room provided—in a study of thirty-two factories in a single industry we found just two that did so. The dinner "hour" is almost universally a half-hour, so that only the few girls who live practically at the factory door are enabled to go home. Those who are left have at their disposal within the mill a seat on the oily floor, or on a bobbin-tray, in a room which often reeks of ill-smelling raw material. In the summer it is possible to go out-of-doors—and where



the location of the factory makes it practicable, this is the general rule. But sometimes this wholesome alternative is not offered.

I recall one factory, situated on a bed of fine coal-dust, between two railroad tracks. The sole choice lay between a seat on the coal-heap in the blaze of the sun or on the oily floor of the mill, in an atmosphere where the noise of the machinery gave no possibility of rest. Some of my most vivid and painful recollections of the noon hour call up pictures of weary figures crouched on a heap of spools, their heads sunk between their hands, as if to shut out the clatter of the machinery—on account of the short lunch period, some factories keep their machinery in motion, instead of shutting it down—their shoeless feet on a floor strewn with the remains of their own and other luncheons.

It would be grossly unfair were I to indicate that every mill in which we worked, or with which we came in contact, was characterized by such brutal indifference on the part of the management. In some factories the girls spoke with enthusiasm of the generosity and consideration of their employers. And one mill which we visited in an effort to obtain work was not only spotlessly clean, but was even brightened by pots of growing plants and great bunches of mountain laurel placed throughout the work-rooms.

No factory can be required by statute to be a place of cheer and beauty to those whose waking hours are almost wholly spent within its confines. This must be left to the conscience of an individual employer. But every mill can and should be required, by an impartially enforced law, to provide the common decencies and necessities of cleanliness for those who are thus completely under its influence.

Although it would be too sweeping a statement to affirm that evil factory conditions and a lower type of worker always went hand in hand, I can state, without hesitation, that there was a distinct tendency in this direction. Usually, however, the uncleanness of an ill-kept mill is accentuated by the careless untidiness of its employees. This is, no doubt, the result of a certain interaction of cause and effect between the place and the workers. In some mills which employed a large

proportion of foreign help, the homes of the girls are untidy and poorly conducted. Small wonder that these girls, with little aid from their home environment, accept and accentuate the dirt and untidiness which they find about them in their working hours. And these girls, these hundreds of future home-makers, are with us to stay; themselves to provide American homes for a future native-born population.

The true moral tone of a mill is a subtle and less apparent element, usually very difficult to ascertain. The too-prevalent opinion, which attributes a lower standard of morals to factory girls than to their sister workers in stores and offices, has no foundation in fact. The uncouth conduct and profane language of the girls in an ill-regulated factory do not necessarily indicate a lower morality. This is determined rather more by the home and the social opportunities of the community in which a girl lives. Qualifying this, also, is the individuality which characterizes each worker in a factory, just as surely as it differentiates the pupils in a school. A factory may be well or ill regulated, a school may be progressive, fashionable, or conservative; but the girls in either have their own personalities. The mental habit of brooding upon "the" factory-girl as a problem represented by a single uncouth type of being is as erring as one which would attempt to ascribe any one set of attributes to "the" schoolgirl.

The snatches of conversation that one hears, during the foreman's absence, under the noise of the machinery, are naturally limited by the narrow opportunities which have fallen to the lot of these young toilers of a sordid mining-town. The talk is largely concerned with the question of "fellers," and the favorite picnic pavilion. But engage them on another topic, tell them you are from the city, they are alive with interest. And I remember the ripple of astonishment that ran along the "doubling" frames among which I was working on the morning of July 2d, when one of the girls stole across the room with the news that "Jennie had just asked why the Fourth of July was a holiday!" And then my opposite neighbor, prompted by association of ideas, immediately asked me, "Do you





*Drawn by F. E. Schoonover*

THE SILK-MILLS AT NIGHT







know how many Presidents the United States has had?" To which query I was fortunate enough to guess twenty-seven, and thus acquire new merit in her eyes.

In their clothes, also, the girls in the same mill often vary greatly. Some are slovenly and ragged, some are careful and clean in their dress. All display a devouring love of flowers, and will wear one in the hair or cherish it for days in a glass of water—an object of continuous pleasure, and expressions of envy on the part of the near-by girls.

In all this work I was most keenly impressed with the impossibility of any outside person's really knowing the girls and their various needs. To the student of social economics, to the employer, foreman, or philanthropist, the girls present a very different aspect from the one which they present to one who works by their side when the foreman's back is turned and who lives with them. Hence, all lasting betterment of their condition must eventually come from themselves. Outsiders may suggest and help, but they cannot carry the work to completion.

It is true that some of the most difficult problems which surround the lives of wage-earning women are unrecognized by the great majority of them. In the initial stage of waking them up to these needs, and presenting possibilities, the outsider—with her fuller opportunities and wider outlook—is invaluable. But the development of these possibilities lies with the girls themselves.

There are, however, certain shortcomings, usually external in character—although with a definite reaction upon the girls themselves—which they do recognize, and which, in abortive and spasmodic efforts, they sometimes seek to remedy. The strike described in the letter which I have already quoted from took place in a mill where the general policy of the employer was one of oppression and neglect. The girls in that mill realized certain facts—that wages were not commensurate with increased efficiency; that they were not allowed to sit down; that the sanitation was unspeakable, the foreman brutal, the employer grasping. The method they employed to remedy these evils was an unintelligent, misdirected expenditure of energy. Once

in recent years have the girls within a certain area of this industry acted with intelligent direction. This was when the employees of perhaps a dozen mills were organized sufficiently to strike together against overwork and underpay. They gained their end—and immediately the organization fell apart. A few definite, material wants, therefore, they recognize. But they have not discerned the more essential facts behind these external conditions.

These are, first, that they regard their work merely as a stop-gap until marriage shall rescue them from it; second, that their period of employment began so early in life that they had no opportunity to receive the education which would make such a regard less probable; third, that there is no united or intelligently directed action among them, and very little ability to pull together to bring about a better state of affairs; fourth, that the cheapness of their labor, as compared with that of men, is an accepted fact, largely due to these causes; fifth, that there is a distinct reaction of the physical and moral untidiness of a factory upon those subject to its influence, and that it is their right to demand from their employer, as well as their duty to contribute toward, fit and decent surroundings for work.

It follows that the industries which employ most women are usually those affording cheap and unskilled varieties of work. In these industries the process whereby women are displacing men advances rapidly toward completion. This has been expressed concretely by the United States Census, which showed at its last taking, in 1900, that the number of women workers in the United States had increased thirty-seven per cent. in the preceding decade; and that where in 1880 one woman in six had been a breadwinner, in 1890 one woman in every five earned her own living. In certain small industrial settlements practically the whole young female population is employed in one or two mills. I have worked in factories where the only men in the building were the superintendent, engineer, and mechanics. Little girls were employed even to carry the bobbin-trays, weighing ten pounds each—often loaded with two or three trays at a



time. This increase applies most largely to actually creative work—the making and manufacturing of material things—and not to the varieties of employment which we have long accepted as women's work—teaching, office and store work, domestic service.

Yet, in the face of these facts, the truth remains that women are earning their bread by performing the same duties as did their grandmothers, who, in return for the spinning, baking and preserving which they contributed to the household, received their own home and home comforts. The only difference is that to-day this work is not being done under the woman's own roof and for her family alone, but the same hands are busy with the same duties under a great collective roof known as a factory; and the beneficiaries are without number or name.

It is only the conditions of work which have changed; and it is this difference in conditions which brings about the problems surrounding the work of women in industry to-day. All sorts of elements enter into the situation which were not present when women limited their efforts to supplying the needs of their own families. Now that industry has been drawn out of the home by the introduction of modern methods, and into huge collective operations, a woman is no longer mistress

of her own time and efforts; nor does the finished product ever come under her eye. Formerly she owned her little industry; now a great industry owns her—and she can neither plan what she is to make, stop when she is tired, nor vary her efforts. She is bound by rules not of her own making.

"Work in a normal and resourceful environment is the concrete expression of surplus vitality flowing along interesting, productive, and recompensing processes, whose fruit and purpose in civilization is character. When imperfect civilization balks and distorts the free play of pleasurable activities, toil becomes a monstrous, incalculably evil thing; we call it drudgery, and the one condemned to it reverts to a lower kind of creature, unpliant, crudely limited in passions, early matured, and prematurely decayed."\*

The best thought and effort of our civilization must be given to prevent this distortion of work from becoming the portion of our girls and women, if we are to continue to look to them for the essential service which it is theirs to render mankind—not the mere bearing of children, but the sustained direction of each generation toward better and higher things.

\* Professor Simon Patten.—*New Basis of Civilization*.





# An Initial Letter

BY MARJORIE BOWEN

MASTER HUMPHREY looked out of his window at Chepeside.

In the garden opposite was a hawthorn in full flower, and beside it a lime tree, almost bare of leaves as yet, but full of wood-doves.

It was very warm, and Master Humphrey had the window wide open; the pale, still sun circled the chamber, gilded the dark smooth walls, the long chest that stood in a corner, carved with a procession of revellers, the table at which Master Humphrey sat, and the parchments that covered it with heavy leaves that fluttered a little in the spring breeze.

Close to his idle right hand that held a reed pen was a box of ebony and silver, and over it trailed a cluster of very frail roses, white stained with pink.

Master Humphrey sighed, then yawned and gazed out of the window at the Chepe, the may, and the blue above the gabled houses.

His room was on the ground floor, and his window low, so that when he rested his elbow on the sill and leaned out he was almost in the street.

He was not a young man, nor in appearance gay, being pale and slight, and soberly dressed in olive green, but he looked at the hawthorn and sighed like a love-sick youth.

A clerk in a red hood went down the street; Master Humphrey followed the spot of color with idle eyes almost to the city gates, then set himself to writing again.

A great French book in a cover of leather touched with gold stood at his elbow; he was translating from it a celebrated romance.

Flaggingly the reed pen went up and down the vellum.

"Into ye halle sche came  
Knelt before lorde and dame  
Saying In Gode hys name  
Ich grete ye alle.

"And King Artour  
Who is of greet valour,  
Of Knyghtes ye flour,  
On hym Ich calle.

"Set ye swerdes a flame,  
Ich telle a heavy shame  
Justyce be dulle and lame  
If ye delaye.

"In a darke tour  
Loathly a villian dour  
Holdes in thys hour  
A hygh borne may."

Master Humphrey yawned again and dropped the pen.

With an air of reflection he took up a sheet of vellum on which was drawn in red paint a large and flourishing capital letter P, finely shaped, but bare, hollow, and unadorned.

Master Humphrey looked at it ruefully, shook his head, set it down, and presently fell asleep, leaning sideways in his chair.

As the bells of the convent of St. Austin were ringing, a young squire came singing down the street.

He was tall and slender; his hair was a soft brown, his lips red, his eyes very brightly gray; he wore a clear-green doublet, one red hose and one white, a hood of blue satin, and a cloak of cramoisy. One hand he held on his hip, where a little dagger hung; he walked daintily, careful of his pointed shoes, and his manner was most joyous.

"God Himself was born in Maytime  
Phillipa!

Philomel at night, the bounting in the  
day time

Phillipa!  
The throstle in the even and my heart  
at the dawn

Bless the merrie month when God Himself  
was born!"

At Master Humphrey's open window he stayed his steps and his singing and looked into the mellow little chamber.



Seeing the writer was asleep, he smiled and climbed the sill gracefully to peep at the writing on the parchment.

He read over the lines with a smiling disdain, then mischievously took up the pen and added:

"Ich am tyred of Hercules and Lysander,  
Of Peryceles and Alysander  
Of Perceforet and ye Salymander  
Of Artour and hys courte.

"If sich a tale ye must rite  
Of dragon, dame and heavy fighte,  
Prey mak oure labour lighte  
And thys tale shorte."

Master Humphrey woke up with the scratching of the pen, and the young squire burst out laughing.

"Master Jeffray!"

"I have been finishing thy accomplished 'rime couée' for thee," said the youth, demurely. "See how very smooth it goes—"

Master Humphrey looked.

"Now thou hast spoiled a page of parchment for me—how must I rub to get that fair again?"

"Leave it," smiled the squire; "it is as good as thine—"

"But not so pertinent to the tale."

"A silly tale!" cried the other, joyously. "Art thou not tired of such silly tales?"

"I earn good money with them," returned Master Humphrey.

"Why, so thou dost, and a pleasant way, too. I would like to write tales well enough"—he waved a fair hand—"but differently. Come out into the fields; thou art so bemused with chant royal, couplet, 'rime couée,' thou canst not see there is a better poem than ever thou stained vellum with in that fresh hawthorn facing thee."

The older man smiled indulgently.

"Peace, for God His sake; you are young and vain."

The squire caught up the ebony box and tried to see his own fair face in the polished silver fittings.

"Attend to me, Jeffray." Master Humphrey held up the unfinished capital. "See, I have to complete this—it was sent me from Burgundy."

"Burgundy!" sighed the young man. "I have been there— Oh, Venus!"

"Listen to me—one of the Duke's men did it and died; now, as it was a good skin, they have sent it to me, to write a poem and even decorate it. You have sometimes a wit—tell me what P stands for?"

Master Jeffray shook back his curls.

"By Gesu and Ovid—say Phillipa!"

The other frowned.

"It is not a love poem—"

"By charity! I do not know the word." Then he sprang over the sill into the street again and laughed over his shoulder. "I think it means 'Pleasure'—that is what the poor wight would have written—"

"Pleasure is a goddess

Well beloved by me

With bliss she comes and honeysuckle

To bind me to her knee!"

Singing as he had come, he went down the street toward the gates.

Master Humphrey mixed his saucer of colors and began to paint in, standing by the stem of the letter, a youth in green and white and red, with a chaplet of daisies round his soft locks.

While he was still bending over this a lady came past with two pages and a serving-man. She wore an amber-colored gown, a long silver veil, and a 'cote hardie' of purple trimmed with ermine; she also stopped at the window and turned her face, like a breathing blossom, toward Master Humphrey.

"Hast thou any fresh romances since I came back from Burgundy?" she asked.

"This one, Mistress Phillipa, that a certain squire of his Grace has passed but now on his way to the fields."

"By charity!" her red mouth was scornful. "I go not there to meet him—nor any other, but to pull flowers for my lady Blanche, certes, but I have walked from the Savoy."

Master Humphrey held up the letter he worked on.

"Master Jeffray says it means 'pleasure'—so I paint him standing there."

Her glass-gray eyes became suddenly wet, like pale irises in the rain.

"He thinketh of nought but pleasure," she said, petulantly.

"Nay—first he said—Phillipa!"

"A silly jest by the rood," she declared, and pulled at the yellow curl on her breast.





*Painting by Howard Pyle*

FLAGGINGLY THE REED PEN WENT UP AND DOWN THE VELLUM







"You play with him too long," admonished Master Humphrey. "Before ye both went to Burgundy with the Duke it was the same tale."

"Thou art too ready with thy romances—"

"Yet he loveth thee, Mistress Philipa."

"Maybe," she spoke indifferently, "he is no more to me than this—"

She shook a crimson butterfly off her veil.

"Yet you break your heart for him," smiled Master Humphrey.

She leaned in through the window.

"Listen to me; I give you another meaning for your letter:

"Pride holds Love in armes two  
Giveth a hundred pains and mo  
Poor Love he cannot move nor go  
Pride is very strong, I tell you so—"

"Shall I paint thee here also?" asked Master Humphrey.

"Why," she said, "I mind not if in a picture I stand by Master Jeffray Chaucer."

She waved her hand and went on, followed by the bright liveries of Lancaster.

Master Humphrey smiled and drew in a figure of a lady with yellow hair the other side of the stem of the letter P.

Several people—priests, nuns, clerks, monks, and soldiers—went past the window, and presently came another lady who was of a very breath-taking beauty.

Master Humphrey, seeing her, bowed from the window; she was on foot and had three damsels with her.

"Mistress Sywnford," said the painter. "Your sister has just passed here."

She paused.

"Ay, the whole world goes to the field to-day. Was Master Jeffray Chaucer with her?"

"Nay; he went first."

"She is out of humor with him, for yesterday he fell a-brawling and beat the watch."

"But being my lord's squire he escaped?"

"Oh ay," she said, heavily.

Master Humphrey looked at her curiously; she was of a golden-red loveliness, with brown eyes and drooping mouth; he had never seen her look anything but serenely or stormily sad. Her

gown was pale blue, worked with little wreaths and roses of gold and silver; round her hair was a twist of velvet flowers, purple and white; over them a veil of fine tissue.

"My lord's grace is in the fields?" asked Master Humphrey.

"Yes," she said, and looked away down the Chepe.

Then suddenly she was scornful.

"By faith, thou art very peaceful here!"

"Ay," he answered. "I paint an initial letter."

He showed it to her; already it glittered with wet colors.

"Pride and pleasure," he nodded his head. "Can you think of another meaning, Mistress Sywnford?"

"Passion and pain," she answered, instantly.

At this her three damsels, who were clad severally in russet, tawny, and murry, smiled at one another behind her back.

"Make a rhyme on that," said the painter.

"I am no trouvère."

"Shall I try?" He laid down his brush and folded his arms on the parchments.

"Passion and pain be hard to fight  
Good lack!

My beauty gives me no delight  
Good lack!

Nor pomp of ribible and clokardè  
Of low dowcemere and bombardè  
Good lack!—"

"Ah!" interrupted Katherine Sywnford. "You mean to rhyme on misplaced love—"

She frowned dangerously.

"Something about a king's son," answered Master Humphrey, "who had a dark face would have been in that song."

"By charity!" she cried; then she sighed. "A king's son!"

"The Duke's Grace of Lancaster is a son of kings."

"Why do you speak of him?"

"Because he is the most perfect knight I ever knew, and I have made him the hero of many a tale."

She laughed uneasily.

"Johan of Ghent is much praised and much admired. Give you good day, Master Humphrey."



Slowly and with her head held a little droopingly she passed on, and her damsels fingered their hoods and smiled at one another under quiet lids.

Master Humphrey painted in the loop of the P a lady sitting bowed, with braided hair and embroidered robe, and behind her a background of dark blue sprinkled with stars.

And while he was finishing this a company came back through the Chepe toward the Savoy.

First on a white horse with scarlet trappings rode Johan of Ghent and Lancaster, and the common people stopped under the eaves and in the gutter to watch him pass.

He wore a furred robe of gold-colored silk, a deep rose coif over his dark hair, and gloves sparkling with jewels on the back.

Beside him was the Duchess Blanche, delicate with gold locks glimmering in a net; riding a white palfrey.

They talked together very lovingly.

After came knights and squires, pages and serving-men, among them Sir Otto Synnford whittling a rose stick.

Then Katherine and Phillipa walking slowly, the elder with her eyes on her mistress showing pale and lovely through the press, and her sister with a half-smile for Jeffray Chaucer's joyous glance as he looked over his shoulder at her petulant beauty.

Most of his company carried flowers that they had picked without the ramparts — narcissi, daffodils, cowslips, hawthorn, wild roses, eglantine, and the marguerite.

Master Humphrey looked at Johan of Ghent.

"Power would be the meaning ye would set to this," he said to himself, and his thoughts shook into rhyme as he watched the procession pass.

"Power of life and death I hold,  
Of love too, I wis, and such fair things  
Well may I be proud and bold  
Favourite of God and heir of Kings.  
Beauty and strength adorn me like fine  
gold,  
And while the sword on my bright  
greaves rings  
I do not think I ever can grow old.  
Oh Gesu and Phœbus, these English  
Springs  
When the sun 'gins to shine across the  
wold!"

And so they passed. And it fell very still, for it was midday.

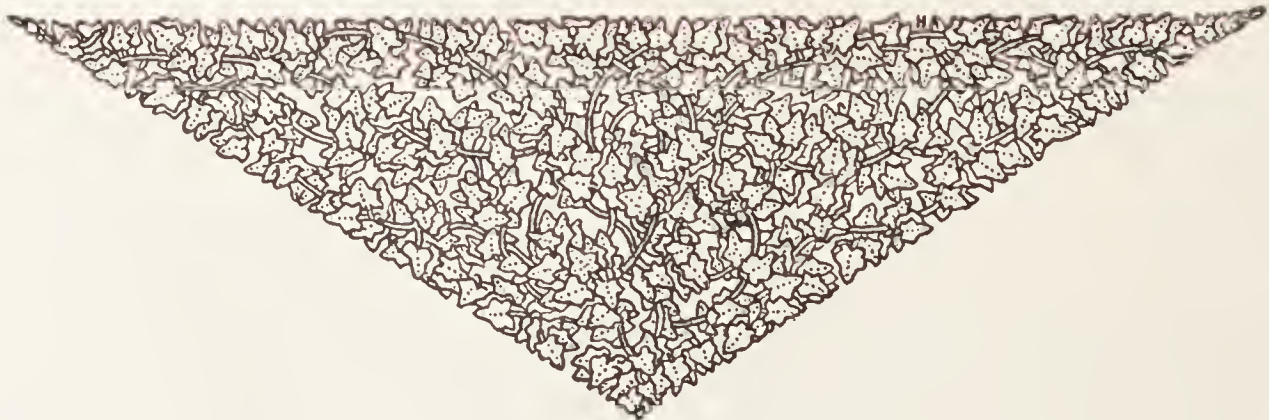
The painter looked at his unfinished letter.

"My own meaning now," he said.

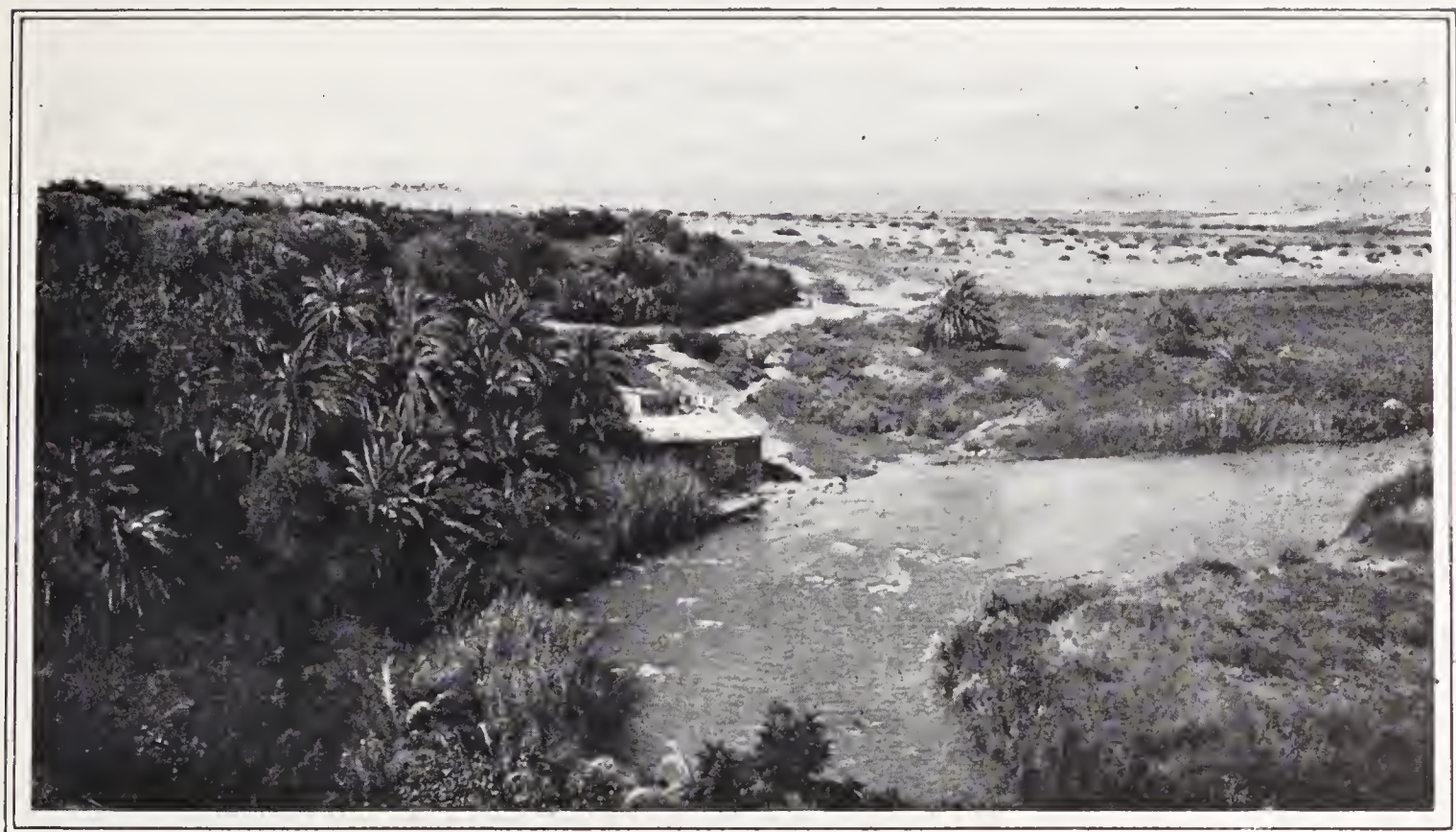
He drew a splendid knight riding away across the page with a pennon in his hand, and then above the letter over all an angel hooded and meek.

With that finished, he wrote with his reed pen dipped in brown:

"Peace comes to alle, after alle,  
Longe toyle, short stryfe or strong sea.  
Peace to them that ryse and them that  
falle,  
Either in joye or miserie.  
Peace at laste, beyonde ye kindly starres  
Where Gode He smyles and waytes,  
Looking on alle oure revelryes and warres  
Short joys, sade loves and weary hates.  
Peace for alle; after most stormy daye  
Cometh Peace which lasteth for alwaye."







THE RIVER JORDAN BELOW THE SEA OF GALILEE

# Across the Ghor to the Land of Og

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, *Ph.D.*

Department of Geography, Yale University

THE most attractive portion of the map of Palestine to my boyish fancy was the odd little patch called the Trachon, or Leja. It lies in the northeast corner—a cellular network of fine lines which intertwine without apparent reason. For years I wondered whether they represented peculiar mountains, a swamp, or a forest. Whatever the place might be, it possessed a fascinating mystery, which was by no means diminished when in later years I learned that the Leja and the mountains of Jebel Druze, or Jebel Hauran, to the south, are peopled by the Druzes, one of the most independent and lawless peoples of the Turkish Empire. In May, 1909, as part of the work of the Yale Expedition to Palestine, I at last visited the Leja, in company with Mr. Clarence F. Graham, starting from Jerusalem by caravan. The distance is only a hundred miles in a straight line, scarcely farther than from New York to Philadelphia. Yet in that short space we found almost as

much diversity of physical types as would be found in a journey of three thousand miles across the United States. We passed through five distinct regions as diverse as the Allegheny plateau of western Pennsylvania, the hot valleys of southern Arizona, the anthracite coal region of eastern Pennsylvania, the prairies of Illinois, and the volcanic mountains of Idaho.

First we traversed the plateau of Judea, high, breezy, barren, yet strangely attractive in spite of the treeless, rocky character of its terraced valleys and flat-topped hills. A few miles in space but half a continent away in character, the superheated Jordan Valley forms an infernal trench whose parched bottom and muddy river between banks of jungle infested with insects awaken chiefly the ardent desire to have done with the place. Beyond Jordan a fairer region is found. An elevation of three or four thousand feet above the sea is enough to make Gilead compara-



tively cool, and to cause a rainfall sufficient to support thin forests of oak with deeply indented leaves, and to keep the country green and lovely far into the summer. Gilead, more than any other part of Palestine, resembles the fertile regions of western Europe and eastern United States, especially eastern Pennsylvania, whose parallel ridges, flat-topped and wooded, are of the same geological structure. In quiet homelike beauty Gilead far surpasses Judea, but it lacks the inspiring sense of openness and space, and the frequent glimpses of the distant blue sea in the west, and of the purple plateaus in the east which morning by morning and evening by evening give an ever-recurring charm to the sterile uplands around Jerusalem. Beyond Gilead one comes to the plain of Hauran, a treeless expanse of waving wheat, flat as the prairie. Its fat, dark-red soil yields marvellous crops, but there is nothing inspiring in the scenery, and the squalid villages of black lava, unrelieved by verdure, are as depressing a sight as one meets in many a year of travel. The plain of Hauran rises gently toward the fifth of these closely grouped and highly contrasted regions—the sombre volcanic mountains of Jebel Druze and the inhospitable

rugged lava flow of the intractable Leja. The network of lines chosen by cartographers as the symbol of a lava field well represents the confused mixture of fertile patches of wheat and rough, naked masses of dark volcanic rock, over which man and beast must walk warily for fear of broken legs.

Every traveller has occasion to curse—or to refrain from cursing—the stupidity of servants. Within sight of Jerusalem our chief caravan man, Abdullah, forgot a rifle and calmly left it standing against a wall. He then proceeded to fall a victim to the fact that Judea is, in physiographic parlance, “a maturely dissected plateau.” It is like western Pennsylvania around Pittsburg, except that the country is much higher and far more barren and rocky, and the valleys are deeper. Strata of limestone were long ago uplifted 2,500 to 3,000 feet without being bent. Since that time streams have cut deep rocky valleys, which run in every imaginable direction, because in horizontal strata there is nothing to guide the water in one direction rather than another. Hence all roads except the one along the middle of the plateau are very winding, hilly, and rocky. By reason of this Abdullah became lost; although according to his account the case was like



RETURNING FROM THE HARVEST FIELD





that of the Indian who insisted, "Indian not lost; camp lost." When the "boy," who in the East does all that no one else is willing to do, had been sent back for the gun, Abdullah followed us to the first village and inquired which way we had gone. "To Ain Farah, down that road to the east," said a villager, and thither the sapient servant went. He well knew that we were to spend the night at Tayibeh, which lies to the north; but he also knew that in Judea

one who wants to go north starts either east or west, or perchance southward. At Ain Farah, Abdullah found nothing but a spring at the bottom of a deep valley whose rocky sides had been painstakingly terraced for wheat which was still green and for barley whose scanty crop was ripe. There he sat down to wait for us. How he expected us to arrive when we had already passed on is a problem too subtle for solution by an Occidental. Perhaps he argued that as





CAVE-DWELLERS OF GILEAD

I had recently reproved him for not waiting long enough at a place where I had agreed to meet him, it was now his duty to wait indefinitely at a place which I had never so much as mentioned. At any rate he waited all day; and then, as he could not replace the loads on the horses without aid, he was obliged to spend the night there. He plundered the barley fields for himself and the animals, and waited till a villager happened to come along toward noon the next day. Then he went back on his tracks to the first village to make inquiries once more, and finally as a last desperate resort came to Tayibeh, the place originally agreed upon. We were glad to see him, not only because we had been anxious about him, but because there are certain small but persistent elements of discomfort involved in sleeping in native beds, as we had been obliged to do the night before. I surmise that he was trying to weather the storm which he expected to rise on account of the lost gun, and that his method was what he called "politics." He played politics another time, according to his own story, by selling one of our horses which had grown sick and had been left with him for a few days to recover. He knew it would die, and

sold it for six dollars one evening, planning to get out of town the next morning; but it finished its career more quickly than he expected, and the owner came around to get his money back. Abdullah put on an innocent air, and would have played "politics" successfully, but some soldiers, strolling hand in hand, as is the child-like fad in Turkey, heard what had happened, and threatened to make trouble if he, a Christian, cheated a good Moslem. Again politics came to the front, and Abdullah swore roundly that he was as good a Moslem as the best. As a matter of justice, however, and also to save his bones, he gave back two dollars and hurried out of town. We did not exactly enjoy Abdullah's politics, but one must excuse something in a man whose whole life has been spent in an atmosphere where any amount of dishonesty is justifiable provided it succeeds.

The traveller in Palestine soon learns to dread crossing the Jordan Valley. Near the mouth of the river on the shores of the Dead Sea we had discovered how hot and dry this deeply dropped slice of the earth's crust is. We had seen, too, that the heat makes its people idle and poor. On May 9th the temperature where we crossed the river a thousand



feet below sea-level was 105 degrees at noon and over 100 till after four o'clock. We felt quite chilly when, after a climb of 4,000 feet, we experienced a temperature of 68 among the mountains of Gilead.

The American or European feels comparatively at home in Gilead because of its streams and springs and woods, and its pastures where cows are knee-deep in grass. Yet some of the scenery has most unusual features. Once we looked down a valley whose rocky sides were half covered with green fields of wheat and patches of yellow barley, while its lower end was closed by the dark wooded mountains of Ajlun north of the Jabbok. A pink river ran at the bottom of the valley, a strip of vivid color curving gracefully around the green spurs of deeply entrenched meanders, sometimes in full view and again hidden by the deep sinuosities of the valley, a river of oleanders in full bloom, completely concealing the waters of the stream that gave them life. Gilead has no real forests in our sense of the word, merely an open growth of oaks twenty or thirty feet high, with a few rising to fifty or sixty feet; but the trees are thick enough, so that after dodging the branches for half

a day as one rides among the network of mountain ravines, one sympathizes with Absalom, who met his death in this very region. The trees suffer much at the hands of charcoal-burners — timid, harmless people, utterly ignorant of the outside world. One poor man meekly stood beside his pile of smouldering fuel while his photograph was taken, and then, though he was twice my age, came trembling and in native fashion gently put his arm around me, saying, "My father, do not hurt me, do not bewitch me with that shiny box."

Not far away in this same fair secluded little country of Gilead we ascended to a hilltop where some ruins and caves were grouped around the half-fallen arch of an ancient sanctuary. The place seemed uninhabited until we came close to it and discovered that there were houses under the ruins, and that many people were living in caves — true troglodytes. No one suspected the camera of any harm here, until a wise troglodyte who had travelled full fifty miles to Jerusalem began to air his knowledge. It was pretty then to see a mere girl, who nevertheless was a mother, run with her baby to her own mother to find protection and to ask if it were



THE FERRY OVER THE RIVER JORDAN AT ED DAMIEH



true, as the men were saying, that if her photograph were taken her soul would be in the power of whoever might hold the picture. In spite of the shapeless gowns of dark blue and the ugly tattooing on the faces of the women the scene was most graceful; for every woman walks like a queen; and the protecting air of the mother and the appealing attitude of the daughter were amazingly like those of Niobe and her child. Perhaps it was in some such village as this that Christ blessed the children, for He was in Perea—that is, Gilead—when the mothers brought them.

On our arrival at Irbid, the first of the treeless Hauran villages in the great plain of waving wheat east of the Sea of Galilee, we were entertained in a way quite different from that of Judea, the Jordan Valley, or Gilead. We were led to a hideous guest-house made of alternate rows of white limestone and black basalt. Passing through a large courtyard, we entered a

beaked copper pots for us and for all who might drop in to see the sights. Like the wild Bedouin who had previously entertained us in Moab, he took much pride in exhibiting his skill in the use of the large carved mortar and huge pestle, the wooden implements used for coffee-grinding. He clicked the pestle against the sides with surprising vigor, bringing it down with all sorts of rhythms and with all degrees of strength, from the softest tap to a blow that shook the hearth and caused little clouds of dust to rise from between the stones.

There is little to distinguish one sunny, sombre lava village of Hauran from another, but Dera'a, the ancient Edrei, is peculiar. On our arrival there one glaring noon I strolled out to look at the walls of the tumble-down houses; for in the basalt blocks throughout Hauran one finds innumerable inscriptions, chiefly Greek, and all sorts of pretty bits of carving from old temples and churches. As I passed the arch of an ancient church

I was greeted by a middle-aged woman in a wide-sleeved dress of dark-blue cloth, cut in the regulation shapeless Mother Hubbard style with a slit a foot deep at the top, and buttoned loosely at the neck. Her head was wrapped in another dark-blue cloth which covered her neck, but did not conceal the two stubby eagles' wings tattooed in dark blue upon her chin. There were tattooed figures upon her cheeks also, and a diamond enclosing a circle in the centre of her forehead,



A SHEIKH PREPARING COFFEE

high-domed room, where a sheikh, who appeared to be the host, promptly seated himself on the plaster floor beside an open hearth of large stones in the middle of the room. Taking some coffee beans from a bag, he roasted and ground them, and then prepared coffee in long-

while on the right side of her nose a tattooed spot took the place of the blue bead or little globe of silver worn by many women. She said something in Arabic, of which I understood only the word *cave*; but as the caves of Edrei are famous I cordially assented.





A SHEPHERD OF GILEAD LEADING HIS FLOCK TO WATER

Thereupon she led me to a low wooden door cut in a rough wall of stones and capped by a slab of basalt from some old temple, finely carved with scrolls and with the egg-and-dart pattern. Beyond a littered courtyard we stooped low to enter a dark mud room where several people were sitting on the floor. The only man present repeated the remark about the cave with much cordiality, and seemed to be urging me to come to see it, bringing with me an interpreter and especially a mejidieh (eighty cents), upon which latter point he laid much stress.

When we went to the house later in the day, the owner pointed out the entrance to the cave, and said: "There is the cave, but I dare not take you in. The place is full of underground streets and houses and shops, and one can go for miles and miles in them; but it won't do to go in because the caves are full of spirits who hate to be disturbed. The first time any one went in, a boy of my family was killed by the spirits; the next time a girl died, and the one or two other times ill luck fell on the household. If we sacrifice a goat it will be all right; but I can't sacrifice one." We expressed our willingness to pay for a sacrifice, and asked if he had a goat to sell. Yes, he had, and he dived into a shed and yanked out a kid by the ears. He would sell us the goat and show us the cave for three mejidichs.

"Go ahead and sacrifice it," we said,

but he seemed in no hurry, and after pretending to get ready, remarked:

"It is getting late now, and you haven't much time. The cave is very big. If you want to hurry I will just cut off the beast's ear and complete the sacrifice later."

We assented, spurred on, as she thought, by the wife's remark that the cave extended clear to Bosra, more than twenty miles away. So far as we knew, nothing happened to the goat except that we paid for him, and the family ate him when they got ready, which may not have been for months. There was a real offering, however, before any one was allowed to venture into the cave. Taking in her hands two loaves of bread and some onions, the wife ran out and gave them to the first person whom she happened to meet—a camel-driver. Meanwhile the householder took off his outer robe of dark blue with light-blue facing, and gave it to me to put on because the cave would be dirty. He also advised us to take off our helmets and wrap our heads in handkerchiefs, which advice surprised us, because we had elsewhere found the helmets excellent to keep our heads from getting bumped.

When all was ready we were one by one let twirling down by a rope into a cistern where straw was stored. The only opening was a hole two feet in diameter, through which we squeezed head first and found ourselves in a passage of about the



same height. Lighting our candles, we went forward, sometimes on hands and knees and sometimes on our stomachs, like worms trailing over the damp mud of the cavern floor. We were expecting to get to a larger passageway, but never did, although occasionally the tunnel

villages of the same sort, for an inscription at Kanawat, thirty miles northeast of Edrei, has been interpreted as an exhortation of Agrippa I. to the people to give up the practice of living like wild beasts in caves.

At Edrei we called on the Kaima-

kam, or lieutenant-governor, who looked very serious when we spoke of Jebel Druze. Did we not know, he asked, that the Druzes had recently killed an officer and several soldiers? Several companies of troops had been despatched through Edrei itself to quell the outlaws, and others had been sent from other places. The government at Damascus had turned back another party of Americans, and would probably do the same to us. What did we want to go for anyhow? There was nothing



A CIRCASSIAN IMMIGRANT

On the antique gravestone may be observed a rudely carved human figure

widened into a cave where one could stand and walk around. Three times we came to chambers large enough to furnish shelter to a score of people; again we traversed passages whose branches ended sometimes in blank walls of masonry, or in shafts leading up to the courtyards of houses in the village, or in dry cisterns which once furnished water to the people of the caves. We crawled for an hour and a half, and came out plastered with mud from head to foot. No one knows just when the caves were made, but their use is evident. They were places of refuge from the Arabs. Each house seems to have had a well communicating with the underground chambers. When there was an alarm the people and their chief valuables could promptly be hidden in the caves. The enemy might plunder or burn the houses, but no one would ever risk attacking the refugees in their dark burrows, where death might lurk at any corner. There are probably other cave

to see in the Druze country, and nothing would happen except that we should be shot, which would make trouble for everybody. We told our plans, with the single exception of our purpose to get rid of any escort from the government before we went among the Druzes, for these wild mountaineers hate the government but love the English; and Americans are classed as English in this region. Finally the Kaimakam gave us a soldier to take us to Bosra, where the officer in command would decide whether we should be allowed to go on. Bosra was once one of the important cities of the East. It was called Little Damascus, and had its great colonnade, its theatre, castle, and temples, like Jerash and many other forgotten places. Now it is an extraordinarily dreary ruin, with the peculiarly unkempt, forsaken air which prevails among ruins where all the stones are of the dark shade characteristic of basalt. The modern village of two or three hundred houses



is so intermingled with the ruins that one scarcely knows which are which. We camped in a pleasant garden, and soon received a call from the civil and military officials of the town, all of whom were young. They seemed in much doubt as to whether to let us go on, but they had no doubt whatever that if we came back it would be with bullets in our heads. In the morning, after another long consultation, they came to the decision that they could not possibly supply us with an escort—news which we received with apparent regret but inward joy. After that they seemed to be at a loss, until I proposed to write a note exempting the government from all responsibility, whatever might befall us among the Druzes. And so the officials let us go, after a friendly hour of talk, with the direst warnings of the sad fate that awaited us.

To us, too, it began to seem a little serious as we rode out among the tents of the troops who had just been brought to quell the Druzes. A soldier on foot

led us through the fields to a ruined Roman guard-house, and there pointed out the long straight line of the Roman road running gently upward a dozen miles to the picturesque castle of Sulkad, perched on the crater of an old volcano. As he turned back and we started our horses up the road, untrodden of late, it seemed indeed as if we were bound for the enemies' country.

It was a very peaceful enemy that we found after an hour and a half: simple peasants in blue gowns, many-colored waistcoats, and graceful white turbans, which form a smooth band about five inches above the head and come down in a pretty fold behind the neck and under the chin. They were ploughing the stony fields, among boundary stones which at a distance suggested men on guard. Behind the ploughs came boys who helped to drive the large black oxen, and with them rosy-faced women in blue skirts and colored waistcoats, looking far more attractive than most of the women of Syria. The size of the oxen and the



THE CASTLE OF SULKAD, ON THE TOP OF AN EXTINCT CRATER IN JEBEL DRUZE  
VOL. CXX.—No. 719.—84



unusual sight of other cattle grazing on the higher mountains reminded us that we had reached Bashan, the land of Og, famed in Biblical days for its kine. Two or three hours more brought us to Sulkad, where we were received like expected guests rather than enemies, and so it was everywhere.

The Druzes are a proud, handsome people, whose bane is their proneness to quarrel and to take offence at the least affront. One can hardly fail to like them and to sympathize with them in spite of their faults. Two fathers brought their pretty children to amuse us. The favorite trick seemed to be to teach the little one to slap the hand held out to it, and then to make amends by kissing it and putting it to the forehead. It was very pretty to see how seriously the children took the matter. One little fellow would not kiss my hand although he slapped it. The father did not strike the child, but carried him off and left him crying in disgrace. The next

day the youngster of his own accord took my hand and kissed it. The incident was a good illustration of the very loving spirit which seems to prevail in the Druze families. There are few places where people make more show of affection in the way of kissing; and kissing, it should be remembered, is a European rather than an Oriental habit. Parents kiss their children repeatedly, and older brothers as well as sisters are seen carrying the little ones around and kissing them most lovingly. Men kiss one another when they meet, on one cheek or on both; and a niece may even kiss her uncle, although otherwise men and women do not kiss one another in public. Blue eyes and brown hair are common, and every traveller wonders how far these courteous, wayward mountaineers with their un-Oriental habits are the descendants of the old Crusaders.

It is a great pity that they should exterminate themselves as they do. Not only do they fight with the fellahin of



A DRUZE VILLAGE BUILT OF LAVA





THE ANCIENT THEATRE AT KANAWAT, GRÆCO-ROMAN RUINS IN THE BACKGROUND

the plains, whom they are wont to plunder, and with the Turkish government, which they hate, and with the Arabs, who are their rivals, but also with one another. Only two years ago the village of Sulkad, at which we first arrived, was the scene of a quarrel between two clans which had hitherto been living together. Thirty men were killed and the defeated party was forced to move away and found a new village. In many ways the Druzes are much like the Highland Scotch three hundred years ago. Living among mountains that are hard to traverse, both in Jebel Druze and in the Lebanon, they preserve their independence and their own peculiar mode of religion, and plunder their neighbors when they find opportunity. They are weary of the uncertainty of their life, and many of the older men wear an habitual expression of anxiety, as well they may when they are in constant danger of ruin at the hands of the government. They appealed to us, as they always do to Englishmen, to use our influence to have England assume the government, little realizing how far such a step is from the bounds of probability.

We did not enjoy all the qualities of the Druzes, especially a sort of fierce

rapacity which once came to our notice. Mr. Graham and I had sent our horses ahead from the shady little theatre and other ruins of Kanawat, and with the politic Abdullah were following them at a distance of a mile or more on foot. Suddenly from behind a great heap of rocks two Druzes appeared on horseback about thirty feet away; and one of them covered each of us in turn with his rifle, and then kept it steadily aimed at me while he demanded our money. Naturally we laughed at him and refused to be robbed. My companions got their revolvers ready, but as I had none, all I could do was to tell Abdullah to say to the Druzes that they had better put up their guns or they would get into trouble. My companions both said afterward that their hands were on their pistols ready to fire at the Druze who held the rifle the moment he shot me; but I could not quite see what good that was going to do me. However, the Druze put up his gun and the two rode off hastily, much frightened, it is to be hoped, by the pistol-shot which Abdullah discharged into the air after them. They probably thought we were unarmed, but it certainly was a bold act, quite in keeping with the Druze char-



acter, for two men to attempt to hold up three.

North of the volcanic mountains of Jebel Druze lies the Leja, a great rough plain of lava. We climbed the chief of the craters from which the lava was poured out, El Gharara el Kubla, a huge ring of solid rock a mile in diameter, from the midst of which rises a beautifully symmetrical crater of slag and ashes a hundred and twenty-five feet high. Eastward at our feet, in the midst of a wall of lava far too large for the present shrunken town, lay Shubha, whose sombre houses, ancient columns, and ruined temples, all of lava, stand in strange contrast to a startlingly white modern shrine. Farther away to the northeast and east green fields stretch gently desertward, broken by old volcanic cones, some green to the top except for the black spot of a village, others black and sinister. Beyond them lay the brown line of the desert and a few dreamy blue mountains. Jebel Druze lay southward, a featureless swelling mass of dark rock half covered with soil. To the right of the mountains, in the westward quarter, a patch of golden wheat fields recalled the richness of the Hauran; but these things did not hold the attention. We turned at once to the broad plain of lava lying off to the northwest, dark gray and sterile in many places, but broken by patches of grain as rich as those of the Hauran. Close at hand the lava fell off in craggy, knotted masses, looking as if stirred in some huge caldron and poured out in the act of hardening. Straight northward we looked down upon three other craters, a most unusual sight. They lie just far enough out of line to allow a good view of all three, one irregular and rocky close at hand, the next a perfect crater truncated smoothly on top and almost dainty in shape, and the third a cone of ashes whose western side has been blown out, leaving a hollow like the armchair of a giant.

Coming down from the crater we rode across the strange Leja, among rough masses of dark-gray scoria almost concealed by splendid gray lichens splashed with brilliant orange, over huge rounded waves of deep-blue lava smoothly rounded and often disclosing strange ropy foldings, and through fields of grain which were one-third heaps of rocks piled up by the unremitting toil of the generations of long ago. Here and there we saw gaunt ruins scarcely to be distinguished from the piling up of the natural rock, and twice we passed villages safely located in the most rugged parts of the lava among rolling waves of stone away from the smooth cultivated regions. The Leja is only imperfectly mapped, and the village where we were to meet the caravan proved to be six miles farther than we had supposed. The sun dropped out of sight in a hot sky of pure gold, but no village was in sight. As soon as it grew dark we promptly lost the track amid a maze of rocks and dared go no farther for fear of breaking the legs of either the horses or ourselves. The sound of frogs near at hand proclaimed the position of one of the scummy ponds which abound in the hollows, and thither we cautiously proceeded. When the horses' hoofs ceased to clatter we could distinctly hear the distant braying of donkeys and bleating of lambs, punctuated by the sharp bark of a dog, but we dared not go onward in the darkness. There we stayed, hungry and uncomfortable, although actually within hearing of a village where food and rest could be found. Many another party of strangers with intents less peaceful than ours has doubtless been through the same experience. As we rode to the village in the light of dawn we realized how the roughness of the Leja has always made it the haunt of men who live at variance with their neighbors, and why it has always been one of the hardest of all places to conquer.

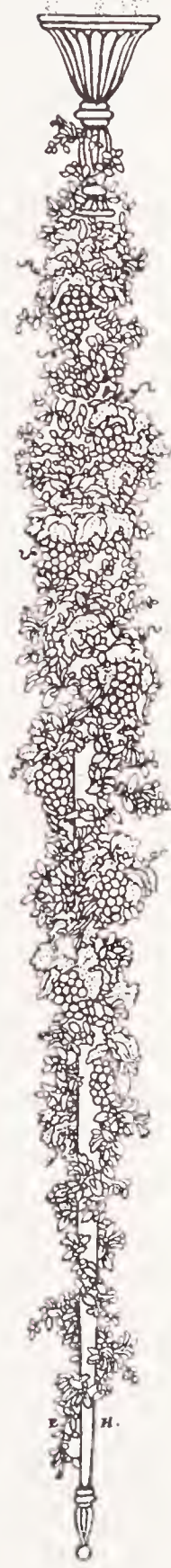




# Father

BY ALICE L. WOOD

HOW strange, now he is gone, that I  
Keep thinking of him as he was when young.  
I never knew him as a young man. No,  
Nor ever thought of him as old.  
To me he always stayed the age he was  
When as a child I first knew what age meant,  
But now my thoughts go back to him in youth,  
My father, lying here with snow-white hair.  
I see him as the careless little boy  
Like that old picture in the roundabout,  
The one they said my oldest brother was like—  
Playing about Grandfather's woods and lanes,  
Or ever any town was here at all;  
How much he loved to talk about that time—  
Oh, how I wish I'd let him tell me more!  
But I had other things to do, I thought.  
I see him as a happy college boy  
In that old Quaker college years ago:  
My quiet care-worn father, deep in "scrapes"?  
And yet they say he led in all such things.  
That old, old man, who came, said so awhile ago.  
And then they tell me how he loved to hunt,  
And how he once rode better than them all.  
My father! Whom I've only known to toil,  
His only pleasure being our good times.  
How far away his youth has always seemed,  
His hopes and dreams, his passion's early fire!  
They did not seem so far away—they never seemed at all,  
He was just father, never young  
To me, nor ever to be old.  
But now! O God! How old he looks!  
I never dreamed that father was so old.  
But when I think how long since he was young,  
How long he's been just father toiling for us,  
My heart breaks.  
These hands—so worn!  
This silver hair— *When* did it turn so white?  
O God, wherever he is now,  
Let him be young again!





# Who Aims a Star

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

YOUNG Warner came beside his sister's chair, laying a hand upon her shoulder. "Tired, Louie?" he said.

The enforced brightness of her smile was a refutation of the negative it accompanied. His sympathy was none the less for expressing itself in a brief "Too bad."

With an involuntary glance out of the window, he walked back across the room. His hand was raised to the electric light. The girl's words stayed it.

"Do you think we need that just yet?" she asked.

He gave a short laugh. "I suppose not. It's dismal and cold," his eyes took in the jacket she still wore and the cape about his mother's shoulders, "but we ought to be used to that." His mother's voice soothed:

"Never mind, dear. It may be almost over now."

He faced about. "You'd better not let yourselves hope too much," he warned. "It will only mean another disappointment."

"No," she disclaimed, without entire conviction, "I am not really expecting anything. And yet—it seems nearer than usual this time. Your father said this morning that it was a practical certainty."

"Yes, but, on the other hand, I met Thompson to-day and had a talk with him. It's his opinion that father is soaring too high—as usual."

"Do you mean"—his sister caught it up with the quickness of a sharp dread—"do you mean that it isn't as important as father has represented?"

A step on the pavement made both women turn to the window. But the sound passed on. They looked back into the darkening room.

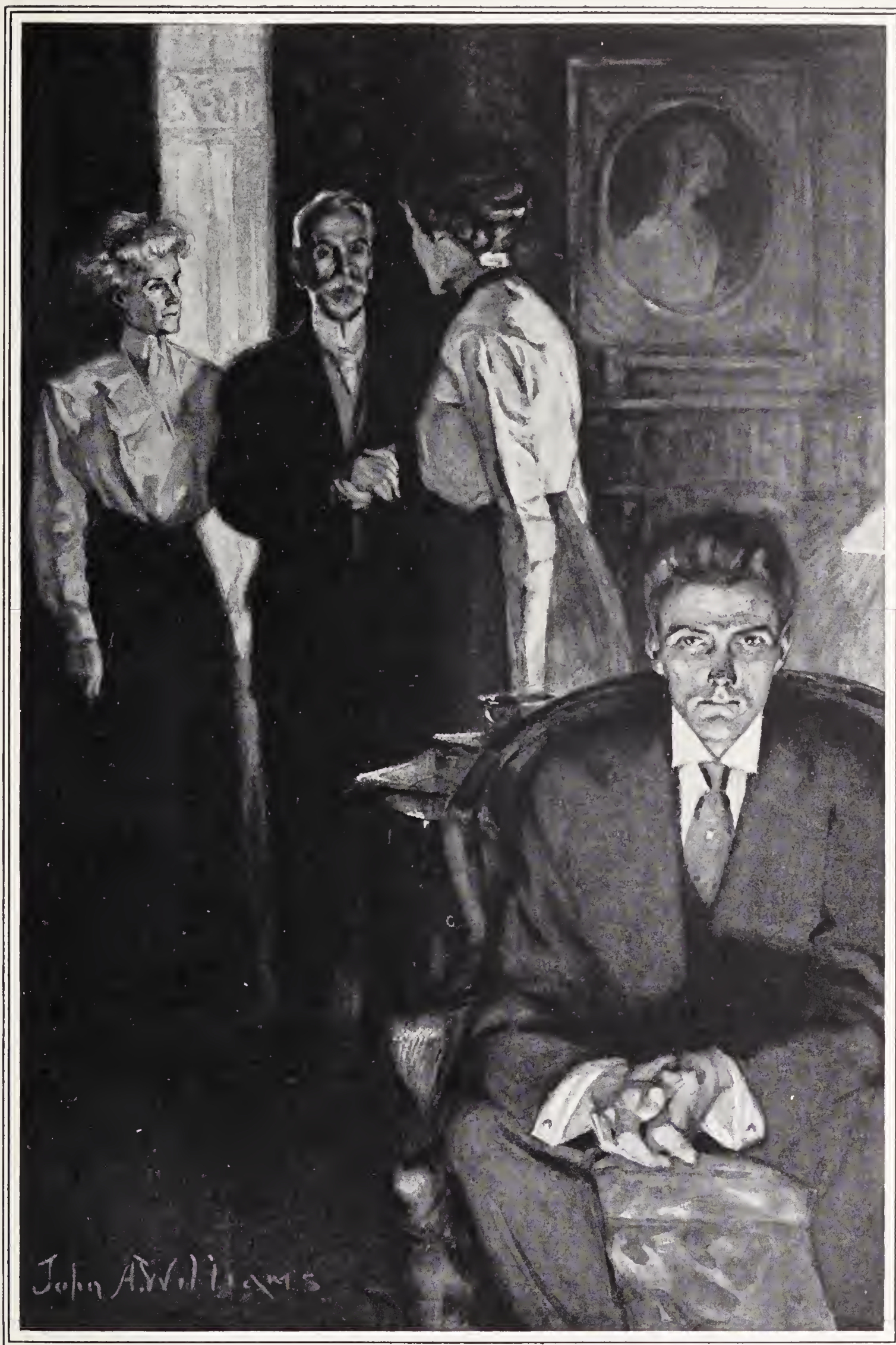
"No, I dare say it's important enough. From all I could find out, it ought to be a good thing. But I guess it's the same old story; father's holding out for

a big commission. Thompson don't think they'll pay it. And then we'll hear as usual that father didn't really expect anything."

There was no answer. The girl and the older woman looked out of the window again. The boy dropped into a chair before the fireplace, where paper, kindling, and wood awaited a match. He sat staring at the blackened bricks. Once or twice, as other footsteps came near on the street, he too yielded to a movement of expectancy. But each time he checked it as if in determined refusal to indulge a hope. It was a hope having for all three of them an intensity which was almost suffering, and which, for a fortnight now, had been gradually wrought upon by assurance of success, by an imaginative nature's picture of what success would mean—the ease after long struggle, the plenty after deprivation, reward for the efforts of age, possibility of fulfilment for young ambitions and desires. There had been in these visions of a sanguine mind some quality of conviction usually wanting heretofore. There had seemed less of dreaming and more of actuality. The facts had been more numerous, the data more exact. Names and sums had been mentioned. It was not so entirely, as in former instances, a weary succession of vague generalizings and promisings. And undeterred by the memory of disappointments in the past, so many, so close together as to have colored forever all recollection of the years, the mother and her children had taken heart of grace. But now that the moment of decision was closing down upon them, it had become almost past bearing—the strain of trust against a hard-taught disbelief. The strain was vibrant in the words which at present broke the stillness of the shadowy room.

"Isn't that father now?" The women bent forward and peered out into the twilight.





*Drawn by John A. Williams*

THE BOY IN HIS CHAIR BEFORE THE FIRE DID NOT MOVE



"Yes," the younger made sure, "it is. And he is walking briskly—quite as if he had good news," she added. A nervously cold hand went out to take the hardened one that was trembling uncontrollably. "Mother! If he *should* have had success—" She stood up hurriedly and drew down the curtains, while her mother turned on the lamp and put a match to the paper in the fireplace; then went out into the hall.

Louise waited, leaning against the table, holding to its edge with tense fingers. Only the boy in his chair before the newly started fire did not move. Yet if there had been any to see his eyes—the light which had come in them was not wholly from the flames.

There was a sound of feet upon the steps, of a key in the lock, of the door opened and closed, of a kiss, of a cheerful greeting—and one whose tone asked cause for being cheerful. Then Simon Warner came into the room.

He was a man of medium height, but thin and very erect, with an air of distinction which had no severity. It might have been guessed that his years were near threescore. But he bore them well. He looked younger than his wife, less careworn. His clothes were good and sat upon him well. He smiled at his daughter—a most pleasing smile—and putting out his hand, he drew her to him. "How is the little girl? Has she had a pleasant day?"

As if under some compulsion to match his vivacity in kind, she answered lightly. It was understood that reference to her work and that of her brother was to be avoided when possible. Its effect was to disturb her father's mind.

From above the heads of his women he looked over at his son. "Well, Stanley?" he said.

The boy had risen. "Good evening, sir," he replied, a shade reluctantly.

There followed a silence, the silence of fear to ask, of unwillingness to speak. The discomfort was almost physical. Mrs. Warner, beside her husband, searched his face covertly for a sign. It was she who could first bring herself to words.

"Won't you sit down by the fire, dear?" she suggested. "You must be cold."

"It is quite frosty," he agreed. "But when one has a comfortable and pleasant

home to come to—" He took the chair his son had left. The latter withdrew to stand beside the table, twisting the cord of the electric lamp.

Warner bent forward and held out his hands to the warmth; large, thin hands, somewhat shrivelled with age, but shapely—hands which had never worked. If he was conscious that the three who stood behind him were glancing from one to the other in questioning and doubt, he did not let it be known.

In sudden rebellion the boy flung down a book he had taken up. "I've got to get back to the *store*," he emphasized the objectionable reference harshly. "Can you let me have dinner, mother?"

His mother started away. Then she stopped. "Have you any news for us, Simon?" her suspense broke bounds at last.

He looked half around in query and surprise. "News, my dear? As to what?"

"As to"—her breath came short, and she was obliged to wait—"as to the little business matter you have just been—interested in."

Warner shrugged his shoulders carelessly. "Oh, that didn't come to anything. I didn't really expect it to, you know."

The first who could speak was the one whose hopes being weakest had suffered least in their death. "It probably *would* have come to something—if you had agreed to take less."

For an instant a quick change and twitching, which was no illusion from the leaping flames, passed across Simon Warner's face. Then the look he turned upon his son was of astonishment and hurt rebuke. "Why should I take less when I may as well have more?" he propounded, calmly. "I cannot do business on a paltry scale."

"A paltry scale!" There was no subjection in the glance which answered him. "I should like to know what could be paltry to us. We should have been fortunate to get a quarter of what you held out for. And Thompson told me to-day they would have given half. Do you call a sum of that size paltry—for people in our fix?"

His father's brows were raised high. "The question is one of what my services are worth."



"But supposing they can't command it?" the voice broke from endurance overwrought. "Supposing they can't command it? Hadn't you better accept what you can get?"

"Not at all. You are not old enough to judge in these matters, Stanley. If I were to take a small amount once, I should be expected to do so again. It would lower my standard. There is a principle involved. In the long run my interests would be prejudiced."

"In the long run. Good Lord!" there was a ring of bitter humor. "As if the run hadn't been long enough!"

Simon Warner ignored the interruption with calm dignity. "But it is a matter of small consequence. As I say—I never really expected much of this particular affair. I am giving my attention to another which has just come up, and which I have every reason to believe will begin the retrieving of my fortune." It was presented with an accent of that finality which scores a point. And Simon Warner turned back to the fire, starting to hold out his hands again, but withdrawing them swiftly, as they betrayed him with quivering. The sign was one which might have touched to compassion.

But feeling for those he pitied more than his father who had brought them so close to want made the boy hard.

"In the mean while"—the sarcasm came slowly—"in the mean while mother can wear herself to death, Louise can go on working in the office and putting off her marriage with Sayre. And I can give up all hope of striking out for myself and getting an education."

"Stanley!" his mother pleaded, in distress.

Simon Warner faced his son again. "I think you forget yourself. It is sufficiently painful to me that my wife and children are temporarily obliged to follow uncongenial occupations, without being reproached for my efforts to render it unnecessary."

The boy drew a long breath between his teeth. "Will you give me my dinner, mother?" he said. He followed her out to the kitchen and stood leaning against the door lintel. "It makes me sick," he told her, "literally sick."

"Poor child," she answered, as one whose thought is too habitually given to

the trials and disappointments of others for dwelling upon her own. "It is hard for you, very hard. And yet—you must not be too severe upon your father. He is disappointed, cruelly disappointed."

It was brushed aside. "No fear of that lasting long. You see how it is—he's already off after another fortune. What difference does it make to him? Of course it hurts his vanity a little. But in the mean while he has good clothes; when he comes home the house is comfortable for him, and everything is done as he likes. No wonder he can take it calmly that you are drudging day in and day out, that Louise is breaking her heart about Curtis Sayre, and that I'm 'clerking' in a store when I ought to be out preparing myself for a profession." He flung out his arms in the impotence of an indignation which could effect no good. "Will you tell me why the deuce he can't be satisfied with moderate sums?"

Mrs. Warner smiled sadly, shaking her head. "He can't, Stanley dear. It is not so much his fault. You must remember it was the training of his youth."

"Well, in twenty years of poverty he's had time enough to get away from it."

It was, in substance, the criticism of Curtis Sayre when, later in the evening, he was left alone with Louise to hear in detail the story at whose essentials former experience had enabled him to guess the moment he had entered the room. He had found Simon Warner with his wife and daughter sitting close beside a fire in which wood was being economized. And Warner had welcomed him cordially.

"We are reading about the latest aerial exploit," he had said. "Shall you be interested in hearing it?"

Sayre had mendaciously answered in the affirmative, and Warner had taken up again the evening paper which he had laid aside. He had begun to read aloud in his agreeable, persuasive voice. But Sayre had heard little of the account of the air-ship's flight and fall—save that there was borne in upon him a sense of parallelism, of fitness in the subject which Warner had been drawn to. His eyes had sought those of Louise with a question. And its answer had been in the trembling of her lip and the quick rising



of tears. He had settled back in his chair—an attitude expressing far less resignation than repression of a wrathful disgust which an incautious movement or word might put beyond his control. And Simon Warner had read on suavely, while his wife and daughter sewed, drawn close to the single light. When he had finished he laid the paper by and opened a conversation upon the merits of a local political issue. It was his opinion that such matters could never be settled satisfactorily until gentlemen, men of education and refinement, should devote themselves to civic issues.

"But it's dirty work, Curtis; by far too dirty work," he averred, fastidiously. "I have never been able to bring myself to it." And he had wandered on to a related topic.

It seemed rarely to occur to him that Sayre might come to the house in search of a pleasure other than to profit by the conversation on which he prided himself. It was his habit to discourse with leisurely enjoyment until such time as his wife should suggest his withdrawal. And tonight had been no exception. He had talked at his best for over an hour before Mrs. Warner had been able to take him away. And when at last he had spoken a well-turned good-night, he went with his wife. Sayre waited until they were out of hearing. Then he put his request for enlightenment in the form of a concise "Well?" With a sudden abandonment the girl dropped her face in her hands, sobbing. Sayre drew her to him and held her close, while she cried herself to quiet against his shoulder.

"I suppose it's the same old story," he said at length.

She made a gesture at once of hopelessness and assent.

"Which was it—'nothing in the deal,' or holding out for too big a commission?"

"If there had been nothing in it," she told him, "it would not have been so hard to bear. But this time there was a great deal—such a very great deal for people to whom almost anything would be welcome. But father hoped he could get more—thought his services were worth more. And then I suppose pride wouldn't let him accept less. You see," she anticipated his strictures, "he is not so greatly to blame. He was brought up to

think in large sums. And it hurts him to admit that he might far better take whatever is offered."

Sayre made small account of it. "Certainly he is to blame—on any other supposition than that he's not of sufficiently sound mind to be at large. He might be satisfied with having gratified his propensity for calculations on a large scale, in the way in which he scattered his fortune. As it is, he sees his family almost on the verge of want, his wife worn out, and the lives of his children being sacrificed. But it disturbs him much less than to swallow his vanity and admit that he'll be glad of anything he can get. He spends his days sitting around the offices of busy men, taking their time with lofty sentiments and impractical schemes. And when by chance he gets hold of something genuine, he lets it slip through his fingers because he won't deign to shut them over a moderate sum." He cut himself short with an inarticulate sound expressive of annoyance and contempt to which words were inadequate.

And it was, after all, only the repetition of what they had gone over together many times before—always with the same outcome. It resolved itself invariably into the fact that Simon Warner could not be changed, and that he was too helpless to be turned adrift to shift for himself. "He has only the smallest income left," Louise had explained long before. "And it goes regularly, with nothing to show for it."

Because of this, because it was impossible not to see that there seemed nothing to be done with the situation save to bear it, the engagement had gone on for three years, not even an approximate date for their marriage having ever been thought of. But of late Sayre had grown restive; and his impatience had only been held in check by the prospect of a change in Simon Warner's affairs.

"I was a fool to put any faith in it all," he came out again now. "I might have known it would end like the rest."

"But this time it did seem a little different," she answered, in sad retrospection. "There was more definiteness. And it had gone so far." The tear-wet eyes lighted with imagination of the unfulfilled. "Think what it would have meant if father had come home to-night



and told us that he had accepted even half of what he had hoped to get!"

But Sayre's humor was not to be charmed by pleasant fancies. "Oh, I don't know," he opposed a counter-supposition. "He would very probably have gone into some wildcat investment at once."

She sat in the silence of a heavy depression. "Yes," she answered at length, speaking slowly, "that is the worst of it. There could never be any certainty. From day to day we might become penniless. At best we could hardly expect more than a short time of comfort—of luxury, I suppose it would be. You know father had chosen the house into which he wished to move at once—one many times too large for us. And he had been trying motor-cars."

Sayre stood up with an angry quickness, and walking to the mantelpiece, leaned against it, looking down at her. "But see here, Louise; what does your father think about *us*—about our affairs? Does it ever enter his head that an engagement is usually supposed to end in marriage?"

She shook her head helplessly. "I don't know what he thinks. He never speaks of it—of our marriage. The engagement he takes for granted, of course."

"Does he think we can go on as we are for a perfectly indefinite time?"

"Apparently."

He failed to return her deprecatory smile. "Well—we can't. We've waited long enough now, held off by one delusive hope after another. It's got to come to an end. This thing to-night is the last straw."

The girl's lips quivered again before she could speak. Then she mastered herself. She looked up at him, leaning forward with her hands clasped upon the arm of her chair. "I know, dear," she began what was evidently predetermined. "I have been thinking of it, you may be sure. And I have come to realize that it is not right. It is not just—to you. But there is only one thing I can do. I can set you free. I can let you go to make yourself a happier life."

The face still turned up to him had every muscle held tense and rigid by the power of her will, by her resolution to keep from showing anything which might

make an appeal to his pity and nullify the words she had said.

For a time he studied her almost in detachment. "That is one thing we won't talk of again, Louise," he disposed of it.

Her hands unclasped spasmodically, and she threw them apart with a movement of impotence. "Then what is left," she breathed, "but to go on—waiting?" As he did not reply at once, she carried on her thought. "You know how it all is, dear. You know that I am needed, that my earnings are needed."

"Why might it not be the best thing for your father to be forced to meet responsibility?"

She gave a half-laugh that told of little faith. "Father will never change," she said.

"Your mother could come with us," he began. But as he stopped on a dubious inflection she voiced the negative that had risen in his own mind.

"Mother would not for an instant consider abandoning father. You could not expect her to."

"No," he confessed, "you could not expect her to."

"It is not as if he had done any wilful wrong. He loves her. And according to his lights he has tried to provide for her and his children."

For a few minutes Sayre stood in an almost admiring contemplation of that possibly single example of the immovable quantity, as represented in personality—attracting to itself its fit circumstance, against which not all the force of any contrary inclination can prevail. In the usual affairs of life he was not a man who was easily thwarted, easily turned from his purpose. If it was not to be achieved by one method, he was fertile in resources for finding others. Yet during three years now he had searched vainly for the means by which, in an orderly society, he could obtain his desire. And it was the paradox of motive that, as things stood, the one condition which would make it possible would have lessened the desire itself. The girl's attachment to what she saw as her duty was no inconsiderable factor in his devotion.

"Then what is to be done?" he propounded, ironically speculative. "Are we to keep on with this engagement-to-



do-nothing-in-particular throughout an indefinite future?"

"There may come some change," she offered, without conviction. "One never knows what even the near future may hold."

"No—but general experience leads one to observe that the slow and natural sequence of events is pretty well to be counted upon. The surprising and unexpected are not so much the rule as we like to assure ourselves when the present doesn't measure up to our wishes."

She sat in a visible hesitation. He saw her start to speak and check herself. But his eyes held a compulsion which finally brought the reluctant words. "Father mentioned to-night some new affair that has just come up." Her face flushed unhappily at being under the necessity of uncovering his still further weakness. "He said that it was something—considerable," she understated.

Sayre's laugh echoed a by no means tender pity. "Let's not make matters worse, Louie, by adding any longer the alternations of uneasy hope and despair. These flights of fancy would be comparatively harmless if we paid no attention to them. Well," he added, presently, shutting his mouth to a hard line of endurance, "I suppose there is nothing for it just now but further submission—resignation being beyond my moral strength. But I should like to smash a few things to little bits—and remodel them according to my own ideas;" he restricted the process to a classic allusion.

And the while his indignation spent itself unavailingly, in the room above, drawn close to the meagre warmth of a gas-stove flame, a love which had outlasted impatience and outlived the expectation of gratified desires listened to the story of failure which had been the refrain of half a life.

"There was no use in my taking less, you see." It was at once assertive and beseeching. "There was no use in my taking less if I could get more. And I expected the larger sum. My services were worth it. However"—he put out his shapely, fine-skinned hand, laying it on the one which toil had left unbeautiful—"however, my dear, I have every expectation that this other matter can be carried through to a successful close.

And when it is there will be no need for any further—inconvenience."

In the days which followed, the effort she had made to keep her want of faith from wounding him had its reward in the confidence he reposed in her. To his children he was silent, shrinking from the possibility of another encounter with the clear-cut judgment of youth and its unrelentingness. And little by little, despite herself, the breath of his speech fanned into a faint spark the hope she had believed extinguished forever—which she had resolved should never again be allowed to light her heart, that the after-darkness might be more complete. Whenever they were alone together he told her of what was going forward, always in terms of a cheerful certainty. It was by the merest chance the deal had come to him—that in itself was an evidence of the favoring mood of Fortune. He had met a friend of his more prosperous days, a man to whom he had done a financial favor, never, thus far, returned. It was the question of a great land company in a marvellously fertile portion of the West. There were millions in it, tens of millions. His own commission should run above the hundred thousands. It was not a great deal, to be sure, as he would once have measured it. But his altered circumstances— And they could be comfortable on the amount, fairly comfortable, until he should invest it to advantage and make more. "I am a man for large enterprises," he explained himself. "Small ones don't attract me, my dear."

Once she hazarded the suggestion that he should not insist upon a larger profit than the principals might seem disposed to give.

He lifted his thin, erect shoulders. "Why should I take less when I can get more?"

And she was silent, lest he should doubt *her* trust also, and withhold his confidence, as with the children. Yet it was a confidence he had not bidden her keep to herself. So after some days, when the depression of recoil was at its heaviest, she brought herself to share it with her son and daughter; apologetic the while, lest she should be rated as only less infatuated than their father. "I am



not counting upon it in the least this time," she denied the imputation before it came. "But it doesn't seem altogether an impossibility that something *might* happen. The other people have actually sent an agent out to see the lands. They must put a certain faith in it." And still later she reported again. The agent had come back, and his account was favorable.

"It will probably drop there—so far as we are concerned," her son refused to respond with the smallest credence.

"I suppose so," she agreed, but it was as if under a certain compulsion, and not wholly as an unbeliever.

"Or even if it doesn't—" Louise spoke, turning upon her mother her large eyes, which in the last weeks had become sadly lustreless. "Isn't father planning all manner of extravagant things? Isn't he expecting to live on a grand scale, and to make investments which will bring impossible returns?"

"Yes," Mrs. Warner was compelled to admit, "he is."

The girl smiled wearily, as a sufficient comment. It was that species of self-discouragement of which we make use as a preventive of the greater ill that lies in disappointed expectation. And yet it was not wholly effective. In the moments when she was off her guard—or sometimes deliberately, when renunciation and the dreariness of her work seemed too great to be borne without some little alleviation—she let herself indulge in the faint visions conjured up by an "if" or a "perhaps." And yet once again she told Sayre of what was passing.

"Well," he refrained from entirely disheartening her, "we will hope for the best." But she knew that he did nothing of the sort, that he was more resolute than she in his refusal to indulge any further deluding faiths. She told herself that he was right, that his example was the only one to follow if she were to spare herself. And it became the more a conviction as another week went by with nothing heard from the affair that was to make their fortune.

"What does father say?" She again capitulated with her resolves so far as to ask her mother.

"He hasn't said anything recently,"

was the sighing answer. "And I can't bring myself to ask."

There was no obvious change in Simon Warner's manner, unless it was the faintest suggestion that he was pre-occupied—or else dejected. It was of this disturbing sign that they spoke on an evening when Sayre was with them in the little sitting-room, and Warner had not come home. For the remembrance of it added a somewhat deeper tinge to the disquiet caused by his delayed return. Nothing was more unusual than that he should fail to dine with his family. Yet to-night he had not done so. And no message had come.

"Of course nothing can have happened," Mrs. Warner spoke an assurance whose very voicing counteracted its purpose. "I suppose he has been detained."

Yet, under pretence of a draught, Stanley went presently to the window, to make sure that it was closed. And, the curtain being drawn up, he looked down the street. "Here's father now," he put an end to anxiety. Yet he did not lower the shade and turn away. And something in his stillness, in his look of watching, brought Louise to his side. They stood together observing Simon Warner as he came on in the flicker and glare of the arc-light. He was walking slowly, as if he were very tired. His head was down and his shoulders stooped. The eyes of his children met quickly, significantly, and looked away again. But in the glance exchanged they had said to each other that one more inflated expectation had gone the way of many others. And Stanley, pulling down the shade, moved back.

"Father looks rather tired," he prepared his mother. Some impulse of affection and of sympathy he would not have confessed in words made him bend over to brighten the fire, and then draw his father's chair before it. And Mrs. Warner went out into the hall, as was her custom.

She was slightly behind her husband as he entered the room, and her face had a share of distress. For Warner was still bending unwontedly, and his steps lacked firmness. But there was a smile on his face, and he greeted each one of them with some apt and special word.

Then he turned to his wife. "I'm





*Drawn by John A. Williams*

"I'LL BEGIN LIFE OVER AGAIN"



afraid you may have been inconvenienced," he began. "I am a little late. I was detained. There—there was some business to be closed." He stopped and looked around at them as if he were a little dazed, as if the gathering of his thoughts was an effort. "The fact is—the fact is, I've been engaged upon that little affair I mentioned to you. It took some time. I was in hopes I could get what my services were worth. I've been holding out for it." He paused and took hold of the back of his chair. "At the last it was a little long. But finally—but finally I convinced them that I was right. And so I stayed by it—to the end. It's taken a good while, my dear," he smiled at his wife, with an odd contraction of the mouth, "but I've always known I was the man for large enterprises." The words seemed cut short, though he appeared to be trying to frame others. His hand tightened on the back of his chair. The lips continued to move, and again sounds came.

"I'm not a rich man yet. I'm not a

rich man. But I've made a good start. I'll double the money in a short time. There's a matter—a matter—there's a matter been proposed to me this afternoon. I'm going to look into it. A great thing." Of a sudden he swayed sharply.

Sayre's hand went out and steadied him. "Hadn't you better sit down, sir?" he said. "You're a little tired."

Warner turned to him blank, questioning eyes. But he let himself be supported to a chair. And he sank into it. Then, as he caught again the thread of his thought, his eyes grew clear.

"It's a great thing," he repeated. "I'm not a rich man yet; but my luck has turned. I'll begin life over—" The blankness came, more entire than before. The mouth moved uselessly, the hands closed and opened and closed. A great change passed over the face, gray against the worn plush of the chair into which his form seemed to shrink and grow small.

There was a pause—then one short flaring of the flame. "I'll begin life over again—begin it—over—again."

## Death and Fame

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

I HAVE planted a flower on the peak;  
My soul has cast its star.  
Star and peak! and dawn 's a-streak!  
And my tomb is where they are.

Though never a climber scale the height  
Where my love exhales its fire,—  
Though only the heavenly side of night  
Shakes with my soul's desire,—

There, on the peak, a life's perfume!  
There, cresting the dark, a star!  
There, light that breaks upon a tomb!—  
And fame is where they are.



# The Journal of John Wesley

BY NEHEMIAH CURNOCK

Editor of "The Journal of John Wesley, A.M."

IN the strong room of a well-known Norfolk family, a few years ago, was found a deed-box filled with Wesley manuscripts. They were the salvage of a fire kindled a hundred years before in Wesley's London house by a saintly incendiary, who dreaded lest the simple Methodist people of his day should discover that their venerable father-in-God once read plays and annotated heathen poets. I have often pictured the good man in the garb of a "Methodist preacher," his comely Quaker-like wife by his side holding wide the mouth of the precious sack, while her solemn, masterful master flings book after book—Shakespeare, Spenser, Horace, Terence, even Milton and Plato—into the kitchen fire in the basement of the house in which Wesley lived and died. Fortunately John Pawson, being superintendent of the London Circuit, had other work on hand besides the burning of books and diaries. The slow pace at which his self-imposed and illegal task dragged its fiery length along enabled Henry Moore, also a preacher and one of Wesley's executors, to come to the rescue. He arrived in time to save more than twenty note-books, the manuscript hymn-book which for fifteen years Wesley, when he preached, held in his hand—the thumb-marks are still visible where the book opens at favorite hymns—and in the same volume an ingenious sermon register for those years, as well as masses of letters and other documents. Mr. Gandy, a solicitor and executor under Henry Moore's will, inherited the collection, and passed it on, through Mr. Cozens-Hardy, to the late Jeremiah Colman, of Norwich. The following is an account, omitting details, of the "Colman Collection."

In a tray on the top of the deed-box are twenty calf-bound note-books, duodecimo. Of these, five contain Oxford

diaries; two, Georgia diaries; two, diaries of a later date (1738-1741). The period more or less perfectly covered by these diaries is from 1729 to 1741-2. The other volumes contain a Miscellany in verse, correspondence with the Granville family, Kezia Wesley's commonplace-book, treatises, prayers, sermons, accounts; lists of books, pupils, members, etc. The twenty-first volume (small octavo) is the hymn-book and sermon register before referred to.

Under the tray are two collections of MSS., one, the larger and more important, belonging originally to John Wesley; the other to his brother Charles. The importance of these may be judged from the fact that there are considerably more than a hundred letters to or from members of the Wesley family, many of them unpublished, or only in part, or in remote, scattered, and inaccessible periodicals. There are also letters to and from many of the persons who figure in early Methodist history. Many of these are copied by various hands, but all are endorsed by Wesley himself and carefully docketed by him, or Marriott, or Henry Moore. The Charles Wesley papers are chiefly valuable for original journal-letters, and for hymns in shorthand.

An examination of the diaries shows that there are several gaps. Volumes have been given away, stolen or sold, or destroyed. It may be that university libraries in the United States or Canada contain some of the missing diaries. Any calf-bound duodecimo volumes, with Wesley's sermon notes, or accounts, or condensed treatises, or letters, or lists of names, should be searched throughout for diary pages. Wesley was an economist. He made the most of odd corners, and wasted nothing. One curious illustration of this habit may be given. Volume II. contains ten let-



ters, copied by Wesley in the old Oxford days, from the Aspasia-Selima (Mary and Anne Granville, afterward Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Dewes) correspondence. Twelve or fourteen years later, needing a note-book in which to write lists of members in the London bands, he utilized blank pages in this same Aspasia volume, and, later still, added the Deptford lists. On one of the earlier pages occurs the name of Grace Murray as leader of a select band consisting of five members. And so by the irony of fate the great-great-granddaughter of the brave Sir Richard Grenville, Lord Tennyson's hero, who in her graceful and cultured old age was the close personal friend of George III. and Queen Caroline, figures in the same manuscript volume side by side with that most charming Methodist class-leader, the celebrated Grace Murray.

Two of the missing note-books have been discovered. They are both extremely interesting and of priceless value. The first is in England, the second in America. The first opens the series of Wesley diaries. It was written in Oxford, at Christ Church and Lincoln, in the old rectory garden at Wroot, in the charming west-country village from which New York City borrowed (I presume) the name of its most famous business street, and in the neighboring village of Stanton. It is a quaint little book, with marble-covered covers, bound down the back in once-white parchment; the paper thin, poor, yellow with age; the cover corners rounded and worn; the writing—save for three names and the title (or part of

the title) of a once famous book—all from one hand, though not in one style. The writer was passing from late boyhood into early manhood, and was changing with the changing years. More than one romance is concealed under the fading leaves and covers.

Where are the note-books, small enough to be carried in the pocket of a wandering, persecuted preacher, driven by Stuart bigotry and his own martyr-

*F. Br. with Mr. Burman (c. 1738) visited Mr. p. i. x. c. p. c. f. f.*  
*A. Read the Gent. Library, subscribed by which, read D. Burman*  
*p. i. x. c. sat at Mr. C. H. I. t.*  
*J. Read Mr. Burman's D. Burman: p. i. x. c. Read Mr. Burman's Comp.*  
*p. c. f. f.*  
*A. Schurley. Had 1. 5. 10. 20. 30. 40. 50. 60. 70. 80. 90. 100. 110. 120. 130. 140. 150. 160. 170. 180. 190. 200. 210. 220. 230. 240. 250. 260. 270. 280. 290. 300. 310. 320. 330. 340. 350. 360. 370. 380. 390. 400. 410. 420. 430. 440. 450. 460. 470. 480. 490. 500. 510. 520. 530. 540. 550. 560. 570. 580. 590. 600. 610. 620. 630. 640. 650. 660. 670. 680. 690. 700. 710. 720. 730. 740. 750. 760. 770. 780. 790. 800. 810. 820. 830. 840. 850. 860. 870. 880. 890. 900. 910. 920. 930. 940. 950. 960. 970. 980. 990. 1000. 1010. 1020. 1030. 1040. 1050. 1060. 1070. 1080. 1090. 1100. 1110. 1120. 1130. 1140. 1150. 1160. 1170. 1180. 1190. 1200. 1210. 1220. 1230. 1240. 1250. 1260. 1270. 1280. 1290. 1300. 1310. 1320. 1330. 1340. 1350. 1360. 1370. 1380. 1390. 1400. 1410. 1420. 1430. 1440. 1450. 1460. 1470. 1480. 1490. 1500. 1510. 1520. 1530. 1540. 1550. 1560. 1570. 1580. 1590. 1600. 1610. 1620. 1630. 1640. 1650. 1660. 1670. 1680. 1690. 1700. 1710. 1720. 1730. 1740. 1750. 1760. 1770. 1780. 1790. 1800. 1810. 1820. 1830. 1840. 1850. 1860. 1870. 1880. 1890. 1900. 1910. 1920. 1930. 1940. 1950. 1960. 1970. 1980. 1990. 2000. 2010. 2020. 2030. 2040. 2050. 2060. 2070. 2080. 2090. 2100. 2110. 2120. 2130. 2140. 2150. 2160. 2170. 2180. 2190. 2200. 2210. 2220. 2230. 2240. 2250. 2260. 2270. 2280. 2290. 2300. 2310. 2320. 2330. 2340. 2350. 2360. 2370. 2380. 2390. 2400. 2410. 2420. 2430. 2440. 2450. 2460. 2470. 2480. 2490. 2500. 2510. 2520. 2530. 2540. 2550. 2560. 2570. 2580. 2590. 2600. 2610. 2620. 2630. 2640. 2650. 2660. 2670. 2680. 2690. 2700. 2710. 2720. 2730. 2740. 2750. 2760. 2770. 2780. 2790. 2800. 2810. 2820. 2830. 2840. 2850. 2860. 2870. 2880. 2890. 2900. 2910. 2920. 2930. 2940. 2950. 2960. 2970. 2980. 2990. 3000. 3010. 3020. 3030. 3040. 3050. 3060. 3070. 3080. 3090. 3100. 3110. 3120. 3130. 3140. 3150. 3160. 3170. 3180. 3190. 3200. 3210. 3220. 3230. 3240. 3250. 3260. 3270. 3280. 3290. 3300. 3310. 3320. 3330. 3340. 3350. 3360. 3370. 3380. 3390. 3400. 3410. 3420. 3430. 3440. 3450. 3460. 3470. 3480. 3490. 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in library drawers—possibly in one of the American universities. If discovered, I should expect to find them, in outward appearance, like John Wesley's first Oxford diary. For that famous little duodecimo once belonged—there can be little doubt—to the series. At the top of the inside cover it bears the name of our John Wesley's grandfather—"John Westley," the dispossessed rector of Winterbourne-Whitehurch in the County of Dorset, England. Presumably he first owned the book. At his death it passed with other effects to his eldest son, Samuel Wesley, who not only wrote his own name underneath his father's, but also the title (abbreviated) of his *magnum opus*—"Dissertations on Job." Probably he at one time intended using the little book for notes on Job. Two pages neatly cut out may have contained such notes, or, possibly, entries made by the old grandfather, John Westley.

The years passed. Sons and daughters—all brilliant—were born to Samuel and Susanna Wesley; among them "John Benjamin," better known in the rectory as "Jaek," the child-hero of the Epworth fire.\* Some things, we know, were rescued from the fire—a Bible, Samuel Wesley's great hymn *Behold the Saviour of Mankind*, and this little note-book. Either when John went to the Charterhouse, or, seven years later, when he removed to Oxford, his father, I suggest, gave him this note-book, writing his name therein under the two earlier Wesley names, and advising him to imitate his grandfather's example and his own, and keep a diary. Toward the close of 1721 he made a beginning, filling the first cover page with a methodical plan of study, a time-table for 1722, and a family letter-writing arrangement. But the diary proper was not commenced until the spring of 1725. He was then

twenty-two years of age, a student at Christ Church, with a reputation for scholarship, Latin verse, cheerful comradeship—a clean, neatly attired, orderly gentleman, joyful in voice and face, who could read and converse and sing and play tennis and ride with the best. He was not the least popular man in Oxford, and was always a welcome guest in the rectories of three counties.

It was in one of these hospitable parsonage homes, during the Easter holidays of 1725, that he found what he himself calls his "first religious friend." She was the second of three sisters—Mrs. Chapone, Elizabeth (or "Betty," as she was more familiarly called), and Damaris. Their brother Robert was as yet a schoolboy. Later he was to figure as Charles Wesley's intimate friend, and the first member of the Holy Club. American visitors to Broadway, on the borders of Worcestershire and Gloucestershire, should drive over to Buckland and Stanton, two quaint English villages, each with its ancient church, and stone-built cottages, and old houses with picturesque gables and mullioned windows. They will pass the house in which Mr. Winnington and his daughters lived—a name recorded in the early history of their own country. A hundred and eighty-three years ago the hounds met at Mr. Winnington's, and John Wesley rode with the ladies and gentlemen who followed. At Buckland, near the church, they may discover an old farmhouse in which Mrs. Granville and her daughters, Mary and Anne, lived during the early years of the eighteenth century. Lord Lansdowne hired it for his Jacobite brother, Colonel Granville, when the death of Queen Anne left him without hope of advancement, with the Tower of London as a probable lodging, and the headsman's axe as a possible solace. A long line of illustrious ancestors, including the bravest of all heroic knights, counted for nothing with the dull Hanoverian King, and the Granvilles fled to the safe obscurity of a Worcestershire village, where the colonel died, leaving his widow and her charming daughters dependent on the Lansdowne bounty. Quaint Parson Tooker at Buckland, the Griffiths in the old rectory at Broadway, and the Rev. Lionel Kirkham with his wife and

\* At the bicentenary of Wesley's birth I received a letter from the wife of the Rev. A. E. Rowson, Chicago County, Minnesota, U.S.A., stating that the writer was a descendant of "the man who stood on the shoulders of another and took the boy from the window of the burning house." The man's name was Clark. It frequently appears in the Wroot Diary. The grave-stones of the Clark families stand immediately opposite the west door of the old parish church at Epworth.





THE CHURCH AND RECTORY—BUCKLAND

daughters—all people of culture and more or less sympathetic—opened wide their doors to the sorrowful widow with an illustrious name. How John Wesley gained access to the charmed circle we can only surmise. He at Christ Church and John Griffiths at Magdalen foregathered; “Robin,” as John Griffiths is called in the Diary, to some extent shared his friend’s religious views. He is known to biographers as “Wesley’s first convert,” and I myself, at one stage of the research, was disposed to identify him as the “first religious friend.”

A pathetic story of “Robin’s” sudden death, at home during the Christmas holidays of 1726, is briefly noted in the Diary. Wesley, who was a guest in the Stanton rectory at the time, was summoned by the broken-hearted father and mother. He rode over to Broadway, buried his young friend, and in the rectory library wrote a memorial sermon, which he preached in the old church, and preached again the same day in Buckland, where poor “Robin’s” sweetheart lived. He copied the sermon for Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths. The original draft is now in Mr. Russell Colman’s strong room at

Norwich. In Wesley’s published *Works* it figures as “Sermon cxxxv, Preached at Epworth, January 11, 1726, at the funeral of John Griffiths, a hopeful young man.” After Wesley’s return to Oxford a box containing “Robin’s” gown and other effects came from a grateful father. The interest of this simple story lies in the almost certain fact that the friendship of John Wesley and John Griffiths brought the former to Broadway, to Buckland, and to Stanton; in other words, into close intimacy with the Griffiths, the Tookers, the Granvilles, and the Kirkhams. The Diary, in its cipher notes, now for the first time reveals the fact that it was this intimacy which changed the whole trend of John Wesley’s life; probably also the destiny of his brother Charles.

This first Oxford Diary remained in the possession of the Pawson family until it was purchased by Mr. George Stampe, a Lincolnshire collector of Wesley manuscripts. Its value for historical purposes is beyond price. In its cipher words and sentences it contains the self-revelation of John Wesley in the beginning of that most extraordinary religious





MR. WINNINGTON'S HOUSE NEAR BROADWAY  
From which Wesley went a-hunting in 1726

development which, after thirteen years of struggle and survival, culminated in the transformation which made him the greatest evangelist and ecclesiastical organizer that modern England and America have known.

Another and, from the historian's point of view, almost equally important diary I fortunately discovered in the possession of Bishop Hendrix of Kansas. Unlike Oxford No. 1, it once formed part of what is now known as the "Colman Collection." The Rev. Henry Moore, who, as one of Wesley's executors, claimed the unconsumed documents from Pawson, gave this Georgia Diary, No. 2, to his friend, Elizabeth Taylor, of Carmarthen. She gave it to her friend, the Rev. John Gould Avery, who left it by will to his daughter, Mrs. Charles Bell, who sold it to Mr. R. Thursfield Smith, of Whitechurch, Salop, and so it passed into the hands of Bishop Hendrix. The history of this volume is the more minutely described in order to remove from it a suspicion of fraudulent misappropriation in the earlier years of its history. The only doubtful

legality is that which affects all the diaries, journals, and other manuscripts left by Wesley in trust. The question is whether the whole did not really belong to the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. But that is a matter on which a mere "layman" has no claim to an opinion. It belongs rather to the Master of the Rolls in England and to the Judge of the Supreme Court in the United States of America. Happily, the MSS. are in safe keeping, and, with the utmost courtesy on both sides of the water, they have been made accessible to a student of history.

The whole period of Wesley's life from the hour of his embarkation at Gravesend to the day of his return from America is now revealed with a fulness of detail never hitherto attained. New and much fuller versions of his Journal have come to light, and have been woven into the versions which he himself printed. These were written for the information of relatives and friends in England. They are complementary of one another, and are rich in living interest. They describe tragic events in Frederica, and



clear away all the obscurities that have hitherto enveloped the famous love-story which incidentally brought Wesley's transatlantic career to an end. But to American readers the Diary is a much more interesting and informing document. It is not only a daily record of personal doings and happenings, but, for nearly all the days, an hourly record. It begins with scrupulous exactness at the hour, or rather at the minute, of awakening—four or five in the morning—and continues with unbroken regularity down the yellow page to nine or ten o'clock at night. Often the hour, too full to content itself with the allotted space, invades the columns beyond, which, strictly speaking, belong to health of mind, body, or estate, or to the inner life of the Holy Club (of which, as we now discover, the friends in Georgia formed an organized section), or to devotional exercise and exclamations of varying emotion. One of the rules of holy living adopted by the club was that each hour should begin with an "Ejaculatory Prayer" and end with six

or seven minutes spent in some form of devotional exercise. Hence the letter "E" down the left-hand margin, and the figure "6," varied by "5" or "7," down the central column.

These and other mystic figures and letters are interesting because they point to one of the strong features of Wesley's daily life in Georgia. It was a life by rule, a life devotional, a life ascetic. All the hours of each day had their assigned and regularly fulfilled devotional exercises—reading, prayer, meditation, conversation. Never less than twice a day public prayers were read, with appointed lessons and psalms. At least once a day there was an exposition. All the fasts and festivals of the early Church were rigorously observed, including the Wednesday and Friday fasts. During the whole of his residence in Georgia Wesley slept on bare boards and fed on the plainest vegetarian food—as a rule, on bread. He drank neither wine nor beer. His first act on landing was to smash the rum-casks and to impose upon himself and his comrades—



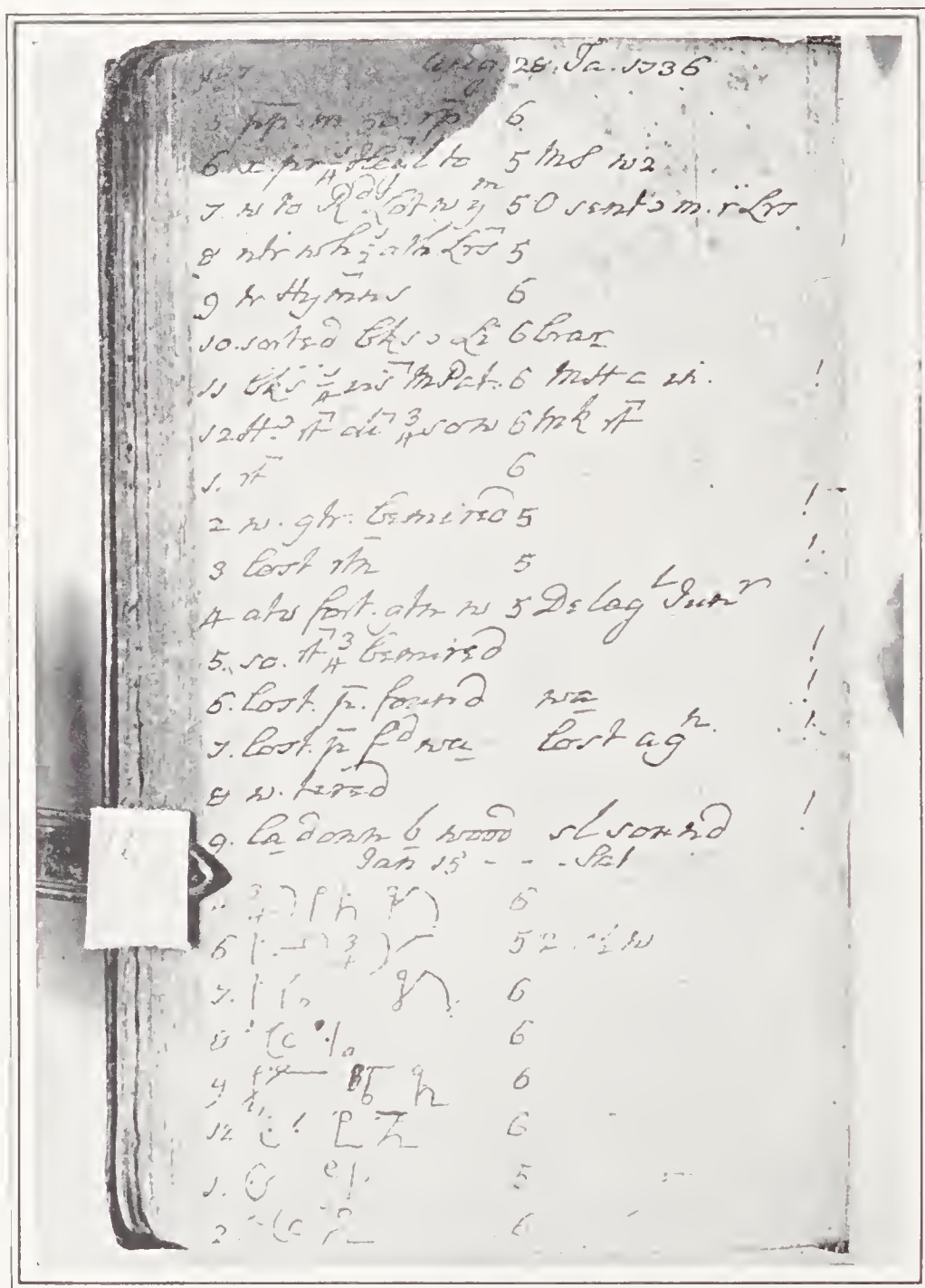
THE OLD PARISH CHURCH, BROADWAY  
Where Wesley preached "Robin's" memorial sermon



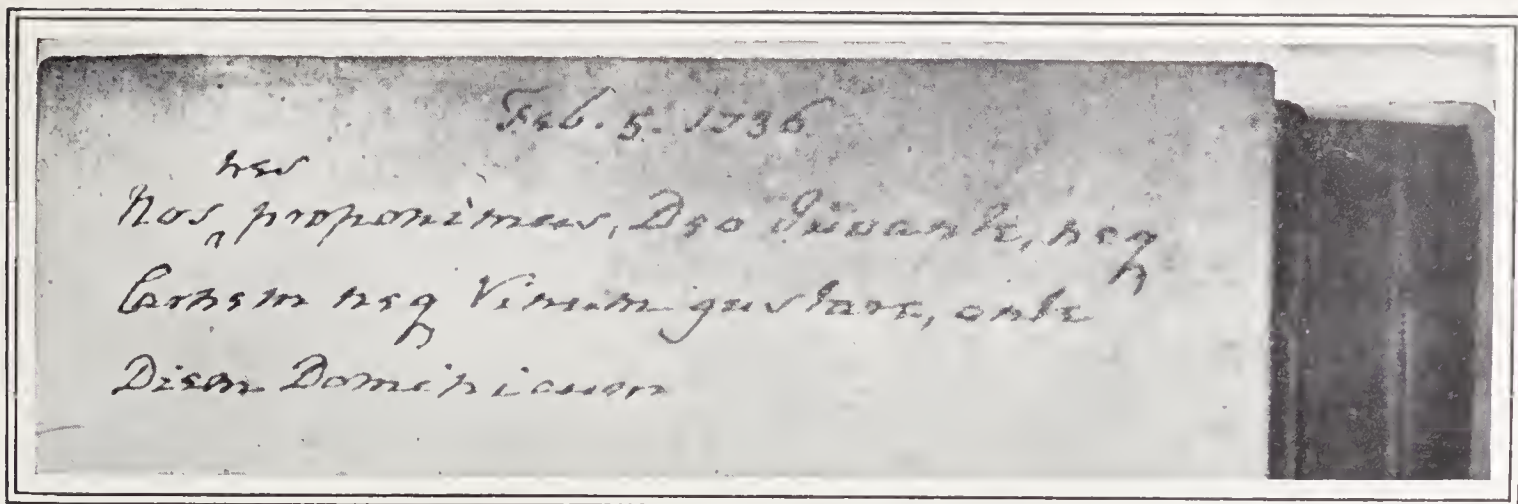
all members of the Holy Club—a vow of abstinence: “Nos tres proponimus, Deo juvante, neq carnem neq vinum gustare, ante Diem Dominicum.” He was even then a Methodist “of the straitest sect of our religion.” He worked and prayed, literally, “without ceasing.” No trace can be discovered of a single day or hour given to recreation. All his reading, his conversation, his writing, even in the grammars and catechisms he compiled, were religious. The nearest approach to recreative read-

he “meditates.” He carried on an extensive correspondence with old friends and kinsfolk in England, and with new friends in Frederica and South Carolina, but his letters seem always to have been concerned with affairs, or with religious or philosophical argument. They are weighty little treatises or pungent protests. In the Record Office (London) I found a long letter written in Savannah, and never hitherto published, which is one of the most brilliant and business-like he ever wrote.

One of Wesley's rules, inherited from early Oxford days and handed down to his “Helpers” in later days, was this: “Be diligent; never be triflingly employed.” His own output of solid work in Georgia was extraordinary. He mastered at least three languages and taught two. He built a house, fenced and planted a garden, felled trees, and helped to make roads. He compiled and published the first hymn-book ever used in the English Church, and prepared a second, translating hymns, composing others, and selecting from the best sources. He had a long, wide, and difficult parish. In the library of the London Colonial Office I found a map, drawn probably by an early eighteenth-century survey officer, which reproduces Wesley's American circuit, bounded by the Savannah River and ex-







THE VOW OF ABSTINENCE OF WESLEY AND HIS COMRADES

"Nos tres proponimus, Deo juvante, neq carnem neq vinum gustare, ante Diem Dominicum"

or in pettiawgas and scout-boats he worked his parish, travelling in all winds and weathers, and feeding sparsely. Wrapped in his cloak, he slept on the ground, or on deck, drenched with rain and night dews, his clothes sometimes frozen to the earth; fording rivers, losing his way in swamps, reading prayers and preaching to planters and Indian traders and boatmen, singing and reading and praying as he went, observing all his rules, wasting no time, evangelizing every man, woman, or child he met with, caring with infinite tenderness for the sick—the bond-slave of Jesus Christ, the friend and pastor of lonely colonists.

The diaries are purely personal. Only incidentally and by inference do they throw light on public affairs. Charles Wesley in his Journal tells the story of Spanish intrigue, and helps the student to understand the points of contact between the advance post on St. Simon's Island and the broken but still hostile power of Spain on the disputed frontier. Colonel Oglethorpe and the British government hoped that the new settlement with its outlying forts might prove a check to Spanish aggression. Not only the new colony of Georgia, but the older State of South Carolina, was imperilled. Not only Spaniards, but the French, and many warlike Indian tribes, were a continual source of anxiety. The correspondence of the Colonial Office throws a flood of light on the history. Strange to say, John Wesley's Journal and the Diary are silent, or nearly so. One can see that public life was full of color and vivacity; we may hear mutterings of

passing storms; captains, scout-boats, envoys with foreign names come and go; there are conferences and diplomatic despatches; Indian chiefs and traders appear on the scene; also visitors from distant settlements, and messengers from the Carolinas. But of the inwardness, the political and military meaning of current events, John Wesley, who might have been so graphic and expert an informant, says nothing, or next to nothing. It was not ignorance that kept him silent, and certainly not lack of interest. From the days when in Oxford he used to subscribe to *The Coffee House* that he might read and hear the news, onward to the end of his life, he was a keen observer of public affairs. In Georgia he lived near to the fountain-head of news, colonial, British, Indian. The Georgia Diary, and especially the second volume now in America, shows the hitherto unsuspected fact that whenever Oglethorpe was at hand, whether in Savannah or Frederica, John Wesley (not Charles) acted as his private and confidential secretary. Somewhere—in Savannah, Charlestown, Madrid, Florida, or London—there should be reams of official letters in the handwriting of John Wesley. More interesting than the letters would be a report of innumerable conversations on personal and public affairs between Oglethorpe and Wesley.

Wesley never revealed what he knew—not even to the secret page of his own Diary. Over and over again during days of intense public anxiety the words occur, "writ for O." Hour after hour you

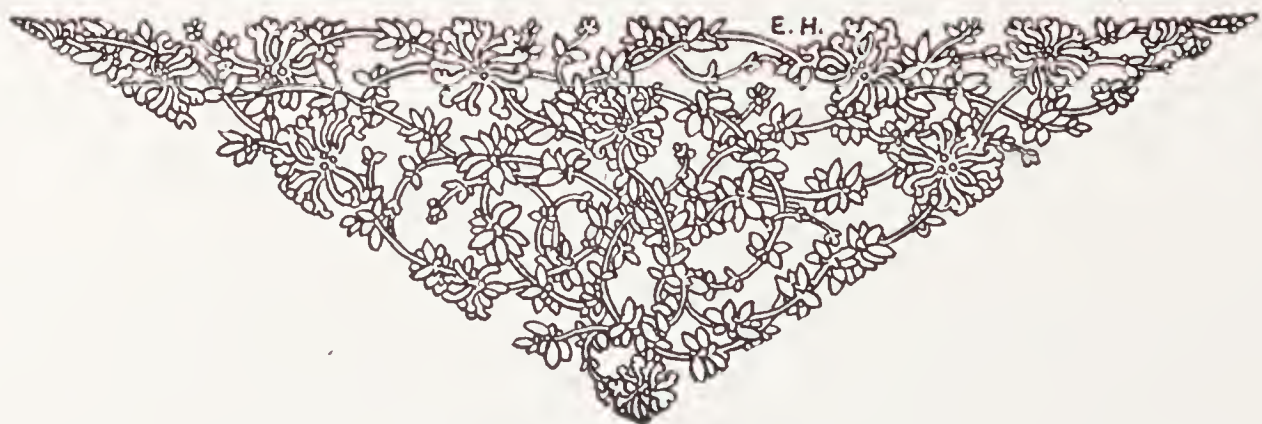




STANTON VILLAGE

hear the scratching of the Wesley quills, and ask, half angrily, What did Oglethorpe dictate? What and to whom did Wesley write? One thing only is clear. Wesley was the faithful friend, the confidential adviser, the laborious and absolutely secret private secretary to the very remarkable man to whom America, England, Germany, and, one might add, Spain owed so much. The policy influencing the Georgia trustees in all their transactions was the policy of Oglethorpe—a policy which commended itself to Wesley, and which, in the teeth of self-interested and bitter opposition,

he steadfastly supported. Justice to the Indian tribes, a firm hand on the Indian traders, a bold front to aggressors, no compromise with rum-smugglers, and an absolute *non-possumus* to the slave-trade, whether negro or white—such was the Oglethorpe-Wesley policy. All this we may gather from other sources, and it fully harmonizes with, and explains, otherwise dark words in the Diary. It is said that many years later, when the two men met in London, Oglethorpe, himself then an old man, knelt reverently in the presence of his venerable old friend—John Wesley.





# Gibbet Hill

BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS

## I

ROLLING featureless in a great, rounded mass on the western frontiers of Dartmoor; marked only by occasional pit or mound, where man has burrowed without success for metal; its mighty back close-coated in ling and heath and the lesser whin, there heaves up Gibbet Hill on a red-hot autumnal noon one hundred years ago.

From the flat head of this mound two counties were visible, fading ridge on ridge to glint and glitter of a distant sea, beneath the southing sun. Eastward ascended the peaks and battlements of Dartmoor Forest; to the west rose one green hill surmounted by a little church, and beyond and away, washed in the milk of opal summer air, spread the high lands of Cornwall.

A tall, powerfully built woman tramped upon the side of Gibbet Hill. She had come from a cabin built into a disused gravel pit, and she proceeded where, spread in the western side of the great dome, lay a farmhouse surrounded by cultivated land. Corn grew golden brown to harvest in three crofts; others were under grass; and elsewhere the glaucous green of swedes made pleasant contrast with emerald water meadows, through which a stream threaded with flashing beads of silver.

Hither from her den came this woman to beg. Widow Butt was heavy-faced with large, fine features. She wore drab garments and odd shoon. Her reddish, ample hair was curled thick as a cart-rope under her sunbonnet. Her clothes had been patched to a motley. Her eyes were flint dark, with tiny red specks in them. Their expression suggested eternal wonder and bewilderment, combined with pugnacious determination to solve this puzzle of life. She was built in the grand mould and her profile was Greek. Alison Butt had one son of eighteen, and she was but seven-

teen years older than her boy. They lived together in their rough dwelling, endured poverty, and subsisted as best they might. He was uncertain of temper and had quarrelled with two masters. But he promised to possess a giant's strength, and already boasted that he could do more than the work of a grown man. And now, reduced to extremities of want, the mother went on a forlorn hope to Gibbet Hill Farm. She knew that the master of it had dismissed a ploughman, and would need another as soon as the harvest should be gathered.

Peter Leaman owned his land and was a bachelor. "The Hangman" he had been called by young Rupert Butt, and the nickname stuck, because it illustrated exactly his repute among the neighbors. Men disliked him, yet none could charge him with wrong-doing or injustice. He was hard and silent. He scorned speech, and neither sought nor gave sympathy. His head man and his head man's wife kept house for him. They were drilled into dumbness, and some mystery shrouded Gibbet Hill Farm, for the reason that none knew how life proceeded therein.

Leaman worked very hard himself and exacted full measure of toil from those who labored for him. Finally it may be noted that he was a religious man and attended worship regularly.

He met Alison now as she approached the outer gate into the farmyard. It was of wood, and an old sack or two had been nailed along the bottom of it to keep the chickens in. He marked her imposing stature and stately movement.

"Hullo, Widow Butt! What be you wanting? Did the thunder-storm last week wash your house out of the gravel pit?"

His voice was harsh and conveyed a saturnine sense of humor. He was a man of fifty-five—thin, tall, with a clean-shaved face, small gray eyes, and



a sharp nose poking forth from between gray whiskers that ascended high on to his cheek-bones.

"Very near, master. We was pretty well drowned in our beds—Rupert and me. But he's a clever datcher, you must know, and he soon fetched a nitch of reeds and made the roof water-tight again."

"I don't hear much good of him."

"Then I be glad I'm come, for whether you'll heed or whether you won't, you may take it from the man's mother that he's a fine chap at heart and only wants a better man than himself set over him. He's young and strong as a pair of ponies a'ready, and a good learner and terrible willing to work."

Leaman looked at her, and saw that she did not fear him, but was only interested in her theme. Color came into her face, and she grew heavily animated while she talked of her boy. He noted her curious eyes. Apparently, however, he did not hear her, for his next remark was irrelevant.

"There'll be a brave crop of brake-fern this year. Have 'e ever wondered what Nature does with it after 'tis gone dead? She gets rid of it somehow afore spring comes round—uses it up for her own needs. Nature uses everything: 'tis only us men be such wasteful fools. But not me—not me and Titus Mumford and his missis. No waste at Gibbet Hill!"

She marvelled to find him in such an easy mood and ventured on a familiarity.

"You'm known for a very clever, far-seeing man. People wonder sometimes when you be going to take a wife."

His jaw hardened and his forehead furrowed. But he laughed scornfully.

"Let 'em wonder no more, then. Tell 'em never—never—till women be made on a new pattern. You're all alike. When I get honey from a beetle, then I'll look for sense and understanding in a woman."

"There's Mrs. Mumford, I'm sure."

"Yes, there is. And very near deaf, and very near dumb; and so much the better. The only useful sort. If I'd had a hand in making 'em, they should all be deaf and dumb. And I'll tell you this if you fear God—Paul was right there. When ban't he right, for that matter? Do without 'em—do without 'em if you want an easy mind and content and peace

at the last. The strait road be a long sight too narrow to be travelled abreast of a woman, Widow Butt."

"A regular woman-hater, I see. Well, we most of us females talk too much and think too little, without a doubt."

Mr. Leaman reflected a moment while he stared straight at her. Then he spoke abruptly.

"You're wasting my time something shameful. What do you want?"

"My boy. I want work for him. Don't turn going, master. You be too clever to take other men's word for a thing. You judge for yourself—I know that."

"Cunning creature!" he said; "but trust a mother for cunning. No—'tis true what you say: I judge for myself—but—"

"You want a ploughman. Give him a chance. 'Tis terrible bad times with us. You'll never regret it."

"He's an idle dog and thinks too well of himself. Even the meanest fools be their own heroes at heart—just the same as the wisest men. He's vain of his strength. But he's a crooked customer. When I was young a gallows stood 'pon top of Gibbet Hill, and they hanged a good few night-birds there—hanged 'em to rot in chains—just for a warning. 'Tis a pity they don't do the same still. Such as your son want such reminders."

She flushed and shook her head and answered:

"You mustn't say that. We was all young once. His faults are the faults of any young chap. I humbly beg you to give him a try. None doubts he can plough."

The farmer paid her a rough compliment.

"Your son did ought to be of some use, I reckon. Such a fine creature and such a towser for work as you ban't often seen. Will go ten mile to earn a three-penny piece, they tell me."

"Times are hard."

"You may come and glean when the corn's cut if you like," he said. Then he began to go on his way.

She stopped him.

"Thank you kindly, master; but Rupert—?"

"Was it him as fust called me 'The Hangman'?" he asked. "I've heard the



joke about lately, and Titus brought it in from a man as had it from your young rip."

She nodded.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I can't lie. 'Twas just a bit of boy's silliness. He called you that. Don't be hard on a—"

He turned his back abruptly and marched a step away. She stood irresolute. Casting a glance behind him, he saw her great bosom heave in a sigh. Then she moved slowly off to climb the hill again. He grinned to himself, and his eyes seemed to vanish in hair.

"Widow Butt!" he said. "'Tis a good thing to see ourselves as other people see us now and again. Tell your young blackguard to be here at five o'clock to-morrow morn. And as for being a hangman, my experience is that, give a youth the rope, he's generally quite clever enough to hang himself."

She started with joy and began trembling and staring at such mighty good fortune. She prepared to return that she might thank him; but he waved her off.

"Get back to your hole and tell your son the news. And warn him that we work to Gibbet Hill. He won't be set to pick primroses. He's strong—eh? Us 'll see if his strength rises to setting a dozen mowsteads for the corn reeks."

Alison Butt, with a step lightened, a stride lengthened, by happiness, made little of the journey that separated her from her home; but when she did come to the cabin there was none to welcome her, for her boy was out—wool-gathering. A means of making pence for children or feeble people offered on Dartmoor of old, and the black wool and the white, torn by brier and furze from the fleeces of the flocks, possessed a value to the spinners in many a hamlet roundabout.

The youth returned morose, and his mother told of her quest. The news was too grand to blurt in a moment, and she dwelt on it.

"Been to have a tell with farmer Leaman," she said. Rupert stared at her. He was a hulking lad—six feet tall, and of thews and sinews remarkable in so young a man. His hair was the palest straw-color. His brawny red neck ran up into it, and the back of his head was more developed than his brow.

A snaky, prize-fighter build of head he carried. His expression was furtive and his eyes were blue. He was at the age when high-spirited youth still kicks against the prieks of convention, and is anti-social—from ignorance rather than vice.

"What cheek you've got, mother!—wouldn't fear the Dowl hisself. But old Peter. You might as soon give cheese-eakes to a pig as be civil to that man. Sent you off with a flea in your ear, I reckon?"

"He asked me who 'twas that first started calling him 'Hangman.' He'd heard 'twas you."

Rupert laughed. "That settled it, then. For of course you couldn't lie about it like a sensible creature. We all know how eruel straight you be."

Thereupon she told him that he must reach Gibbet Hill with to-morrow's dawn, and he shouted for joy, and danced and hugged his mother like a bear.

"By Gor! To think as any woman born could get round that hard-hearted old devil!"

"Don't you call him no more names. He's a very fine man and no nonsense to him. He'll l'arn you all he can teach, and please God 'tis the turning-point in your life, Rupert."

They ate some bread and dripping together and were full of glad hopes. He built castles in the air, and foretold how his strength and industry would win farmer Leaman; he already saw himself head man at Gibbet Hill, when Titus Mumford should be gone underground; but Alison, more cautious and less sanguine, warned him against himself, bade him fit his neck to the collar, and practise patience, humility, self-control.

"Farmer's eruel elever and says little but sense, though there's a lot of lemon and mustard in him for certain. But he's a good man and a just. He'll sarve you as you sarve him, Rupert. He reckons that young fellows mostly want but rope enough to hang themselves. But you'll show him different, Rupert, won't you, dear? You know what a lot depends on it. 'Tis just all as I'll be able to do to keep clothes on our bodies this winter at best. But I don't fear for nothing if you can but hold to work steady at Gibbet Hill."



"Hold to work!" he cried. "Don't you trouble your wits about that. Not a shadow of fault shall the man find in me. And if he thinks I be feared o' work, I'll soon l'arn him different. T'others was little better than rogues, and they choused me out of a fair job. No proud man would have stood 'em. But you wait and see, mother. Us be poor as coots for the minute, and well I know it. But you wait and see how 'tis in a year's time. 'Twill be a shilling a day, I guess, and cider, and plenty of tail-corn."

He promised fair things and, when another morning came, set forth in the first rosy foreglow of dawn through a dew-soaked world to his new work.

In the evening his mother went a little way to meet him, and they walked where sunset fires burned along the hill. He was glad to see her come, and sat down dispirited by the way to talk.

"He wants me to do two men's work. And I'm to have but ninepence a day for the first six months. He'd like to put me in the plough instead of the horses, I reckon. His chaps be down-trodden, and Titus Mumford's a slave-driver. He'd flay a man alive if he thought 'twould please his master—a cringing old dog, that he is."

Alison spoke with the boy and comforted him. But her soul was sad, because her son's attitude promised no great security. For a season, however, the outlook mended. When time for ploughing came, Rupert turned to his favorite work and pleased Peter Leaman well enough. He won a prize in a competition, and had a penny a day added to his wages. The excitement of these events turned his head a little, and on a certain night he came home drunk to his mother. He was contrite with the morning, and she had no cause to blame him for some while; but there grew in him an increasing reticence; she felt that life was beginning to hold for him fresh interests, fresh hopes, fresh anxieties. She longed to share them, to partake of his joy and sorrow; but she perceived that could not be, and so remained ever alert at the threshold of his heart, ready to come into it if he wanted her. To Alison he was not so kind as of old. She saw that he grew restless, yet marked

by flashes, in his milder moments, an increased sense and largeness of outlook under the burden of life. She doubted not that he had won this wisdom from his master, and hoped that the tender and dangerous time of the boy's existence might be passed within the stern atmosphere of Gibbet Hill.

Then came a rude shock, for she met Peter Leaman and made bold to speak with him.

"Be Rupert doing as you'd have him do, master?"

According to his wont he let the question rest, and spoke of other things.

"Haven't seen you this longful time, Widow Butt. And looking pretty clever?"

"Never was better, I'm sure. I've got a very good job down to Mary Tavy, and be making two shilling a week and my victuals."

"Well done you!"

He admired her cautiously and scanned her with a masculine glance in his little gimlet eyes.

"My man Titus swears that no woman be worth more than three pence a day, Widow Butt."

"He's a woman-hater, like you."

"Don't say that. There's women and women. They ban't all alike."

She did not answer, and he came back to her question.

"As for Rupert, I'm a long way short of satisfied. He don't do his best, but I pay for his best, so I'm robbed. Robbed, I say, just as sure as if he put his hand in my money-bag."

"He've been ill with a terrible tissick in the chest."

"And didn't I let him bide at home one whole day? You tell him—he'll listen to you—you tell him that he's running a lot of risk. I ban't satisfied, and that's not a state I let my mind bide in for long. He's a terrible fine man and eats two men's food, so 'tis only in right and justice he should do two men's work. But I don't ask for that. I want his heart in the business. I want him to be faithful to his master."

"He said you was very well pleased with his ploughing."

"So I was; but he's not the only man witty enough to stretch a straight furrow. Enough said. And tell him the time I look for him be five o'clock,





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HE CURSED THE WORLD AND ITS DEMANDS UPON HIM







not half past. He's always very punctual of a night—let him be honest of a morning too."

"I will, master, and I thank you for all the sense you've l'arned him."

"Sense! He haven't got no use for my sense. He's like his kind. He'd sooner knock his head against a stone wall to prove 'tis hard than take an older man's word that he'll break his head if he do. 'Tis the experience we get with our own sweat and pains that sticks, not what be offered free by wiser folk."

He stopped, then looked at her, and apparently found inspiration in her flint-dark eyes.

"I've got a matter of four old cushions as I want scat abroad and filled again with goose feathers. You shall make two shilling by it if you'll do the job."

Alison consented thankfully and expressed gratitude; but he cut her short, named the time when she must come to Gibbet Hill, and then departed.

She spoke with Rupert that night, and found him in a mood impatient and sore. He brought many grievances to his mother's ear, and poured out his budget of wrongs, concealed until then. She argued with him far into the night and availed nothing. He was at war with society and its constitution. A friend of his had been caught in a man-trap. The poacher was found next morning unconscious and with a leg broken. Ferocity, the people's weapon, awoke among them, and there sped a rumor that the landlord who had set man-destroying engines in his coverts would henceforth go in peril of life.

"Us 'll lie behind a hedge for him," declared young Butt. "And if he's found some fine morning with his damned cruel brains blowed into the air, who'll blame us? Him and the likes of him have got to be taught that one life's so good as another; and them as trap men like varmints shall be treated like varmints themselves."

Alison mourned this new attitude to life and strove with him; but he was armed against her wits. He suffered a bad week, again came home intoxicated, and the following morning, when she called him at four o'clock and brewed him a dish of herb tea, he bade her be gone.

"Let me bide," he said. "I ban't going to work to-day. I'm ill, and I don't kill myself for Peter Leaman or any other rich robber. They'm all rogues together."

But the head man at Gibbet Hill had seen the youth very drunk on the previous evening, and when Rupert went back to work after his holiday, the master spoke with him.

"For your mother's sake I sha'n't turn you going this time, you good-for-nought," said Peter. "Because she's a sensible and God-fearing creature, and you be all she have in the world—worse luck for her. Therefore I sha'n't sack you, as you deserve, and send you without a character into the world. But, mark my words, if it happens once more, and if I catch any of this here red, rebellious talk on your lips, I'll be rid of you. I don't want none to go from Gibbet Hill to the gallows; and that's where you be like to end your days at this gait. So mend your crooked life and stop your crooked words, and l'arn to do your duty in the state you be called to. And no more of this pestilent talk, else I'll pack you off to go and fight against the Americans on the sea; and they'd blow you to ribbons no doubt, for they couldn't miss you with a cannon. You're breaking your mother's heart, and that's a darned sight too good a heart to be broke, in my opinion. So there it stands, and I tell you, first and last, that let me hear you've been seen drunk again, or let me hear you ban't to your work at the appointed hour, and I've done with you. And I'm not the sort to go back on my word, neither, as you well know."

Rupert took his rating in silence; but he was contrite and he was alarmed. He had no desire to go to the wars, for his bravery did not match his strength. He showed the white feather under Peter's grim rebuke, and for a season mended his ways and lived a punctual, sober man.

## II

Life on Dartmoor for the folk is rough-edged even at the present, but a hundred years ago the native of the Devon highlands endured much more, and his luxuries would be scorned by the plough-boy of to-day. Then food was coarse



on the heights, and drink was coarser. Barley bread was the best they ate; cider colic raged as a common ill; most beverages were brewed of local herbs and berries; a rush-light alone stood between the laborer and darkness; his working-hours were long, his pleasures very few.

Knowing no other life, Alison Butt toiled ceaselessly and was content. Her married days had been brief, and they ended in the accidental destruction of her husband before Rupert was born. Tom Butt was destroyed by an explosion in the quarry where now his wife and son made shift to live. She strove to keep a cheerful heart, endured an existence little better than that of an animal, was thankful for the smallest mercies. She hid herself as much out of sight of the neighbors as possible; endeavored to conceal her poverty, and put a brave face upon it. She pretended to others that all was well with her son and herself, and felt it an unseemly thing to parade woe. But Widow Butt's difficulties increased. The country groaned under evil rulers and an atrocious war; the poor suffered acutely. And over this woman's head, like a sword, hung the crushing fear that her son would surely lose his work and be cast out from Gibbet Hill. She fought on and fought hard. The battle left her no time to think or to wonder. She bent her head to the harsh weather of her days, like a dumb, driven beast; but the shafts of life galled her sides, the bit of life fretted her lips. She struggled on, fighting the world for pennies, now downcast before failure, now much elated at some pitiful success. She had a fine reticence and hid her tribulation even from her son. But his sympathy was faulty. He had reached nineteen years at this season, and he grumbled that his earnings and his mother's, as applied by her, produced so wretched a result. There, indeed, he made her smart. She worked her fingers to the bone for him, denied herself actual necessities that he might be the better clothed, and yet he grumbled and declared that their pitance was not spent to the best purpose. She only hid her grief, listened, and promised to do better.

Early in March the man spent all night away from her, and returned from secret amusement at an hour when he should

have been preparing to rise. Spring ploughing had begun, and time was very precious. His mother greeted him as he arrived soaking out of a stormy night, and he found fire and food prepared; but he revealed a humor half savage and half drunk. He cursed the world and its demands upon him. He refused longer to comply with those demands; he uttered sentiments gleaned overnight from others, and having eaten and thrown off wet clothes, he retired to his place behind a curtain in the cabin and dared his mother to trouble him further.

"If you waken me, I'll break your neck," he said.

In a few minutes he slept heavily, while she went to the door of the house and watched a lifeless dawn break gray as ashes over the face of the land.

She debated the position, and believed presently that his mother alone might now save Rupert from ruin. Let him leave Peter Leaman in disgrace, and no man would look at him again. There was nothing left for him but to go to the wars. She knew the nature and extent of his day's work; and she understood that if it was not done by nightfall his hours at Gibbet Hill must be numbered.

Possibility of a substitute occurred to her, but she could think of no man who would stand in her son's place an hour hence. Day broke dimly through driving rain. The Moor lay hidden, peak and hill, under sad-colored cloud banks. Alison, however, had little thought for the dreary and hopeless aspect of the world. Weather forms no part of the calculations of the poor. They pursue their ways indifferent to cold or heat as cattle, for in the fight with hunger, in the actual struggle to exist, these lesser accidents enter not the calculation. Climatic conditions only interest them from the standpoint of food.

She considered; then she resolved and set about accomplishment. She took her son's frail of rushes and put into it a little bread. She wrapped a rough wool shawl tightly round and round her body, lifted her skirts and pinned them up, borrowed Rupert's hat and tied it on to her head and over her ears with a handkerchief. She flung a scud of peat on



the fire; and then she went out and tramped off for Gibbet Hill.

The rain had ceased and a fitful weather-gleam of silver struggled through the eastern sky. The day promised to be one of tempest and sunshine mingled. Separate storms swept over the high moors, and a furious southeast wind bit raw. She walked quickly by a sheep-track round the shoulder of the hill, pushed forward through the growing day, then reached a gate on the confines of a field and passed through.

Her son's work lay before her and she meant to do it.

Often she had watched him plough and turn the sweet, dark earth, so that her nostrils were full of the savor; often she had seen straight trenches lengthen out, ruled by his steady hand; often as the share broke its way, and horses and man passed on, she had marked wise rooks at work behind, feeding on the up-turned life and flapping over each other, so that each in turn should be first in the furrow. She had been close enough to note their great gray beaks and keen eyes, and mark their heavy waddle along the chamfered face of the earth.

Now she hastened where, midway between the farm and the field, was a stable under a pent-roof. Hence she brought out two horses and adjusted their harness correctly. She blessed the past that had sent her on many a day to watch her son at work. She remembered that oftentimes she had fretted at her enforced idleness, but now, having a simple trust in a simple Providence, she perceived purposes till then unseen, and supposed that for the business of to-day she had been sent often unconsciously to learn while her son labored.

She understood what was to do, but she had never done it, and the harness was heavy and hurt her hands, and she feared the horses a little. They seemed to know that an unfamiliar touch was upon them, and turned their heads and looked dumb questions at her. But they were docile enough, broken like herself to the hard demands of life. Unquestioning they went forth into the field, and she found it not difficult to harness them, where the plough stood at the end of a furrow, left there overnight by her sleeping son. She struggled and panted, and

the horses strove to help her. But she fell and hurt her breast, and Rupert's hat dropped off her head and her hair came down. She put it up and rubbed her sore bosom a moment; then she tried again. The share buried its nose and stuck. She bore upon the plough handles, called to the horses, and after a struggle set it free once more. Learning from experience, she made another attempt, and presently was ploughing.

Once started smoothly, Mrs. Butt found the business come easier, and presently—anxious, careful, every thought and nerve set to the business—she cut a furrow beside the last that her son had ploughed. It wavered and erred a little, but his work guided her eye, and she was satisfied. Thrice she labored up and down the great field. Her voice cried to the horses, and she pouted her lips to chirrup to them as her son did. Solemn, stately, grave-eyed as Demeter's self, she passed at the plough handles backward and forward. The rain beat upon her, and the wind set her earth-colored garment fluttering and chilled her; but she did not think of these things. Alison's simple spirit, ever used to do with her might the task to her hand, settled like a child's to the work. She strove to do it well, and she forgot why she was doing it. She did not suffer any more, and she did not know that the ice-edged wind and the rain were making cruel work with her. Great birds came out of the mist and sought their meat in the glistening earth behind her. They followed fearlessly, and she was glad.

"'Tis certain as I'm working it right if the rooks be come," she thought.

A man had marked her—one of the hinds from Gibbet Hill—and full of wonder at the sight he had hastened and blazed it abroad. Titus Mumford learned that a woman was ploughing in "Five Acre," and he told his master.

Firelight and dawnlight played together in the farm kitchen, where Mr. Leaman took his breakfast of bread and bacon and cider. One side of his face was blue, the other ruddy. He gulped and said:

"What the mischief do you tell me, Titus?" Then he pulled on his boots and gaiters, donned a great fustian coat, and went out.



For ten minutes, hidden behind a hedge, he watched Alison Butt ploughing. Then, at a turn, she was in trouble and the harness fouled; but still he watched while she set the matter right and got the great brown horses going again. Suddenly he shivered and knew that the day was very cold. The rain increased; it had become no weather for ploughing.

He strode out to her.

"What's the meaning of this, Widow Butt?" he asked.

She explained.

"My boy ban't very clever this morning, master. But work won't stand still, so I—"

According to his wont he broke into other matters. The wind swept them, and the rain came horizontally across the field. He was moved at sight of this great woman panting in her drenched raiment.

"Nature on the loose again," he said. "What a show she makes of herself—eh? Pulling down with one hand where she've set up with t'other. A mump-head she be, and us humans can't make her see reason. That gert ash as stood by my gate was blowed down this morning. 'Tis like a drunken baggage the way she carries on. Takes a hundred years to build a tree, then loses her temper—the silly bitch—and tears it down again. Drop that and walk out of the weather."

He whistled, and a man and dog came running.

"Put in they hosses," he said to the man; "and you follow me," he added to the woman. She obeyed, and they passed into a narrow lane where there was shelter.

"Now," he said, "I know what this means. Your rascal's on the loose again, and wouldn't come to work this morning—not even for you."

"He wasn't very like himself. But—"

"'But' be a bad word at this pinch. I'll have no more 'buts.' He's a useless dog, and I've done with him."

"Remember the joy of youth, master, and the hunger to be free sometimes. They will break loose. I thought if I did what I could—"

"You! You ought to be a mother for heroes—not trash like him."

"He's not trash!" she cried. "He's brave and proud, and there's much that will come to light in him presently. I know him—I understand him. He's seldom failed. He's faithful, master. He wants to do right in the world. But the world puzzles the old—much more the young. He'll be terrible vexed come he hears of this. But let me pray for him. Let me save him. Do good for evil and forgive him this once more."

"Good for evil? No! That's not my way. Justice for evil—that's what men get from me."

"Ah, but who shall say what justice is? 'Tis a man-made thing—doubtful at best, because we can't look all round any man's act. Only God A'mighty's justice can be trusted, master. Belike, so oft as not, what looks like mercy to a man be no more than justice in the eyes of Him."

He regarded her with surprise. They walked side by side toward the farm in silence for some time. Then he spoke.

"You brave toad!" he cried, suddenly. "Where was you born to? Where did you l'arn from? I never seed no female like you afore. Come into the house and us 'll blow up a good blink of fire for you to catch heat by. You be finger-cold."

They were at the gate, and she hesitated.

"Best I go home or back to the work. I ban't beat by it, and don't you think so. I'm a mighty strong woman—my son gets a good bit of his force from me."

"A pity he don't get some of your pluck from you."

"Give him time," she answered. "He's good at heart. He'll be a useful man yet if us can go gentle with him for a little while."

Her teeth chattered and her face was hot and flushed. She sat at the fire, and he made her drink some warm milk; but she was eager to be gone. She gave him small thanks for his attention, yet her eyes dwelt on his face and asked the only question her heart was throbbing to know. He perceived that she was vitally interested in that one particular alone.

"Have your way, then," he said. "You've saved him this time. I'll say





*Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS, WIDOW BUTT?"







nought. To-day's Friday. Let the man be at his work o' Monday morning. Here's his week's wages—and yours. And for God's sake keep your mouth shut about this job. I ban't very well liked as 'tis, and if folks get telling I've been having a woman to plough in this coarse weather, they'll mob me on my way to worship next Sunday, so like as not."

He gave her three half-crowns, and his generosity and his promise broke her down.

She could not speak her thanks, but put out a big, red hand and shook his. Then she hurried away as fast as possible. To the byre she went and picked up her rush basket before hastening home to her son. Her heart was warm and full of a happiness that made the harsh road light; but her body was weak, her chest labored, and her head ached. These things she hid, and broke the great news to him of his salvation; whereupon he swore and cursed and said that she was a fool for her pains.

"A man's a man," he declared; "and my manhood do call out in me. I'll be a slave no more!"

By the following morning, however, Rupert Butt found himself in another humor. He was very frightened and utterly cowed. His mother could not rise, and he thought that she was dying and called in a neighbor. He rose betimes on Monday, found her unconscious, and went off to Gibbet Hill. Two women who dwelt at hand already ministered to Alison, but they were stupid and knew not what to do.

Within an hour of young Butt's arrival at his work, measures were taken by Mr. Leaman himself. A doctor reached the sufferer before noon, doubted whether she might be moved, but judged the better chance lay with that risk, and drove her away. She was very sick but conscious then; and on the following day, with his master's permission, Rupert visited her at the union workhouse of Mary Tavy where she lay. She bade him farewell and whispered good words to him.

"Bide along with Mr. Leaman for love of me," she said. "'Tis all you can do for me now, dear heart. Think of me and keep friends with that man. I'm

going afore, and, please God, I'll be up over to look after you still."

They told him that his mother could hardly live until another morning, and they let him stop in a common room through the night that he might come to her at the last. He spent a sombre time and dated his own change of spirit from that hour; but the message he dreaded did not come. The immense native strength of this woman and her inured life saved her now. When morning returned, Rupert learned that she was not worse, and that there existed no immediate danger of death. He went to work, and told his master, who displayed unconcealed interest in the fact.

Then Peter Leaman preached to Rupert and, though he remembered it not, made use of his mother's own arguments.

"Mercy be the Lord's," he said, "and ban't for men to be hard when we see what God can do in the way of softness. So I forgive you, because the way of the young is ruled for 'em by nature, and often it lies so rambling and crooked as thieky plough-furrow your mother scratched there last week. I forgive you for your naughtiness, Rupert Butt, and I ax you to consider and mend your ways while there's time, and before the anger of the Lord be kindled against you. He's forgived you this time and spared your mother, though you didn't deserve it. And you'll be gay and proud to l'arn that I've forgived you likewise."

In this sort he proceeded for an hour; and some few days later, when she was out of danger, the farmer went to see Alison. For five minutes he was permitted to speak with her, and those who knew his repute marvelled that such a man should desire any such experience, or manifest such unexpected commiseration with a suffering woman.

"White as a dog's tooth you be yet," he said, "and doubtless not out of the wood. Them queer eyen o' yours—to say it civilly—have looked on death since last I seed you."

"I doan't know, master. 'Tis all a mizmaze at such a time, and the wits wandering. But I reckon if you'd turned off Rupert I'd have gone. 'Twas your graeious goodness and large heart held me to life. And now I be very wishful



to go on living—for Rupert's sake—and to pay you."

She lay in bed with the heavy hand of sickness still on her. She was feeble and very weak from the victorious battle. New sensations fluttered about the arid soul of Peter Leaman. He talked of other matters for two minutes, then rose to depart.

"I be glad you ban't a goner, and 'tis all summed up in that," he said. "And I may tell you as I be gwaine to send you some very fine, fattening food. I think a good bit of you. There's rare vartue in you. You'm a masterpiece in your way. Set about mending—that's what you must do. And—since his name be better than physic to you—I may say your beastly boy seems bent to take a properer view of his duty to his neighbor. He's misthought long enough, and I've given the fool some sense straight from the shoulder, as I dare say he's told you. Good-by and Godspeed."

She thanked him, and he went his way.

In six weeks she returned to her cabin; but when she could take Rupert's arm and get as far as Gibbet Hill formally to express her gratitude for the master's favors, Mr. Leaman would not see her, and left her in some regret and wonder that it should be so.

"Ban't my fault—I'll swear to that," declared her son. "Me and the old hunks be pulling together so well as you could wish. He's the pattern of man that will have things just so to a hair. And if you fall in with it and keep your mouth shut, he'll be content and ax for no more. But he's troubled for the minute. There's a load on his mind and he's cruel silent. Mumford thinks 'tis along of Mrs. Mumford. The rheumatism be got in her and her usefulness is at an end."

The man and woman met again when the whortleberries were ripe, and he came upon her suddenly alone in the hills gathering them. From a hollow on the heath he rose abruptly upon his pony. Then he arrived, dismounted, and stood beside her.

"Good afternoon, Widow Butt. So you'm pretty peart again—eh? You was terrible near the pit without a doubt; could smell the airth, I reckon. But

spared—spared according to the will of Him that made you."

"Yes, master."

"Hurts be plentiful, seemingly."

"I'm picking these for you. I was sorry as you couldn't see me a bit back along; for I'm terrible deep in your debt."

"Do you mind owing me anything?"

"No, I don't. I'm very thankful to you, and don't feel uneasy at it. Thankfulness be all the poor can offer."

"And never do."

She was silent. He slapped his leg with his riding-stock and looked at her.

"Pretty much the same as usual you seem to be now," he said.

"Never better."

"No nature in you when we last met; but now 'tis back again."

"Aye, and I'm hopefuler than any but God can know—along of my son."

"He's pretty quiet for the minute—knows my way now. I don't say but, come presently, if things fall right, that I won't give him a little parcel of land somewhere, same as I have Mumford and t'other two. There's nought makes a man cleave to law and order, and the state and the church, like having a few yards of mud and holding a few shilling in the bank. 'Tis when you own something worth having that you call upon the nation to keep it safe for you; and for my part I never knowed an honest Whig as could claim a perch of land."

"No doubt 'tis so, if you say so."

"No doubt 'tis; and now—and now, since we be here face to face, with none but the Lord to see us, there's another thing. The wisest make mistakes; the strongest often hold closest to their foolishness. I've been wrong here and there, and chiefly touching the weaker vessels. In a word, there's women and women, Widow Butt."

She looked at him, and, ingenuous though she was, could not mistake his expression. His eyes blazed; he was at once nervous and avid. She had seen a rat look thus—foraging by daylight. She stared round-eyed at him; then her tanned face grew warm and she looked away.

"I mind you said the narrow road was too strait to be walked abreast of a woman."



"I did; that was last year. But Paul has it that 'tis better to marry than to burn, Widow Butt; and he's never out."

"Good Lord! Be you burning, master?"

"In a steady sort of way—like peat—not like match-wood—not like that. Yet—for my age—you might say 'twas a pretty fierce flame."

"A wonderful world, sure enough."

He cleared his throat, went after his pony where it had wandered, fastened the bridle to a thorn tree, and came back again. She was sitting on a granite boulder when he returned, and looking straight before her with her mouth open.

"There's a sort of woman I hate," he said, "and I may as well tell you that once on a time, as a tidy-looking and well-to-do young youth, I suffered from 'em. They be own-self creatures—full of self and nought else. They won't give no man credit for common politeness. If you open a gingham for that sort, they think you want to run away with 'em. If you speak a kindly word, or pass the time of day, they fancy you'm dying of love for them. That kind of silly giglet froze me in youth and made me hard. I was friendly by nature; but I had to draw in my horns a bit; and I did; and the habit grew till I've drawed 'em in altogether. But when all's said I'm no more than six-and-fifty at this hour, and like to live a bit yet. And what I declared to you was wrong. There's often times in this hard life when the strength of two can climb a stickle place in the strait road; there's

often times when each party can ease t'other up a hill."

"Marriages be made in heaven, they say."

"Then why for shouldn't they have helped to fill heaven so well as the under place?"

"You hear of happy ones oftener than you see 'em, however."

"You do," he admitted, "but that's not to say— In a word, I want to taste the state. I want for to be married. I don't see nothing serious against it if you chance on a properly humble-minded female. I said a bit ago—'twas when Mrs. Mumford began to hang out signs of distress—I said, 'Why not?' Meaning a wife. And there 'tis—you've seen the edge of the naked truth—you've been cold and hungry—you wouldn't play the fool and want tea from China and the fat of the land. You'd do your part, and know better than to interfere with mine.' I've thought a rare lot about it and can't see no reason against it, unless you've got one. Why shouldn't us? And Mrs. Mumford played out and all. My name's Peter and I'm a rock, same as the holy apostle. Try me. I'm all right so long as you scratch me with the fur, and take the rough with the smooth, and don't want wonders. And that's how 'tis, and what do 'e think about it?"

After a long silence she spoke, still staring in front of her.

"To live in a proper house!" she murmured.

"And with a proper man, Widow Butt; don't you leave him out!"





# Tides in the Solid Earth

BY PROFESSOR OSCAR HECKER

Member of the Royal Prussian Geodetic Institute, Potsdam

THE ebb and flood tides of the sea are familiar phenomena. Every one knows that the ebb follows the flood tide at regular intervals of six hours, and that the flood succeeds the ebb tide after a similar interval of six hours. Moreover, almost every one knows that this rising and falling of the water is due chiefly to the attraction of the Moon. It follows, therefore, that the Moon should affect not only the water, but also the land, and that it ought to produce tides in the solid earth. This conclusion has recently been verified by actual measurements. The Moon produces tidal waves which constantly distort the Earth.

Our solid globe, by which we mean not merely the crust, but the entire planet itself, is incessantly deformed by the tremendous, disruptive, attractive forces of the Moon, and periodically changes its shape according to the Moon's position. This Earth, which we are accustomed to regard as solid and immovable, is therefore not absolutely rigid, but is traversed by an elastic flood tide. There is something strange in the thought that a city, like New York, with all its huge buildings, is imperceptibly rising and falling twice a day through the distance of half a yard. Delicate instruments of precision prove beyond question that this rising and falling does occur.

How is it that there are two ebb and two flood tides in a single day? At first blush it would seem that the attraction of the Moon, which, as the result of its own movement and the rotation of the Earth, apparently revolves around the Earth in somewhat more than one day, could not produce such an effect, and that a flood tide could occur only on the side of the Earth turned toward the Moon, with an ebb tide at the antipodes.

This presumption, however, is incorrect. Theory demands that there shall be two ebb and two flood tides a day, and experience is in perfect accord with theory, as the following explanation will show.

If we imagine the Moon directly overhead, then that part of the Earth's surface on which we happen to be standing will be attracted with a certain force by the Moon, and attracted, moreover, more powerfully than the masses near the centre of the Earth, for the reason that these masses are farther removed from the Moon and for the reason that the Moon's attraction diminishes considerably with an increase in distance. The force at work on those parts which lie near the surface of the Earth and that on those parts which lie near the centre of the Earth are therefore unequal. Since this force is more marked on the surface than at the centre, the masses between the surface and the centre are torn asunder, with the result that the Earth is arched up toward the Moon. The magnitude of this arching is determined by the elasticity of the Earth. How is it with the diametrically opposite side of the Earth? Here the Moon's attraction on the corresponding part of the Earth's surface is obviously feebler in effect than at the centre. Hence the centre is more powerfully attracted, and again we find that those parts farther removed from the Moon are not drawn toward the Moon so markedly. The Earth is therefore arched at the antipodes as well. Consequently the Moon causes two mighty upheavals of the Earth, which always lie in the line connecting the Moon with the Earth, and which always travel around the Earth, because of our globe's diurnal rotation on its axis. In a direction at right angles to this line, the Earth must be



contracted and its corresponding diameter slightly shortened. The accompanying diagram (Fig. 1) illustrates the effect of lunar attraction on the Earth and the deforming tendency of tidal forces.

Thus far we have considered the effect of the Moon's attraction alone. It is evident that the Sun likewise exerts a similar influence. Because of its great mass, exceeding that of the Moon by millions of times, it might be supposed that the tidal effect of the Sun is much more pronounced than that of the Moon. The Sun's distance, however, is so very much greater and the tidal effect diminishes so very rapidly with an increase in distance that the deformation of the Earth due to solar attraction is only about one-half that due to the Moon. Here again theory and actual measurement are in perfect accord.

Clearly the periodical changes in form which the Earth suffers are more complex than appears at first sight. We must consider that, under the combined influence of the Sun and the Moon, the Earth is subjected to disruptive forces both along the line connecting the Sun and the Earth, and along the line connecting the Moon and the Earth. When the Earth, the Sun, and the Moon are in alignment, at the time of full and new Moon, the tidal wave is at its maximum, because the Sun's attraction is added to the Moon's. When the Moon is in her first or last quarter, the tides are at a minimum.

The method of studying the Earth's tides and of measuring their magnitude will now be considered. Let us conceive a vertical column from which a plumb-line is suspended. The line points to the centre of the Earth. Let us imagine the Moon exactly over the plumb-line. In these circumstances the bob at the end of the line will not be deflected from its position, simply because there is no force to draw it aside. If the Moon should not be at the zenith, however, but at any other point in the heavens, it will attract the bob and pull it from its normal position. The maximum deviation of the

bob will occur when the Moon is on the horizon; for then the Moon is obviously able to exert its maximum attractive force upon the bob. It can be easily calculated by how much the Moon, when it is on the horizon, will pull the bob from its normal position. If we assume that the plumb-line is five yards long, then the point of the bob will be deflected by a distance equal to the one twelve-millionth part of five yards, or the one five-thousand-six-hundredth part of a line. This is so exceedingly small an amount that its direct observation and measurement is impossible, even with the most powerful microscope. Another

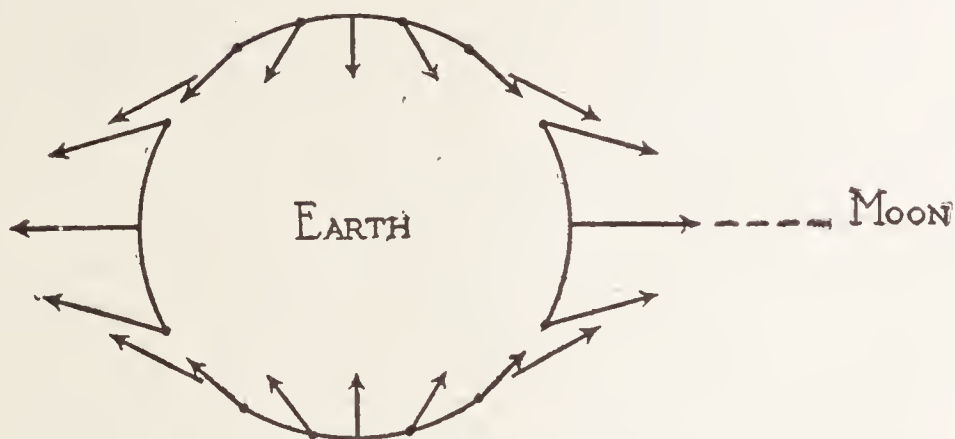


FIG. 1.—DIRECTION OF TIDE-GENERATING FORCES  
According to Sir George Darwin

instrument, however, can be used for the measurement of this minute deflection of the plumb-line—an instrument which is called a horizontal pendulum, and which is illustrated in Fig. 4. On a metal plate, supported by three feet, two frames are fastened, each about six inches high. The top and bottom of each frame are provided with very fine points of the hardest steel. On these points two pendulums are carried, which are made of thin metal tubing, each pendulum swinging in small, highly polished, sapphire bearings.

These two pendulums are plainly visible in Fig. 4, as two vertical tubes, with cross-tubes running through the circular openings in the frames, and carrying cylindrical weights at their outer ends. The horizontal cross-tubes are movable in front of graduated arcs. The movement of the pendulums is not measured by these arcs, as might be supposed, but by a special optical arrangement. Mirrors are secured to the vertical tubes, which



mirrors reflect the light of a lamp. The reflected images are condensed to fine points by lenses and thrown upon a strip of photographic paper wound around a drum. If the axis of a pendulum should swing by ever so little, the corresponding point of light will be considerably deflected. Hence the point of light will trace the movement of the pendulum on the photographic paper in the form of a curve. These are the essential elements of the apparatus. The other devices shown in Fig. 4 are simply means for correcting the instrument from a distance of five yards, because the construction is so sensitive that a close approach of the experimenter markedly affects the pendulums.

It may be asked: Why are two rectangularly disposed pendulums required for the detection of the plumb-line's movement? Simply this: From the description just given the reader may have inferred that the horizontal pendulum is very much like a door. Indeed, the horizontal pendulum swings like a door whose hinges are not located in the same vertical line, but on a slant. Such a door will always lie in a vertical plane common to both hinges. If the

line of the hinges is still further inclined, the door will nevertheless retain its position in the same plane. Consequently, no matter what the slant of the line connecting the hinges may be, the door will always remain in the plane passing through the hinges. If, however, the door jamb be shifted to a position athwart this vertical plane which we have been discussing, then the door will immediately swing on its hinges. The horizontal pendulum is exactly like this door. When it swings, it indicates only those inclinations which occur in a plane angularly disposed to that of the pendulum. If inclinations in every direction are to be measured, two pendulums must be employed, which are preferably mounted at right angles to each other.

Many scientists have endeavored to measure the tides in the solid Earth with such a system of horizontal pendulums. Although they obtained noteworthy results, the deformation of the Earth by the Sun and the Moon could not be regarded as conclusively demonstrated, because of various sources of error which impaired the accuracy of the measurements. A definite conclusion was reached as a result of my experiments

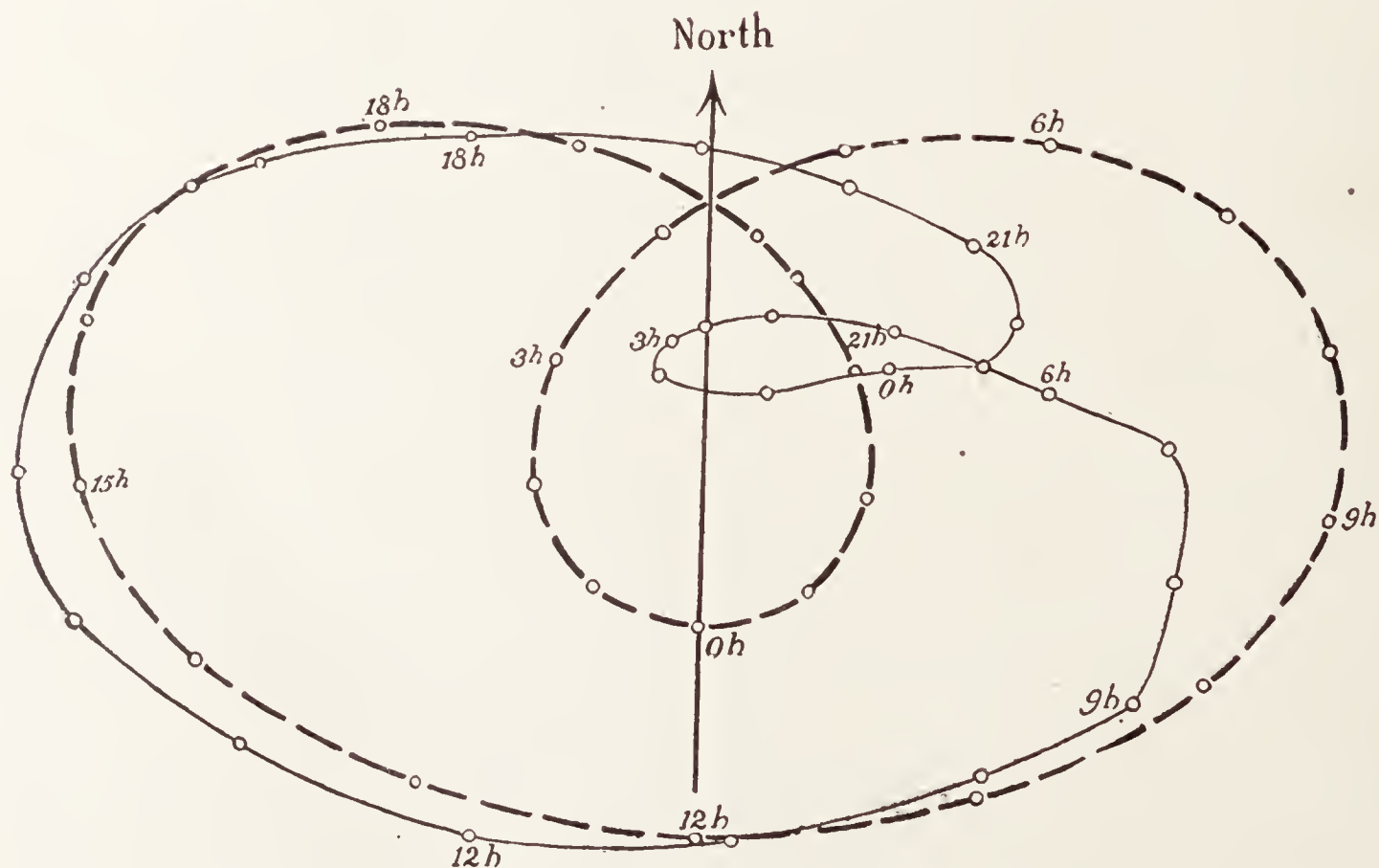


FIG. 2 —MOVEMENT OF THE PLUMB-LINE WHEN THE MOON IS 18 DEGREES NORTH OF THE EQUATOR

The broken line indicates the theoretical lunar wave for an absolutely rigid Earth.  
The continuous line records the actual lunar wave as observed at Potsdam



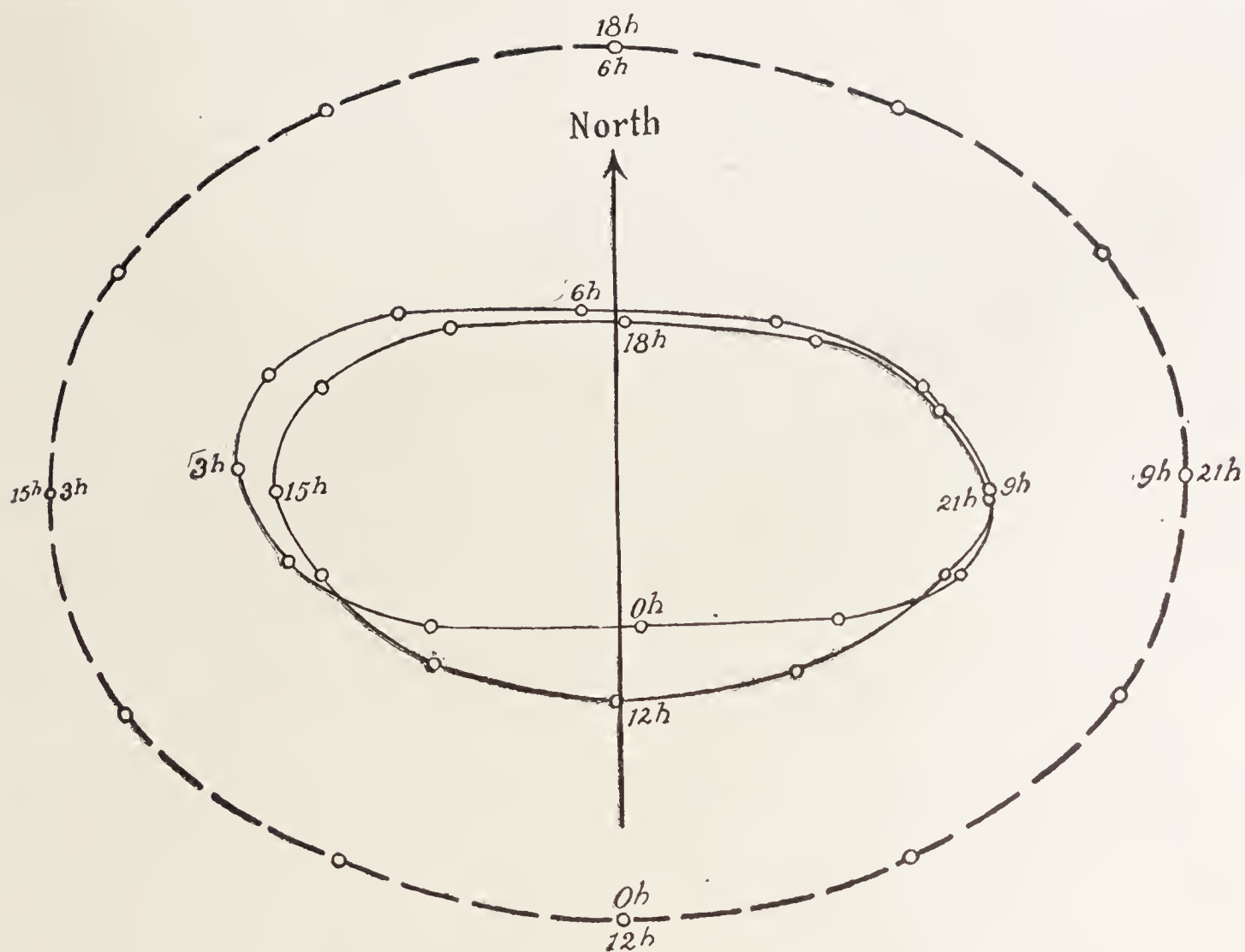


FIG. 3.—MOVEMENT OF THE PLUMB-LINE WHEN THE MOON IS AT THE EQUATOR

The broken line indicates the theoretical lunar wave for an absolutely rigid Earth. The continuous line records the actual lunar wave as observed at Potsdam

at Potsdam. All influences which could possibly vitiate accuracy of observation were obviated. In order to eliminate errors due to fluctuations in temperature and the like, the experiments were conducted in a chamber situated twenty-five metres (eighty-two feet) underground, where the temperature is constant throughout the entire year. The utmost care was exercised in properly installing, adjusting, and manipulating the apparatus. From the end of 1902 to the middle of 1909 the position of the pendulum in this subterranean chamber was continuously recorded by photography. For every hour during this entire period the position of each of the two pendulums was carefully determined from the records obtained, and thus the height of the tidal wave deduced, together with the interval during which it fluctuated from maximum to minimum.

These observations have accurately proven that under the influence of the

inconceivably enormous rending forces which our satellite and our central luminary exert on various parts of the Earth, tides are produced which periodically alter the shape of our globe.

The accompanying diagrams show the path traced by the lowermost point of a plumb-line of six hundred and forty miles length at Potsdam as a result of the Moon's attraction. When the Moon is at the equator, the bob of the plumb-line describes an ellipse twice a day. The inner curves of the diagram indicate the mean path traced by the bob in Potsdam during the interval indicated. The point marked 0h indicates the position of the plumb-line when the Moon was on the line running north and south. The other marks, 3h, 6h, etc., indicate the position of the plumb-line for a corresponding number of hours later.

Another ellipse is drawn upon the diagram, which surrounds the two curves



mentioned. This curve indicates the path which a plumb-line should theoretically pursue if the Earth were absolutely rigid, or, in other words, if the Earth were not subjected to the disruptive forces of lunar attraction, so that no tides at all would be produced. In this case the plumb-line would move a maximum distance. On the other hand, if the Earth yielded to lunar attraction as readily as a fluid, it would be impossible to discover any deviation of the plumb-line at all, because the surface of the Earth would always assume a position perpendicular to the direction of gravitation. It follows, therefore, that if we can measure the magnitude of a plumb-line's deviation, we should be able to determine accurately the degree of the Earth's elasticity. As indicated in the diagram, the diameter of the observed ellipse is about two-thirds that of the mathematical or theoretical ellipse. As the result of theoretical considerations, Lord Kelvin concluded that a tidal movement of this magnitude would lead to the supposition that the Earth is as elastic as a steel ball. Our observations show that the Earth undoubtedly yields to lunar attraction, but that it also opposes an enormous resistance to deformation. *In other words, the Earth behaves like a steel ball of the size of our globe.*

We are now in a position to state how solid the Earth is as a whole, which is certainly an interesting result. This is not the only result, however, which can be deduced from the curves traced by the horizontal pendulum. A study of these curves has shown that the tidal effect is at a maximum when the Moon is highest in the heavens. This huge planet of ours therefore yields *immediately* to the forces which the Moon exerts upon it. It is not deformed after the lapse of hours. Consequently the friction which must occur within the Earth when it is deformed is very slight.

The curves of the diagram hold good when the Moon is at the celestial equator. If the Moon should lie to the north or to the south of the equator, however, the plumb-line would trace very different curves. Here I should like to dwell on the movements which were observed in Potsdam, which lies twelve degrees north

of New York. During these observations the mean position of the Moon was somewhat more than eighteen degrees north of the equator. When the Moon in Potsdam was exactly south, the Earth was subjected to its greatest upheaval first in central Africa, for here the Moon was exactly overhead. A second upheaval of the Earth occurred at the diametrically opposite side of the globe; in other words, in the Samoan Islands. When the Earth had completed half a rotation on its axis after twelve hours, the Moon was over the Pacific Ocean but west of the Hawaiian Islands. Consequently a maximum upheaval occurred in this region. The second upheaval was at a maximum in the vicinity of the coast of Southwest Africa, as may be seen by consulting any map. In the first position it is obvious that the Moon must affect the plumb-line at Potsdam very differently than after twelve hours, in the second position; for in the first case the maximum upheaval of the Earth occurs nearer Potsdam than in the second. Calculation gives a rather complicated curve for the path traced by the plumb-line in this case, assuming the Earth to be absolutely rigid. The dotted curve in the accompanying diagram corresponds with the movement of the plumb-line on an Earth consisting of steel and not on an absolutely rigid Earth. The movement as shown in the diagram is quite symmetrical. The actually observed curve described by the plumb-line, shown in full lines, varies considerably from the dotted theoretical curve, and is by no means symmetrical. This is most remarkable.

It might be inferred that the Earth is not uniformly arched outwardly at all parts of its surface, and that it varies in constitution and solidity in different parts. It happens that the structure of the Earth's crust has recently been made the subject of painstaking studies by German and American scientists, which have led to very important results. Tittman and Hayford in America and Helmer in Germany, although employing very different methods of investigation, arrived at almost the same conclusion, that the Earth is of varying density to a depth of seventy-five miles, and that below this depth, at equal distances



from the centre, the Earth is a homogeneous mass. It is therefore by no means inconceivable that lack of uniformity in the composition of the Earth's crust, of which we find evidence in our continents and oceans, may produce an uneven upheaval of the Earth. The investigation of this particular problem is not concluded. Measurements at other places must be taken. It would be of great value to geodetical science if such observations could be made in the United States. The interest which Americans take in scientific investigation should render it easy to secure the furtherance of such scientific research, particularly if the result is to enlarge our knowledge

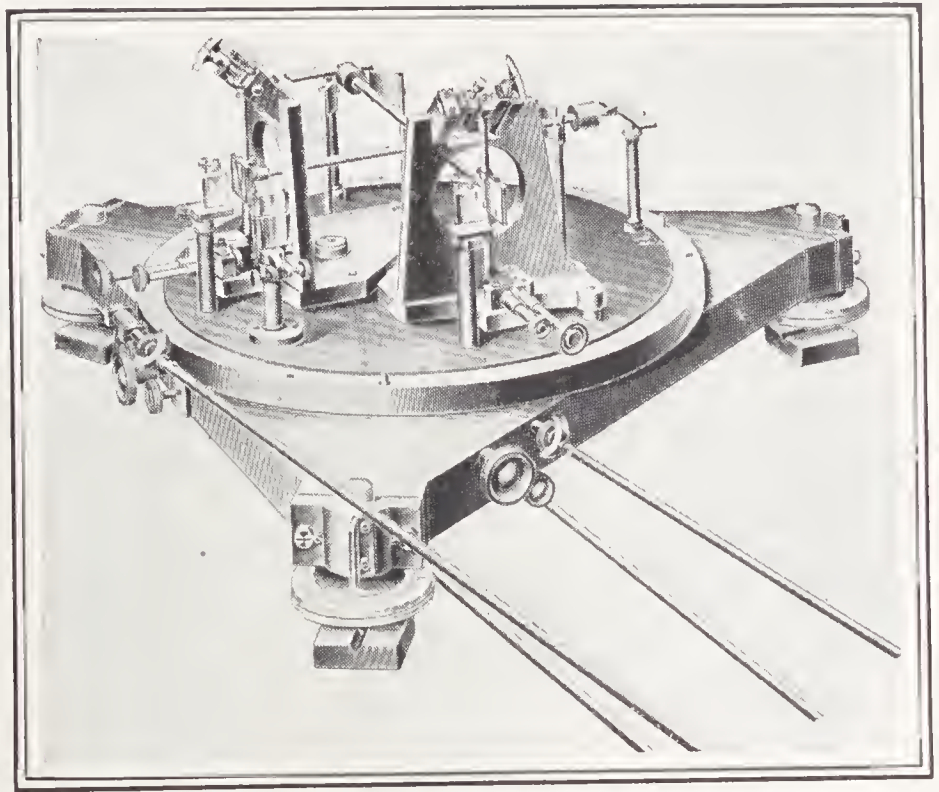


FIG. 4.—THE HORIZONTAL PENDULUM

of that Earth on which we live and which receives us after we are dead.

## The Morning-Glory

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

WAS it worth while to paint so fair  
Thy every leaf—to vein with faultless art  
Each petal, taking the boon light and air  
Of summer so to heart?

To bring thy beauty unto perfect flower,  
Then, like a passing fragrance or a smile,  
Vanish away, beyond recovery's power—  
Was it, frail bloom, worth while?

Thy silence answers: "Life was mine!  
And I, who pass without regret or grief,  
Have cared the more to make my moment fine,  
Because it was so brief.

"In its first radiance I have seen  
The sun!—why tarry then till comes the night?  
I go my way, content that I have been  
Part of the morning light!"



# Tom, Dick, and Harry—Et Cætera

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG

TOM, Dick, and Harry—besides Et Cætera—starved genteelly in the winter, and lived “upon the land”—as the militarists say—(and the sea, too!) in summer. Harry was a great composer, and would weave, in the haleyon summer-time, to the diapason of the waves, the perfume of the breezes, the flame of the lightning, or the thunder of the storms, splendid melodies for the winter.

Now, the composer, like geniuses always, had his unique passions. One of these was, like Prometheus, for fire. So the four would steal saturninely far up the beach, most often at night, and, with a bundle of newspapers, a bottle of coal-oil, and a box of matches, concealed about their several persons, gather driftwood in the lee of one of the wrecks which showed their bleaching ribs above the sand, and fire the stout oak. Then they would sit, like uncanny red shades, in the light of the flames and eat the things Dick and Et Cætera had provided against the hunger the flames produced.

And it happened upon one of these *noctes ambrosianæ*—as they had named them—never to be forgotten, that Thomas, who was a lawyer when he had clients, in the winter, and a poet when he had none, in the summer, sitting in the magical, mysterious light of the fire, when anything, even a good joke, is possible, wrote as follows:

“Know all men, by these presents, that I, John Smith, of Smithfield, smith, being of sound mind, memory, and understanding, do hereby make and ordain this, my last will and testament, in the following words, to wit, hereby revoking and making void any and all wills, codicils, or writings and memoranda in the nature thereof, by me at any time heretofore made.

“*Imprimis*: Despairing of finding an honest man in my own country, and be-

ing in imminent danger of shipwreck, and being possessed, in my own right, in fee simple, of some thirty millions of pounds, I hereby give, devise, and bequeath unto him who shall first take into his hand this writing meant to be and to be taken as and for my will, he, his heirs and assigns, from, and of, whatsoever country he may be, each and every, the said some thirty millions of pounds, *provided*, only, that he shall prove to the satisfaction of my executors that he is an honest man.

“*Item*: I limit the title and possession of the said some thirty millions of pounds, only in this, that I desire my devisee to erect to my memory, should the imminent shipwreck take place, a suitable monument reciting the above bequest, his own certitude of honesty, and his gratitude.

“Signed, sealed, published, and declared, before these witnesses, who, in my presenee, and the presence of each other, at my request, have attached their names as witnesses, as and for the last will and testament of me, the said John Smith, smith, on the first day of August, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and nine.

JOHN SMITH. (Seal.)

“*Witness*:

Harry Grosskoph,

Richard Shay,

Et Cætera.”

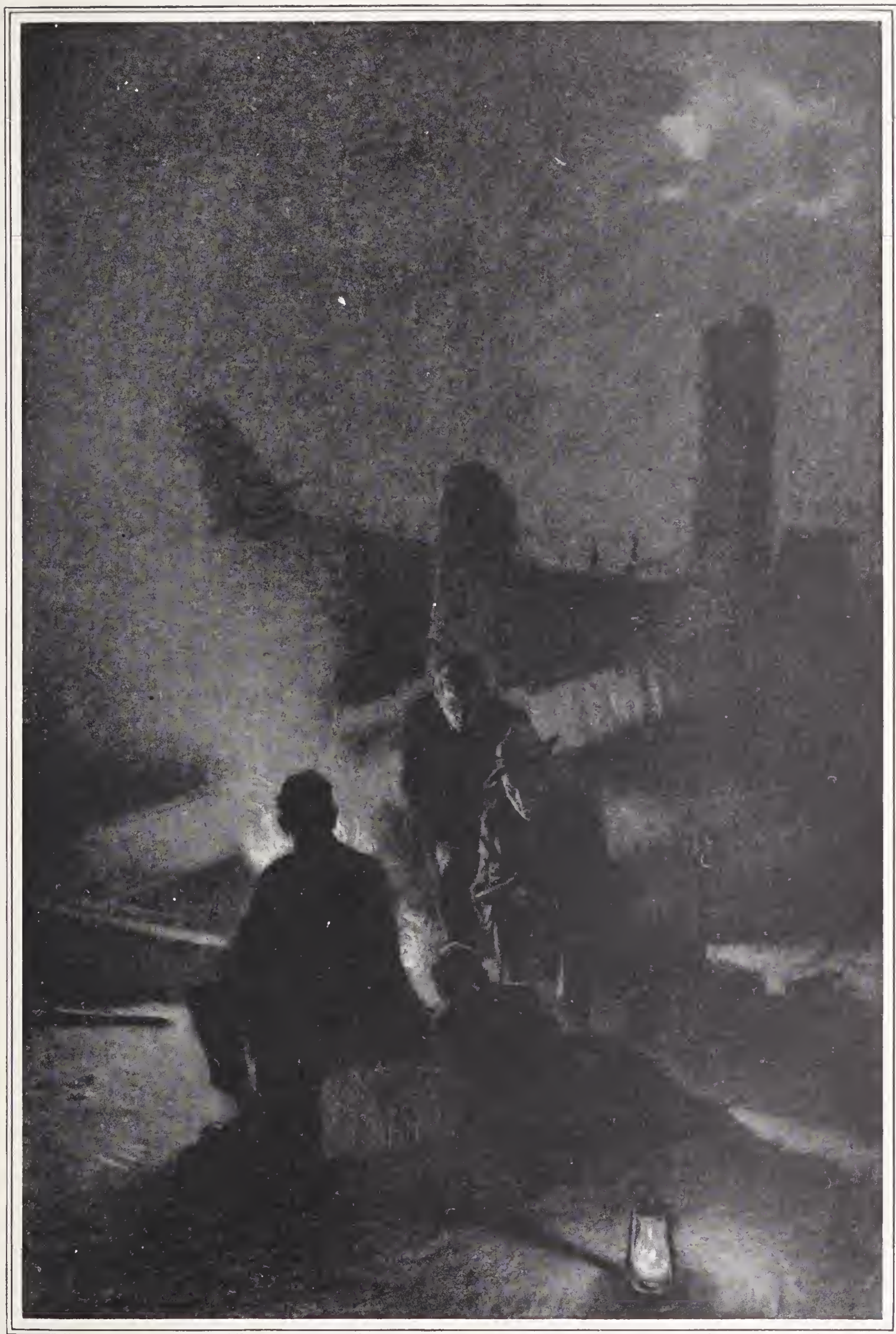
He enclosed the document in a bottle (making certain that it was quite empty), drove the cork well home, and threw it into the sea.

“Do you suppose,” mused Dick, on the way home, “that there *might* be such a possibility as a John Smith, smith, living in a place called Smithfield?”

Richard always had these strange thoughts.

“And having thirty millions of pounds!” gibed Harry. “Oh, of course!”





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

"KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS"



Three days later, when we were having exercise with the medicine ball on the upper beach, something collided with the toe of the little Etc., heading off the ball from the surf.

"It's our bottle!" cried the composer, taking it rudely out of the hands of Et Cætera.

"No," said Dick. "It is open."

"Of course!" declared Et Cætera. "Some one has found it and taken the will out of it!"

"What now?" asked the cryptical Dick.

"Now there'll be trouble," said little Et Cætera.

"Trouble?" questioned Richard.

"Some one will go to get that thirty millions!" said Harry, with the solemn certitude which was always his.

"Nonsense!" laughed the poet. But the prophecy did not leave his mind.

"I believe," said Dick, gayly, "that we've got Tom frightened!"

"Well," said Etc., comfortlessly, "you never can tell!"

"I've known some very—very"—the poet looked all about fearsomely—"strange things to happen!"

"From fool jokes!" supplemented Harry, as comfortlessly.

Tom was easily frightened—about an injury to another—and the worried look did not leave his face for several hours. But then he wrote a poem to the saffron sun—which he had seen to be saffron that very morning—over the sea—for the first time—and in the glow of it forgot to be further frightened.

Even though Putter Peterson—as he was called, though his name was Peter Puttersen—asked him, on the beach, three days later, as he was patrolling his "watch" (he was a life-guard), whether he, who had known Peter for many years, would be willing to certify that he was an honest man.

"Certainly!" said Thomas, at once, never thinking of the bottle.

"Peter Puttersen. I hereby certify," he wrote, once more with the composer's fountain-pen, "that this is an honest man. THOMAS DUNN."

"Thank you," said Peter, hurrying away.

The poet had to think constantly of his poems if he would live, and the com-

poser of his compositions if he would do likewise, and Richard and the little Et Cætera of things to eat, for the same reason, so that it happened that neither of them thought of the certificate of honesty until a month had passed. Then Et Cætera, who usually had these thoughts, said very suddenly one day:

"Putter Peterson found that will!"

"What will?" snapped the composer, returning from the melody which whispered in his mind and had taken him afar. For the tone of Et Cætera was such as to fix the attention of even a composer with a melody whispering in his mind.

"The one Thomas wrote and put into the bottle," said Richard, with as great conviction as Et Cætera.

"Lord!" said the lawyer, under his breath.

"Let no guilty man escape," laughed the composer, clutching the poet as if to detain him.

"Stop!" cried Dick, forcibly taking Harry's arm away. "Don't you see that Tom is scared! He's serious, and we've got to be. For we are all as guilty as he. Haven't we all from time to time taken foolish messages out of bottles on the seashore? Did any one of us ever take them seriously?"

"That's nice," said the poet, comfortably.

"If there should be—tri—trouble," said Etc., bravely, "we'll all meet it together—like we do the return of a manuscript!"

"But a joke gone wrong is a fearful thing!" sighed Tom. "Worse than any returned manuscript or score."

They were not far from the station where Peter served, and all went there.

"Pete," said the captain, "got funny about a month ago, drawed all his money, which I keeps for the boys, and has went to England."

The captain shook his head despairingly as he daubed a little more tar on the rigging of the life-mast.

"But he'll soon be back, eh?" suggested the poet, cheerfully.

The captain shook the poet and all the guilty four a negative. He slashed vengefully at the stay.

"We'll never see him no more," he said, hopelessly. "Pete's a good boy."



Right to the core. But that there's a mighty woozy country—England, Ireland, France, and Wales!"

"Phew!" whispered Et Cætera, whose geography was at least better than that. "There is a Smithfield in England. Some one was burned there," ended Et Cætera, very terribly. "Or something?" a bit uncertainly.

The guilty poet trailed off through the deep sand to the shack of a house Pete had built for Mrs. Pete—mostly out of driftwood. And when they arrived—for they all guiltily trailed after the poet, to make him think he was less guilty because they were, too—by the process of dilution—it seemed as if there were no guilt anywhere in the world. The desert of sand on the beach bloomed here into a garden—flowers nearly covered Pete's rough carpentry from view. A ring-necked snipe whistled cheerfully in a wooden cage, a board-yard dog leaped upon them, begging, in a language they did not understand, for a peanut to balance upon his nose, all nature smiled—where Pete had built his shack and caged The Belle of the Beach.

And Mrs. Pete was singing:

"Sweet hour of prayer,  
Sweet hour of prayer,  
Thy wings shall my petition bear—"

And when the guilty party came upon her, no prettier sight might they—or any one—wish to see! She was bowing and rising over a tub of foaming suds, lifting a garment to the light to look through it and see whether she had washed it clean. She had a touselled tow head, and a wide mouth; yes, but in it were pretty white teeth, and there were wonderful blue eyes under a fine roof of brows, while a supple young waist and trim ankles and a tucked-up skirt completed a picture of The Belle of the Beach—as they had called her when Pete won her from all the rest of the life-crew.

On the floor, tumbling, sleeping, sucking thumbs, were four other towheads—not one of them crying.

"Law!" smiled Mrs. Pete, when the guilty party entered, wiping her hands on her blue apron—shaking with them, smiling, without the least embarrassment.

The poet shifted from foot to foot for a moment, then said:

"Mrs. Pete, they tell me that Pete has gone away?"

"Now *who* told you?" pouted the girl, vexedly.

"The captain," said the composer.

"That's what I thought. He couldn't keep his face shut if he was a mummy!"

"Where can he be found?" asked the poet.

"Law! I dun'no'," said Mrs. Pete. "He just skipped out. I suppose that duffer has told you the whole thing?" she asked, experimentally.

"Yi—yes," nodded the poet.

"Durn him!"

"Bib—but, Mrs. Pete," stammered the poet, "we—we sympathize—wi—with you and want to help Pete—ti—to—"

"What are you sympathizin' *fur*?" asked the puzzled Mrs. Pete.

Neither the voluble composer nor the sprightly poet had an answer ready. Dick was meditating one, and Etc. had about got one ready, when Mrs. Pete continued.

"You want Pete to git that there money, I expect," she went on. "Well, of course you do. And you needn't think we'll be stuck up when we do git it. You 'n' us 'll be just as good friends as ever. But all these livers here, these beach-combers 'd be so jealous of 'im they'd rob 'im on sight. You don't have to. You're rich."

"Yi—yes," agreed the poet. "Bib—but what's his address in—in London?"

"Law! what do I know? I wouldn't know if he told me. He just takes all the money he can rake and scrape and goes and gits that money. He's got about enough to git over. But, say, if he don't find that there Smith, he'll have to work it to git back. But he'll git the money, all right. You bet he's an honest man—my Pete is. Hasn't he got your certificate to that effect? And don't you know what an honest man is? Ain't you honest yourself?"

"Why, of course Tom's honest!" said Et Cætera, hotly, whereat Mrs. Pete was sorry, and answered:

"Why, of course! That's what I said."

"Then," said the poet, "I did—don't suppose he left you much money?"



"You bet not. He goes and takes out all the money; I stays and"—she laughed happily—"takes in washin'!"

"Yes!" The poet at last had something to grasp. "That is what we came for. We have a lot of wash—"

"Oh, thanks!" cried Mrs. Pete, happily. "I'd rather wash for you-uns than most. I'll send Billy over for it. You and Pete's been good friends ever since—" she laughed. "What is it?"

"Si—socks," said the poet.

"Socks," nodded the composer.

"Socks," added Et Cætera. "Three pairs."

"Gee!" laughed Mrs. Pete, "nothin' but socks!"

"Shirts," said Richard, cunningly.

"Ah," said Mrs. Pete. "I just love to wash shirts. Whenever I wash Pete's I think of him. They're so full of tar and tobacco. And, you know, that's so hard to git out."

She had addressed Dick.

The poet had been fishing through his pockets and had found a dollar bill and thirty cents in change. This he was putting together on his palm. The composer, seeing, and understanding what the poet was about, found a couple of dollars and some change, which he added to the hoard upon the poet's palm. Richard contributed a new Columbia half-dollar—carried for a pocket-piece—and even small Et Cætera found seven cents in the corner of a handkerchief. The poet passed it all to the palm of the wondering Mrs. Pete. The towheads had gathered round—the last one climbing up the leg of the next one.

"Hello, stepladder!" laughed Mrs. Pete. "But, say, what's all this?"

The money on her palm.

"Thi—thought we'd just pay you in advance," said the poet. "We've got so much money."

"Well, I'll be durned!" said Mrs. Pete. "First time that ever happened to *me*! Well—will some of yous keep account? I got no head for figures."

That was a very unhappy winter for all the happy four—and especially the poet.

And though he wrote poetry frenziedly (for there were almost no clients) in order to keep up his reputation for riches

with Mrs. Pete, no one seemed to want poetry that winter. And though the composer descended to songs instead of operas, no one seemed to want to sing that winter. Indeed, the only ones who did better than usual, or better than they expected, were the small Et Cætera and Richard, who made and sold jigsaw puzzles, putting the money faithfully aside in a milk-jar for the day they knew that Mrs. Pete would need it.

For it grew worse and worse. Pete, who should have returned in three weeks, had not come in ten—twenty. And the snow was on the ground. Instead of the flowering vines, there were icicles at the eaves of Pete's house—and little enough warmth within. It was hard to give the money from the milk-jar to the despairing young wife—often in bed now. Finally she began to take a little now and then—when the poet would carry it down to her—leaving it at such places as he knew she would soon find.

"It's up to me," sighed the poet, "to see her through the mischief I've made—till Pete gets back—"

"With the money," added Et Cætera, with a certain faith never quite lost.

"And if he never gets back?" asked Dick, in that way of conundrums.

"Then Tom must marry her," said Et Cætera, decisively.

"Lord!" said the poet, wiping the perspiration, though it was cold weather.

"And the whole stepladder," finished Et Cætera—and meant it.

"Lord!" whispered the poet again.

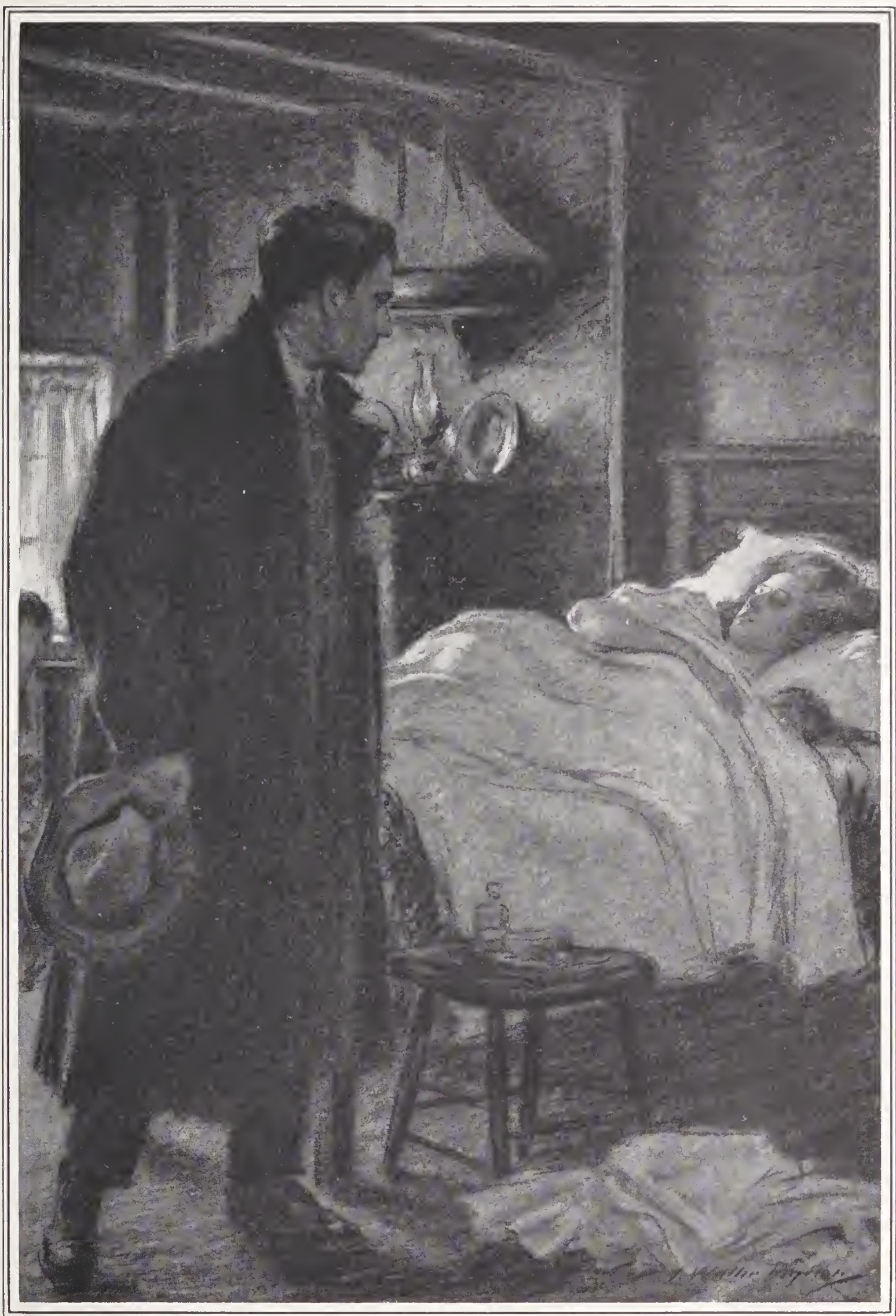
"No use for a stepladder?" laughed Dick.

"Needs a fire-escape," added Harry, grimly.

Then came The Great Blizzard—as it is known to this day—which, by the way, is not far from the day of this story. For three days the snow had fallen, the thermometer had descended, and the winds had raged. Then, when a road had been ploughed for trains—which took three days more—the poet put all the money of the happy four into his breast pocket and went to the beach.

The poet had said he would return—perhaps the same day. But it was fortunate that, even at the station, he had





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

"I'M GOING TO SEE THAT YOU GET EVERYTHING YOU WANT"



thought of adding a basket of meats and provisions to his luggage. He did not return. For when he had fought his way through the stillness to the door of Pete's house a soft wailing came through. And when he pressed on, through the panes thick with frost peered a nosegay of small gaunt faces. Mrs. Pete's face was not among them.

She was in bed, with a very crimson infant by her side. She, too, was gaunt. The poet shrank back against the door, while the stepladder disengaged itself and crawled to the basket. Small and grimy hands made short work of the order within. Even the next-to-the-last step bit ravenously at a piece of raw meat. The poet left the basket there, with the snarling little animals about it, and went to the bed, where the wan and voiceless body held out a hand to him.

"You see," it whispered, "we haven't been able to lay up much for the winter. And I guess everybody thought we did—like when Pete was here—and let us alone—though there is no one very near. Bib—but there was nothin' in the house for two days before the blizzard, and that has been five. I couldn't send the ladder. It is too small for such weather. It would have died. I'd rather have 'em die here—with me."

And Mrs. Pete sobbed gently.

"That's what it looked like till you come. You see—"

She eloquently uncovered the newly born child. And with the woe of want on her pretty face, came also the mother-smile.

"I expect you think I'm sorry he come—it's a boy—when there was trouble enough. But I'm not!"

She madly kissed the child, and, Heaven help him, the poet did too, and helped with the crying.

The mother pointed to where the ladder devoured the raw contents of the basket. "I expect he sends you everything you ast for. I expect you're real good!"

"Yes," lied the poet, choking in his throat, "I have about everything I want. And—"

He looked about and saw the new baby, swaddled in ummade linings of

Pete's old coats, the neglected ladder, clothed in the rest of Pete's old garments—the unswept corners—the whole air of dejection—then he finished what he meant to say:

"And I'm going to see that you get everything *you* want—"

Then, noting the hope it brought to the wan face on the bed, he went one better—

"And something besides!"

So cheered was Mrs. Pete that she said:

"I wish I had some mashed potatoes! Coffee! Oh, I wasn't hungry till you come!"

Well, the poet never succeeded in getting her everything she wanted. Perhaps even a wiser and richer poet than he might not have done so. But he got her the coffee and potatoes then and there—though it was a close shave. For the coffee had to be rescued from a portion of the stepladder, and each potato had been gnawed by small ravenous teeth.

Harry got a telegram to hurry down too. And, of course, Richard and Et Cætera went along. They were exhorted in the wire to bring a bunch of medicines of a rather strange nature, and the poet had added in explanation:

"Baby."

Then he had further added:

"Potatoes! Coffee! Coal-oil!"

Of course no one could know precisely what such a telegram might mean. But the brief Et Cætera said:

"I'd take lots of potatoes and coffee along. And some coal-oil. I saw that they had an oil-stove. And they always had mashed potatoes and coffee—and babies—all together—when I was there."

"Baby—coffee—coal-oil! How *does* he mix them?" mused Dick.

They found the poet washing the dishes. He had cooked the dinner. He had attended the little towheads. And there in the bed poor little Mrs. Pete, wan and big-eyed. All was soon explained by the poet, the ladder, and the surroundings. Mrs. Pete said nothing—only holding out a hand. She was better. But she soon let them know that there was little comfort in living without Pete.

"He has been here when every baby but this one was born. And I'm going to name it after him. Little Pete, Yes, that's his name."



"I might as well put the crape on the door," she added. "Look there!"

At last there seemed news of Pete. She handed Richard a newspaper in which a wreck in the icy sea was told about. Among the names of the dead was one Peter Puttersson.

"But there must be many Peter Putterssons in the world," comforted Richard.

"That's *my* Pete, all right, all right," sobbed the girl. "I may as well send for Ram."

Ram was the undertaker from the main.

"Don't tell me there's another woman," cried Mrs. Pete, suddenly, out of a dry silence.

"Poor devil!" whispered the grimy poet to the other three. "That, too!" To Mrs. Pete he said, stoutly: "Of course there is no other woman. The idea! Pete couldn't—"

"Not on your life!" cried Dick, adding to the general security by an unaccustomed allowance of slang.

"Just look! You all have that faith in him like it could move a sand-hill! And me—I—I've doubted him! My Pete! Oh, I've just laid here and seen him with one of them there English or Scotch lassies—hair yellower 'n mine. Clothes tucked up like these here summer ladies in their bathing-suits. Why, I've *heard* him tell her—or them—for it's not always the same person—I've heard him admire dark hair!—how he loved 'em—while he's crossin' a stream with 'em on a log—holdin'—on—ri—round the waist—so's they can't fall off the log! Who'd want to fall off a log when my Pete's arm was round 'em!"

"Nonsense!" cried the lachrymose poet, not entirely opportunely.

"Nonsense?" cried Mrs. Pete, misunderstanding the poet entirely and relapsing into her unfaith; "if you'd ever loved my Pete, you'd know how fascinatin' he is with women. And them there milkmaids and shepherdesses I sees in books—"

She broke down completely and could go no further.

And Dick, dropping tears all over the pretty face, bent and said:

"Why, you lovely little goose, there is not one of them to compare with you! There are no such blue eyes anywhere!

There will be no such peachy cheeks ditto—when they cheer up a bit and grow more plump! Cheer up! Be ready to bloom for him the moment he comes! For he *will* come! And the moment may be very near!"

"Yes," chimed in the chorus, variously, "the moment may be very near! Look out!"

"Say—I believe you," cried the lady Pete. "Bring me that lookin'-glass!"

And is not this the sign of renewed life to any woman—to ask for her mirror?

"There's a fresh nightie there," suggested Mrs. Pete, pointing to a curtain draped from nails against the wall. "I kep' it to have the baby in—but Pete wasn't here and it didn't matter. Now I'll wear it to—to welcome him home in."

And while the guests turned their backs Mrs. Pete got into the pretty, fresh nightie; then:

"Why—my God!" she cried. "Why do I do this—as if he was comin' right in!"

And she would have torn the garment off, regardless of all present, if all present had not joined in preventing the catastrophe.

"It's bad luck!" she persisted. "Now I know he's dead!"

"Listen, you gilly," cried the savage Et Cætera. "It's *good* luck. Don't you know it's expecting—wishing for things—which makes them happen? Once I wished for a *bite* of fudge—and a whole box came in the next mail!"

That night they all slept in the driftwood house of one room which Pete had built for his bride when she was called "The Belle of the Beach."

The blizzard continued all the night—growing worse toward morning. Then they knew that there was trouble at the station, not far away, for, first, there was the sound of a gun at sea, then that of the gun with which the guards fired the life-line.

The poet and the composer ran to the beach, leaving Richard and Et Cætera to take care of Mrs. Pete and the step-ladder. They could hear the shouting through the storm, and still another shot from the station gun. Then for a while there was quiet—until Richard and Et



Cætera heard the measured tread of men carrying something.

Both the poet and the composer were armored in glittering ice, and the thing they carried between them had on its armor.

Richard blocked the door bodily so that the sick girl might not see. Et Cætera put the stepladder under the bed. But so far as Mrs. Pete was concerned it was useless.

"It's my Pete, all right," she sobbed. "Let 'em in."

It was her Pete, all right. They brought him in and, when Mrs. Pete had got out of it, they put him on the bed. He seemed very cold—frozen—and quite dead.

Dick and Et Cætera had acted promptly. Cracking the icy armor, first they dragged off Pete's clothing, while the poet and the composer, leaving theirs to melt away, made hot toddy out of the bit of whiskey Dick had smuggled through the lines of the great blizzard.

Now, the composer had some skill in medicine—not as much as he supposed he had, but enough to tell him, after a moment with Pete's pulse, that he wasn't dead at all—though he might be if, as Et Cætera suggested, he wasn't promptly pumped up. This he and the poet proceeded to do, while Richard and Et Cætera held the stepladder and Mrs. Pete dealt out the precious toddy in very small spoonfuls. But he was well frozen, as Et Cætera remarked afterward, and the process was slow.

When they finally brought Pete around the first thing he did was to clap both his hands to his middle as if something hurt him there.

"It's all right, Pete," said the composer.

Pete, still not quite recovered, eyed them suspiciously.

"I dun'no'," he said. "But it's there, and you bet it 'll stay. If it stays through such a storm as that there, it 'll stay if you're thieves. Where's Mrs. Pete?"

That lady, now almost recovered from her illness with the joy—which we all know is highly therapeutic—threw herself upon Pete.

"Oh, Pete—my Pete! No crape on the door—no Ram!—no—"

With a sudden mad joy she bent close and whispered:

"I don't care—Pete, I don't care—if there was a milkmaid—or a shepherdess—a dozen of 'em! I've got you now. And I'll keep you—yes, ag'inst the bunch of 'em!"

"Milkmaid?—shepherdess?" queried Pete, dully, letting his arms go round her, "what are they?"

And Mrs. Pete turned to the four—crying out madly:

"There! Hear that! There *was* none—there was no milkmaid—no shepherdess—he dun'no' what they are! And he'd know if they was. They was none. What did I tell you!"

Such are women—God bless 'em! Such is love—God bless it!

But even in his semi-consciousness Pete still searched about his middle, with watchful eyes on all about.

"Hah! She's like the Star-spangled Banner!" he announced, finally.

"Why is she like the Star-spangled Banner?" asked Dick, thinking that Pete referred to some lady.

"Because she's still *there*!" answered Pete.

Then Pete unstrapped a thick leather belt from his waist and handed it to Mrs. Pete.

"It's yourn," he said. "See if it's dry—all right. Look out for these here people. If they rush you, shoot."

"Oh, Pete," said Mrs. Pete, "they are all friends—and all have been that kind to me! Look—this is Mr.—"

"Sure!" cried Pete then, recognizing in turn the happy four. "Well, then, let's open up and show 'em! They'll be as glad as us!"

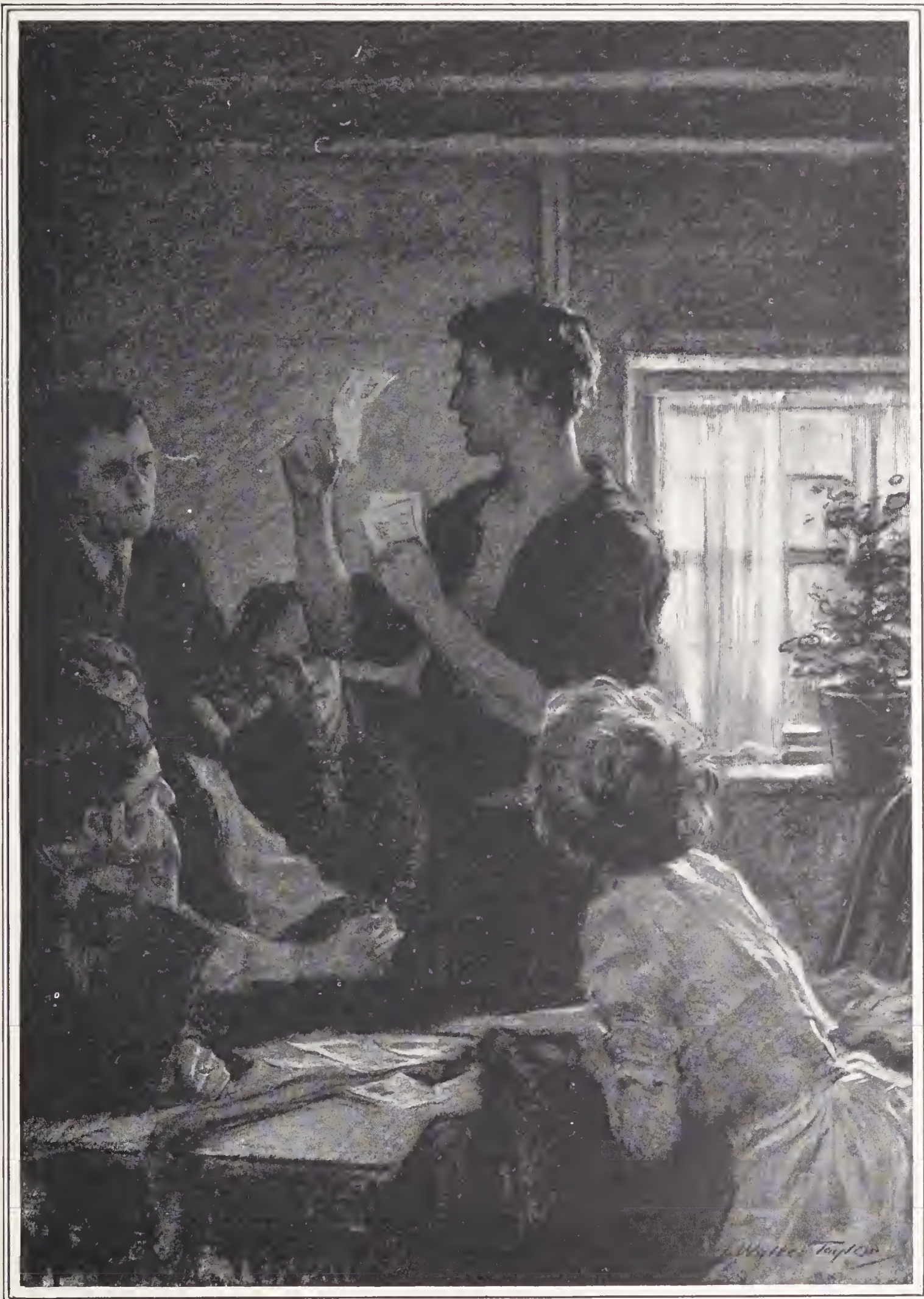
The guilty poet, having also once been in the leather business, knew what such belts were for, and began to suspect this one. So he at once assisted Pete's injunction to open up, and soon was spreading upon the table note after note of the Bank of England. They were damp, yes, but good as gold.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Pete, when she saw the interest of every one else in it.

"Money!" shouted the happy Pete, rising up in bed, sick no more.

"Money?" wondered Mrs. Pete, who had never seen anything but greenbacks.





*Drawn by F. Walter Taylor*

HANDLING THE NOTES OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND LIKE STREET-CAR TRANSFERS



"Thirty millions!" yelled Pete, hugging her, and extracting one of the notes (which had fluttered to the floor) from the mouth of the next-to-the-last step of the ladder.

"I told you so," whispered Et Cætera—which wasn't quite accurate.

"Ni—ni—not thirty millions!" gasped the dizzy poet, to whom such sums were beyond any arithmetic.

"Well, not exactly thirty millions, of course," conceded Pete, while the happy four gaped speechlessly; "we don't want that much, do we, Piggy? But it's enough, enough, all right. You see, they was about fifty Smiths in that there town of Smithfield—"

"Yi—you don't mean to si—say that yi—you found it—si—such a ti—town?" gasped the poet.

"Well, what do you think I am?" demanded Pete, imperially, "to go after a town—a whole burg—and not find it? You bet you! Well, as I was tooting, they was about fifty Smiths in that there town. And by the time I begun to git around I was pretty well advertised and they begun to pity me."

"You really found a Smith who was a smith?" asked Richard.

"Thirteen of 'em," said Pete. "And they all renigged but the last one. And he was a has-been."

"A what?" asked the composer, to whom such things as slang did not come happily.

"A has-been—*was* a smith, but got too gildy to keep it up. Gee! If a man's a smith over there he's always a smith. He's as proud of it as we are of being loafers. Well, when I gets to the unlucky thirteenth, 'Here's where I git it in the Hoosack,' says I. It's thirteen. And when I first puts it up to the guy he says, says he, 'So you're the Honest Man from Hameriky?'—that's what the newspapers took to calling me—and bloomin' crank—pokin' fun all the time. Also, they tells about all the Smiths—in fun—sort of comic family tree—that's the way I learns about this here perticular Smith—which he is called the richest and most liberal—and excentrick—having a 'syhm for one-legged cripples—where they kin git wooden legs free—and a whole county for crippled children to roam about in.

"You cawn't make me beli've, sir, that ye coom hall the way hover 'ere to—"

"You bet you I did," says I, "and I'm a-gon to git it or know the reason why! You ain't a-gon to escape me without the newspapers gitting it. And I'll tell *you* that if the yellows in the Land of the Brave and the Home of the Free once gits after you, it's all over with you. So you'd better make good!"

"Now you don't soy?" he says, laughin' like he'd bust. "Hi didn't fawney there was an honest man hover there!"

"They's one or two more," says I, "but I got the call on 'em all because I found it first."

"Found hwhat?" says he—like he'd never heard of that will—and I ups and tells him.

"Well, such a laugh as he broke out you never heard.

"What hlanguage is that you speak?" says he.

"Hamerican, be gosh!" says I, imitatin' him real good.

"He laughs some more—really enjoyin' himself.

"So you're honest?" says he.

"You bet you," says I. "Honester as you."

"Why, sir," says he—and his whiskers, which he wears under his chin like a rooster wears his when he molts, bristled.

"Aw," says I, "because you're a-practisin' false pertences."

"And how's that, sir?" says he, still enjoyin' hisself.

"Because you're alive when you says you're dead," I ups and tells him—which of course he knows—and laughs like he was eatin' up every word.

"Well, say, he's about the gamest old sport I ever see! He tells me that a will's no good until a man is dead—and he ain't dead—not yet—and henceforth he ain't compelled to obey that will; and I fell down, down, down, until I thunk I'm about the middle of the earth. For that there's so. It's common sense. 'Well,' says I, 'how'm I to git back to Mrs. Pete and the stepladder?' And I had to explain that *there* to 'im—them Englishmen's brains *is* slow—but sure. 'Oh!' he says then. And mebbly he'll help me out a bit, so's I kin git home, and a little on the side—not thirty millions—and



to wait till he's dead—and he'll not forget me then—if I don't forget him—as you bet you I won't.

“‘Well, young man,’ he says, ‘hif you’ll come ’ere to-morrow, at three precisely, I will give you—not hexactly thirty millions—but henough to make you thankful that you *are* an honest man—as I believe you are—and I’ll ask you to fulfil the terms of this instrument by erecting the said monument to me upon my demise,’ an’ he laughed—an’ laughed an’ laughed, meanin’ the will.

“Well, you bet you I was there, in the front hall, when the town clock struck three. And, on the minute, the footman, all gold up his front and down his back, took me to the nice old gent with the ruff of faded spinage. Well, he counted money till I got tired—and didn’t care when he stopped.

“Then he says good-by, and he says, says he: ‘Thank the gent who sent you to me—with a certificate of honesty. He has done better than he, perhaps, thought.’

“Say, what did he mean? And who? You?”

“Not me, I suppose,” faltered the poet.

“Well, you gev me the cert!” declared Pete, shaking his head in a mystification which was never to be resolved.

“Anyhow,” Pete went on, “he ladles out that there mon!”

“And ten minutes later I was at the dock. Well, the only thing I found there, going my way, was that there schooner out there in the surf. She was rotten—any one could see that—being built in eighteen-one.

“‘Matey,’ says I, ‘want an able-bodied seaman?’

“Lord! They looked at me like I was crazy, and then grabbed me with both hands—and I’m off for Mrs. Pete and the ladder—and yous. But the bloomin’ lubbers—I got that word over there—all abandoned ship in the night, at Lewes, takin’ all the boats, and leavin’ me aboard dreamin’ of Mrs. Pete and the ladder, bein’ played out by my watch in the storm. When I woke—well, you know what’s been going on in the weather line for a week—the ship and I were

alone on the ocean, and I had to stay or go overboard—which I made up my mind I’d put off as long as possible—thinking, mebbby, the way the storm lay, we might drive along here, and the boys at station ninety-one might be expectin’ me.

“Well, they was. But, you bet you, I done some tall prayin’ to git ’em there, and to git the ship there. Say, the Lord’s a mighty good sort, you bet you!”

And each of the happy four said Amen!

“Say,” said Pete at last, “how much does the old woman owe yous?”

“Ni—nothing!” gasped the poet.

“Nothing? Come off! How much? I pay my own debts and her’n too!”

Pete was handling the notes of the Bank of England like street-car transfers.

“Not a cent!” said the composer.

“Et Cætera, how much? Don’t *you* be a liar, too,” adjured Pete, waving the whole bunch of notes.

“I—I don’t know,” stammered Et Cætera, dazedly. For the impossible treasure-ship had come in at last.

“Mr. Pete,” began Richard, “if you please—”

“How *much*?” shouted Pete, terribly. “Do you suppose I can’t pay? I’m as rich as you!”

“Yes,” sighed the poet.

“Will this do?” asked Pete. “Then, this?”

He tried to thrust two of the bills into the pocket of the poet.

“Please take it,” smiled the little wife. “What you done can’t be paid at all in money. But—”

She began to cry into her apron at the recollection of it, and the top step of the ladder commanded, reproachfully:

“Pleath!”

Whereupon the guilty poet took the note.

“Oh, I forgot!” cried Mrs. Pete. What she had forgotten was to facilitate the acquaintance of Pete with his last-born. She brought him and put him into Pete’s arms—with dramatic suddenness.

And Pete gathered Mrs. Pete and the latest step of the ladder, and as many other steps as could crowd in, to his arms—and nothing more needed to be said.

And there was a great feast in the little driftwood house that night yet—of coffee and mashed potatoes.



## “My Daughter Josephine”

TO one devoted to the sedate masters of the past—Titian, Rembrandt, or Van Dyck—Mr. Tarbell’s distinctly modern point of view seems prankish and full of irony, yet he is as much a child of his age as they were of theirs. While his artistry is of the most remarkable kind, it is not easy to find the right word to fix his personality. He may, perhaps, be best described by the French term *un cérébral*, by which they mean, not an intellectual painter, but rather one who feels through his brain. He is sensitive to impressions of externals, which he records with much subtlety. True to his country and age, he is absorbed in the technical problems of his art, upon which he has a complete grasp. His deficiency is in imagination and poetic feeling, and his work gives evidence of having been well thought out, rather than to have been inspired by any flights of imagination. He sees everything and his brush expresses his personal vision, but, with all his mastery of means, his is the art of culture rather than of creation. He is the lyricist rather than the psychologist, and does not ask art, camel-like, to bear the burdens of philosophy. His style is brilliant, nervous, flexible, with a joy in life and some of the rapture of youth. In this representation of his daughter, which is owned by the National Academy of Design, youth with its happy unconsciousness is the theme which he has set forth with great charm and lyric beauty. These young creatures which he is fond of portraying depart from classic lines, but they are nearer life, and show freedom from theatrical device. Furthermore, we are indebted to the newer group of American painters, to which Mr. Tarbell belongs, for having rescued us from the anecdotic blight which so long held our art under its spell, revealing for us a delectable region in which a more intellectual air may be breathed.

W. STANTON HOWARD.





"MY DAUGHTER JOSEPHINE," BY EDMUND C. TARBELL

Owned by the National Academy of Design

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*







# The Wild Olive

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

## CHAPTER IX

ANOTHER year had passed before Strange learned what Miss Jarrott's words were to mean to him. Knowledge came then as a flash of revelation in which he saw himself and his limitations clearly defined. His success at Rosario had been such that he had begun to think himself master of Fate; but Fate in half an hour laughingly showed herself mistress of him.

He had been called to Buenos Ayres on an errand of piety and affection—to bury Monsieur Durand. The poor old unfrocked priest had been gathered to his rest, taking his secret with him—penitent, reconciled to the Church, and fortified with the Last Sacraments. Strange slipped a crucifix between the wax-like fingers, and followed—the only mourner—to the Recoleta Cemetery.

Having ordered a cross to mark the grave, he remained in town a day or two longer to attend to a small matter which for some time past he had at heart and on his conscience. It was now three or four years since he had set aside the sum lent him by the girl for whom he had still no other name than that of the Wild Olive. He had invested it, and re-invested it, till it had become a fund of some importance. Putting it now into the safest American securities, he placed them in the hands of a firm of English solicitors in Buenos Ayres, with directions not only to invest the interest from time to time, but—in the event of his death—to follow certain sealed instructions with which also he intrusted them. From the few hints he was able to give them in this way he had little doubt but that her identity could be discovered, and the loan returned.

In taking these steps he could not but see that what would be feasible in case of his death must be equally feasible now; but he had two reasons for not attempting it. The first was definite and prudential. He was unwilling to risk anything that could connect him ever so

indirectly with the life of Norrie Ford. Secondly, he was conscious of a vague shrinking from the payment of this debt otherwise than face to face. Apart from considerations of safety, he was unwilling to resort to the commonplace channels of business, as long as there was a possibility of taking another way.

Not that he was eager to see her again. He had questioned himself on that point, and knew she had faded from his memory. Except for a vision of fugitive dark eyes—eyes of Beatrice Cenci—he could scarcely recall her features. Events during the last six years had pressed so fast on each other, life had been so full, so ardent, each minute had been so insistent that he should give it his whole soul's attention, that the antecedent past was gone like the passion no effort can recapture. As far as he could see her face at all, it looked at him out of an abyss of oblivion to which his mind found it as hard to travel back as a man's imagination to his infancy.

It was with some shame that he admitted this. She had saved him—in a sense, she had created him. By her sorcery she had raised up Herbert Strange out of the ruin of Norrie Ford, and endowed him with young vigor. He owed her everything. He had told her so. He had vowed his life to her. It was to be hers to dispose of, even at her caprice. It was what he had meant in uttering his parting words to her. But, now that he had the power in some degree, he was doing nothing to fulfil his promise. He had even lost the desire to make the promise good.

It was not difficult to find excuses for himself. They were ready-made to his hand. There was nothing practical that he could do except what he had done about the money. Life was not over yet; and some day the chance might come to prove himself as high-souled as he should like to be. If he could only have been surer that he was inwardly sincere he would not have been uneasy over his inactivity.



Then, within a few minutes, the thing happened that placed him in a new attitude, not only toward the Wild Olive, but toward all life.

Business with the head office detained him in Buenos Ayres longer than he had expected. It was business of a few hours at a time, leaving him leisure for the theatres and the opera, for strollings at Palermo, and for standing stock-still, watching the procession of carriages in the Florida or the Avenida Sarmiento, in the good Bonarense fashion. He was always alone, for he had acquired the art—none too easy—of taking pleasure without sharing it.

So he found himself one bright afternoon, watching the races from the lawn of the Hipodromo of the Jockey Club. He was fond of horses, and he liked a good race. When he went to the Hipodromo it was for the sporting, not the social, aspect of the affair. Nevertheless, as he strolled about, he watched for that occasional velvety glance that gave him pleasure, and amused himself with the types seated around him, or crossing his path—heavy, swarthy Argentines, looking like Italian laborers grown rich—their heavy, swarthy wives, come out to display all the jewels that could be conveniently worn at once—pretty, dark-eyed girls, already with a fatal tendency to embonpoint, wearing diamonds in their ears and round their necks as an added glory to costumes fresh from the rue de la Paix—grave little boys, in gloves and patent-leather boots, seated without budging by their mannnas, sucking the tops of their canes in imitation of their elder brothers, who wandered about in pairs or groups, all of the latest cut, eying the ladies but rarely addressing them—tall Englishmen, who looked taller than they were in contrast to the pudgy race around them, as the Germans looked lighter and the French more blond—Italian opera-singers, Parisian actresses, Spanish dancers, music-hall soubrettes—diplomats of all nations—clerks out for a holiday—sailors on shore—tourists come to profit by a spectacle that has no equal in the southern world, and little of the kind that is more amusing in the north.

The staring of other men first directed

his attention toward her. She was sitting slightly detached from the party of Americans to whom she clearly belonged, and in which the Misses Martin formed the merrily noisy centre. Though dressed in white, that fell softly about her feet, and trained on the grass sideways from her chair, her black cuffs, collar, and hat suggested the last days of mourning. Whether or not she was aware of the gaze of the passers-by it was difficult to guess, for her air of demure simplicity was proof against penetration. She was one of those dainty little creatures who seem to see best with the eyes downcast; but when she lifted her dark lashes, the darker from contrast with the golden hair, to sweep heaven and earth in a blue glance that belonged less to scrutiny than to prayer, the effort seemed to create a shyness causing the lids, dusky as some flowers are, to drop heavily into place again, like curtains over a masterpiece. It was so that they rose and fell before Strange, her eyes meeting his in a look that no Argentine beauty could ever have bestowed, in that it was free from coquetry or intention, and wholly accidental.

It was in fact this accidental element, with its lack of preparation, that gave the electric thrill to both. That is to say, in Strange the thrill was electric; as for her, she gave no sign further than that she opened her parasol and raised it to shade her face. Having done this she continued to sit in undisturbed composure, though she probably saw through her fringing lashes that the tall good-looking young man still stood spellbound, not twenty yards away.

Strange on his part was aware of the unconventionality of his behavior, though he was incapable of moving on. He felt the occasion to be one which justified him in transcending the established rules of courtesy. He was face to face with the being who met not only all the longings of his earthly love, but the higher, purer aspirations that accompanied it. It was not, so he said to himself, a chance meeting; it was one which the ages had prepared, and led him up to. She was "his type of girl" only in so far as she distilled the essence of his gross imaginings and gave them in their exquisite reality. So, too, she was the



incarnation of his dreams only because he had yearned for something mundane of which she was the celestial, and the true, embodiment. He had that sense of the insufficiency of his own powers of pre-conception which comes to a blind man when he gets his sight and sees a rose.

He was so lost in the wonder of the vision that he had to be wakened as from a trance when Miss Jarrott, very young and graceful, crossed the lawn and held out her hand.

"Mr. Strange! I didn't know you were in town. My brother never mentioned it. He's like that. He never tells. If I didn't guess his thoughts, I shouldn't know anything. But I always guess people's thoughts. Why do you suppose it is? I don't know. Do you? When I see people, I can tell what they're thinking of as well as anything. I'm like that; but I can't tell how I do it. I saw you from over there, and I knew you were thinking about Evelyn. Now weren't you? Oh, you can't deceive me. You were thinking of her just as plain—! Well, now you must come and be introduced."

He felt that he stumbled blindly as he crossed the bit of greensward in Miss Jarrott's wake; and yet he kept his head sufficiently to know that he was breaking his rules, contradicting his past, and putting himself in peril. In being presented to the Misses Martin and their group, he was actually entering that Organized Society, to which Herbert Strange had no attachments, and in which he could thrust down no roots. By sheer force of will he might keep a footing there, as a plant that cannot strike into the soil may cling to a bare rock. All the same the attempt would be dangerous, and might easily lead to his being swept away.

It was in full consciousness, therefore, of the revolution in his life that he bowed before the Misses Martin, who received him coldly. He had not come to their dance, nor "called," nor showed them any of the civilities they were accustomed to look for from young men. Turning their attention at once to the other gentlemen about them, they made no effort to detain him, as Miss Jarrott led him to Miss Colfax.

Here the introduction would have been

disappointing if the greatness of the event had not been independent of the details with which it happened. Strange was not in a condition to notice them, any more than a soul can heed the formalities with which it is admitted into heaven. Nearly all his impressions were subconscious—to be brought to the surface and dwelt on after he went away. It was thus he recorded the facts relating to the gold tint—the *teint doré*—of her complexion, the curl of her lashes that seemed to him deep chestnut rather than quite black, as well as the little tremor about her mouth, which was pensive in repose, and yet smiled with the unreserved sweetness of an infant. He could not be said to have taken in any of these points at a glance; but they came to him later, vividly, enchantingly, in the solitude of his room at the Phoenix Hotel.

There was no chair for him, so that he was obliged to carry on the conversation standing. He did not object to this, as it would give him an excuse for passing on. That he was eager to go, to be alone, to think, to feel, to suffer, to realize, to trace step by step the minutes of the day till they had led him to the supreme instant when his eyes had fallen on her, to take the succeeding seconds one by one and extract the significance from each, was proof of the power of the spell that had been cast upon him.

"And isn't it funny, Evie, dear," Miss Jarrott began, just as he was about to take his leave, "that Mr. Strange's name should be—?"

"Yes, I've been thinking about that." Miss Colfax fluted, with that pretty way she had of speaking with little movement of the lips.

But he was gone. He was gone with those broken sentences ringing in his ears—casual and yet haunting—meaningless and yet more than pregnant—creeping through the magic music of the afternoon, as a death-motive breathes in a love-chant.

## CHAPTER X

AFTER a night of little sleep and much thinking he determined to listen to nothing but the love-chant. He came to this decision not in recklessness of self-will, but after due con-



sideration of his rights. It was true that, in Biblical phrase, necessity was laid upon him. He could no more shut his ears against that entrancing song than he could shut his eyes against the daylight. This was not, however, the argument that he found most cogent, as it was not the impulse from which he meant to act. If he could make this girl his wife it would be something more than a case of getting his own way; it would be an instance—probably the highest instance—of the assertion of himself against a world organized to destroy him. He could not enter that world and form a part of it; but at least he could carry off a wife from it, as a lion may leap into a sheepfold and snatch a lamb.

It was in this light that he viewed the matter when he accepted Miss Jarrott's invitations—now to lunch, now to dinner, now to a seat in their box at the opera, or in their carriage in the park—during the rest of the time he remained in town. It became clear to him that the family viewed with approval the attachment that had sprung up between Miss Colfax and himself, and were helping it to a happy ending. He even became aware that they were growing fond of him—making the discovery with a queer sensation of surprise.

It required no great amount of perspicuity to see that the three elders would be glad if Miss Colfax and he were to "make a match of it," and why. It would be a means—and a means they could approve—of keeping their little girl among them. As matters stood, she was only a visitor, who spoke of her flight back to New York as a matter of course.

"I only came," she lisped to Strange, as they sat one day, under the parrot's chaperonage, in the shady corner of the patio—"I only came because when dear mamma died there was nothing else for me to do. Everything happened so unfortunately, do you see? Mamma died, and my stepfather went blind, and really I had no home. Of course that doesn't matter so much while I'm in mourning—I mean, not having a home—but I simply *must* be back in New York next autumn, in order to 'come out.'"

"Aren't you 'out' enough already?"

"Do you see?" she began to explain, with the quaint air of practical wisdom

he adored in her, "I'm not out at all—and I'm nearly nineteen. Dear mamma fretted over it as it was—and if she knew it hadn't been done yet— Well, something must be managed, but I don't know what. It isn't as if Miriam could do anything about it, though she's a great deal older than I am, and has seen a lot of social life at Washington and in England. But she's out of the question. Dear mamma would never have allowed it. And she's no relation to me, besides."

The question, "Who is Miriam?" was on his lips, but he checked it in time. He checked all questions as to her relatives and friends whom he did not know already. He was purposely making ignorance his bliss as long as possible, in the hope that before enlightenment could be forced upon him it would be too late for any one to recede.

"Couldn't they do it for you here?" he asked, when he was sure of what he meant to say. "I know the Miss Martins—"

"Carrie and Ethel. Oh, well! That isn't quite the same thing. I couldn't come out in a place like Buenos Ayres—or anywhere, except New York."

"But when you've been through it all, you'll come back here, won't you?"

His eyes sought hers, but he saw only the curtains of the lids—those lids with the curious dusk on them, which reminded him of the petals of certain pansies.

"That will depend," she said, after a minute's hesitation.

"It will depend—on what?" he persisted, softly.

Before she could answer, the parrot interrupted, screaming out a bit of doggerel in its hoarse staccato.

"Oh, that bird!" the girl cried, springing up to throw a cloth over the cage. "I do wish some one would wring its neck."

He got no nearer to his point that day, and perhaps he was not eager to. The present situation, with its excitements and uncertainties, was too blissful to bring to a sudden end. Besides, he was obliged to go through some further rehearsing of the creed adopted in the dawn on Lake Champlain before his self-justification could be complete. It was not that he was questioning his right to act; it was only that he needed to strengthen the chain of arguments by





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

HE WAS PURPOSELY MAKING IGNORANCE HIS BLISS AS LONG AS POSSIBLE







which his action must be supported—against himself. Within his own heart there was something that pleaded against the breaking off of this tender sprig of the true olive to graft it on the wild, in addition to which the attitude of the Jarrott family disconcerted him. It was one thing to push his rights against a world ready to deny them; but it was quite another to take advantage of a trusting affection that came more than half-way to meet him. His mind refused to imagine what they would do if they could know that behind the origin of Herbert Strange there lay the history of Norrie Ford. After all, he was not concerned with them, he asserted inwardly, but with himself. They were entrenched within a world able to take care of itself; while there was no power whatever to protect him, once he made a mistake.

So every night, as he sat alone in his cheerless hotel room, he reviewed his arguments, testing them one by one, strengthening the weak spots according to his lights, and weighing the for and against with all the nicety he could command. On the one side were love, happiness, position, a home, children probably, and whatever else the normal, healthy nature craves; on the other, loneliness, abnegation, crucifixion, slow torture, and slower death. Was it just to himself to choose the latter, simply because human law had made a mistake and put him outside the human race? The answer was obvious enough; but while his intelligence made it promptly, something else within him—some illogical emotion—seemed to lag behind with its corroboration.

This hesitation of his entire being to respond to the bugle-call of his need gave to his wooing a certain irregularity—an advance and recession like that of the tide. At the very instant when the words of declaration were trembling on his lips this doubt about himself would check him. There were minutes—moonlit minutes, in the patio, when the birds were hushed, and the scent of flowers heavy, and the voices of the older ones stole from some lighted room like a soft, human obligato to the melody of the night—minutes when he felt that to his, “I love you!” hers would come as surely as the echo to the sound; and yet

he shrank from saying it. Their talk would drift near to it, dally with it, flash about it, play attack and defence across it, and drift away again, leaving the essential thing unspoken. The skill with which she fenced with this most fragile of all topics, never losing her guard, never missing her thrust or parry, and yet never inflicting anything like a wound, filled him with a sort of rapture. It united the innocence of a child to the cleverness of a woman of the world, giving an exquisite piquancy to both. In this young creature, who could have had no experience of anything of the kind, it was the very essence of the feminine.

By dint of vigil and meditation he drew the conclusion that his inner hesitancy sprang from the fact that he was not being honest with himself. He was shirking knowledge that he ought to face. Up to the present he had done his duty in that respect, and done it pluckily.

In the present situation he was less sure of that, and there he put his finger on his weakness.

Therefore, when, in the corner of the patio, the next opportunity arose for asking the question, “Who is Miriam?” he brought it out boldly.

“She’s a darling.” The unexpected reply was accompanied by a sudden lifting of the lashes for a rapturous look, and one of the flashing smiles.

“That’s high praise—from you.”

“She deserves it—from any one!”

“Why? What for? What has she done to win your enthusiasm, when other people find it so hard?”

“It isn’t so hard—only some people go the wrong way to work about it, do you see?”

“Do I?” he was tempted to ask.

“Do you? Now, let me think. Really, I never noticed. You’d have to begin all over again—if you ever did begin—before I could venture an opinion.”

This was pretty, but it was not keeping to the point.

“Evidently Miriam knows how to do it, and when I see her I shall ask her.”

“I wish you *could* see her. You’d adore her. She’d be just your style.”

“What makes you think that? Is she so beautiful? What is she like?”

“Oh, I couldn’t tell you what she’s like. You’d have to see her for yourself.



No, I don't think I should call her beautiful, though some people do. She's awfully attractive, anyhow."

"Attractive? In what way?"

"Oh, in a lot of ways. She isn't like anybody else. She's in a class by herself. In fact, she has to be, poor thing."

"Why should she be poor thing, with so much to her credit in the way of assets?"

"Do you see?—that's something I can't tell you. There's a sort of mystery about her. I'm not sure that I understand it very well myself. I only know that dear mamma didn't feel that she could take her out, in New York, except among our very most intimate friends, where it didn't matter. And yet when Lady Bonchurch took her to Washington, she got a lot of offers—I know that for a fact—and in England, too."

"I seem to be getting deeper in," Strange smiled, with the necessary air of speaking carelessly. "Who is Lady Bonchurch?"

"Don't you know? Why, I thought you knew everything. She was the wife of the British Ambassador. They took a house at Greenport that year, because they were afraid about Lord Bonchurch's lungs. It didn't do any good, though. He had to give up his post the next winter, and not long after that he died. I don't think air is much good for people's lungs, do you? I know it wasn't any help to dear mamma. We had all those tedious years at Greenport, and in the end— But that's how we came to know Lady Bonchurch, and she took a great fancy to Miriam. She said it was a shame a girl like that shouldn't have a chance, and so it was. Mamma thought she interfered, and I suppose she did. Still, you can't blame her much, when she had no children of her own, can you?"

"I shouldn't want to blame her, if she gave Miriam her chance."

"That's what I've always said. And if Miriam had only wanted to, she could have been—well, almost anybody. She had offers and offers in Washington, and in England there was a Sir Somebody-or-other who asked her two or three times over. He married an actress in the end—and dear mamma thought Miriam must be crazy not to have taken him while he was to be had. Dear mamma said it would have been such a good thing for

me to have some one like Miriam—who was under obligations to us, do you see?—in a good social position abroad."

"But Miriam didn't see it in that way?"

"She didn't see it in any way. She's terribly exasperating in some respects, although she's such a dear. Poor mamma used to be very tried about her—and she so ill—and my stepfather going blind—and everything. If Miriam had only been in a good social position abroad it would have been a place for me to go—instead of having no home—like this."

There was something so touching in her manner that he found it difficult not to offer her a home there and then; but the shadows were marching out into daylight, and he must watch the procession to the end.

"It seems to have been very inconsiderate of Miriam," he said. "But why do you suppose she acted so?"

"Dear mamma thought she was in love with some one—some one we didn't know anything about—but I never believed that. In the first place, she didn't know any one we didn't know anything about—not before she went to Washington with Lady Bonchurch. And besides, she couldn't be in love with any one without my knowing it, now could she?"

"I suppose not; unless she made up her mind she wouldn't tell you."

"Oh, I shouldn't want her to tell me. I should see it for myself. She wouldn't tell me, in any case—not till things had gone so far that—but I never noticed the least sign of it, do you see? and I've a pretty sharp eye for that sort of thing at all times. There was just one thing. Dear mamma used to say that for a while she used to do a good deal of moping in a little studio she had, up in the hills near our house—but you couldn't tell anything from that. I've gone and moped there myself, when I've felt I wanted a good cry—and I wasn't in love with any one."

There was a long silence, during which he sat grave, motionless, reflecting. Now and then he placed his extinguished cigarette to his lips, with the mechanical motion of a man forgetful of time and place and circumstance.

"Well, what are you thinking about?" she inquired, when the pause had lasted



long enough. He seemed to wake with a start.

"Oh—I—I don't know. I rather fancy I was thinking about—about this Miss—after all, you haven't given me any name but Miriam."

"Strange, her name is. The same as yours."

"Oh? You've never told me that."

"Aunt Queenie has, though. But you always seem to shuffle so when it's mentioned that I've let it alone. I don't blame you, either; for if there's one thing more tedious than another, it's having people forever fussing about your name. There was a girl at our school whose name was Fidgett—Jessie Fidgett—a nice, quiet girl, as placid as a church—but I do assure you, it got to be so tiresome—well, you know how it would be—and so I decided I wouldn't say anything about Miriam's name to you, nor about yours to her. Goodness knows, there must be lots of Stranges in the world—just as much as Jarrotts."

"So that—after all—her name was Miriam Strange."

"It was, and is, and always will be—if she goes on like this," Miss Colfax rejoined, not noticing that he had spoken half-musingly to himself. "She was a ward of my stepfather's till she came of age," she added, in an explanatory tone. "She's a sort of Canadian—or half a Canadian—or something—I never could quite make out what. Anyhow, she's a dear. She's gone now with my stepfather to Wiesbaden, about his eyes—and you can't think what a relief to me it is. If she hadn't, I might have had to go myself—and at my age—with all I've got to think about—and my coming out—Well, you can see how it would be."

She lifted such sweet blue eyes upon him that he would have seen anything she wanted him to see, if he had not been determined to push his inquiries until there was nothing left for him to learn.

"Were you fond of him?—your stepfather?"

"Of course—in a way. But everything was so unfortunate. I know dear mamma thought she was acting for the best when she married him; and if he hadn't begun to go blind almost immediately—But he was very kind to mamma, when she had to go to the Adiron-

dacks for her health. That was very soon after she returned to New York from here—when papa died. But she was so lonely in the Adirondacks—and he was a judge—a Mr. Wayne—with a good position—and naturally she never dreamed he had anything the matter with his eyes—it isn't the sort of thing you'd ever think of asking about beforehand—and so it all happened that way, do you see?"

He did see. He could have wished not to see so clearly. He saw with a light that dazzled him. Any step would be hazardous now, except one in retreat; though he was careful to explain to himself that night that it was retreat for reconnoitre, and not for running away.

It was not astonishing, therefore, that he was seized with a sudden longing to get away—a longing for space and solitude, for the pampas and the rivers, and, above all, for work. In the free air his spirit would throw off its oppression of discomfort, while in a daily routine of occupation he often found that difficulties solved themselves.

"If you think that this business of Kent's can get along without me now," he said to Mr. Jarrott, in the private office, next morning, "perhaps I had better be getting back to Rosario."

Not a muscle moved in the old man's long, wooden face, but the gray-blue eyes threw Strange a curious look.

"Do you want to go?" he asked, after a slight pause.

Strange smiled, with an embarrassment that did not escape observation.

"I've been away longer than I expected—a good deal longer. Things must want looking after, I suppose. Green can take my place for a while, but—"

"Green is doing very well—better than I thought he could. He seems to have taken a new start, that man."

"I'm not used to loafing, sir. If there's no particular reason for my staying on here—"

Mr. Jarrott fitted the tips of his fingers together, and answered slowly.

"There's no particular reason—just now. We've been speaking of—of—a—certain—a—certain changes—But it's too soon—"

"Of course, sir, I don't want to urge my private wishes against—"



"Quite so; quite so; I understand that. A—a—private wishes, you say?"

"Yes, sir; entirely private."

The gray-blue eyes rested on him in a gaze meant to be uninquisitive and non-committal, but which, as a matter of fact, expressed something from which Strange turned his own glance away.

"Very well; I'd go," the old man said, quietly.

Strange left his cards that afternoon at the house at Palermo just when he knew Mrs. Jarrott would be resting and Miss Jarrott driving with Miss Colfax. At seven he took the night boat up the Plata to the Parana.

## CHAPTER XI

"EVIE, what do you think made Mr. Strange rush away like that? Your uncle says he didn't have to—that he might just as well have stayed in town."

"I'm sure I don't know," was Evie's truthful response, as she flitted about the dining-room table, arranging the flowers before luncheon.

"Your uncle thinks you do," Mrs. Jarrott said, leaning languidly back in an armchair. Her tone and manner implied that the matter had nothing to do with her, though she was willing to speak of it. This was as far as she could come to showing an interest in anything outside herself since the boys died. She would not have brought up the subject now if the girl's pallor during the last few days had not made them uneasy.

"I haven't the least idea," Miss Colfax declared. "I was just as much surprised as you were, Aunt Helen."

"Your uncle thinks you must have said something to him—"

"I didn't. I didn't say anything to him whatever. Why should I? He's nothing to me."

"Of course he's nothing to you, if you're engaged to Billy Merrow."

Miss Colfax leaned across the table, taking a longer time than necessary to give its value to a certain rose.

"I'm not engaged to him now," she said, as if after reflection—"not in my own mind, that is."

"But you are in his, I suppose."

"Well, I can't help that, can I?"

"Not unless you write and tell him it's all over."

Miss Colfax stood still, a large red flower raised in protestation.

"That would be the cruelest thing I ever heard of," she exclaimed, with conviction. "I don't see how you can bear to make the suggestion."

"Then what are you going to do about it?"

"I needn't do anything just yet. There's no hurry—till I get back to New York."

"Do you mean to let him go on thinking—?"

"He'd much rather. Whenever I tell him, it will be too soon for him. There's no reason why he should know earlier than he wants to."

"But is that honor, dear?"

"How can I tell?" At so unreasonable a question the blue eyes clouded with threatening tears. "I can't go into all those fine points, Aunt Helen, do you see? I've just got to do what's right."

Mrs. Jarrott rose with an air of helplessness. She loved her brother's daughter tenderly enough, but she admitted to herself that she did not understand young girls. Having borne only sons, she had never been called upon to struggle with the baffling.

"I hope you're not going to tell any one, Aunt Helen," Evie begged, as Mrs. Jarrott seemed about to leave the room. "I shouldn't want Uncle Jarrott to know, or Aunt Queenie, either."

"I shall certainly spare them," Mrs. Jarrott said, with what for her was asperity. "They would be surprised, to say the least, after the encouragement you gave Mr. Strange."

"I didn't give it—he took it. I couldn't stop him."

"Did you want to?"

"I thought of it—sometimes—till I gave up being engaged to Billy."

"And having passed that mental crisis, I suppose it didn't matter."

"Well, the mental crisis, as you call it, left me free. I sha'n't have to reproach myself—"

"No; Mr. Merrow will do that for you."

"Of course he will. I expect him to. It would be very queer if he didn't. I shall have a dreadful time making him



see things my way. And with all that hanging over me I should think I might look for a little sympathy from you, Aunt Helen. Lots of girls wouldn't have said anything about it. But I told you because I want you to see I'm perfectly straight and aboveboard."

Mrs. Jarrott said no more for the moment, but later in the day she confided to her husband that the girl puzzled her. "She mixes me up so that I don't know which of us is talking sense." She was not at all sure that Evie was fretting about Mr. Strange—though she might be. If she wasn't, then she couldn't be well. That was the only explanation of her depression and loss of appetite.

"You can bet your life he's thinking of her," Mr. Jarrott said, with the lapse into the colloquial expression he permitted himself when he got into his house-jacket. "He's praying to her image as if it was a wooden saint."

With the omission of the word wooden this was much what Strange was doing at Rosario. At the end of two months he was still mentally where he was when he left Buenos Ayres. His intelligence assured him that he had the right of a man who has no rights to seize and carry off what he can; while that nameless something else within him refused to ratify the statement. What precise part of him raised this obstacle he was at a loss to guess. It could not be his conscience, since he had been free of conscience ever since the night on Lake Champlain. Still less could it be his heart, seeing that his heart was crying out for Evie Colfax more fiercely than a lion roars for food. The paralysis of his judgment had become such that he was fast approaching the determination to make Love the only arbiter, and let all the rest go hang!

He had got no further than this when the news was conveyed to him by Mrs. Green, whom he met accidentally in the street, that Mr. Skinner, the second partner, had had a "stroke," and had been ordered to Carlsbad. Mrs. Skinner, so Mrs. Green's letters from the Port informed her, was to accompany her husband. Furthermore, Miss Colfax was seizing the opportunity to travel with them to Southampton, where she would

be able to join friends who would take her to New York. There was even a rumor that Miss Jarrott was to accompany her niece, but Mrs. Green was unable to vouch for the truth of it. In any case, she said, there were signs of "a regular shaking up," such as comes periodically in any great mercantile establishment; and this time, she ventured to hope, Mr. Green would get his rights.

## CHAPTER XII

THE knowledge that it was a juncture at which to execute a daring movement acted as an opiate on what would otherwise have been, for Strange, a day of frenzy. While to the outward eye he was going quietly about his work, he was inwardly calling all his resources to his aid to devise some plan for outwitting circumstance. After forty-eight hours of tearing at his heart and hacking at his brain, he could think of nothing more original than to take the first train down to the Port, ask the girl to be his wife, and let life work out the consequence. At the end of two days, however, he was saved from a too deliberate defiance of the unaccounted-for inner voice, by an official communication from Mr. Jarrott.

It was in the brief, dry form of his business conversation, giving no hint that there were emotions behind the stilted phraseology, and an old man's yearnings. Mr. Skinner was far from well, and would "proceed immediately" to Carlsbad. Strange would hand over the business at Rosario to Mr. Green—who would become resident manager, *pro tem.* at any rate—and present himself in Buenos Ayres at the earliest convenient moment. Mr. Jarrott would be glad to see him as soon as possible after his arrival.

That was all; but as far as the young man was concerned, it saved the situation. On consulting the steamer list he saw that the Royal Mail Steam Packet *Corrientes* would sail for Southampton in exactly six days' time. By dint of working all night with Mr. Green, who was happy to lend himself to anything that would show him the last of his rival, he was able to take a train to the Port next day. It was half past six when he arrived in Buenos Ayres. By half past



eight he had washed, changed to an evening suit, and dined. At nine his cab stopped at the door of the house at Palermo.

As he followed the elderly man servant who admitted him, the patio was so dim that he made his way but slowly. He made his way but slowly, not only because the patio was dim, but because he was trying to get his crowding emotions under control, before meeting his employer in an interview, that might be fraught with serious results.

If she had not moved out unexpectedly from behind a pillar, a little fluttering figure in a white frock, he could have kept his self-control. If he had not come upon her in this sudden way, when she believed him in Rosario, she, too, would not have been caught at a disadvantage. As it was, he stood still, as if awe-struck. She gave a little cry, as if frightened. It is certain that his movement of the arms was an automatic process, not dictated by any order of the brain; and the same may be said for the impulse which threw her on his breast. If, after that, the rest was not silence, it was little more. What he uttered and she replied was scarcely audible to either, though it was understood by both. It was all over so quickly, that the man servant had barely thrown open the library door, and announced "Mr. Strange," when Strange himself was on the threshold.

Mr. Jarrott, who was smoking a cigar and sipping his after-dinner coffee, was in evening dress, but wore his house-jacket—a circumstance of which Strange did not know the significance, though he felt its effect. The old man's welcome was not unlike that of a shy father trying to break the shackles of reserve with a home-coming son. He pushed Strange gently into the most comfortable arm-chair, beside which he drew up a small table for the cigar-box, the ash-tray, and the matches. He rang for another cup, and brought the coffee with his own hands. Strange remembered how often, after a hard day's work, he had been made uncomfortable by just such awkward, affectionate attentions from poor old Monsieur Durand.

"I didn't expect you so soon," Mr. Jarrott began, when they were both

seated, "but you've done well to come. I'm afraid we're in for a regular upset all round."

"I hope it isn't going to make things harder for you, sir," Strange ventured, in the tone of personal concern which his kindly treatment seemed to warrant him in taking.

"It won't if I can get the right men into the right places. That 'll be the tough part of the business. The wool department will suffer by Mr. Skinner's absence—he's very ill, in my opinion—and there's only one man who can take his place." Strange felt his heart throbbing, and the color rising to his face. He did not covet the position, for he disliked the wool department; but it was undeniably a "rise," and right along the line of highest promotion. "That's Jenkins," Mr. Jarrott finished, quietly.

Strange said nothing. After all, he was relieved. Mr. Jarrott did not go on at once, but when he did speak Strange fell back into the depths of his arm-chair, in an attitude suggestive of physical collapse.

"And if Jenkins came back here," the old man pursued, "you'd have to take his place in New York."

Strange concealed his agitation by puffing out successive rings of smoke. If he had not long ago considered what he would say should this proposal ever be made to him, he would have been even more overcome than he actually was. He had meant to oppose the offer with a point-blank refusal, but what had happened within the last quarter of an hour had so modified this judgment that he could only sit, turning things rapidly over in his mind, till more was said.

"There's no harm in—a—telling you," Mr. Jarrott went on again, with that hesitancy Strange had begun to associate with important announcements, "that—a—Jenkins will be—a—taken into partnership. You won't—a—be taken into partnership—a—yet. But you will have a good salary in New York. I can—a—promise you that much."

It was because he was unnerved that tears smarted in the young man's eyes at the implications in these sentences. He took his time before responding, the courtesies of the occasion being served as well by silence as by speech.



"I won't try to thank you for all your kindness, sir," he said, with a visible effort, "until I've told you something—something that, very likely, you won't approve of. I've asked Miss Colfax to marry me, and she's consented."

The old man's brows shot up incredulously.

"That's odd," he said, "because not half an hour ago she told my wife there was nothing whatever between you—that you hadn't even written to her since you went away. Mrs. Jarrott only left this room as you rang the door-bell."

"But it was after I rang the door-bell," Strange stammered, "that I—I—asked her."

"Quick work," was the old man's only comment, but the muscles of his lips relaxed slowly, as if rusty from disuse, into one of his rare smiles.

With the assurance of this reception Strange could afford to sit silent till Mr. Jarrott made some further sign.

"By the terms of her father's will," he explained some minutes later, "I'm her guardian and trustee. She can't marry without my consent till she comes of age. I don't say that in this instance I should—a—withhold my consent; but I should feel constrained to—a—give it with conditions."

"If it's anything I can fulfil, sir—"

"No; it wouldn't concern you so much as her. She's very young—and in heart she's younger than her age. She knows nothing about men—she can't know—and I dare say you're the first young fellow who ever said anything to her about—Well, you understand what I mean. Mind you, we've no objections to you whatever. You are your own credentials; and we take them at their face value. You tell me you're an orphan, with no near relations, so that there couldn't be any complications on that score. Besides that, you're—a likely chap; and I don't mind saying that—a—my ladies—Mrs. Jarrott and my sister—have taken rather a fancy to you. It can't do you any—a—harm to know as much as that."

Strange murmured his appreciation, and the old man went on.

"No; you're all right. But, as I said before, she's very young, and if we married her to you out of hand we feel that

we shouldn't be giving her a fair show. We think she ought to have a little more chance to look round her, so to speak. In fact, she isn't what ladies call 'out.' She's scarcely ever seen a man, except through a window. Consequently, we think we must send her back to New York, for a winter at any rate, and trot the procession before her. My sister is to undertake it, and they're to sail next week. That won't make so much difference to you now, as it would if you weren't soon going to follow them."

Strange nodded. He felt himself being wafted to New York, whether he would or no.

"Now all I have to say is this: if, when she's regularly started, she sees some other young fellow she likes better than you, you're to give her up without making a fuss."

"Of course. Naturally, she would have to be free to do as she chose in the long run. I'm not afraid of losing her—"

"That 'll be your own lookout. You'll be on the spot, and will have as good a chance as anybody else. You'll have a better chance; for you'll only have to keep what you've won, while any one else would have to start in at the beginning. But it's understood that there—a—can be no talk of a wedding just yet. She must have next winter to reconsider her promise to you, if she wants to."

Strange having admitted the justice of this, the old man rose, and held out his hand.

"We'll keep the matter between ourselves—in the family, I mean—for the time being," he said, with another slowly breaking smile; "but the ladies will want to wish you luck. You must come into the drawing-room and see them."

They were half-way to the door, when Mr. Jarrott paused.

"And of course you'll go to New York? I didn't think it necessary to ask you if you cared to make the change."

With the question straight before him Strange knew that an answer must be given. He understood now how it is that there are men and women who find it worth their while to thrust their heads into lions' mouths.



"Yes, sir, of course," he answered, quietly; and they went on to join the ladies.

PART III.—MIRIAM

CHAPTER XIII

ON a day when Evie Colfax was nearing Southampton, and Herbert Strange sailing northward from the Rio de la Plata up the coast of Brazil, Miriam Strange, in New York, was standing in the embrasure of a large bay-window of a fifth-floor apartment, in that section of Fifty-ninth Street that skirts the southern limit of Central Park. Her conversation with the man beside her turned on subjects which both knew to be only preliminary to the business that had brought him. He inquired about her voyage home from Germany, and expressed his sympathy with "poor Wayne" on the hopelessness and finality of the Wiesbaden oculist's report. Taking a lighter tone, he said, with a gesture toward the vast expanse of autumn color on which they were looking down:

"You didn't see anything finer than that in Europe. Come now!"

"No, I didn't—not in its own way. As long as I can look at this I'm almost reconciled to living in a town."

As her eyes roamed over the sea of splendor that stretched from their very feet, nearly three miles to the northward, till it lost itself beyond the city, in the line of the far-distant hills—a rim of October gorgeousness against the sky—he was able to steal a glance at her. His immediate observation was to the effect that the suggestion of wildness—or, more correctly, of a wild origin—was as noticeable in her now, a woman of twenty-seven, as it was when he first knew her, a girl of nineteen. That she should have brought it with her from a childhood passed amid lakes and rivers and hills was natural enough—just as it was natural that her voice should have that liquid cadence which belongs to peoples of the forest, though it is rarely caught by human speech elsewhere; but that she should have conserved these qualities through the training of a woman of the world was more remarkable. But there it was, that something woodland-born, which London and New York had neither submerged nor swept

away. It was difficult to say in what it consisted, since it eluded the effort to say, "It is this or that." It resisted analysis, as it defied description. Though it might have been in the look, or in the manner, it conveyed itself to the observer's apprehension otherwise than by the eye or ear, as if it appealed to some extra sense.

He noted, too, the sure lines of her profile—a profile becoming clearer cut as she grew older—features wrought with delicacy and yet imbued with strength, suggestive of carved ivory. Delicacy imbued with strength was betokened, too, by the tall slenderness of her figure, whose silence and suppleness of movement came—in Charles Conquest's imagination at least—from her far-off forest ancestry.

"I couldn't live anywhere else but here—if it must be in New York," she said, turning from the window. "I couldn't do without the sense of woods, and space, and sky. I can stand at this window and imagine all sorts of things—that the park really does run into the Catskills, as it seems to do—that the Catskills run into the Adirondacks—and that the Adirondacks take me up to the Laurentides, with which my earliest recollections begin."

"I think you're something like Shelley's Venice," he smiled, "a sort of 'daughter of the earth and ocean.' You never seem to me to belong in just the ordinary category—"

She had been afraid of something like this from the minute he was announced, and so hastened to cling to the impersonal.

"Then, the apartment is so convenient. Being all on one floor, it is so much easier for Mr. Wayne to get about it than if he had stairs to climb. I didn't tell you that I've had Mrs. Wayne's room done over for Evie. It's so much larger and lighter than her old one—"

He cleared his throat uneasily.

"I remember your saying something of the kind before you went away in the spring. It's one of the things I came in to talk about to-day."

"Indeed?" His change of tone alarmed her. He had taken on the air of a man about to break unpleasant news. "Won't you sit down? I'll ring for tea. We're not in very good order yet, but the servants can give us that much."



She spoke for the purpose of hiding her uneasiness, just as she felt that she should be more sure of herself while handling the teacups than if she were sitting idle.

"I've had a letter from Mr. Jarrott," he said, making himself comfortable, while she moved the tea table in front of her. "He wrote to me, partly as Stephens & Jarrott's legal adviser, and partly as a friend."

He allowed that information time to sink in before continuing.

"He tells me Miss Jarrott is on her way home, with Evie."

"Yes; Evie herself wrote me that. I got the letter at Cherbourg."

"Then she probably told you about the house."

"The house? What house?"

"The house they've asked me to take for the winter—for Miss Jarrott and her."

The tea-things came, giving her the relief of occupation.

"So I'm not to have her?" she said, at last.

"It's only for this winter—"

"Oh, I know. But what's for this winter will be for every winter!"

"And she won't be far away. I've taken the 'Grants' house in Seventy-second Street. They asked for a house in which they could do some entertaining. You see, they want to give her a good time—"

"I quite understand all that. Evie has to 'come out.' I've not the least doubt that they're managing it in the best way possible. Yes, I see that. If I feel a little—well, I won't say hurt—but a little—sorry—it's because I've almost brought Evie up. And I suppose I'm the person she's most fond of—as far as she's fond of any one."

"I presume she's fond of my nephew, Billy Merrow."

"I hope so. Billy rather teased her into that engagement, you know. She's too young to be deeply in love—unless it was with some one romantic. And Billy isn't that. I'm not sure that there isn't trouble ahead for him."

"Then I shall let him worry through it himself. I've got other things to think about."

When she had given him his tea and begun to sip her own, she looked up with

that particular bright smile which in women means the bracing of the courage.

"It 'll be all right," she said, with forced conviction. "I know it will. It's foolish in me to think I shall miss her, when she will be so near. It's only because she and Mr. Wayne are all I've got—"

"They needn't be," he interposed, draining his cup, and setting it down, like a man preparing for action.

She knew her own words had exposed her to this, and was vexed with herself for speaking in a dangerous situation without due foresight. For a minute she could think of nothing to say that would ward off his thrust. She sat looking at him rather helplessly, unconsciously appealing to him with her eyes to let the subject drop.

If he meant to go on with it he took his time—flecking a few crumbs from his white waistcoat and from his finger tips. In the action he showed himself for what he was, a man so neat as just to escape being dapper. There was nothing large about him, in either mind or body; while, on the contrary, there was much that was keen and able. The incisiveness of the face would have been too sharp, had it not been saved by the high-bred effect of a Roman nose and a handsome mouth and chin. The fair mustache, faded now rather than gray, softened the cynicism of the lips, without concealing it. It was the face of a man accustomed to "see through" other men—to "see through" life—compelling its favors from the world rather than asking them. The detailed exactness and unobtrusive costliness of everything about him, from the pearl in his tie to the varnish on his boots, were indicative of a will rigorously demanding "the best," and taking it. The refusal of it now in the person of the only woman whom he had ever wanted as a wife left him puzzled, slightly exasperated, as before a phenomenon not to be explained. It was this unusual resistance that caused the somewhat impatient tone he took with her.

"It's all nonsense—your living as you do—like a professional trained nurse."

"The life of a professional trained nurse isn't nonsense."

"It is for you."



"On the contrary; it's for me, more than for almost any one, to justify my right to being in the world."

"Oh, come now! Don't let us begin on that."

"I don't want to begin on it. I'd much rather not. But if you don't, you throw away the key that explains everything about me."

"All right," he rejoined, in an argumentative tone. "Let's talk about it, then. Let's have it out. You feel your position; granted. Mind you, I've always said you wouldn't have done so if it hadn't been for Gertrude Wayne. The world to-day has too much common sense to lay stress on a circumstance of that kind. Believe me, nobody thinks about it but yourself. Did Lady Bonchurch? Did any of her friends? You've got it a little bit—just a little bit—on the brain; and the fault isn't yours; it belongs to the woman whose soul is gone, I hope, where it's freed from the rules of a book of etiquette."

"She meant well—"

"Oh, every failure, and bungler, and mischief-maker means well. That's their charter. I'm not concerned with that. I'm speaking of what she did. She fixed it in your mind that you were like a sapling sprung from a seed blown outside the orchard. You think you can minimize that accident by bringing forth fruit as good as any to be found within the pale. Consequently you've taken a poor, helpless blind man off the hands of the people whose duty it is to look after him—and who are well able to do it—"

"That isn't the reason," she declared, flushing. "If I have chosen to have poor Mr. Wayne here with me it's because we're used to each other—and in a way he has taken the place of my father."

"Oh, come now! That's all very fine. But haven't you got in the back of your mind the thought that the wild tree that's known by its good fruit is the one that's best worth grafting?"

"If I had—" she began, with color deepening.

"If you had, you'd simply be taking a long way round, when there's a short cut home. I'm in the orchard, Miriam. All you've got to do is to walk into it—with me."

"There's a reason why I couldn't do that," she said, meeting his sharp eyes with one of her fugitive glances. "I would have given it to you when—when you brought up this subject last spring, only you didn't ask me."

"Well, what is it?"

"I couldn't love you."

She forced herself to bring out the words distinctly. He leaned back in his chair, threw one leg across the other, and stroked the thin, colorless line of his mustache.

"No, I suppose you couldn't," he said, quietly, after considering her words.

"So that my answer has to be final."

"I don't see that. Love is only one of the many motives for marriage—and not, as I understand it, the highest one. The divorce courts are strewn with the wrecks of marriages made for love. Those that stand the test of life and time are generally those that have been contracted from some of the more solid—and worthier—motives."

"Then I don't know what they are."

"I could explain them to you if you'd let me. As for love—if it's needed at all—I could bring enough into hotch-potch, as the phrase goes, to do for two. I'm over fifty years of age. It never occurred to me that you could—care about me—as you might have cared for some one else. But as far as I can see, there's no one else. If there was, perhaps I shouldn't persist."

She looked up with sudden determination.

"If there was any one else, you would consider that as settling the question?"

"I might. I shouldn't bind myself. It would depend."

"Then I'll tell you; there is some one else." The words caused her to flush so painfully that she hastened to qualify them. "That is, there might have been."

"What do you mean by—might have been?"

"I mean that, though I don't say I've ever—loved—any man, there was a man I might have loved, if it had been possible."

"And why wasn't it possible?"

"I'd rather not tell you. It was a long time ago. He went away. He never came back again."

"Did he say he'd come back again?"





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock.*

"THERE WAS A MAN I MIGHT HAVE LOVED, IF IT HAD BEEN POSSIBLE"







She shook her head. She tried to meet his gaze steadily, but it was like facing a search-light.

"Were you what you would call—engaged?"

"Oh no." Her confusion deepened. "There was never anything. It was a long time ago. I only want you to understand that if I could care for any one it would be for him. And if I married you—and he came back—"

"Are you expecting him back?"

She was a long time answering the question. She would not have answered it at all had it not been in the hope of getting rid of him.

"Yes."

He took the declaration coolly, and went on.

"Why? What makes you think he'll come?"

"I have no reason. I think he will—that's all."

"Where is he now?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Hasn't he ever written to you?"

"Never."

"And yet you expect him back?"

She nodded assent.

"You're waiting for him?"

Once more she braced herself to look him in the eyes and answer boldly.

"I am."

He leaned back in his chair and laughed, not loudly, but in good-humored derision.

"If that's all that stands between us—"

To her relief he said no more; though she was disappointed that the subject should be dropped in a way that made it possible to bring it up again. As he was taking his leave she renewed the attempt to end the matter once for all.

"I know you think me foolish—" she began.

"No, not foolish; only romantic."

"Then, romantic. Romance is as bad as folly when one is twenty-seven. I confess it," she went on, trying to smile, "only that you may understand, that it's a permanent condition, which I sha'n't get over."

"Oh yes, you will."

"Things happened—long ago—such as don't generally happen; and so—I'm waiting for him. If he never comes—then I'd rather go on—waiting—uselessly."

It was hard to say, but it was said. He laughed again—not quite so derisively as before—and went away.

When he had gone, she resumed her seat behind the tea table. She sat looking absently at the floor and musing on the words she had just spoken. Not in all the seven or eight years since Norrie Ford went away had she acknowledged to her own heart what, within the last few minutes, she had declared aloud. She had actually been waiting for Norrie Ford to return, and say what he had told her he *would* say, should it ever become possible! She was waiting for him still! If he never came she would rather go on waiting for him—uselessly! The language almost shocked her; but now that the thing was spoken she admitted it was true. It was a light thrown on herself—if not precisely a new light, at least one from which all shades and colored wrappings that delude the eye and obscure the judgment had been struck away.

She smiled to herself to think how little Conquest understood her when he ascribed to her the ambition to graft her ungarnered branch on the stock of a duly cultivated civilization. She might have had that desire once, but it was long past. It was a kind of glory to her now to be outside the law—with Norrie Ford. There they were exiles together, in a wild paradise with joys of its own, not less sweet than those of any Eden. She had faced more than once the question of being "taken into the orchard," as Conquest put it. The men who had asked her at various times to marry them had been like himself, men of middle age, or approaching it—men of assured position either by birth or by attainment. Once or twice the position offered her was so much in accordance with her tastes that her refusal brought with it a certain vague regret. "But I couldn't do it," were the words with which she woke from every dream of seeing herself mistress in a quiet English park, or a big house in New York. Her habits might be those of civilized mankind; but her heart was listening for a call from beyond the limits in which men have the recognized right to live. She could put no shackles on her freedom to respond to it—if it ever came.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# Once a Highway for the World

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

AT the very edge of Venice is a long and once glorious line of villas where the old Venetians revelled in splendor; villas built upon the mainland, along the course of the river Brenta; villas before whose doors ran the landway and waterway, the double highway, between Padua and Venice, which for many centuries was the main approach to the splendid city of the sea. Venice the Beautiful, as a writer quaintly expressed it, stood beside the domes of St. Mark, but the jewelled train of her mantle stretched along the shores of the Brenta.

The villas, near to Venice though they are, and readily accessible, are now seen by few, for the coming of the railroad made a new approach to the city, and visitors forget their existence. And Venice herself had first forgotten them. For, when the power of the city dwindled and her riches passed away, there came to an end the golden-robed and silken-shod luxury that had loved to display itself in this suburban life. Many of the villas fell long ago forlornly into ruin, with gardens wrecked and balconies demolished and halls and ceilings tottering to a fall. Others vanished utterly. Still others, their fair radiance departed, and now shabby and defaced, give corners of their spaciousness to peasants, who thus sit in the seats of the mighty. Only a few of the villas are well maintained: one, literally a palace, because the government preserves it as a national monument, and two or three because they are in the hands of rich and liberal owners.

It is not only that the poor live in some of the ancient abodes of grandeur. The poor the Italian has always with him, and in abundance; and so here, along the Brenta, there are not only ruined homes of the proud, but also little villages of the humble. The neglected mansions would not be nearly so full of interest, nearly so picturesque, were it

not for the accompanying interest and picturesqueness of peasant and village life. For a gossipy, gladsome, gesticulative folk are these, and though poor enough if measured by the standard of money, rich in content and happiness.

Often and often has the Brenta been the text for enthusiasms. The cultured Evelyn wrote, in his famous diary, of the river so deliciously adorned with villas and gardens. Two hundred years later, Disraeli wrote of the number, variety, and splendor of the houses, which even in his day had fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf. D'Annunzio has seized upon the poetry and inspiration in these melancholy remains of former magnificence. And Mrs. Wharton gives the heroine of a powerful short story, set in the Italy of the past, a triumphant season on the Brenta, in a palace of myriad glories.

Building sumptuous houses on the mainland followed as a consequence of landward conquests and acquisitions. And, indeed, it was the realization of landward ambitions that marked the beginning of the end of Venetian power. The discovery of a route around the Cape of Good Hope is generally set down as the reason for decline, but it would not have been of potency had not the city been already weakened by its landward successes. It conquered Belluno and it conquered Padua, and its warriors loved to ride on horses as well as on vessels of war and gondolas.

And it would really seem—to take the ultimate step in this inquiry of cause and effect—as if the Venetian love for horses lay at the root of their desire to be masters of land. For Venice is an absolutely horseless city. On foot or by water must its people go. And hence there came into operation the yearning, deep-based in human nature, for what is tantalizingly attractive and at the same time attainable only with difficulty. The





*Painting by Walter Hale*

MALCONTENTA—A PALACE WHOSE GLORY HAS DEPARTED







Venetians put themselves on horseback and, although infinitely distant from beggarhood, went the proverbial way. The best of all the statues of Venice is an equestrian: that of Colleoni, by Verrocchio, an admirable replica of which has been placed in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. And the huge-columned church, that of Saints Giovanni and Paolo, whose portal is guarded by this horsebacked effigy, bears within it stately monuments of old-time doges, bestriding caparisoned steeds. In the sombrely housed libraries of Venice are ancient prints showing Brenta villas in their glory, and in front of the villas the artists loved to place cavaliers upon curvetting horses. For these cavaliers, crossing the lagoon from the city, loved to gallop along the road to Padua, past barges filled with travellers intent on reaching the wonderful city.

For centuries the Brenta was fiercely fought for by Padua and Venice. For centuries its stream has been confined as a canal, for its uncontrolled meanderings led it changefully across the plain between the rival cities. For centuries it was a great artery of commerce, and the interests of Padua and Venice were so diverse as to its course that battles were fought for the mere object of demolishing an old dike or constructing a new one. Not until Padua itself was taken and held by Venice were bounds finally set to the river, and then, at its mouth, was set a contrivance of pulleys and inclined planes, long since vanished, for the lifting of river craft over the bar which was always forming. The Brenta firmly secured, the advantages of its banks as a dwelling-place for wealthy Venetians were seen; and patrician after patrician chose his locality and his stately pleasure dome decreed.

"Venice," naïvely wrote dear old Froissart, five and a half centuries ago, "is one of the dearest towns in the world for strangers." He knew Italy and its cities, his principal visit to that country having been to attend, as a guest, a princely wedding, at which (so runs the delightful old tale) two of his fellow guests were Chaucer and Petrarch. Froissart did not set down that Venice was a town of extravagant citizens as well as a town expensive for strangers, for he doubtless took

it for granted that the citizens' extravagance was matter of common knowledge. And it was but a very few years after he wrote, that the city sought a new outlet for luxurious expenditure by beginning this expansion along the Brenta.

Leaving Venice, leaving the Piazza of St. Mark and the Doge's Palace, and setting forth for the forgotten villas and the forgotten highway that was so long a highway for the world, you do not turn down the familiar Grand Canal, but into the broad and forgotten Giudecca, where you pass big gondolas, two-rowed, heavy laden with great logs that stretch out on either side with centipedal effect. You pass boats with sails of yellow and hulls of red and brown. And you pass merchant ships at anchor, that have come from distant ports of the world.

And now the marvellous city is behind you, and you are sailing across a broad and shimmering lagoon, and you pass an island with the delightful name of St. George in the Seaweed, and you see the darkened surface and the reed-like wavings that tell that the island is well named. Of note, this island, in the ancient days, though no one ever visits it now; for, midway between mainland and city, it was where ambassadors and other guests of state were often received. The island was long the site of a great churchly establishment, and monks looked out upon a busy world from what is now a crumbled red pile of masonry; and, glancing at it as the boat carries you by, you notice that a few soldiers militant have replaced the soldiers of the cross.

Farther you go, across the shallow waters of the lagoon; and soon you are nearing a reedy and melancholy shore, where a little patch of tile and plaster, red and yellow, marks ancient Fusina, at the Brenta's mouth.

Following the river inland, there is a great stretch of level country, endlessly ditched and irrigated. Here and there the thatched house of a peasant, here and there a stooping line of toilers in the fields; women and men in clothing of sun-mellowed charm; and soon, above the vine-grown levels and the glimmering canals, a spacious building comes in view.

A palace, this; but its glory has departed, its princely tenants have gone.



It is fronted by a row of mighty columns, but below them the carefully wrought work of the artisan has fallen away in ruin, and of the noble stairways which formed the outer approach, one has altogether vanished and the other has lost its classic balustrade and stands in bare denudedness. This palace, one of the masterpieces of Palladio, was built for two brothers of the house of Foscari; and the name by which it is known—Malcontenta—is the survival of the dark story of a woman, of discontent, of love and jealousy.

The palace is now naked and bleak, and on either side are apartments exactly alike: one set of rooms for one brother and one for the other, with a cross-shaped audience-hall between for the common use of both.

There are fireplaces of pink marble, and vaulted ceilings, and in the central hall there are frescoed Muses and Arts, that, regardless of their faded beauty, look down with a smile or with grave regard at the visitor whose echoing footsteps disturb their solitude, even as they looked on the gay throngs of vanished time.

And in another room, long since vandalized by whitewash, the yellow covering has flaked away just enough to show a lovely woman, in the splendid apparel of the time of Venetian glory. She is painted on the wall, with her foot on the level of the floor, and gives a curious impression of standing within the room. A haughty and enigmatical smile is on her lips, and you like to believe the legend of the countryside that this woman, decked with pearls and apparelled in silk and lace, is the one whose history gave the shivery name of Malcontenta.

Push aside the shutters from a window whose leaded glass has long since vanished, and there is a sweet and lovely view. There are the interminable stretches, crowded thick with luscious growth; there, to the northward, rises the Alpine line; there is the lagoon, on whose farther side lies Venice, with the sun glistening on towers and domes.

A red-sailed, black-hulled barge comes slowly up the Brenta; a painted ship on water painted marvellously green; and one's mind goes back to the glory of the past, and to that time in the sixteenth

century when, with mighty pomp and circumstance, Henry the Third of France came to this house, accompanied from Venice by senators and patricians in barges rowed by slaves.

With stairs and vaultings of solid stone, and roof and floors of tile, the house defies the desolation of the centuries. But there are lichens and mosses on the walls; latticed windows are wrecked; scrolls and ornaments and carving are defaced. And in a perspectived avenue of trees I saw an incongruous descendant of the past: a strutting peacock with tail gloriously outspread, owned by the peasants who live in a corner of the palace and who cook their dinner of herbs in an enormous Palladian fireplace with carved lion's feet and fluted pillars of stone.

Beyond Malcontenta are willow trees and orchards, and meadows rich in grass, and endless vineyards, and long vines garlanded between pollarded mulberries; and here and there a great gate of wrought iron tells where a villa stood, or at a cottage door stands a shattered pillar, carried there long ago from the wreck of a noble house.

Great numbers of statues are still to be seen. At many of the villas the ancient statues were long since destroyed or carried away, and empty pedestals alone remain; but a host of figures still stand grouped in gardens or extend along old avenues. Smiling or dancing, posing in stateliness, or eternally pouring libations—gods and goddesses, nymphs and heroes, loves and graces, marred, broken, yellowed, lichened—they are doing patiently on their pedestals for the peasants what in old days they did for patricians; and in all this is a grim and theatrical impressiveness, as of broken-down actors and actresses representing the glories of the olden time.

Numbers of the villas have not only the charm of general association with the pride of former days, but have definite legends or history clinging about the great rooms and the window-seats and the charming alcoves. There are tiny canals running up to private landing-places, and loggias from which the procession of boats and horses was watched by languid ladies and from which the snowy Alps are seen, gleaming austere and cold above the steaming plain.



One house, not far from Malcontenta, is honored because it stands upon the site of an earlier one which Dante for a time occupied. Dante wrote of the Brenta, too, but the time of his residence there was before the era of Venetian occupancy.

One must look heedfully if he would see every one of the still existent villas, for there are defaced and cheaply stuccoed houses which might hastily be passed by without interest, but which are shown in the ancient prints as the villas of this or that great family whose name is in the Golden Book. The Italians love to stucco any building, old or new; and, so far as apparent age is concerned, a touch of stucco makes all buildings kin.

Less interesting, except as illustrative of human nature, are the few garish houses, comparatively modern, put up by pretentious folk who would fain have the appearance of living here as did the rich and the powerful; but of real interest are the simple houses of the frankly humble. And the villages and those who live in them have a peculiar right to attention, because some of these towns are very, very ancient, having authentic histories running back for many hundreds of years, and because numbers of the village folk are doubtless of ancestry antedating the period of the glory of Venice.

Tradition has it that near one of these towns one of the battles between Venice and Padua took place, and that the Venetians won through setting free large numbers of bees, who flew at the Paduans and, slipping under their visors, stung them into retreat.

The humble Brenta dwellers are a cheerful and credulous folk. They love music, they love games, they love color, they love the dance. I remember that the little Dutch children of Maarken all seemed men and women; but the men and women of the Brenta all seem children, and all happy ones.

Even the grimness of certain of their beliefs does not give them gloominess. They know that three knockings in the night can come only from the Angel of Death—but (crossing themselves) we ought not to worry, for all of us must die. They know that to spill olive oil or milk brings bad luck, but they also

know (praise this or that Italian saint!) that to spill wine means a marriage. To dream of a tooth drawn out means death; but to find a horseshoe or a muleshoe means good luck, and to find a coin with a hole in it insures very good luck, and, on the whole, there is more good than evil in the world, and so let us eat and drink and be merry, for, in spite of dreams prognostic, to-morrow we live!

I have heard Italians of more favored regions deplore the malaria of the Brenta, and say, "The people are yellow of face." But the Brenta folk do not permit even malaria to disturb them. The men contend endlessly at bowls, or perhaps, in the evening, they eagerly play with queer Italian cards, or get out their checkers and their chess; their chess permitting odd moves with the pawns, and their checkers having the rule that a king is immune from capture except by another king, and that (to border on a Hibernianism) these are not kings at all, but queens.

Even in the literature read by the Brentaside there is found a certain amusement; for I have seen one man reading *L'Asino* and another *Il Mulo* and another *Sigaretta*. Incidentally, it reminded me of having heard, in America, that Italian humor is far beyond our own in purity, delicacy, cleverness, and charm.

The great villas, through the limitless extravagance of their building, their outfitting and maintenance, were the cause of the breaking of many a fortune, and thus of the subsequent desertion and decay of the buildings. That several were built by Palladio recalls the story that, in revenge for being refused admittance into the order of nobility, he deliberately set himself to ruin Italian nobles through the expense that his building plans entailed. The nobles of this part of Italy, however, were themselves not backward in working for their own ruin; like the one who loved to skip gold pieces, sequins, like pebbles, along the surface of the Brenta, or the one who was in the pleasant habit of throwing the fragile table service out of window to thrill his guests.

At one ruined villa, where I found pigeons roosting in the bare and desolate entrance hall, the peasant who opened doors and gates told me, with deep mean-



ing in his tone, as he showed me into the garden, that oleanders once grew there, but had vanished; it being an ancient Italian superstition that with the decay of oleanders begins the decay of the fortunes of a house.

What is known as the villa of Valmarano, near the town of Mira Porte, is a splendid example of the glorious extravagance of the past. I reached there, from my last stopping-place, by

it would do, and which absurdly sank just as we reached the farther side.

This so-called villa consists of two palaces placed where the river, curving, gives a charming view. They are precisely similar, and each stretches back in a succession of lofty rooms. But to say this is to say only part; for in the space between these two palaces there once stood a still grander structure, every vestige of which has gone; a palace of such noble size that these two served fittingly as appanages. And all these united to make the home of a single patrician!

And these two appanages stand in desolation. They have long and stately colonnades, and they show pillared vistas of great impressiveness, but some of the rooms are heaped with grain, others are littered with wine-presses and carts, in others the plaster has fallen in great pieces; and yet, amid this wreck of past glory, lovely goddesses, whose frescoed faces are still full of beauty and charm, bravely smile as if to assert that the smile of woman is superior to ruin and may even recall the tender grace of a day that is dead.

And the reflection comes, that while nations were quarrelling, and armies clashing, artists and sculptors kept calm-

ly at their work. Dante wrote of the Brenta, and Veronese painted ceilings, Palladio erected homes there, and Tintoretto made pictures for their walls, heedless of affairs of peace or war.

To drive beside the river, along the



AN ENTRANCE TO THE PISANI PALACE, ONCE THE HOME OF NAPOLEON

driving beside a Brenta man in a tiny cart drawn by a pony no bigger than a dog, and I crossed the stream with another Brenta man in a water-logged and leaky dugout, which he looked at in lengthy dubitation before deciding that





THE VILLA OF VALMARANO, AN EXAMPLE OF THE GLORIOUS EXTRAVAGANCE OF THE PAST

hard firm roads and past the endless stone road-posts, puts one vividly in touch with the past, and it is even more fascinating to go slowly up the stream by boat—for there are boats, for freight, with red and ochre sails; there are boats drawn by horses or drawn by men; there are boats with long ropes running quaintly, as of old, from the stern to the top of the mast and thence to the towing-power on shore, and there are boats propelled by gondoliers.

There are tall poplars which send their shadows far down into the water. There are pretty peasant girls standing under the escutcheons of nobility. Ox teams swing down ancient avenues. There is a shipyard, where barges have for centuries been launched and where a handful of men still work at hull and keel. There are long white roads. There are ditches, thick-padded with water-lilies and with yellow primroses on their banks. There are ancient plane trees long since trimmed to fan-shaped flatness and now grown distorted and grotesque. There are old stone wells.

It is of especial interest to notice how different is the architecture from any in Venice. It might have been expected that the architects would follow familiar

Venetian forms, but instead they put up a series of houses of an entirely different character.

The possession of this river and of Padua meant much to the Venetians. Not only did it solve questions of health and commerce, and give them indisputably a line of traffic; not only did it give the longed-for chance for rural homes and gardens for their children's play; but it also gave them the source of supply of a strong dark lime which would resist the action of salt water and sea air. It was in the fifteenth century that Padua was seized; had it been earlier, the Campanile of St. Mark's would not have fallen.

At no great distance above Valmarano is a fine villa, yellow-fronted and of happy aspect; with white stone lions pawing armorial bearings at the entrance and little lions crouched captivantly above. It looks like one of the charming modern Florentine villas of to-day, so fresh and clean it is. Yet it is a house of the sixteenth century, and was then inhabited by a Contarini, Procurator of St. Mark's, and was given a visit by a foreign king, who, passing by, was so taken with the charm of its appearance that he stopped his barge and landed there.



Noble old apartments are those in this favored Contarini villa; but the ancient furnishings and frescoes passed with the passing of ancient ownership, the finest of the wall decorations having been taken long since to Paris. In front of the villa there is a mighty line of gnarled trees, the trunks of which are green with moss. The immediate surroundings were in the past particularly pleasing, although now all is changed.

Here and there, along the line of the Brenta, there are still the remains of ancient gardens; and an ancient and overgrown and high-walled garden must needs be felicitous, especially when still shaded by the cypress and the ilex, and when untrimmed shrubbery has grown into mysterious thickets, with here and there neglected wall-flowers growing from wall crevices where they have found refuge, and here and there a tangle of rosemary hanging like an old man's beard. And as one walks through such a deserted garden a pungent and fascinating odor arises from the gray-green artemisia crushed underfoot, and mingles with the haunting odor of the bay. And now and then one still finds the great terra-cotta pots, three feet or so across, that held oleanders or orange trees.

One sees along the Brenta that color is a poor man's luxury. A red-capped man ploughs a brown field with white oxen. From the blue-shuttered window of a gray house a green-gowned woman lowers a tiny basket for the casual letter or the morning's milk. A black-hatted priest flourishes a big blue handkerchief. Red-skirted, purple-skirted, maroon-waisted girls sing as they paddle, washing by the waterside. A green-shirted man hammers a tawny dried fish on a gray stone post with a yellow mallet. White ducks go swimming on green water in front of a red-tiled house. It was not an Italian who said that to add another hue unto the rainbow is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

A certain spirit of independence among the peasantry comes largely, I think, from their lifelong familiarity with palaces and coats-of-arms in a state of ruin. It comes, too, from the simple character of their local government. Each man who pays taxes of not less than ten lire (two dollars) a year is priv-

ileged to vote for member of the council, and each town council elects the sindaco or mayor. If in a multitude of councillors there is wisdom, wisdom should be rife here, for a single small town is likely to have as many as thirty, who serve without pay, and come together twice a year unless called for some special meeting in addition. "The Brenta is a country of gold!" said a councillor to me, proudly, one day; but he did not mean this in a material sense.

The old woman who sells you (for one cent) a very holy picture, in very gaudy colors, has her feelings really hurt if you give her the desired wealth and then don't care to take the picture, for she fears you will think her a beggar. Yes; and this in Italy!

Most of the poorer folk never get so far as even to visit near-by Venice. "Why should we go? We do not care for the city. We are tillers of the soil," they will say.

But always, from contemplation of the people, no matter how simple-hearted and interesting, and of the villages, no matter how ancient in history and in legend, one comes back with renewed and deeper interest to the palaces and the villas.

One of the most interesting of the villas is that of the ancient family of the Foscari, but as you approach it, boating up the placid stream, you see but a building of plain and almost commonplace aspect, with some shabby greenery peeping over the wall behind it. It has changed since the days of the past, when it was one of the most beautiful and charming villas of the Brenta.

This is the Brenta villa in which Byron for so many years lived, and in connection with his life here there are tales of his love for an imperious peasant beauty, a Brenta girl, who was long an important factor in his life.

A school for peasant children occupies some of the rooms of this villa, and a maker of soap uses the remainder—but there is much in the history of the building which soap cannot wash away, and there is more to learn from it than will be taught to the black-eyed children whose knives serrate the edges of the simple desks and forms. For there are more than Byronic associations; the villa having been associated with one of the



grimmiest of Venetian tragedies, that of the love of Antonio Foscarini for an Englishwoman, the Countess of Arundel, wife of the Arundel of the Marbles, Earl Marshal of England.

The Countess had first met Foscarini when he was ambassador at London; and that he held such a post marks him as a man not only of importance, but of manners and presence.

Some time after Foscarini's recall from London to Venice, about 1620, it was noticed that the Countess of Arundel secured a villa on the Brenta, close beside his; but all prudence and conventionality were observed, and it merely appeared as if she were a foreigner who appreciated the fineness and beauty of that riverside life.

The tragedy, when it came, was made to appear the work of an Italian enemy, but it can scarcely be doubted that the absent Earl of Arundel had been aroused to vengeance, and that he found means to deal a distant blow.

One day in 1622 the great Foscarini found himself before the most dread tribunal on earth, on a charge of treason, the ground for the accusation being his frequent visits to the English Countess, with whom he was charged to be plotting against the interests of the Republic. It was pointed out that he was a man who walked a good deal by night, and that his steps had often led him to the home



A VILLA ON THE BRENTA

of the Countess, who was deemed an apparent enemy of Venice.

Foscarini found his position eminently embarrassing, for his birth and his manliness prevented him from offering such a defence as would put a different face on the matter. The end, for him, came swiftly. The Ten had heard him in secret, but at least they rewarded him openly, for one morning his dead body was found dangling by the foot from the public gallows.

The English ambassador at Venice,



deeply impressed by all this, sent warning to the Countess to escape; but escape was the last thing in her thoughts! Hers was not the first case nor the last in which guilt has been far more bold-faced than innocence could possibly be. She went into the city, and so violently protested her innocence of wrong-doing of any sort, of even wrong intentions, that the Doge was constrained to issue a declaration that her protests were just and that there had been a terrible mistake, the judges having acted on evidence given by a man who, under torture, had now confessed his wickedness.

The Doge also sent to the irate Countess his most contrite personal apologies, and with them, in recognition of the eternal feminine, a magnificent gift of

waxworks and sweetmeats. Nor was she content with this. She demanded an exonerative resolution from the Venetian Senate, and it was promptly voted. She then demanded that the Venetian ambassador in London inform her husband and King James the First that there had been a grave mistake, and that she was an innocent woman who had been deeply maligned—which information one may fancy the Earl looking up from the study of his art treasures to receive, with outward thanks for the care for the reputation of his wife and the inward reflection that at least Foscari was well killed.

The garden is still as it was, save that the trees and greenery, long untrimmed, have grown wild and thicket-like, and

that some of the pedestals are now statueless. There is a bosky avenue, crossed with black shadows, where the ill-fated ambassador, little thinking that the shadows were falling across his life, was wont to pace. There are broken stone seats circled about in a retired nook; and there are violets and flowers of yellow and red, such as have been picked by generations of lovers there.

From Fusina to Padua is a little more than twenty miles, and at the distance of fifteen miles one comes to the town of Strà, and near this town stands a palace, of great size and cost, which was put up in final flaunting arrogance when the Venetian Republic was hastening toward its fall. It was erected by the



OLD PADUA, WHICH STILL BEARS TRACES OF VENETIAN SUPREMACY





A SHIPYARD WHERE FOR CENTURIES BARGES HAVE BEEN LAUNCHED

family of Pisani, distinguished for its doges and generals, and may be deemed almost modern, for it was begun and finished less than two centuries ago. It is a huge palace of over two hundred rooms—and Italian rooms are always large!—and there was no sparing of expense for pomp and decoration; and whereas most of the other palaces stand so near the river as to be vividly reflected in the water, this at Strà is set in the midst of a great park.

The palace has a host of princely and even royal associations, through the titled folk who have been visitors there. The great Napoleon made his home at this palace for a time, and the people still tell of how he reviewed his troops from a belvedere above a great entranceway which opens into the palace gardens. It is said, too, by the country folk, that the huge gates of the central portal have remained closed since the time of Napoleon's stay, so that it might forever be said that his carriage was the last to be driven through. It is by beliefs such as these that the real greatness of a man may be tested, even more than by the

winning of battles. Only a giant can print indentations in memory and legend with his lightest touch.

Napoleon so admired the place that he purchased it, and afterward gave it to Eugène, the son of his beloved Josephine. It is now cared for by the Italian government as a national monument.

Continuing up the Brenta, the city of Padua is reached, where the Venetian lion still stands in front of the palace wherein dwelt the Venetian governor, and where the famed university still occupies the building whose erection Venice decreed.

To gain a deep and final impression of this strange Brenta land one should drive along the waterside, on a gloomy day, as the evening mist rises toward a blurred sky.

The pallid, sallow houses, the slim campaniles standing above the level plain, the red-stockinged boys clattering in wooden shoes, the women drawing heavy harrows across the fields, the thatched roofs covered with thick moss, the wayside shrines, the eight white oxen yoked together to draw one plough, the kneeling women washing clothes on the river's



brink and stooping to paddle them with rock or wood—all seem part of an unreal world.

Villas wrecked and ruined or transformed into tenements, palace windows closed with wattled twigs, gaunt façades, once graced with wings and balustrades and pediments, statues standing like spirits of the past, sculptured heads grinning down in sinister enjoyment, the water softly whispering along the shore, the sun-dials which marked the passage of a time which those patricians thought would last forever, unite in telling of

a life that has vanished as a tale that is told.

And as darkness creeps on, and peasants and fisherfolk, gregariously grouped, trudge through this land of shadows, shadowily homeward, one thinks of the old belief that, on the vigil of All Souls, the past and gone Venetians, shrouded with invisibility, leave their graves and wander to their former homes and seat themselves uncannily by the firesides; and you know that none but ghosts could fittingly go back to the ruined palaces of the Brenta.

## In Killarney

BY MARIE VAN VORST

JUNE'S done, half gone;  
     (Come again, darlin'!)  
 See the roses line the hedge,  
     And summer rides the blue!  
 High shone the day's sun,  
     (Come again, darlin'!)  
 I lean on the window ledge  
     And watch the way for you!

Take this, just a kiss—  
     (Come again, darlin'!)  
 Every sweet that summer knows  
     And all that loving knew  
 Wait so tender, (oh,  
     Come again, darlin'!)  
 I lean where the red rose grows  
     And watch the way for you!

Night falls on the walls;  
     (Come again, darlin'!)  
 Now the little house is still  
     And fragrant through and through.  
 Here's the light, high and bright,  
     (Come again, darlin'!)  
 I lean on the window sill  
     And watch the night for you!



# The White Cow

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

HUGO BALLSCHMEIDER'S far-reaching acres shimmered under a mild May sun; red kine dotted the lush slopes; pigeons wheeled about the great white barn; chickens crooned contentedly in the dooryard. But Hugo Ballschmeider himself lay on his back in a dusky upper chamber, dying from the kick of a horse. At his side sat his lifelong friend Johnny Wagner—a little, blue-eyed, soft-spoken, weather-beaten Dutchman in top-boots.

"Johnny," spoke Hugo, after a silence of fifteen minutes, "I want to gif you my white cow Gretchen."

Old Johnny was as stolid as any farmer in Cherry Valley—which is saying much—but the words made him start. For, it must be told, he had many, many times tried to buy this cow, offering as much as seventy dollars for her, when a good Jersey was worth only forty. But Hugo had always laughed in his big, hearty way, and drawn a merry whiff from his meerscham, and said "Tut tut!" Clearly his mind must now be wandering. Yet his next words were rational enough.

"Lena iss gone. My poys and kirls are oudt Vest. They will not here come back to live. My farm, my peautiful farm, the work of my life, will be soldt." For the first time tears filled his eyes. "But I do not want that Gretchen be soldt. Take her, Johnny, and care for her goot. Gif her a hot mash every morning and night in the winter-time, and clean straw for a bedt. Uzzewise she will not to sleep lay down." He paused for breath. "And, Johnny—take her home wiss you to-day. T'en, if to-night my time comes, I will go in peace."

Johnny, with a halter in his hand, went down to the pasture after his gift. Most cows resent a stranger, but Gretchen's docility was a matter of

common knowledge; anybody could approach her, lead her, or milk her.

This, however, was only the least of the traits that had made her famous in the valley. In the first place, she had mysteriously appeared one morning in Hugo Ballschmeider's herd, in spite of his well-kept fences, and no trace of her owner had ever been found. Nothing, therefore, was known of her ancestry, and her breed was annually a matter of dispute among the cattle judges at the Hanover County fair. She resembled a Holstein in size and build, but her long, silky coat was a flawless white, and her skin was as pink as a baby's cheeks. Still, she was no albino, for she possessed a large, lustrous brown eye that at times seemed half human. Finally, as if to complete the puzzle, her milk, in spite of the extraordinary yield of twenty-five quarts a day, had a peculiarly rich, delicate flavor. Its flavor was such, in fact, that no other cow of his was ever represented on Hugo Ballschmeider's table; and if a neighbor was sick, no delicacy was more acceptable to him, no matter how numerous his own cows, than a quart or two of Gretchen's ambrosia.

As old Johnny buckled the halter around the gentle animal's throat, he chanced to notice a little wizened, dwarfish kind of a man, in Dutch cap and smock, perched on the rail fence, some rods away. Except for the fellow's huddled-up posture—chin on knees and long arms wound about a pair of skinny shanks, so that he somewhat resembled a gigantic turkey-buzzard—Johnny would not have vouchsafed the stranger a second glance, for curiosity was not one of Johnny's traits. But as it was, he took not only a second glance, but was impelled, at the top of the hill, to turn for a third one. The little man had vanished by this time—though just where to was not obvious; for



neither the pasture nor the adjoining field of wheat would conceal him unless he were crouching on the ground.

Some outrages had recently been committed in the valley; and Johnny, with burned haystacks and hamstrung cattle in his mind, pondered the queer actions of the trespasser as his span of perfectly matched black mules walked homeward slowly, in order that Gretchen might not be hurried. But eventually his thoughts turned to the enterprise which he had cherished in secret since the day he first tried to buy the cow now tethered to his axletree.

This was nothing less than to monopolize, among the cottagers on Lake Lowry, the supply of milk for those babes who failed to get it from a natural source. There was an amazing number of such babes, too—amazing at least to a man whose wife had suckled ten children at her own bosom. But the most interesting and original feature of this monopolistic enterprise was that he intended to effect it by raising, not lowering, prices.

In short, he intended to ask fifteen cents a quart for Gretchen's milk. This might seem audacious, considering that milk ordinarily sold in the valley for five cents a quart; while even the lake-shore residents, who were rich and very particular about their milk, especially when it was intended for their babies, paid only ten cents. But aside from the superiority of Gretchen's milk, there was a wholesomeness, a purity of person, a bovine aristocracy about the cow herself which these city people had only to see—so Johnny was assured—in order to make them clamor for her product at the figure named.

"Muzzer, what you sink I brought home from Hugo's?" he asked at the supper table, with boyish enthusiasm.

Teckla adjusted the lace cap which framed her white hair and thin, sweet face, and poured his coffee before answering.

"I know well what only on Hugo's farm could make you so much happy. 'Tis his cow Gretchen. But you should be 'shamed to bargain wiss a man so sick."

"I didt not bargain. I just gif him what he ask," answered Johnny, slyly.

"How much he ask?"

"Nussing—not a cent!" he cried, triumphantly, bringing down on the table a fist that was small but knotted and corded by unremitting toil and burnt a mummy-brown by threescore summer suns. "He gifed her to me, and tomorrow morning I go to see the lake people, to sell her milk."

Teckla grew thoughtful.

"It iss not like Hugo to gif anysing away. I haf heard he knows more about Gretchen as he will tell. Iss it not strange, too, as he should always milk her himself, when she iss of nobody afraidt and he has the rheumatism in his hands, and no uzzet work does?"

"Muzzer," returned her husband, with a twinkle, "you haf to the womens at the sewing-circle been listening?"

In the same instant, though, there flashed before him, to his annoyance, an image of the little Dutchman on the fence in Hugo's pasture; and it occurred to him for the first time that there might possibly be some relation between this grotesque personage and the well-known fact that Hugo Ballschneider, of late years, could never keep a hired man long.

Nevertheless, no silly superstitious fears dampened Johnny's ardor in the morning. Bright and early Gretchen, without being milked, was tied in the dooryard; then Wagner, with two extra seats in his spring-wagon, rattled off at a lively speed for the lake, a mile away. Teckla smiled doubtfully. Yet in thirty minutes her husband was back again with a load of men, women, and children. Whether they came as a lark, or only to please an honest old man whose butter, eggs, and dressed chickens were above reproach, or with a real interest in his cow, made no difference. Each was given a foaming draught from that living fountain of life who calmly chewed her cud through all the mirth and bustle. Then back they were whisked and another load gathered up.

The omens were good. Women who never before had ventured within fifty feet of a cow patted Gretchen's plump sides or tucked wisps of grass between her pink lips. The men squinted knowingly at her through their cigar smoke, and commented with feigned wisdom on her "points." The children greedily dis-



posed not only of their own portions of milk, but also of any remnants that their elders chanced to leave.

"It iss only for the babies," repeated Johnny, again and again, when some one demurred at the price or attempted to engage a family supply. "Fifteen cents a quart, and only one quart to a fambly, unless there iss more as one baby."

By noon, when the exhibition closed, he had booked orders for fifteen quarts. The next day three more orders came in unsolicited, and the day after that one more. Then for a week the demand remained stationary, and the remaining six quarts of Gretchen's daily output went on to her master's table or into the churn.

This remnant was worth ninety cents, potentially, but Wagner tranquilly smoked his pipe and waited. It was not in vain. On Tuesday, the tenth day after Gretchen's arrival—or about the period which Johnny had allowed for the rare milk to begin to make a showing among the silken-haired, rose-lipped, cherubic population over at the lake—another order came in. The next day came two more; the day following, three more. Not only this, but before night Johnny had turned away two would-be customers, Gretchen's yield now being all engaged.

One of these rejected customers was an overdressed girl of twelve or fourteen, in a dog-cart. Less than thirty minutes after her departure a prosperous-looking gentleman, who proved to be the girl's father, dashed up to the farmhouse behind a sleek span.

"Look here, old man," he began, "I've got to have some of that special milk of yours. I have a little boy, eight months old, that is all the world to me. He's sick, and for three days, up till last night, when a neighbor let us have half a pint of your milk, he had scarcely been able to take any nourishment. I'll pay you twenty cents a quart—forty cents—any price to get it."

Johnny puffed deliberately for a season.

"I am much sorry for your liddle boy. I myself haf had sick liddle boys. Two of 'em died. But all my milk iss promised—promised to babies, too."

The other interrupted with an impatient movement. "Great Scott, man!

You're in the milk business for money, ain't you? Most of those babies you are supplying are as sound as a dollar. Mine isn't. Ordinary cow's milk don't agree with him. Why can't you send these well babies some of your other milk—some of your good Jersey milk—and let me have a quart of Gretchen's a day?"

"Because I am not a cheat or a liar," answered Wagner, with unruffled brow. His words should have given the city man new light on a class of people whom he was in the habit of stigmatizing as "black-armed Dutch." "But I sink you will no trouble have to buy Gretchen's milk of your neighbors—not if you offer them forty cents a quart, but if you tell 'em your baby iss sick."

Twenty-five quarts of milk at fifteen cents a quart! Three dollars and seventy-five cents a day! And all from one cow!

"Muzzer, look there!" exclaimed Johnny, handing her a little memorandum book—every other page of which was devoted to the miracles of healing performed by Doctor Sharkey's Blackberry Bounce. "You still sink Gretchen such a bad cow?"

He went to the barn, whistling softly between his teeth—a sure sign that he was happy. But as he milked Gretchen a thing occurred which suddenly shut off his whistle and caused him nearly to upset the pail between his knees. Chancing to look down the lane, whom should he see but the little Dutchman of Hugo Ballschmeider's pasture, sitting on the fence! He was sunk in the same crumpled heap as before; he did not move, or look toward the stable, or give any sign of life. But the smoke of his meerscham drifted and spiralled about him so heavily as to suggest that possibly it had transported him hither, like a parachute.

"I go down the lane and find hiss name and pizness oudt!" exclaimed Johnny, hotly, to himself, as he carried his pail and milking-stool into the barn. But when he emerged, ten seconds later, Dutchy was gone—gone as completely as on the first occasion. He was not in the lane or in the adjoining fields. Johnny paused in sore puzzlement—



and then swung suddenly about. Gretchen had trotted forward a few steps; then pausing, with flaming eyes and high-lifted head and tail, she emitted an uneasy "*Moo!*" and struck the ground with her hoof.

"That iss the first time I haf seen that cow the fool act!" muttered Wagner.

The looks and actions of the strange little man—assuming that he was a man—were not of a character to recommend him to an honest farmer. Therefore that night Wagner not only locked up tighter than usual, but before he went to bed he twice slipped noiselessly out into the darkness, with his shotgun in his hand. Nothing suspicious, however, was to be seen or heard.

Some time in the night Johnny, usually the soundest of sleepers, found himself wide awake. A moment later the clock struck two. Naturally his thoughts reverted to the unusual happenings of the evening before, and he mentally catalogued the portable articles about the place which he might expect to find missing in the morning. But finally, irked by his wakefulness, he murmured, "I sooner lose a hoe or somesing as to stay awake all night," and made a determined effort to compose himself to sleep again.

He was just dropping off when the suggestion came to him, as by inspiration, that it was not garden tools, clothes-lines, or any such paltry stuff that the trespasser was after. *He wanted Gretchen!* That was what had brought him to Ballschmeider's; that was what brought him here. What could be plainer? And how could he, level-headed Johnny Wagner, have entertained for an instant the silly fear that the little Dutchman might not be genuine flesh and blood?

"Tamn me for a chackass, already!" he exclaimed, as he slipped into his roomy, home-made pantaloons.

He tiptoed down-stairs in his socks, so as not to waken Teckla, put on his shoes in the kitchen, seized his gun, and slipped out into the dark tunnel of the grape arbor. Until she should forget her old home, Gretchen was being confined at night in what was called the "house lot"—an acre or less of land, enclosed by a bull-tight fence. Into this

lot her master, after milking, had turned her with his own hands and triple-knotted the rope which secured the gate.

But as sure as he had eyes and the light of the moon was not bewitched, the cow was not there now. A white rabbit could not have concealed itself in that small enclosure. He stood stock-still for three minutes, winking, blinking, and breathing quite hard. He scrutinized the substantial five-foot fence from corner to corner. Every panel was intact. Likewise the rope on the gate-post. Then he let out a tremendous oath—for him.

"By gosh!"

Climbing the pasture fence, in perfect innocence of the fact that both hammers of his gun were at cock, he started swiftly for the hollow in which his cows preferably spent the night. The herd lay on the ground, dozing, or contentedly chewing their cuds. One glance assured him that Gretchen was not there. Neither was she down at the spring, nor in the wheat or corn fields as far as he could see—and under the full moon her great white bulk would have loomed plainly at a quarter of a mile.

Recalling the cow's inexplicable appearance on Hugo Ballschmeider's farm, Johnny reasoned, heavy-heartedly, that she might just as inexplicably disappear from his own farm—and that, too, without the aid of a cattle-thief. He made a forlorn picture, standing there motionless, bent and thoughtful, on a little knoll, enveloped by a bluish haze, while all his fellow beings roundabout were asleep.

But the weird, ringing cries of the whippoorwills down in his thick wood reminded him that that place still remained to be searched. Shouldering his gun anew, he ploughed vigorously through the dewy blue-grass, silencing in advance of his steps the *chink-chink* of the crickets. Reaching the timber, whose gloom was merely pierced here and there with a shaft of gray light, he headed toward a grassy glade which lay in the heart of the tract. The black bolls of the trees rose thickly about him, like columns in some enchanted, underground palace. The faint scent of May-apples and pennyroyal stole into his nostrils. Now and then a rustle in the dead leaves of the previous summer



hinted of some shy wood-tenant's flight. Once the man's heart leaped—when a grouse thundered up from beneath his feet, like a living bomb, and discharged a swirling wake of air into his face.

The incident unstrung his nerves. At last, at the edge of the glade, he was halted by another sound—a sound which made him mop his brow with a tremulous hand and draw his breath with a conscious effort. It was the eerie laughter of a child! The soft, suppressed, gleeful hilarity of children in mischievous play! The cooing, babbling, inarticulate mirth of babes!

Now such sounds are innocent enough in their place; but issuing from the heart of a forest, in the dead of night, they were only less startling than the scream of a panther. For an instant the old man's heart failed him. But it was a stout heart, after all; and having braced his nerves somewhat by a moment's reflection, he cautiously pushed through the underbrush which had hitherto obscured his view of the glade.

It was a strange sight that met his eyes. Scarcely fifty feet away stood Gretchen, as motionless as a statue, yet fairly aquiver with life, it seemed. About her neck was a wreath of buttercups. From each horn a chain of cloverheads ran back to the hands of a little girl who straddled the cow's broad back, and pulled on the dainty reins, and laughed aloud. Behind this little girl was a second, a third, a fourth little girl, each clasping the one in front of her about the waist. Lusty little boys climbed the cow's legs for sport, or hung head downward from her horns, or used her long tail for a swing. Underneath the cow was another merry, shrieking, breathless group—two and three and four-year olds—jostling one another for a place about the udder.

Farther back, safely out of the scrimmage, stood the tiny babes—little bald-heads, some of them—watching the scene with eager eyes, crowing with joy, and ecstatically lifting their chubby arms, or grasping the tall culms of timothy to steady themselves. Some, too little yet to stand, sat and *dah-dahed* to themselves, or sucked their petal-like fingers, or reached for clover heads. But no matter how little or how helpless,

how near or how far, each in turn get his draught. Marvellous to say, not one drop went to waste. Wherever it fell, some little, waiting, gaping rosebud of a mouth was sure to be beneath it.

Johnny Wagner's eyes grew to the size of saucers; yet scarcely less amazing to him than all this was an object which perched upon a near-by stump. This was nobody but the little Dutchman in cap and smock, the suspected thief. And, strange to say, he was no longer of a grim or sinister mien, with sunken chin and downcast glance. On the other hand, his mouth was spread in a broad grin; now and then he shook with silent laughter, and all the time a wonderful love shone from his little, deep-set, widely separated eyes.

Johnny pinched himself again and again to make sure he was awake. Then he did the bravest thing yet. Steadily watching the scene, that no trick might be played on his eyes, he slowly and noiselessly advanced. For the first ten feet his presence was unnoticed. But after that—just exactly as the crickets in the field had laid down their little fiddles at his approach, just exactly as the whip-poorwills in the wood had become mute—the childish revelry began to subside. One by one the babies vanished—not in any visible direction, but as a broken bubble vanishes. Dutchy on the stump was snuffed out like a flame.

Gretchen remained, but not her garland of buttercups or the floral reins on her horns. At first Wagner detected a look which in the eye of any other cow would have warned him to stand back. But when he spoke, Gretchen rubbed her nose against his arm and followed him home as quietly as if it were milking-time.

Small wonder that Johnny slept no more that night. Small wonder that, the next day, when he found only Gretchen's and his own footprints in the glade, with no trace at all of that tumbling infantile throng, he should have fallen into profound thought.

He kept his secret to himself, but the next night found him on guard at Gretchen's enclosure. About nine o'clock she lay down to sleep, as a good cow should. He relaxed not his vigilance. But there is reason in all things, and



about one o'clock, by the multi-jewelled chronometer of the firmament, he allowed himself—his lids being very heavy and Gretchen still on the ground—just forty winks. When he opened his eyes, the cow was gone. He rose from the milking-stool and went, not to the woods, but to bed and to sleep. The next morning, when he thrust his head out of his bedroom window, lo! Gretchen was back in her pen!—just as he had expected her to be.

As the summer swung toward its apogee, as the ears of grain in the fields waxed plumper and peach and apple heavier, so waxed the fame of Gretchen; so waxed the heap of gold and silver from her milk; so waxed the babies around the lake. Those that were thin had grown fat; those that were ailing had grown well. It was not strange that the grateful parents, tiring perhaps of other amusements and yearning for something bizarre, should have arranged a fête for Gretchen. They spirited her over to the lake one afternoon, raised an umbrageous canopy over her head, hung her with golden-rod and asters, and surrounded her with the babies which in a certain sense were her own flesh and blood.

All had been done without Johnny's knowledge, and it was only when everything was complete that the scene was suddenly disclosed to the unsuspecting old man. To everybody's amazement his face grew bloodless, and then he swooned away. Indeed, as Teckla explained, he had not been well of late. While other things were waxing, he had been waning. Some shadow, which as yet evaded Teckla's vigilance, had fallen over him. His honest blue eyes had lost their twinkle, and his pipe its savor.

However, the first week in October, when the last of those migrant birds around the lake were flitting toward their winter homes, a change came. An automobile that would have cut a respectable figure at the head of a string of box-cars lumbered up to the farm gate and deposited a gentleman—a gentleman with a fishy gray eye and a cocktail complexion—a gentleman whose time was computed by the newspapers as worth so many dollars a minute—a gen-

tleman, in short, accustomed to having his own way in this world.

"Wagner," he began, without preliminaries, "I have come to buy your cow Gretchen."

"She iss not for sale," answered Johnny, mildly.

"Bosh! Anything in this world is for sale at the right price, and I'm here to offer it. I'll give you five hundred."

Something like the old twinkle lit Johnny's eye for a moment. "You will excoos me if I smile. In four mon's that cow has brought me more as sree hunnerd and sixty dollars. Figure for yourself how much that iss fife per cent. on."

"That's a pretty stiff story," observed the promoter, insolently.

"Yes, quite stiff," returned Johnny. "Especially on top of a offer of fife hunnerd dollars from a man like you."

The other flushed a deeper red than even his wine-cellar had painted him. "I'll make it a thousand, then—though it's an outrageous price for an unpedigreed cow."

"I can make a sousand dollars in sree summers and still haf the cow," answered Johnny, calmly, though the offer had really startled him.

"If she don't die," interposed the great financier. "Look here, old man! I can't stand here all day haggling with you over a few hundreds. I'll make it a thousand and a half, and not a cent more."

Johnny was silent. He was tempted. The cow might die. She would surely grow old—at least, he supposed that she would. Moreover, since that glimpse of his across the border line of what men call the natural world, the ownership of the cow had weighed upon him, as has been told. On the other hand, could he sell her without breaking faith with his dead friend, Hugo Ballschneider? Could he sell her without breaking faith with those little— But no; *that* he would not consider.

"You can haf her," he answered, finally.

The banker, with a gleam of satisfaction, hauled his check-book from his pocket. "I have a man out in the car who will take the cow to the station for shipment."



Johnny stepped inside the house, with the check in his hand.

"Muzzer," said he, huskily, "I have soldt Gretchen for fifteen hunnerd dollars. The man iss here to take her away. I would not see her go. So you muss not sink strange if I walk down the road a little piece."

After directing Hans to drive the cow up to the house, he struck out in a direction opposite the station. Never had he concluded a bargain with less satisfaction to himself. Try as he would, he could not shake out of his mind those babes in the glade and those babes at the lake-side fête. Both were equally real to him. Both seemed to be crying out that he had betrayed them for a few pieces of silver.

Suddenly he whirled about as if struck by a bullet. A faint twittering, not unlike that of a flock of soaring goldfinches, had reached his ears. But he knew well that it was not the twitter of goldfinches; he knew well that no such sounds had ever issued from the throat of a bird. Straining upward, he could see nothing; but after a little he sensed again, rather than heard, a faint, tinkling, surpassingly sweet strain, proceeding apparently from something moving swiftly through space. Did he see, or only imagine, a rosy nebula from which twinkled pink palms and chubby feet?

Be that as it may, he started for the station on a run. He might, by whispering something in the great man's ear, get his cow back yet. But as he again neared his farm, which lay in his way to the station, he noted with surprise that the big red car still stood at the gate.

"Fazzer," called Teckla, at sight of her husband, "the cow is to be found not."

"Then I give the check back," answered Johnny, with sudden calm. "The cow will nefer be found."

The magnate, flushed and hot, eyed him sharply.

"Why won't she be found? Is it such an unusual thing for a cow to break fence? I don't want the check back. Gretchen is mine now, not yours, and I'll find her if I have to rake this county with a fine-tooth comb."

He was as good as his word. He hired detectives; he offered a thousand-dollar reward. But he found not Gretchen. What he did find, in one morning's mail, was his check to Johnny Wagner, uncashed. He observed to his handsome stenographer that the black-armed Dutchman—for he, too, had caught the phrase—would probably sooner have returned a leg.

But such was not the case. Johnny was perfectly satisfied. His was not a scientific mind. Explain Gretchen he could not, and that ended speculation with him. Whither she had gone was a mystery, just as was whence she had come. But wherever the place of her sojourn, he felt sure she was still serving the babes of grateful mothers—that his foolish attempt to sell her could in no wise deprive her of that privilege.

"Muzzer," said he, on one of those balmy nights which October sometimes filches from June, when a single hoary katydid may yet feebly strike his taboret at long and measured intervals—"muzzer, did you efer hear a song or a story or somesing about a woman was turned into a cow?"

"Yes. It iss a fairy-tale."

"I sought so. Of course it could not be true—do you suppose?"

Teckla rested her needles and glanced into her old lover's face. "I suppose not. Still, as my grandfazzer used to say, more sings are true as people sometimes belief, and maybe we haf to go to heaven before we find oudt all."





# Some Pre-Raphaelite Reminiscences

BY FORD MADOX HUEFFER

IN a previous paper, published in a recent number of this Magazine, I dealt more or less completely with the inner circle of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement and its development. The following pages will be found to treat more fully rather of their connections and dependents. Turning at random to Madox Brown's diary, I find:

"*November 7th.*—Dined with William Rossetti and afterward to Browning's, where there was a woman with a large nose. Hope I may never meet her again. Browning's conversational powers very great. He told some good stories, one about the bygone days of Drury Lane—about the advice of a very experienced stage-carpenter of fifty years' standing at the theatre, given to a young man who wished for an engagement there but had not, it was objected, voice enough—the advice was to get a pot of XXXX (ale) and put it on the stage beside him, and having the boards all to himself, he was first to drink and then to holloa with all his might, then to drink again, and so on—which the aspirant literally did—remaining, of course, a muff as he had begun. However, I spoil that one! Browning said that one evening he was at Carlyle's. That sage teacher, after abusing Mozart, Beethoven, and modern music generally, let Mrs. Carlyle play to show Browning what was the right sort of music, which was some Scotch tune on an old piano with such bass as pleased Providence—or rather, said Browning, as did *not* please Providence. An Italian sinner, who belonged to the highest degree of criminality which requires some very exalted dignitary of the Church before absolution can be obtained for atrocities too heinous for the powers of the ordinary priest, Browning likened to a spider who, having fallen into a bottle of ink, gets out and crawls and sprawls and blots right over the whole of God's table of laws.

"*November 8th.*—Painted at William Rossetti from eight till twelve. Gabriel came in. William wishing to go early, Gabriel proposed that he should wait five minutes and they would go together, when William, being got to sleep on the sofa, Gabriel commenced telling me how he intended to get married at once to Guggums (Miss Siddall) and off to Algeria! and so poor William's five minutes lasted till half past two A.M.

"... I went to a meeting of the sub-committee about the testimonial of Ruskin's, he having noticed my absence from the previous one with regret. Ruskin was playful and childish, and the tea table overcharged with cakes and sweets as for a juvenile party. Then about an hour later cake and wine was again produced, of which Ruskin again partook largely, reaching out with his thin paw and swiftly absorbing three or four large lumps of cake in succession. At home he looks young and romping. At the meeting at Hunt's he looked old and ungainly, but his power and eloquence as a speaker were Homeric. But I said at the time that but for his speaking he was in appearance like a cross between a fiend and a tallow-chandler. . . . At night to the Working Man's College with Gabriel, and then a public meeting to hear Professor Maurice spouting and Ruskin jawing. Ruskin was as eloquent as ever, and as widely popular with the men. He flattered Rossetti in his presence hugely, and spoke of Munroe in conjunction with Baron Marochetti as the two noble sculptors whom all the aristocracy patronized—and never one word about Woolner, whose bust he had just before gone into ecstasies about and whom he had invited to dinner. This at a moment when Woolner's pupils of the college were all present. Rossetti says Ruskin is a sneak, and loves him, Rossetti, because he is one too; and Hunt he half likes because he is half a sneak, but he hates Woolner



because he is manly and straightforward, and me because I am ditto. He adored Millais because Millais was the prince of sneaks, but Millais was too much so, for he sneaked away his wife, and so he is obliged to hate him for too much of his favorite quality. Rossetti, in fact, was in such a rage about Ruskin and Woolner that he bullied Munroe all the way home, wishing to take every cab he encountered.

"*January 27th.*—To Jones's (Sir Edward Burne-Jones) yesterday evening with an outfit that Emma had purchased at his request for a poor miserable girl of seventeen he had met in the streets at 2 A.M. The coldest night this winter—scarcely any clothes and starving after five weeks of London life. Jones gave her money and told her to call next morning, which she did, telling her story, and that she had parents willing to receive her back again in the country. Jones got me to ask Emma to buy her this outfit, and has sent her home this morning. Jones

brought Miss Macdonald, and I didn't ask any questions. (Miss Macdonald is now Lady Burne-Jones.) This little girl seems to threaten to turn out another genius. She is coming here to paint to-morrow. Her designs in pen and ink show real intellect. Jones is going to cut Topsy (William Morris). He says his overbearing temper is becoming quite insupportable as well as his conceit. At Manchester, to give one recording line to it, all that I remember is that an old English picture with Richard II. in it was the only beautiful work of the old masters, and Hunt and Millais's the only fine among the new. Hunt, in fact, made the exhibition. The music was jolly, and the waiters tried very hard to cheat."

Such were the daily preoccupations of this small circle as recorded—with a spelling whose barbarity I have not attempted to reproduce—in Madox Brown's diary. If the bickerings seem unreasonably ferocious, let it be remembered that in spite of them the unions were very close. Rossetti, who called Ruskin and himself sneaks, put up with Ruskin's eccentricities, and Ruskin put up with Rossetti's incredible and trying peculiarities for many years, and Burne-Jones, who was going to cut Topsy for good,

retained for him to the end of their lives a friendship which is among the most touching of modern times. And the secret of it is, no doubt, to be found in the spirit of the last passage that I have quoted. These men might say that So-and-so was a sneak, or that some one else was the prince of sneaks, but they said also that So-and-so "made" an exhibition with his pictures, and that the other man's were the finest of modern works. It was the strong personalities that



CARLYLE

made them bicker constantly, but it was the strong personalities that gave them their devotion to their art, and it was the devotion to their art that held them all together. It is for this reason that these painters and these poets, with singular merits and demerits as singular, made upon the English-speaking world a mark such as perhaps no body of men has made upon intellectual Anglo-Saxondom since the days of Shakespeare. For it is one of the saddening things in Anglo-Saxon life that any sort of union for an æsthetic or for an intellectual purpose seems to be almost an impossibility. Anglo-Saxon writers, as a rule, sit about, each on his little hill, surrounded each by his satel-



lites, moodily jealous of the fame of each of his rivals, incapable of realizing that the strength of several men together is very much stronger than the combined strengths of the same number of men acting apart. It was the union of these men in matters of art that gave them their driving force against a world which very much did not want them. They pushed their way among buyers; they pushed their way into exhibitions, and it was an absolutely certain thing that as soon as one of them had got a foothold he never rested until he had helped in as many of his friends as the walls would hold. With just the same frenzy as, in private and among themselves, these men proclaimed each other sneaks, muffs, and even thieves—with exactly the same frenzy to the great picture-buyers did they declare each other to be great and incomparable geniuses. And, as may be observed by the foregoing quotations, for any one of them to leave the other of them out of his praises was to commit the unpardonable sin. So, bickering like swashbucklers or like schoolboys about wine, women, and song, they pushed onward to prosperity and to fame.

In those days there was in England a class of rich merchants which retained still the medieval idea that to patronize the arts had about it a sort of super-virtue. Such patronage had for them something glamorous, something luxurious, something splendid. They were mostly in the north and in the Midlands. Thus there was Peter Millar, of Liverpool; George Rae, of Birkenhead; Leathart of Gateshead, and Plint of Birmingham. And while the artists strove among themselves, so did these patrons, each with his own eccentricities, contend for their works. They had about them, as a rule, something almost as bluff as the artists, and they had also almost as keen a belief that the fine arts could save a man's soul. Here is a little portrait of one of these buyers—Mr. Peter Millar, a ship-owner of Liverpool, who supported out of his own pocket several artists of merit sufficient to let them starve, and whose name should have its little niche among the monuments devoted to good Samaritans and to merchant princes:

“I may notice that Mr. Millar's hospitality is somewhat peculiar in its kind. His dinner, which is at six, is of one joint and vegetable *without* pudding. Bottled beer for only drink—I never saw any wine. His wife dines at another table with his daughters. After dinner he instantly hurries you off to tea, and then back again to smoke. He calls it a meat tea, and boasts that few people who have ever dined with him have come back again. All day long I was going here and there with him, dodging back to his office to smoke, and then off again after something fresh. The chief things I saw were chain tables forged and Hilton's *Crucifixion*, which is jolly fine. . . . This Millar is a jolly kind old man with streaming white hair, fine features, and a beautiful keen eye, like Mulready and something like John Cross, too. A rich brogue, a pipe of Cavendish, and a smart rejoinder, with a pleasant word for every man, woman, or child he meets in the streets, are characteristic of him. His house is full of pictures even to the kitchen, which is covered with them. Many he has at all his friends' houses in Liverpool, and his house in Bute is filled with his inferior ones. Many splendid Linnells, fine Constables, and good Turners, and works by a Frenchman, Delafant, are among the most marked of his collection, plus a host of good pictures by Liverpool artists, Davis, Tonge, and Windus chiefly.”

These extracts from Madox Brown's diary belong to a period somewhat earlier than that of which I wrote in the preceding paper. They show the Movement getting ready, as it were, to move faster, but moving already, and they reveal the principal figures very much as they were. And gradually these principal actors attracted to themselves each a host of satellites, of parasites, of dependents, of disciples. Some of these achieved fame and died; some of them sponged all their lives and died in the King's Bench Prison; some achieved fame and disgrace; some, like Mr. William de Morgan, still live and have honorable renown; some, like Meredith and like Whistler, became early detached from the great swarm, to shine solitary planets in the sky. But there are very few of the older or of the lately deceased men of prominence in the



arts who were not in one way or other connected with this Old Circle. Thus Swinburne, young, golden, golden-tongued, and splendid, was the constant companion of Rossetti and his wife, the almost legendary Miss Siddall, and later a very frequent inmate of the house in Fitzroy Square. And, indeed, the bonds between this poet and this painter were closer than any such statements can imply. Meredith's connection with the Movement was, as to its facts, somewhat more mysterious, but is none the less readily comprehensible. What has been called the famous "Ham and Egg story" seems to put Mr. Meredith in the somewhat ridiculous position of being unable to face the spectacle of ham and eggs upon Rossetti's breakfast table. This was very unlike Mr. Meredith, who, delicate and austere poet as he was, had as a novelist a proper appreciation of the virtues of such things as beef and ale. But the position of Mr. Meredith in the household at Cheyne Walk—

a large mansion that in Tudor days had been the Dower House of the queens of England, and in which at one time D. G. Rossetti, William Rossetti, Swinburne, and Meredith attempted a not very successful communal household—the position of Mr. Meredith in this settlement remains a little mysterious. The Ham and Egg story made it appear that Mr. Meredith did not stop for more than one minute in the establishment, but fled at the sight of the substantial foods upon the table. In a letter to the *English Review* of last year Mr. Meredith, however, denied the Ham and Egg story, pointing out that his version of the affair would be that, during a stay of an indefinite period at Cheyne Walk, he had observed with alarm Rossetti's habit of consuming large quan-

ties of meat and neglecting altogether to take exercise. Mr. Edward Clodd, however, informed me the other day that Meredith had assured him that he had never lived with Rossetti at all. I have, however, in my possession letters which by their date prove that Mr. Meredith lived at least one month in the household at Cheyne Walk. Madox Brown's own version of the episode—and he was so constantly at Cheyne Walk that his story, if picturesque, has in it the possibility of truth—Madox Brown's story was as follows:

The Pre-Raphaelite painters and writers were attracted earlier than any other men by the merits and charms of Mr. Meredith's poems. From this connection sprang an acquaintanceship between Rossetti and Meredith, and the acquaintanceship led to the suggestion by Rossetti that Meredith should make a fourth in the household. This suggestion Meredith accepted. The arrangement was that each of the four

men should contribute his share of the rent and of household bills, but Mr. Meredith was at that time in circumstances of an extreme poverty, and, while paying his rent, he was unable or unwilling to join in the household expenses. Thus he never appeared at table. This may have been because he disliked the food, but the Pre-Raphaelites imagined that he was starving himself for the sake of pride. They attempted, therefore, by sending up small breakfast dishes to his room and by similar attentions to provide him with some measure of comfort. It is possible that these dishes disgusted him, but it is still more possible that they disturbed his pride, which was considerable. According to Madox Brown, the end came one day when the benevolent poets substituted for



CHRISTINA ROSSETTI



the cracked boots which he put outside his door to be cleaned a new pair of exactly the same size and make. He put on the boots, went out, and having forwarded a check for the quarter's rent, never returned again.

But supposing this story to be a mere delusion of Madox Brown's—though I can well believe it to be true enough—there is no reason why something of the sort should not have happened, and why Meredith should not equally truthfully represent that Rossetti's methods of housekeeping were trying to his refined sensibilities. For in person and in habits Mr. Meredith, with his mordant humor, his clean, quick intelligence, and his impatience of anything approaching the slovenly, was exactly the man to suffer the keenest anguish in any household that was conducted by the poet-artist. It is true that at that time Rossetti was not sole ruler of the house, but he was certainly the dominant spirit, and his was a temper in matters of the world easy-going, disorderly, and large in the extreme. You have to consider the Cheyne Walk house as a largish, rather gloomy Queen Anne mansion with portions of a still older architecture. The furnishings were in no sense æsthetic. It is true there were rather garish sofas designed for and executed by Morris & Company, but most of the things had been picked up by Rossetti without any particular regard for coherence of æsthetic scheme. Gilded sunfishes hung from the ceilings along with drop lustres of the most excruciating Victorian type and gilded lamps from the palace of George IV. at Brighton. There were all sorts of chinoiseries, cabinets, screens, blue china, and peacocks' feathers. The dust-bins were full of priceless plates, off which Rossetti dined, and which the servants broke in the kitchen. Rossetti, in fact, surrounded himself with anything that he could find that was quaint and bizarre, whether of the dead or the live world. So that the image of his house, dominated as it was by his wonderful personality, was that of a singular warren of oddities, and, speaking impressionistically, we may say that, supposing an earthquake had shaken the house down, or, still more, supposing that some gigantic hand could have taken it up and shaken its contents

out as from a box, there would have issued out a most extraordinary collection—raccoons, armadillos, wombats, a Zebu bull, peacocks, models, mistresses, and an army of queer male and female "bad hats," who might be as engagingly criminal as they liked so long as they were engaging, so long as they were quaint, so long as they were interesting. They cadged on Rossetti, they stole from him, they blackmailed him, they succeeded, indeed, in driving him mad, but I think they all worshipped him. He had, in fact, a most extraordinary gift of inspiring enthusiasm, this Italianate man, who had all an Italian's powers of extracting money from clients, who worried people to death with his eccentricities, who drove them crazy with his jealousies, who charmed them into ecstasies with his tongue and with his eyes. "Why is he not some great king," wrote one Pre-Raphaelite poet who was stopping with him, to another, "that we might lay down our lives for him?" And, curiously enough, one of the watchers at Whistler's bedside during that painter's last hours has informed me that, something to the discredit of Rossetti having been said in conversation, Whistler opened his eyes and said: "You must not say anything against Rossetti. Rossetti was a king."

This may have been said partly to tease his listeners, whose styles of painting were anything rather than Rossettian, but Whistler certainly received nothing but kindness at the hands of the Pre-Raphaelite group. Looking through some old papers the other day, I came upon a circular that Madox Brown had had printed, drawing the attention of all his old patrons to the merits of Whistler's etchings, and begging them in the most urgent terms to make purchases because Whistler was in indigent circumstances.

Upon one occasion Madox Brown, going to a tea-party at the Whistlers' in Chelsea, was met in the hall by Mrs. Whistler, who begged him to go to the poulterer's and purchase a pound of butter. The bread was cut, but there was nothing to put upon it. There was no money in the house, the poulterer had cut off his credit, and, Mrs. Whistler said, she dared not send her husband, for he would certainly punch the tradesman's head.



So that not nearly all the men whom this circle encouraged, helped, taught, or filled with the contagion of enthusiasm were by any means ignoble. Indeed, every one of them had some quality or other. Thus there was a painter, whom we shall call P, whose indigence was remarkable, but whose talents are now considerably recognized. This painter had a chance of a commission to make illustrations for a guide-book dealing with Wales. The commission, however, depended upon the drawings meeting with approval, and Mr. P, being without the necessary means of paying for his travels, applied to Madox Brown for a loan. Madox Brown produced the money, and then, remembering that he had intended to take a holiday himself, decided to accompany his friend. They arrived upon a given morning, toward two o'clock, in some Welsh watering-place.

having walked through the day and a greater part of the night with their knapsacks on their backs. They were unable to rouse anybody at the inn, there was not a soul in the streets; there was nothing but a long esplanade, with houses whose windows gave on to the ground.

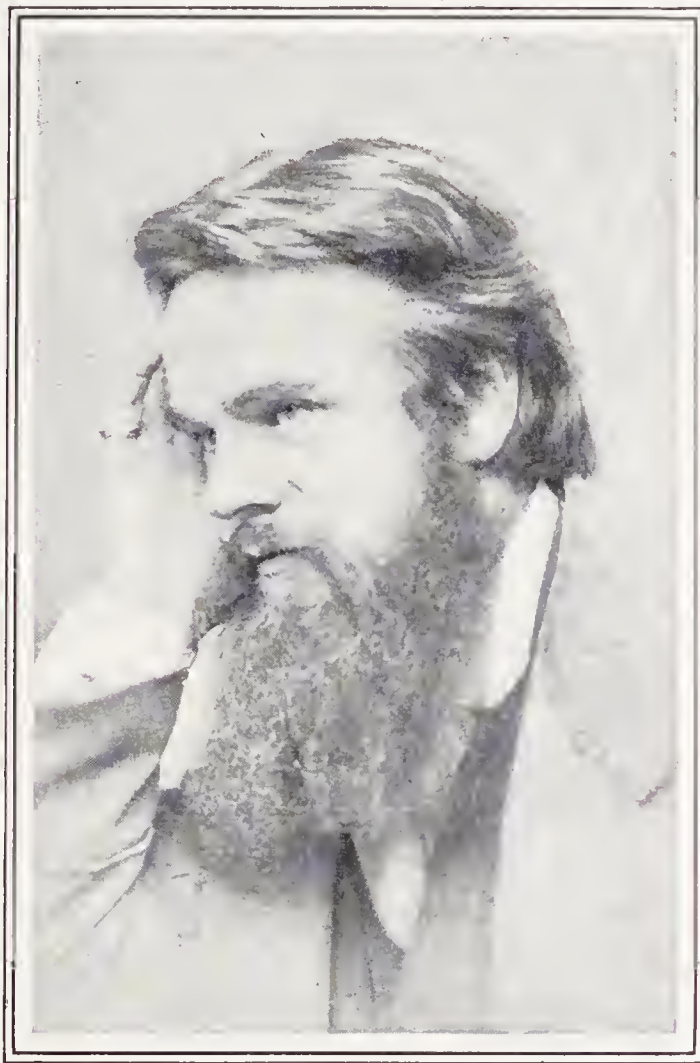
"Well, I'm going to have a sleep," P said. "But that is impossible," Madox Brown answered. "Not at all," P rejoined, with a happy confidence, and pulling his knapsack round his body, he produced his palette-knife. With this in his hand, to the horror of Madox Brown he approached the drawing-room window of one of the lodging-houses. He slipped the knife through the crack, pushed back the catch, opened the win-

dow, and got in, followed eventually by his more timid companion. Having locked the door from the inside to prevent intrusion, they lay down upon the sofa and on chairs, and proceeded to sleep till the morning, when they got out of the window once more, closed it, and went on their way. I have always

wondered what the housemaid thought in the morning when she came down and found the drawing-room door locked from the inside!

On the next night they appeared to be in an almost similar danger of bedlessness. They arrived at a small village which contained only one inn, and that was filled with a large concourse of Welsh-speaking people. The landlord, speaking rather broken English, told them that they could not have a room or a bed. There was a room with two beds in it,

but they could not have it. This enraged Mr. P beyond description. He vowed that not only would he have the law on the landlord, but he would immediately break his head; and, Mr. P being a redoubtable boxer, his threat was no mean one. So that, having consulted with his Welsh friends, the host made signs to them that they could have the room in an hour, which he indicated by pointing at the clock. In an hour, accordingly, they were ushered into a room which contained a large and comfortable double bed. Mr. P undressed and retired. Madox Brown similarly undressed, and was about to step into bed, when he placed his bare foot upon something of an exceedingly ghastly coldness.



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HOLMAN HUNT



He gave a cry, which roused Mr. P. Mr. P sprang from the bed, and bending down, caught hold of a man's hand. He proceeded to drag out the man, who displayed a throat cut from ear to ear. "Oh, is that all?" Mr. P said, and having shoved the corpse under the bed, he retired upon it and slept tranquilly above the suicide. Madox Brown passed the night in the coffee-room.

Upon this walking tour Mr. P picked up a gipsy girl, who afterward served as a model to many famous Academicians. He carried her off with him to London, where he installed her in his studio. There was nothing singular about this, but what amazed Mr. P's friends was the fact that Mr. P, the most bellicose of mortals, from that moment did not issue outside his house. The obvious reason for this was a gipsy of huge proportion and forbidding manner who had taken up his quarters at a public house at the corner of the street.

P's friends gibed him for his want of courage, but P continued sedulously and taciturnly to paint. At last he volunteered the information that he could not afford to damage his hands before he had finished his Academy picture. The picture finished, he sallied forth at once, knocked all the teeth down the gipsy's throat, and incidentally broke both his knuckles. The gipsy girl was credited with the retort that was once famous in London. When P, who had been given a box at the opera, proposed to take her with him she refused obdurately to accompany him, and for a long time would give no reason. Being pressed, she finally blurted out, "Ye don't put a toad in your waistcoat pocket," in which saying she underrated the charm of one who, for a long time, was a popular and beloved hostess in London, for she married one of P's wealthiest patrons, while poor P remained under a necessity of borrowing small loans to the end of his life.

## In a Garden

BY GEORGE HERBERT GIRTY

I SAW her in a garden dight in May,  
 With every manner flower in bright perfection.  
 She picked the fairest without stint or stay,  
 Though every new one forced an old rejection.  
 Fast fading in the sun's too ardent glances,  
 To passing foot and fiery noon resigned,  
 She takes no pity of their cruel chances,—  
 Beauty to beauty ever was unkind.  
 Though they would of themselves so soon have wasted  
 Cut them not short, O lady of my heart!  
 Spill not the cup that thy own lips have tasted,  
 Thou too art mortal, then play not in death's part.  
 As these to thee, so thou to death must pay—  
 And at that thought I turned me sad away.



# The Changeling

BY MARIE MANNING

IT seemed to every one concerned almost perversely inconvenient that it should have happened at that particular time of the year. Summer had come six weeks before it was due and without a breath of warning. The chilly spring with its continued cold rains had not been favorable to moving the sick man, whose suffering had been prolonged by every device that wealth and science could procure. Then with the first rush of summer he had gone out like a lamp that has consumed its oil, its wick, and leaves nothing but an impalpable dust to show where the light has been.

"A poor man would 'ave 'ad an easier time dyin'—death 'as come to be crool 'ard on the rich with special doctors to keep it goin' as long as breath 'll last," the English housekeeper had remarked to the youngest and most approachable of the staff of trained nurses, who was having a sustaining cup of tea, now that "it was all over." And the girl had said nothing, only—smiling her inscrutable trained smile—that Mrs. Hatcher knew how to make a delicious cup of tea.

In the big Madison Avenue house the blinds were drawn, and there was a great deal of subdued coming and going that, one indirectly got the impression, had in its decorous muffling of speech and tread more than an undercurrent of resignation. The afternoon papers announced that Wall Street had been prepared, despite the denials of more than a passing indisposition, and that the great financier's death would create no more than a slight temporary depression in the stocks he had controlled.

It was understood that the old servants had all been provided for, and they, with an edifying blend of philosophy and humanity, could not bear the thought of the "poor gentleman suffering any more, now that it was hopeless." Under the circumstances every one was "bearing up as well as could be expected"—that is, all

but the servants' hall cook, who was getting so many orders for tea and toast, with first one and then the other "bein' took faint" or having "a gone feelin'," that her patience had worn thin beneath the strain. The servants' hall cook was not an old retainer—she had no expectations.

Mrs. Brentwing, the widow, by the advice of her physician was seeing no one. Miss Dart, her secretary and companion, was opening the notes and telegrams, and copying with the most business-like precision messages that had come with the flowers. Now and then she paused in her quick, neat handwriting to answer the telephone that hung above her desk—adjusting her voice nicely to the trend of the inquiry. In her darkened sitting-room sat Mrs. Brentwing, thankful for the decree of her doctor that left her free from intrusion at this crucial hour. Now that it was all over, she looked about her, trying to recover her hold on things. She had been his wife so long that, with his death, her identity seemed to slip from her as consciousness lapses in a physical swoon. In her place sat a woman she did not know, and this stranger who was herself had begun to drift far away from the present in the wake of earlier years. At first it frightened the old self—the one that watched and took notice. There had been no drifting in the more than twenty years of her married life; the hand that held hers was so strong and unwavering that she had never stopped to ask herself why the grasp was so firm.

She looked about the room, but the familiar objects gave no confirming sense of reality. She had never felt on terms of ease with her possessions; even here in her living-room there was no hint of herself; the Gothic furniture, episcopal in character, the hangings of church embroideries and vestments, the wooden saints in their painted shrines, had been



of her husband's choosing. At first she had secretly hated them, they seemed "queer" to her manifestly artless taste, but in time she grew to respect them as part of the splendid transformation that had overtaken her.

Her husband's personality had been like some giant machine that caught up everything within its radius and moulded it into a shape of its own devising, or, failing in that, broke it and cast it out among the shards. A man of less compelling force could never have called forth such whole-hearted devotion as Henry Brentwing had been able to draw from this fragile vessel of little depth. She had reflected from him some of his indomitable qualities, so that people spoke of her as a woman of character. But now, with the first loosening in depth of that overpowering grasp, other influences had already begun to assert themselves. All day she had sat in that darkened room, disputing their presence on the ground of loyalty to her dead, but still they came—as silently and as unobtrusively as ghosts—and demanded their reckoning. The clock struck another hour—was it eleven or twelve? She would destroy this particular fancy by giving in to it. She walked to the door, tried the lock to assure herself that she was safe even from the conscientious Dart and her ministrations of bromide or chicken broth, then unfastened a safe, and removed from a hidden compartment a manila envelope much worn and soiled about the edges.

The contents proved to be nothing more remarkable than an old-fashioned cabinet photograph of a solemn little girl of perhaps six or seven. The picture had been taken before the days of "artistic photography" or "impressions," and in its conscientious elaboration of detail not only dealt with the little girl posing bravely, but told something of the family history as well. One saw that photography, with them, was a state "not to be entered into lightly, or without due consideration." The family heirlooms had been loaned for the event, a large jet bracelet and an ostrich-feather fan held rigidly in the little hand. One could almost hear the fond parents cheering on the young martyr from behind the screen. Mrs. Brentwing hung over the

picture; her smile made the more appealing the utter desolation of her small fair face; but gradually its glow softened the haggardness, and there shone instead some of the quiet ecstasy of Raphael's Madonna della Sedia. It was as if she again held in her arms her child. Tears filled her eyes and fell—they were the first she had shed since her husband's death.

She was still holding her daughter's photograph when Miss Dart knocked. "I am so sorry to disturb you, but Mr. Wallbridge is here, and he seems to think it's imperative to see you." Wallbridge was the senior partner of the law firm that managed her husband's business. Mrs. Brentwing considered:—Yes, she had been thinking of him, as the man in whose discretion she might have confidence in the strange situation in which she found herself, and she told Miss Dart to admit him.

Mr. James Wallbridge, of Wallbridge, Treadwell & Wallbridge, might have been made up for the part—the trusted adviser and confidant of great men was in every line. It could not be said that he had fattened on legal complication, for there was about him none of the grosser manifestations of success. He was spare and brooding as behooved a man bearing the responsibilities of the widows and orphans of his richest contemporaries.

"Mrs. Brentwing!" He bent over her hand—but before he had concluded the words of condolence he had been at such pains to prepare, he gleaned the information that business other than that relative to her husband's death had caused her to admit him. He extracted it from the air, from her look and manner; and finally his perfectly schooled eye, traveling imperceptibly, grasped the whole story in the child's photograph resting against the frame, on her desk, that held her husband's picture.

She motioned him to a chair and completed rather a slow turn about the room; he knew she was making up her mind whether to crowd the family skeleton back into its closet, or to open the window and give it the daylight.

"You have come to offer me the help that only so good a friend of my husband's can give; but if I asked you to help me in another way—would it seem





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

MRS. BRENTWING HUNG OVER THE PICTURE







strange that at such a time I can have any other thoughts but of my husband?"

He gave her to understand that his attitude was entirely sympathetic, and she continued in a low voice: "Perhaps you are not aware that before my marriage to Mr. Brentwing I had been married—that I have"—her voice failed and the slow color mounted her cheeks—"that I had a daughter, of whom I have lost all trace?"

The inclination of his head might have indicated that he was already aware of the fact, or that she had his deepest sympathy in such a calamity. To observe his crucial interest in her story one would never have supposed that he was familiar with every detail, that he had, in fact, drawn a will contingent upon her reunion with this daughter.

She sat before him with her hands clasped, her eyes fixed on his in an intensity of appeal. "If you would only help me to find her! I seem to have been in a dream for years; I wanted to make her loss public, but something held me back. There were circumstances, when I first parted with her, that made a temporary separation advisable, and then we lost all trace. I wanted to go to any length in my efforts to find her, but my husband thought it would be better—better for her sake, too—to avoid the publicity that such a step would entail."

She brushed her hand across her forehead, as if trying to clear her thoughts. "I cannot tell you when the idea took possession of me, as it did eventually, that Laura was dead. Perhaps it was that my husband was so tender with me when he spoke of her—without putting it definitely into words, or words that I can recall—he made me feel that he would gladly give up everything if he could only give Laura back to me. And I never had the courage to ask for the worst." She paused, and he waited in genuine concern for her to regain sufficient control of her voice to continue. "Can you understand—? It seems such wretched folly now, but while there was an atom of hope to cling to I couldn't bear to kill it with the truth. But since my husband's death—I can't explain it any more than I could my first obsession—I feel that Laura is living. To-day, when I sat here and wanted to be with him—

nothing but that—the thought of my child intruded—intruded until I almost hated her. But it persisted; it was like some one that had been buried alive calling to get out. When I took out Laura's picture I felt that there was not an hour to lose—that I must know the truth."

She paused, flushing with the fervor of her utterance, and Wallbridge was conscious of some of the transmitted force of her emotion. He had always regarded her as an apt parrot, reproducing the speech and manner of those in whose environment it had pleased her husband to hang her cage. But there seemed to be real woman in her, after all. This eleventh-hour insight caused an involuntary readjustment of his whole view of the situation, and decided him without further delay to put her latent maternal eagerness to the test.

"You know perhaps," he went on, slowly choosing his words, "that a public acknowledgment of your relationship to your daughter, in the event of finding her, would make a difference in the conditions of your husband's will."

Whatever shock his words brought, she gave no outward sign, and the lawyer continued: "You will in any case inherit a third of Mr. Brentwing's fortune; it was his wish, however, that things should remain as they are—" the pause was pregnant with meaning. "There might be a good deal to urge on the other side—the ineffectualness of your sacrifice, the probability that you and your daughter would have grown too far apart in the long interval to be reunited even if you should meet."

Her quickened perception had already filled the pause in his speech. He knew something of her daughter—he had some thread of which she had no knowledge. To acquire this information from him she felt would be as complicated as the bargaining in an Eastern bazar—information which his pure love of the game of evading fact by a deliberate obliqueness of speech would make him sell dearly. The prospect drove her to open revolt; she was like a woman pressing a starved face against the window of a banqueting-hall.

"Mr. Wallbridge"—he had almost a feeling of indelicacy in witnessing such painful eagerness as her face now showed



—"I beg that you will tell me anything you know of my daughter—quickly!" She had drawn to the edge of her chair, and he had an alarming premonition that in another moment her emotion would precipitate him into the headlong rush of a "scene." It was this fear that surprised from him the statement he had not intended to make at this time:

"Your daughter is here in New York!"

"Then why do we waste time—bring her to me."

He did not have an opportunity to answer; they had both become conscious of something transpiring in the hall. The stealthy footsteps of those who do their honest work like thieves in the night—they were making their way down the hall from her husband's bedroom, and walked softly past her door and whispered, before resuming the labored step of those who carry a dead weight. Then the library door at the end of the passage closed. Mrs. Brentwing buried her face; it was as if she had again felt that unwavering grasp in which she had so long been passively content.

"Not until—until it is over," she said, and signified that she wished to be alone.

When New York recovered its breath after the announcement of Henry Brentwing's marriage, some twenty years before, it was understood that his wife had been a widow from one of the smaller towns—Troy or Utica—and that she was socially as obscure as she was actually lovely. The outer darkness in which she had dwelt, prior to her discovery by Brentwing, proved to be her social salvation. People with cousins in Troy or Utica, or wherever it was she had come from, had never heard of the unknown beauty. Her history, family, antecedents, were as much of a mystery as if the eccentric millionaire had married a Polynesian belle with a pretty taste in nose-rings. Her method, nevertheless, of obtaining a passport to that set whose recognition she coveted was so brilliantly negative as to amount to positive genius; the first society heard of her was the news of her safe and unostentatious arrival.

Her husband, though a member of a good old New York family, had never even taken a passing interest in the

arduous frivolity to which his wife was so strongly attracted. Wall Street had filled his life to overflowing till he had met Mrs. Howe, and she had given him a strange reviving sense of being human, after all. He had from the beginning an amused confidence in her ability to justify herself with the particular coterie on which she had set her heart, despite her lack of social background and what are loosely known as "advantages." That she fulfilled his expectations was quite in line with her peculiar talent, as it were, of standing beautiful and patient and of allowing the thing she coveted to come to her. It was this pathetic lack of aggressiveness that had at first attracted Brentwing.

Exemplary as her methods had been, a faint undercurrent of detraction had begun to hum, but not before her position was too securely established to be disturbed by mere innuendo. It was whispered that her first husband had been a bookkeeper, whom she had divorced in one of the Western States. The fact that he had been given the custody of the child was the equivalent, so these gossips said, to a sentence of guilt. Unfortunately none of these rumors could be confirmed, owing to that screening obscurity before referred to, on the part of Mrs. Brentwing's antecedents.

Wallbridge had always felt before to-day that it was not Alice Brentwing's way to suffer; that life to her had been a steady marshalling of those forces that make for success. Her perfectly balanced nerves, reflected in her clear complexion and youthful figure, had never known the wear of an hour's worry. The eternal vigilance necessary to this all-important beauty had converted her into a Stoic philosopher without having a conscious acquaintance with the first principles of the school. Of late years Wallbridge had been humorously inclined to regard Mrs. Brentwing's perfections—no separate one of which revealed the touch of time—as he regarded those perfectly bottled fruits that are the pride of caterers' displays—she was without spot or blemish, yet not fresh.

Brentwing's position in the world of finance had been such as to incite the daily press to write of his funeral as "obsequies." It brought back to town,



though New York languished in sweltering humidity, every one who had a proper pride in being any one. The honorary pallbearers were drawn from that imposing group that, in default of anything more sensational, the Sunday papers publish from time to time under the heading, "America's Kings of Finance." And such operative talent as the country still afforded rendered a soul-stirring "De Profundis." She went through it all in the sooty, choking crêpe they had provided for her, her consciousness taking little note of the service; within was a gaping chasm; without, some spectacular drama in which every one but herself seemed to be taking part. Gradually her vision cleared—she had tried to give the dead man only loyal thoughts, to keep faith with him in the face of almost damning evidence. For if Wallbridge knew of Laura's presence in New York, then Brentwing must have known too—and why had he deceived her? A stupor began to creep over her, but she refused the faithful Dart's smelling-salts—it was too blessed not to feel the full force of her own bitter questioning.

Wallbridge held himself in readiness for Mrs. Brentwing's decision when it would be "all over." He had assisted her from the carriage that had drawn up in front of the Madison Avenue house when she had intimated, by a detaining pressure on his arm, that the crucial interview would not longer be delayed. The blinds of the late house of mourning were already raised, and within there was a conspicuous absence of flowers and of other evidences of a desperate resolve toward cheer that kindly disposed friends had undertaken to create. She led the way immediately to her study, where their last talk had been; again his perfectly schooled eye, travelling imperceptibly, saw that she had removed her child's photograph, and that the picture of her husband once more occupied its customary place.

"You must be very tired, dear Mrs. Brentwing; wouldn't it be better to see me to-morrow—or even when you are quite rested?"

Her answer was to motion him to be seated. "The business connected with my husband's property can wait, certainly—but I must ask you to put in my hands

immediately the means of communication with my daughter."

He consulted his watch. "I'm afraid it's too late to-day, but you could arrange to meet her to-morrow morning. Miss Howe has a successful stenographic bureau in one of the down-town office buildings; she employs several young women, and has, I believe, a very prosperous concern."

"And is this known generally—that my daughter works here, in the same town with me?"

He saw her steady herself against the shock of impending revelation. "To the best of my knowledge," he said, "no one knows now but myself."

She drew her breath quickly before the next question. "Then my husband knew?"

"Yes—he knew." The lawyer answered, feeling that any attempt to justify his friend's course could only slightly lessen a wrong that still, in its utter cruelty, might appear to mask some purpose favorable to herself.

"Will you give me her address now, please? I am, as you see, a little tired." Silence, patience, pliancy, had so long been the weapons with which she had forged the armor of her life that speech was as foreign to her now as in the days when Brentwing had confused these qualities with meekness. She had no intention of confiding in Wallbridge her opinion of her late husband's course in the matter of this separation, but the ruin that the knowledge of it made of her delicate fair face shocked him more than a "scene" would have done.

Next morning she was on her way down-town before her servants, the faithful Dart, or the nurse that the doctor had insisted on retaining in the house in case her grief should bring about a bad turn, knew that she was awake. It was the employees' hour on the Elevated, and she found herself crushed in a throng of pallid-faced girls, men nervously alert, and others who looked weeks in arrears with sleep. Her heavy widow's veil screened her face from recognition, but in that crowd there was no one likely to know her. It had been a long time since she had rubbed elbows so closely with humanity. Wealth, that had given luxury, had also furnished seclusion;



when she had travelled with Brentwing, each detail of the journey was carefully weighed and considered—the whole resolving itself into a sort of ceremonial of exclusion.

But now, as she stood for a moment outside the office building, whose gigantic height suggested the soaring flight of a monumental shaft, she was reminded of the days when she used to bring little Laura to the office where Howe had been employed, wait for him to finish his accounts, and wheel the baby-carriage past the big furniture shop on the main street, and wonder if they dared risk taking the grained-oak table for the parlor—on the instalment plan.

She looked for her daughter's name on the black and white wall directory between the revolving doors and the first group of elevators—the sight of it made a pulse in her bosom rise chokingly and sent her stumbling toward the first descending car that, with its mate, was plying its way up and down like the weights of a gigantic scale. The car stopped abruptly at the floor she had asked for; confusedly she wandered about the maze of bare, clean corridors—half expecting to see the little girl from whom she had parted twenty years before come from one of the closed doors. Her daughter's name again, this time in business-like gilt letters on an opaque glass door, pulled her together with the shock of a cold shower—and she opened the door of a room where a half-dozen girls were clattering at as many typewriters. The one nearest the door said, in answer to her question, that she would see if Miss Howe were disengaged, and without inquiring the visitor's name went to an inner office. A moment later the messenger standing on the threshold of this sanctum nodded; time was evidently too precious to be wasted in formalities, and Mrs. Brentwing walked toward the door.

When the young woman writing at the flat-top desk raised her head, her mother had the feeling that she was again confronted by her sister-in-law—the one who had never liked her and prophesied that she would not make Samuel Howe a good wife. The likeness was startling—the same squareness of brow, the straightness of glance, the same uncompromising goodness that must have its funeral pyre,

in the market-place if need be, or in the home circle if times have grown tolerant.

Miss Howe waited for the lady in mourning to state her errand, but there was something in that overrighteous young glance that made it more difficult than the older woman could have supposed.

"I am—I am—" She put back her veil; the casual glance of the younger woman intensified, her features paling and sharpening as the fragile prettiness of the other fastened itself on her consciousness.

"I know—you are Mrs. Brentwing."

Her visitor unconsciously put up her hand in protest. "I am your mother."

The girl at the desk stirred restlessly, and it took a moment or two for her to put the words together. "I've grown so accustomed to thinking of myself as having no mother—that the reality confuses me. During my father's lifetime he was all in all to me—and now I am absorbed by other things."

Mrs. Brentwing made no reply immediately; it seemed that she would have to make out a very good case for herself to secure justification at the hands of her daughter. What was her case? She had never felt the necessity of formulating one before.

"I came here, Laura, thinking that for the rest of my life we'd be together—but you don't seem glad to see me."

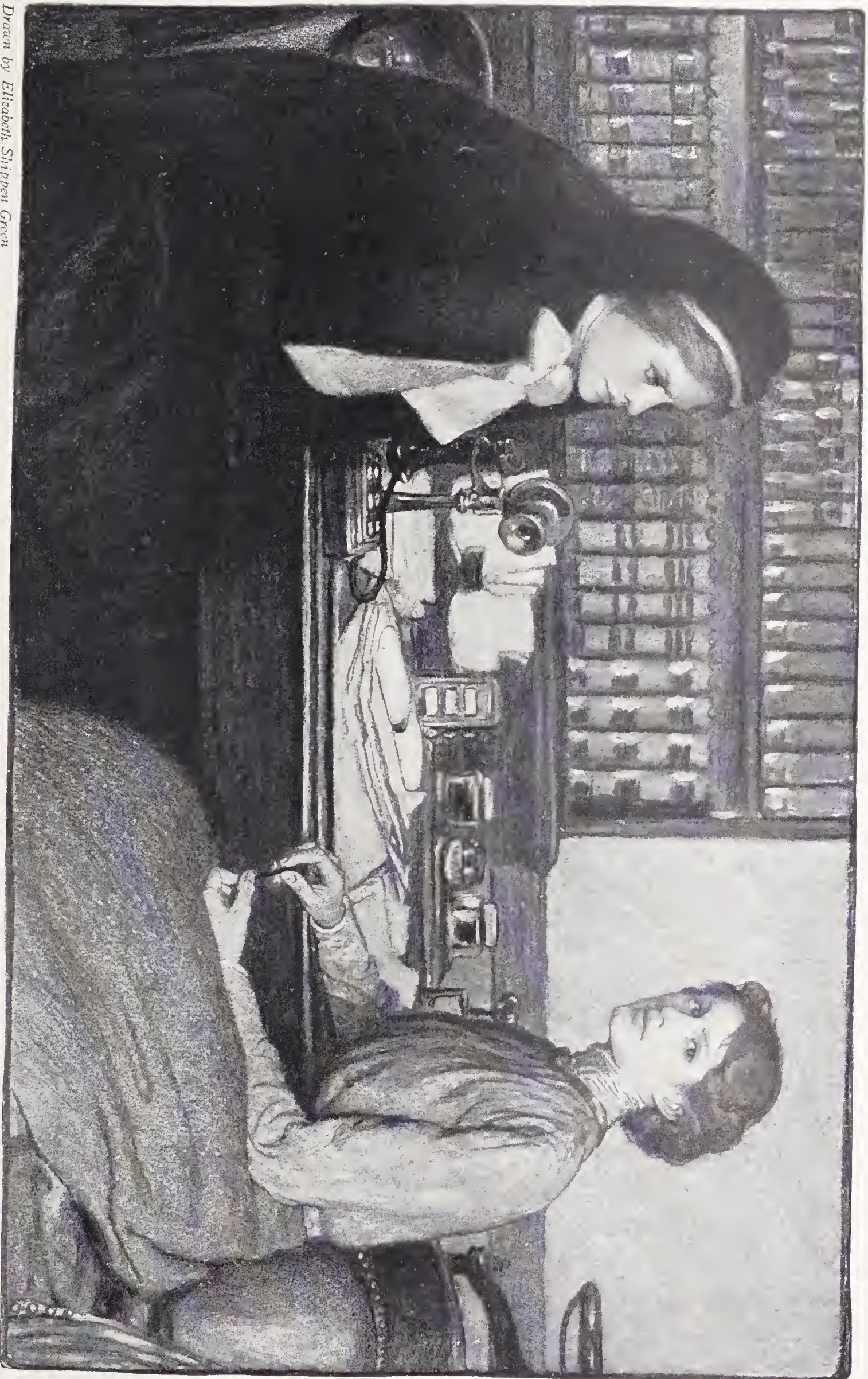
In her uneasiness the girl used the one word that she had meant to avoid. "You made your choice long ago, mother; however hard it was for my father and me, we accommodated ourselves to it. And now that I have made my place in life, it doesn't seem fair to ask me to give it up because something has happened to make you change your mind."

"But what am I asking you to give up—?"

"Oh, if it's only a friendly call?" The girl smiled; she had beautiful teeth, and her mother saw for the first time how handsome she was in a boyish sort of way.

"Does this sort of life mean so much to you?" Her mother glanced around the well-furnished office, listened again to the clattering babel of typewriters in the room beyond; twenty-four hours of it, she felt, would have driven her mad. And here was this girl, her daughter, preferring it to luxury.





*Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green*

"YOU ARE THRUSTING ASIDE LIFE WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT IT MEANS"







"Oh, I'm over the first fine edge of my enthusiasm; I don't come back evenings and work for pure love of it, but I enjoy it thoroughly. My one regret is that my father did not live to see the success I'm making of it; he went without so much to keep me at school and get things started that it seems cruel to think he did not live to enjoy it."

"You loved him dearly, then—?"

"Who could help loving him dearly?" Then she broke off abashed—it was as if she had said a tactless thing to a stranger. The dull red came into Mrs. Brentwing's cheek and burned there.

"Can't you see, child, that what I did was as much for your sake as my own? I could not foresee this long separation. I gave you up with the idea that when you came back to me you were to have everything that makes life worth living. You were so pretty, Laura, so sweet—that it seemed cruel you had to grow up the way I did, without advantages, with nothing but the cruel sordid things of life ahead of you."

The girl had a pencil in her hand and unconsciously she made characters on the back of a note-book while she talked—characters that stood for the *pro* and *con* of the case. She had become very grave; she wanted to be just, absolutely just—even to Mrs. Brentwing. She would not allow herself to think of her as mother.

"But surely I could have had the advantages my father gave me if you had stayed—?"

"Advantages!" The older woman could not keep the scorn out of her voice. "It was to shield you from such advantages—drudgery—the rough contact with life—that I took things into my own hands. That I failed utterly to protect you from them was through no fault of my own."

"To me there are things worse than what you call 'drudgery and the rough contact with life.'" As she said this Laura was all Howe—principles and prejudices—the Howe traits incarnate.

The two women sat looking at each other in silence, each presenting to each the impenetrable riddle of personality. When the mother spoke again it was to urge upon her daughter those things that her own heart had yearned for in the lean years of her youth and ungrati-

fied ambition. "Dear child, you are thrusting aside life without knowing what it means. Don't apply to me all the petty standards you've ever heard of without knowing me—come and let's travel wherever you wish, and get acquainted. Laura, you are a beauty in your puritanical way, and it will be better than being young again to see you have your chance. We'll go to Europe and let the world get used to thinking of us as mother and daughter while we are away; you'd love it, dear—I know you would."

But the girl only shook her head. The prospect of the kingdoms of the earth, from the high mountain, did not tempt her. The older woman was beginning to lose her ground, it was so cruelly different from what she had expected; she attributed Laura's attitude to the influence of the girl's father and his sisters. Experience counselled discretion, but old aversions to the family her daughter so strongly resembled burst forth like a long-smothered flame, and when the flame was checked the havoc had been wrought.

"It is apparent you have drawn your conclusions of me from the teaching of your father and his family—"

The girl at the desk did not wait for her to finish. "I drew my conclusions of you from what they did not say. Let us understand each other once and for all, since it would only be painful to repeat the experiment of this interview. My reverence for my father's memory makes it impossible for me to assume a semblance of friendship toward the woman who spoiled his life. He never spoke of you but once, and then it was to regret that he was unable to provide those luxuries that he seemed to feel were your due. How did I know you to-day? From the picture of you that always stood on the mantel, and that he used to give me to kiss before I went to bed as a child. And you want me to come and share Brentwing's money, be known as his stepdaughter—that would be a strange experience for my father's only child!"

The mother got slowly to her feet. "I did not understand that you felt like this or I would not have come—you will kiss me, won't you, for good-by?"

Laura Howe hesitated.

"If your father gave you my picture to kiss, surely he wouldn't want you to



refuse me now." Sure as Laura had been of the rightness of her principle and its practice, the hungry embrace of her mother unnerved her and filled her with a sort of unwilling compassion for the woman who clung to her with such tragic desperation. Perhaps there would have been a different conclusion to things had not their embrace been rudely startled by a peremptory knock at the door, and the girl who had announced Laura's mother again stood on the threshold.

"Excuse me, Miss Howe, but Wallbridge, Treadwell & Wallbridge want some rush work in connection with the Brentwing estate—want it by noon, and must have an answer immediately."

The name Brentwing came as a shock to the quickened sensibilities of both women—to Laura it was the name of an enemy, the destroyer of her father's

home; the sound of it added fuel to the flame of her resentment. To the widow it was the light at the end of the long dark passage—that made endurable the failure of her motherhood. He had not hesitated to risk her severest judgment to save her from this cruelest of experiences: to him, the child that was dead in feeling was dead in fact. It was the benefit of the doubt to the dead man—or nothing!

Laura's voice, vibrant with the right as the Howes would have sensed it, rang out above the clatter of the typewriters to the girl awaiting her answer: "No, we haven't time for any Brentwing matter."

At the words her mother slipped through the door without a single backward glance, hugging to her famished heart the merciful delusion that her husband had deceived her only to be kind.

## A Song for Twilight

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER

AS sweet as purple dusk, as fair  
As morning shaking out her clouds of sunny hair,  
So sweet, so fair, art thou.

Ah, no—not now.  
I had forgotten—no, not now!

This was thy likeness in the days  
When all the world seemed singing songs that were thy praise.

Thy heart was sweet and soft,  
Thy face how oft  
I thought the dawning light—how oft!

Now, should another lover ask,  
Thy heart but as a stone, thy face but as a mask,

I needs must paint, and say,  
Ah, not to-day,  
Ah, ask no more, no more, to-day!

Only when now and then I dream  
A moment (and forget), thy face and heart both seem

So fair and sweet once more  
That as before  
I love thee, love thee—as before!



# Oases in Gotham

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

HER parks are the pleasant oases that redeem New York, the great American desert! With its ugly cliff-dwellings, rock-paved trails, and cañons of iron and adamant, barren, unlovely, shimmering dizzily with summer heat and back-flung glare of the naked sun, and all of it rendered daily more desolate by added population, the on-creep of asphalt, more brick caverns and concrete sidewalks, gray and harsh as lava, New York is a region of municipal aridness, alleviated, like the stark Sahara, only where the soul of creation breaks through.

Man has ceased to marvel that the Afric sands yield wells and greenery in all their bare austerity, and now he commences to marvel more that the city should achieve a like relief. Moreover, for every lone caravan of men and brutes that cruises Sahara, glad to crawl to the coolness and fragrance of the emerald havens, there are all the innumerable caravans of an empire to hasten, famishing for nature's benediction, to the parks and oases of Manhattan.

And these are caravans of the sorely tried, the city-bound who may not escape the burning precincts of the city desolation, the homeless, the comfortless, and the children who are otherwise denied a contact with the bosom of the earth. To what extent the city parks are oases to these many wayfarers may be appreciated only by those who have felt and understood the mighty thirst and instinct for physical intimacy with the sod that is in us all, or have sometimes seen the tens of thousands of otherwise hopeless human beings strewn upon the grass and earth mercifully left unoccupied by the appalling growth of America's largest metropolis.

By great good fortune they are fairly numerous and tolerably hospitable, these products of man's noble alliance with creation, despite the reversal of processes

whereby man with his town has desertized an island once all oasis, leaving here and there a speck or lake of greenery unblanketed by paving-stones and houses.

New York begins with a park and ends with its teeth in nature's open country. Walled in by the most towering buildings in the world, the old-time Battery affords first relief in the man-made desert, at the city's seaward end, or southern extremity, while far to the north Van Cortland Park and the Bronx behold the steady advance of wall and macadam that tread down the trees and grass and hillocks of natural rock between themselves and the scattered green acres of the town.

Manhattan Island is restricted as to space, and may not, like London, for instance, afford vast spaces such as Hyde and Regent parks, Kensington Gardens, and prodigious heaths and commons. Nevertheless it is doubtful if any large city of the world has been more picturesquely or nobly abetted in the creation of her parks than Manhattan by the splendid handicraft of nature.

The entire surface of the island was formerly a broken succession of hills, slopes, meadowed hollows, and massive ledges of rock. With all manner of trees and its buttresses of granite, it was all originally a park of alternating glade and rugged eminence. To-day, in a number of the parks, both dell and cliff, with all their stately brotherhood of trees, remain almost as the world-heaving forces of creation left them, with here and there a hollow filled to make a lake, and here and there a stream of water re-supplied to a channel, by way of additional charm.

To the lover of beauty the least appealing of the parks of New York are those reduced by necessity to mere conventional form—the open spaces, like Battery Park, and Union, Madison, and Washington squares, such as cities



throughout the world invariably support. The four incomparables are Central Park, Morningside, Riverside, and the Bronx. Nevertheless it must be admitted that for sheer comfort to the weary and relief to homeless pilgrims of the desert the open squares, with their fountains, shade, and benches, though ceaselessly assaulted by the roar, grind, and rumble of the vast metropolitan machine, are far in the lead of their calmer, more splendid prototypes beyond.

It must not be supposed that these lesser oases are unattractive. Battery Park is a level field of grass and flourishing trees that, bathed in the sunlight of a spring or autumn day, calls thousands to its benches. Its sea-wall fronts the harbor, where the white-winged gull, the surging tug, and the greyhound of the wide Atlantic pass ceaselessly in the traffic and pageantry of life. When the bay is a sparkling mirror of gold and the leaves contentedly murmur in a languid breeze from Cuba, there are thousands of foot-sore, heart-sore wanderers who find the old Battery as welcome as a bit of heaven immeasurably detached from its source.

Considerably farther up the island, where noisy trade, close crowding of inhabitants, and haunting smells of man and his devices devastate vast areas, I found a representative oasis of this humbler type, worn nude by the frantic enjoyment of its charms indulged in by its daily visitors. It is little Hudson Park, by its size and functions a juvenile well in the desert. It is just a mere postage-stamp of greenery, embossed on a corner of the town. It is charming nevertheless, and unexpected, with its granite pagoda fountain, its large limpid pool in a sunken garden, its trees and playground, and all too prodigal meed of hospitality. For the greater part its wayfaring desert travellers are youngsters. It is they who have flung themselves, as it were, on its lap till its grasses have all been worn away. It is they who breathe a fresher elixir from the coolness and splash of its waters. And their cries of delight arise on the clangor of iron-laden wagons, hoof-beat of horses, and train roar thundering by incessantly on the elevated structure, as they romp in the swings, soar skyward on the sec-

saws, and shoot down the polished flumes that an indulgent city parent has provided. Fancy a desert oasis with a slippery chute, made and installed for children to use in wearing out their nether garments! What wonder the grasses have succumbed! Yet why an oasis that does not serve its uses? And this one, I repeat, is for tiny waifs, otherwise famished in the desert.

Judged by the standard of every-day utility and comfort, the mere conventional oases are the most indispensable of all. Judged as one is wont to judge his mother, they are probably the loveliest as well. They fulfil, as it were, a maternal function, impossible to parks more distant from the scenes of city strife and desert weariness. Washington Square is barely removed from, and Union and Madison squares are fairly upon, the great main highway through the desert—Broadway—the trail of ceaseless caravans, burdened with riches and poverty, prodigal joys and fathomless woes, tragedy, hope, and despair.

Hundreds of thousands of exhausted travellers occupy these resting-spots throughout the year, from babies half stifled by the desert heats and aridness, to feeble old men, fast nearing the end of their journey. Save for the trees and grass, however, there is nothing natural in any of these three, nothing to single them out for particular beauty or the characteristics of Manhattan's nobler oases. There is nothing in any one, for instance, comparable to the slender, precipitous beauty of Riverside Park, on the Hudson's edge, beginning at the seat of commercial war, by coal and railway yards or dingy wharves, half-way up the city's length, and practically terminating at the tomb of Grant, with its legend, "Let us have Peace."

For sheer cultured loveliness, situation, and variety of contour, texture and foliage, this exquisite strip has no rival in the land. Not only is all the natural growth augmented by quadrupled rows of elms in the famous drive along its crest, and not only are its walls, its granite stairways, and its natural rock masses all masterpieces of harmony and appropriateness, but the mile-wide Hudson laves its sloping edge, and across the tides the Jersey heights



and Palisades are reared in ever-changing aspects of magnificence.

From a thousand view-points along its rim this park presents enchanting vistas. Tall poplars, gnarled old oaks, beeches, birches, and willows supply the charm inseparable from varied leafages. Glimpses of sunlit river, over the trees and through the trees, succeed one another for two or three miles of its length. Great, wide-spreading lawns are laid obliquely from its top retaining-wall along its undulating acclivities, none of them level, and all of them rendered more inviting by their slanting inequalities and intimate association with colossal mounds of rock. The city's finest viaducts are built above and somewhat incorporated with the walls, hills, and chasms of Riverside, particularly on the newly completed extension

above Grant's tomb, where granite in arched magnificence has been employed.

It is more these hillside features than anything else that render New York's oases distinct from those of other great commercial centres. Thus Morningside Park, like a flawless gem spilled out of great Central Park itself, and impaled upon a rugged upheaval of adamant, hangs half on hillside and half in a valley at least one hundred feet below.

In something less than a mile of length it exemplifies a series of natural and artificial beauties unequalled elsewhere on the continent. It has ledges of rock as huge as a castle that nature

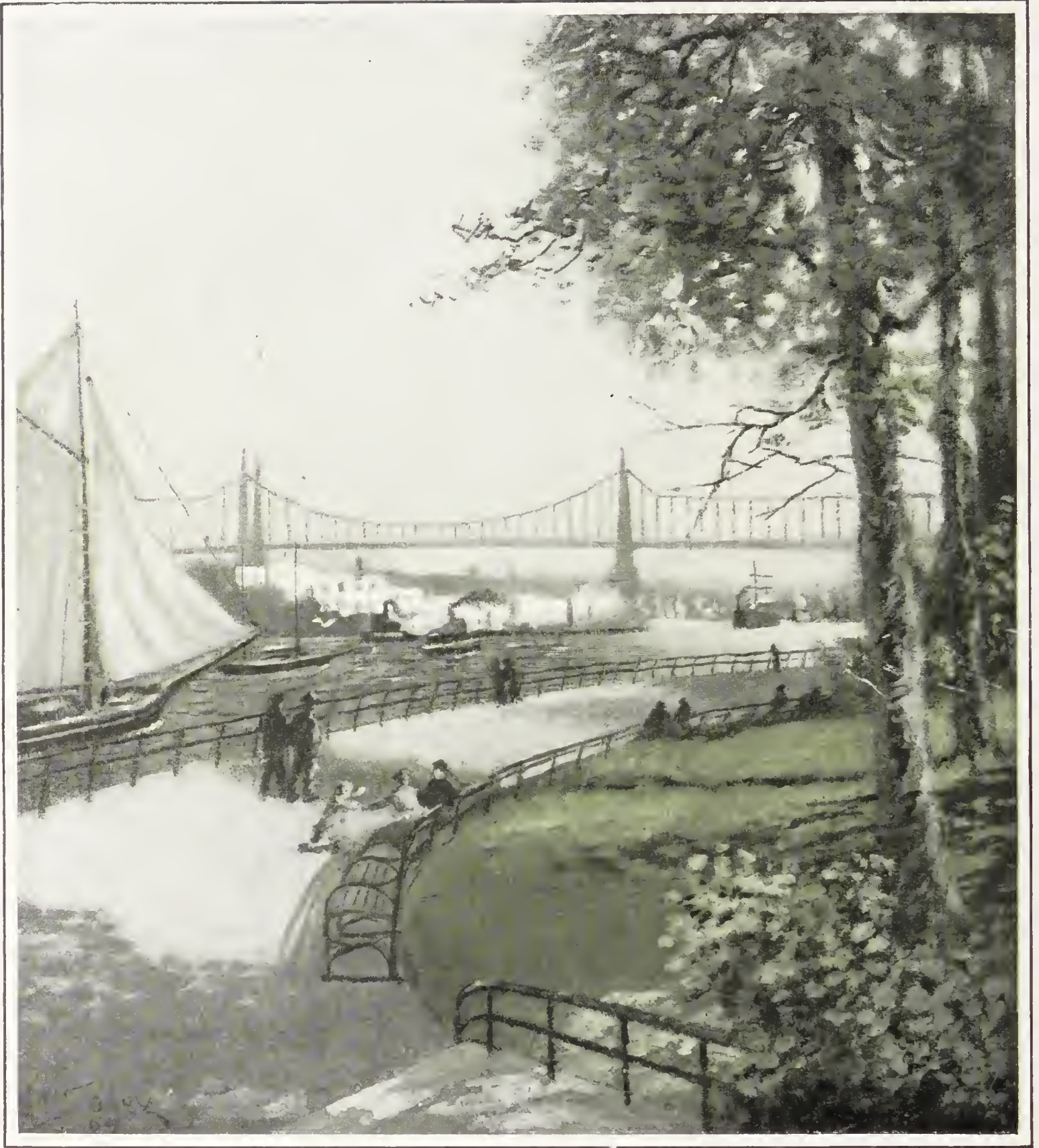


THE COOL SECLUSIONS OF CENTRAL PARK

alone has been bold enough to sculpture. It has basins of lawn and acres of trees to hold or to filter the sunlight. Its upper edge is topped by a drive hugely buttressed by a wall of granite, railed with bronze, surpassing for splendid solidity and architectural perfection any masonry in all the town.

The walk and drive above this brilliant little jewel of a park overlook all its slopes and abrupt descent of rocks. Huge parapets, impressive in their bulk and symmetry, rise level with the drive, their bases set on ledges far below, their grim, dark masses overcrept with ivies that ripple in the breeze.





EAST RIVER PARK—AN OASIS SPARED FROM A GREEDY CITY'S NEEDS

Such stairways as imagination builds to ascend to palaces of kings, like ancient Solomon's, rise to terrace on terrace, and warm up goldenly in the morning's sun as the first rays fall upon the park. They, too, are granite, railed with bronze, their posts, steps, and structure exceptionally massive, and overtwin'd with clinging vines that, when the autumn burnishes their garnet and their gold, flame upward on the clean gray bulk with a splendor only possible to nature.

More than any of the city's parks this same little Morningside flourishes in poplars. Their tall minuet in the summer breeze is graceful beyond expression. They render the scene peculiarly Italian, rising on successive terraces and dominating all the other trees. Indeed, there is nothing in Gotham quite so Italian as this perfected bit of landscape. Shrubbery, trees that bloom and fling out redolence from petalled chalices, and groves that sift a dappled gold upon the





MORNINGSIDE PARK, HANGING HALF ON A HILLSIDE, IS A PERFECTED BIT OF LANDSCAPE

slopes and cool expanses of grass, complete the enchantment that the small oasis exerts on the hundreds of children and adults who, during the summer, practically live within its borders.

It has nooks of shade for the hotter seasons of the year, and niches of sunshine and protection from the winds of spring and failing autumn. Certain old cronies, veterans of our Civil War, and veterans also of the battle to survive, I have frequently found pre-empting favorite haunts of sun or shade in this poetically christened bit of Creation's art, content to pass their declining days

in the narrow confines of the little oasis, beyond which stretches the desert. But here as elsewhere the babies comprise the endless caravans, halting on the march of life for the needful intimacy with earth and grass and trees that such a spot makes possible.

Central Park, unlike the others, supplies an oasis for rich and poor alike. The wealthy, famishing in Saharas of gold for opportunities for basking in the curiosity of their neighbors and less wealthy kind, flee to this vast green place of nature's kindness by thousands, to drive, ride, and motor through its avenues



of shade and parade, no matter what the season. The poor seek it no less eagerly for its benches, its lakes, and its calm, wide holms of grass.

Every feature embodied in the smaller parks is exemplified here in a magnified or modified degree, with many other at-

breed, and flourish in its trees, feeding on the bounty of admiring friends. These frisky and confident little rogues are rapidly becoming famous for their friendliness with man. How much they contribute to the enjoyment of the children can never be estimated, except perhaps by a wise Recording Angel of things divine and eternal.

Aside from the splendid driveways, the saddle-path for equine travellers, the boats, lovers' pathways, and basins for children to use in sailing boats and dabbling, there are many portions of the park devoted to other oasean comforts. Perhaps the most charming example of its hospitality is that accorded to hundreds of tiny May-queens, in the spring and early summer. I have seen no less than fifty at a time of these dainty little monarchs, each with her court about her on the grass and in the shade, where the park's great bosom is levelled in maternal amplitude. All through the month of May and into June they reign. If the first of May is cold or peevish, what matter? There are



THE LOVELINESS OF BRONX PARK IS THAT OF UNCITED NATURE

tractions exclusive to itself. In its ridges, masses, and ledges of rock, and its unmolested groves and tangles of trees and vines, it is incredibly "wild" and natural. Four dainty lakes and several bickering streams, the former filling dimples in the folded hills of rock, the latter following small ravines and rillways, encourage many animals also to seek a refuge from a harsher world and bide a while at peace.

Contented ducks from polar inclemencies make yearly homes among the waterfowl domesticated in the park, while thousands of unalarmed squirrels live,

four or five Saturdays remaining, some of which are certain to be bright.

On these occasions the grass is the children's for tournament and romp; and if with gauze and cheese-cloth instead of silk and cloth-of-gold they pitch their pavilions on the field, they are none the less royal, none the less happy for the day of their mimic splendor and the sceptre of love they wield. I have seen the little May-queens often regalized with pink mosquito-net, in lieu of costly lace and satius. They march to the park not infrequently from many blocks away, for few of the poor abide

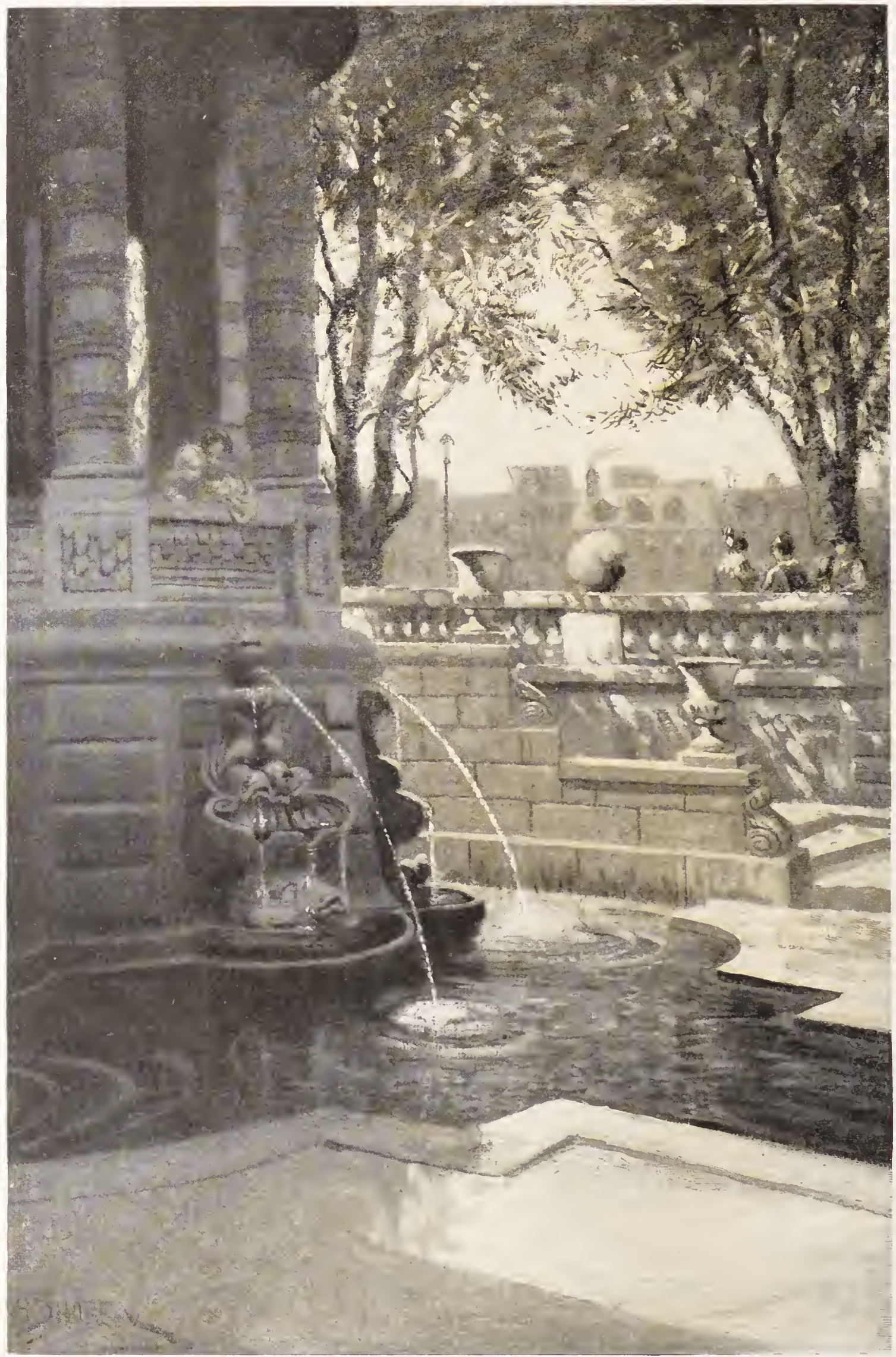




*Drawn by G. H. Shorey*

FROM A THOUSAND VIEW-POINTS RIVERSIDE PARK PRESENTS ENCHANTING VISTAS





*Drawn by G. H. Shorey*

HUDSON SQUARE



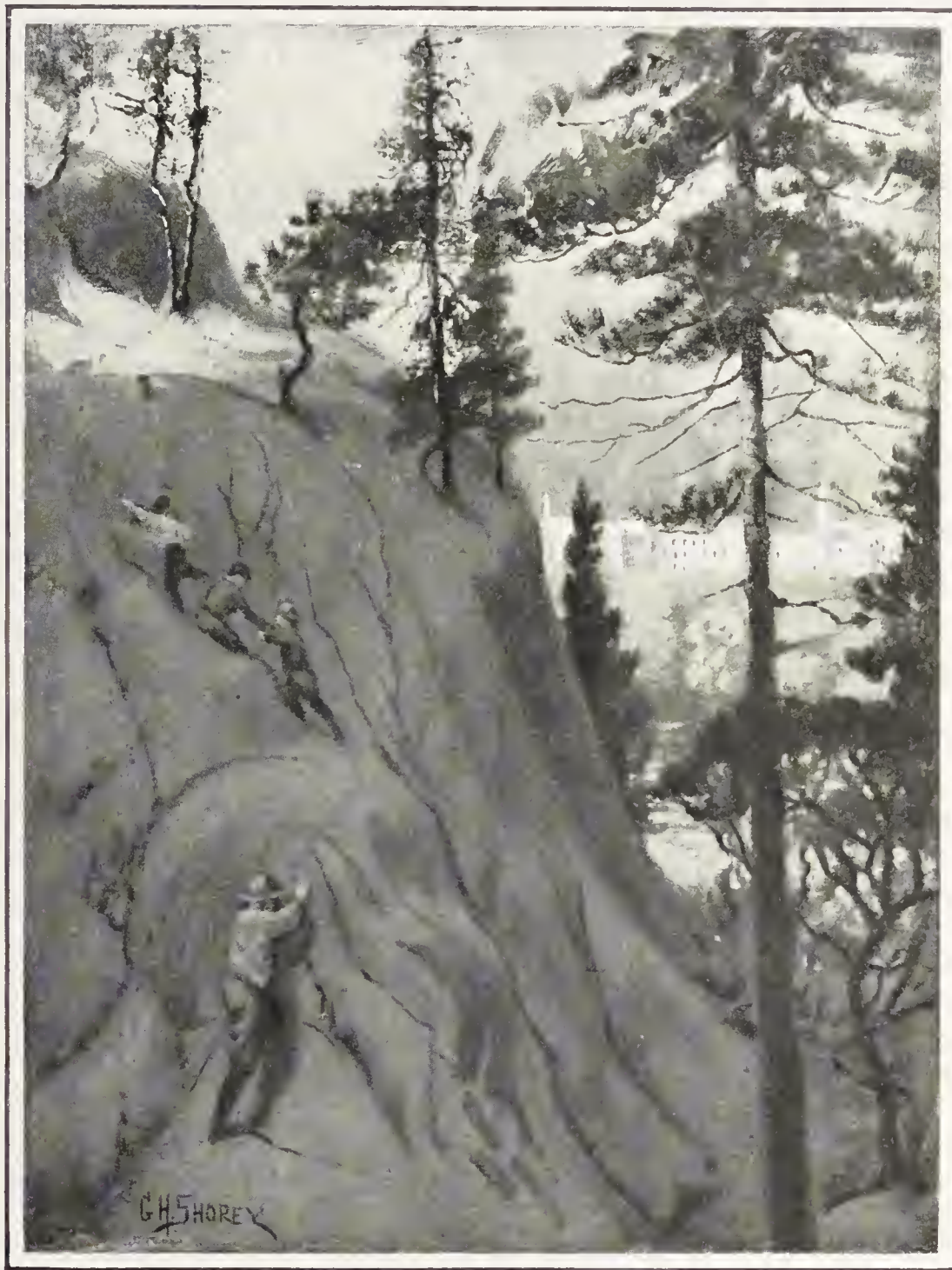
very close to these favored vales of Elysium.

From squalid tenements and bawling streets, insufferably noisy, fetid, and arid, they issue, toggled out in holiday attire and urged to the rhythm of a martial step by valiantly beaten drums. There in the cool and fragrance of the shaded or sun-gilded oasis they remain all day to play; and then, at dusk, to the beat of the somewhat wearied instrument, and in laggard, broken order, go back once again to the desert, to resume the long pilgrimage of life.

East River Park, at the brink of the ceaseless water traffic that plies Long Island Sound, is another of the small oases that municipal paternity has halted to supply. Like Hudson Park and the Battery, it is almost exclusively employed by the humbler beings of the city. From its cool seclusion by the water's edge are visible the huge steel spans that link Long Island and Manhattan. It is merely the regular, conventional oasis, spared from a greedy city's needs.

Equally detached, but far more picturesque and startling as a bit of nature, set in the midst of the town, is little Mount Morris Park, up at the eastern edge of Harlem. As the earth once flung off a satellite, so Central Park, or Morningside, might almost have flung off this rock-saddled island of greenery,

to land it in the midst of busy streets. It is clearly the offspring of one or the other in its natural characteristics, but the "Mount" from which it derives its name is more astonishing than anything like it in either of the other parks by reason of the abruptness with which it



SCALING THE CLIFF IN MOUNT MORRIS PARK

rises from the valley of streets in all that neighborhood. Such a cliff of rock as it presents in the miles of human habitations seems almost incredible, even here in Gotham, that was once all oasis and hills.

In sharp contrast with the small, conventional parks of the city are the two great domains of grass and calm comprised in the Bronx and Van Cortland



parks, at the city's northern limits. The Bronx is sufficiently large to accommodate a river—or a stream that is so described. It is said, indeed, that a British admiral, during the war of the Revolution, commanded his captains to sail up the Bronx and destroy the camp of Washington, adjacent to its banks. The captains made the effort, discovered the Bronx to be a pocket-sized brook, and reported that they would quite as readily undertake to sail up the spout of a kettle. It is large enough, however, for the uses of lovers and for beauty and charm, in their annual autumn armada, to navigate with exquisite argosies, scattering gold and crimson as they go.

The loveliness here, as in portions of Van Cortland Park, is that of uncited nature. These are such oases as Manhattan was, before man came with streets and houses. Bird-song has lingered and wild flowers have nested here always, in confidence that man and his desert were halted far beyond. They are simply open world of joyous creation, merged on their farther borders with the vast, unexampled oasis, stretching

with a beauty and hospitality that have been the refuge and marvel of the world—the acres and States of the continent, three thousand miles in width.

Like Regent's Park in London, the Bronx oasis has extended its welcome to the somewhat reluctant animals of the globe. Its zoological gardens are destined to surpass in completeness and beauty every institution of their type in the world. Van Cortland, like some of London's heaths and commons, provides vast opens for golf and other outdoor diversions. It and the Bronx are playgrounds for grown-up children.

A frozen oasis may perhaps be an anomaly, yet I have seen the parks of Manhattan no less inspiring and spirit-gratifying in the winter, under blankets of snow, than in their most delectable raiment. And he whose joy it is to behold a thousand youngsters sledding down the icy inclines of Morningside and Riverside parks will hesitate, as I do now, to pronounce which season of the year is least charming for the little desert wayfarers most in need of these camps of nature.

## Daisy Time

BY SARA TEASDALE

I PLUCKED a daisy in the fields,  
And there beneath the sun  
I let its silver petals fall  
One after one.

I said, "He loves me, loves me not,"  
And oh, my heart beat fast,  
The flower was kind, it let me say  
"He loves me," last.

I kissed the little leafless stem,  
But oh, my poor heart knew  
The words the flower had said to me,  
They were not true.



# Heroes

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

AFTER Dad had stayed to shut off steam, the time his engine jumped the "S" curve, I was kind of adopted by the railroad company, and the Superintendent made me night call-boy. But it was Uncle Epic who gave me a home in his house at the edge o' town, where, between his pension and my salary, we managed to keep the cracker line open.

The old, torn piece o' battle-flag hung on the wall of the parlor, which was in front of the other two rooms, and one morning Uncle Epic told me: "At the foot o' the hill the Johnnies fit me to a stan'still for a second. Then I took the flag away from 'em and marched on; and as I clim up one side o' the hill they clim down on the other—"

Well, I was ashamed to find myself noddin', with this history bein' told, but it seemed like I'd walked a hundred miles the night before, callin' out train crews; and I thought I could see Uncle Epic under the flag, with a lantern in his hand, havin' a battle to get the men o' Number Sixteen out o' bed at two in the mornin'.

He thumped his cane on the floor like a cannon-shot. "You'd sit and go to sleep if Old Grant was tellin' you about the battle o' Lookout Mountain," he said.

"You just tell about it and see," I answered, and he did, till I was wide awake.

"They ain't any boys these days like the boys o' '62," he said then, and it made me pretty blue to find this out again. For I'd hoped to live at the same time with great men like George Washin'ton and Old Grant; but they'd done about everything there was to do for their country, leavin' us nothin' but to stand still and look back.

"If anything good turned up, don't you think we'd march out to battle in armies?" I asked.

"You might march a little," answered Uncle Epic; then he felt his way out-

doors with his stick, for he would never sight over a gun no more. Under the window I heard him stop and sigh, and though I got the war book down on the floor and looked it through, I couldn't forget that sigh. For I understood what he was dreamin' of, and seein' in his blind way—the Hero City, with its marbles and woods, and the great dome o' the Capitol shinin' under the windy flags.

"If I could take him there once again," I thought, for it's hard luck to have such a place built by the country, when the country is your own savin's, and then not be able to live in it.

"I bet they miss Uncle Epic in Washin'ton, and wonder why he ain't been there," I thought, and was ashamed I was too pore to take him. Then I fell asleep on the war book and dreamed o' heroes quarrellin' with bayonets, in a dim way, but I couldn't do as well even when asleep as Uncle Epic could awake. Why, he'd bring out those old pictures in bright colors, which was wonderful for a blind man; but mine just crumbled away into smoke, and when I woke it was too late to try dreamin' 'em over again.

I shivered as if lyin' stark on a battle-field instead of the kitchen floor; for the northwest wind, all coated with leaves, had begun to prowl like the wolf at the door durin' the fall evenin's, and blew his cold breath through the crack.

"They fit me to a stan'still for a minute," Uncle Epic was sayin', as he set the table for supper—which he could cook as well as a seein' man; "then me and the boys march on and on, with the flag which they've built a city under. I reckon all the skies there is like one great flag broke out; I just knew I could see that city again if I was ever led to it. But I'm marchin' on fast, and it 'll soon be left far behin' to old Comrade Epic."



He found I was awake now, and with one last word stopped talkin' to himself: "But I'd turn 'round square in the face o' Paradise to look back at it; an' if that there is treason, they can make the most of it."

As I couldn't comfort him any, I didn't let him know he'd been eavesdropped, and we ate supper without talkin'. Then it was dusk, and my time to go, so I lit the lantern and pretended to drum reveille on the window-pane.

"It's reveille for you," said the old man, "but it's taps for me. All you have to fight is the railroad company for a raise; the worl's all cheerful and light to you—"

It was black night outside, and stormy, but o' course he couldn't tell the difference; I guess he thought it was only blindness and the noise of old battles.

I couldn't leave him like this, and at last did somethin' I'd never dared before. I brought the Ginerals old black cigar from under its glass case in the front parlor, and said, "Take a whiff o' this."

He sat still a minute and then answered: "Benny, you oughtn't to tempt me. 'Tain't been over thirty year since I smoked the other one. Still, I'll whiff on it a minute, though I won't light it till I'm in Washin'ton."

There was a lot o' history in that cigar, and I didn't blame him for not smokin' it outright; but he settled back peaceful with it between his lips, and after while I went out without sayin' good night. I seemed to hear troopers gallopin' past as the trees crashed together in the windy dark; and leaves rushed up the footpath in battalions, whisperin' and stormin' into my face like mad. But this was as far as I could imagine things, and the rest o' the way I could see only bare streets and streamin' gas-lamps, till I came to the station. But Uncle Epic could have seen great pictures in *his* darkness.

As I was copyin' the list o' crews to be called, the Superintendent came into the office with a strange gentleman. "Ben," he said, "they'll be hard to rout out o' bed this kind o' night."

"I'll go after 'em like a stormin' party," I answered.

He laughed. "That old uncle o' yours has been chargin' up Lookout Mountain

again. Does he still think the country owes Washin'ton to him?"

I couldn't answer, and the Superintendent went on, to the stranger: "Uncle Epic is a hero, and can't get over it, Mr. Winslow."

Then I knew this gentleman to be the General Manager, and looked up. He was a small, quick man, with gray hair and very sharp eyes. "I think rather more o' the railroad heroes than o' those who saved the country," he said, in a dry way.

Maybe the Superintendent saw that all this made me look ashamed—though it wasn't for Uncle Epic.

"Ben's father was the man who stayed by his engine in the 'S' wreck," he spoke up, layin' his hand on my shoulder, and Mr. Winslow nodded.

"There ought to be good stuff in you," he said to me. Then they went over to the despatcher, and I started out after the first crew.

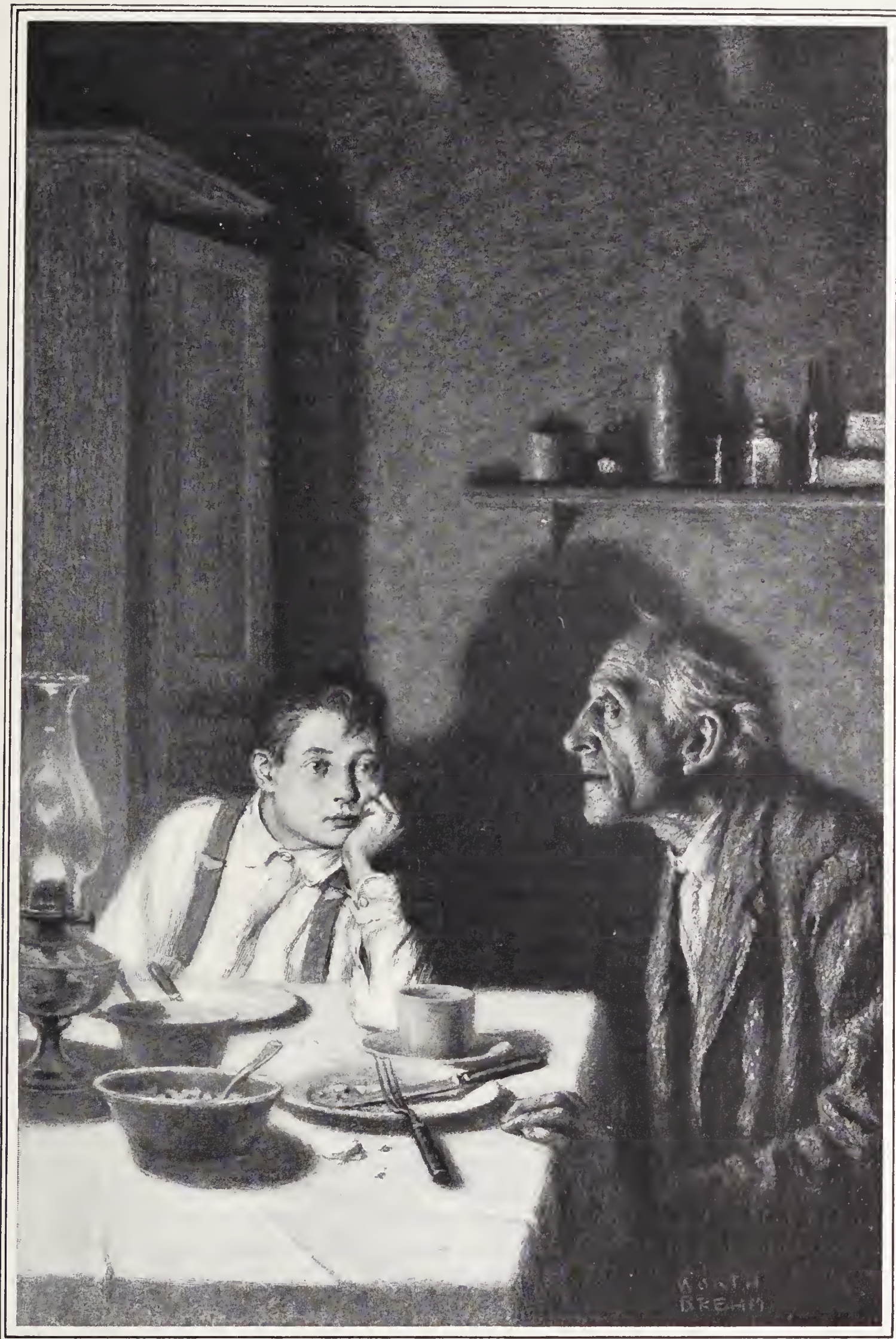
I was used to watchin' the city die at night, as light after light went out in the windows, till only one was left here and there in the homes o' sick people. But to-night it was lonesomer than ever. Once I saw the doctor and the buryin'-man out on the streets, and grew afraid; for boys nowadays ain't like the boys o' '62.

I'd been proud to hear my father spoken of as a brave man, and wished that people would only be as fair to Uncle Epic. "They won't, though," I kept thinkin'; "they don't care anything for their country—only for the railroad. If that General Manager could only hear one o' Uncle Epic's pictures, he'd feel what a hero is."

I'd always tried to imagine that I was a kind of sentry, callin' out soldiers who were to see that the night went well for the nation. But now I felt that nobody cared whether it did or not, and almost surrendered the whole thing. Sleet began to patter on the panes o' houses, and I lagged behind time, like a blind man who hadn't a single picture to remember or hope for.

After makin' the last round at day-break I went home and shook the ice off my coat by the kitchen stove. "Yes, yes; it's all cheerful and light to you," went on Uncle Epic, "and you oughtn't





*Drawn by Worth Brehm*

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"THEY AIN'T ANY BOYS THESE DAYS LIKE THE BOYS O' '62"



to mind sleet and storm any more than we boys did at Donelson."

My teeth chattered so I couldn't answer, but I thought o' that General Manager who didn't take much stock in heroes that had fought over forts through storms of ice. "I bet he ain't even a Union man," I thought, and then asked Uncle Epic whether the country was goin' down-hill.

"It's goin' down along with the old stock," he said. Then he went into history, while I drank some coffee and went to sleep and woke, by turns. But history now seemed dead and distant, I couldn't see his pictures any more, and once I dreamed I didn't have any country.

Two days crawled by like this, and Uncle Epic seemed to be gettin' on very poorly; talkin' less and less. I knew he spent his time just seein' things, and when on that last evenin' he sat almost still I was pretty well scared.

I believe he felt that I didn't take interest in the war news any more, and since I'd come to understand that even General Managers didn't care about their country, I said to myself, "Then what's the use of only a call-boy standin' by it?" So in spite o' myself I was a deserter from the old man's thoughts.

I remember, one mornin' I was comin' in from the last call, when I noticed the General Manager's car standin' in front o' the depot. The engine had just made a flyin' switch far up the yard, and a freight-car comin' down at that minute. I boarded it in front by grabbin' the brake rod and settin' both feet on the beam. The car was runnin' very slow by the time we came up to the depot, and I was hangin' to it, about half under the wheels, when suddenly I heard a soft cry behind me.

As I turned my head I saw a little girl standin' quite still in the centre o' the track. She had both arms held out toward me, and o' course I caught as tight a hold of her as I could get. But my feet slipped, and instead of liftin' her up, I sprawled on the track beside her.

The brake beam touched my feet, and I stiffened my body like a piece o' wood. I couldn't have let go of the little girl if I'd wanted to, for I tell you I was stiff all over—my fingers holdin' to her like

an iron claw. The car was barely movin'; but it was movin'; it seemed an hour that I was scratchin' over the ties and cinders, tryin' to hold my head up, and thinkin' a lot of another car just ahead. I heard the town clock strike, the little girl's dress tore; then I got a rap across the forehead from the brake beam of the car ahead.

Well, it's a wonder I wasn't telescoped; but our car stopped still durin' that very second. So it came out all right.

I was in the Superintendent's office when I got over it; the General Manager was there, and so was his little girl, who kept tight hold o' my hand.

"I got my new dress all tore," she said, the first thing.

The General Manager spoke in a shaky voice: "I said there was good stuff in him," he told the Superintendent.

"A little o' the war stock, maybe," I managed to say, for I wanted 'em to be fair to Uncle Epic.

The Superintendent laughed a little, and I turned my face to the wall.

"Here, this won't do, Ben," he said, quickly; "Uncle Epic's a hero if you will; and you're just like him."

But I felt he didn't mean anything by this, and lay still; then the doctor came in to look me over.

The railroad company gave me a lay-off, and I stayed around the house with my head tied up in a rag to please the doctor. And durin' those few days, how Uncle Epic and I did go into history!

"I allow that bein' slid along the track by a freight-car is somethin' for boys o' to-day," he said; "though you didn't enlist for doin' that, deliberate. But let me tell you about chinnin' Look-out. Yes, sir, we had to draw ourselves up and chin it, with cannon swingin' our eye-winkers, and our hair burnin' like a time fuse—"

Never in all my life before could I follow him in and out of his pictures, among watch-fires, or slantin' bayonets, and he was surprised.

"I thought the old sperrit had been quenched out o' you," he said; "but maybe not; maybe not. Besides, actin' as cowcatcher to a freight-car shows a little bit o' the old stock; a conscrip' wouldn't have doue it."



I was proud enough to hear him say this, and when my head would hurt and I'd stumble a bit, he'd cheer me up by callin', "Stan' to your guns, comrade."

One day I told him: "I can see Washin'ton so plain since I've been here with you this time; don't you think we could kind o' visit it in one o' the pictures, and you could smoke the Ginerals' cigar?"

But he said he couldn't, because in Washin'ton he could actu'ly see the whole thing in green trees and white marble and flamin' flags.

"What I want is a sight of 'em," he explained, "so I can take it along with me to the other boys. Maybe it ain't owin' to me; but I dun'no'."

This was sure hard luck to him, and when the General Manager came back to town and straight to our house and said, "Ben, tell me what you want," I answered, "Uncle and I want to go see Washin'ton."

"Umph," he said, and thought it over. "I've got to run down there next week," he went on then, "and you two can go along. I'll take Alice, too; she wishes to talk over the trip you took her on."

Well, after that maybe we didn't have a rousin' camp-fire at our house every evenin'!

"We know you're tired; still you mus' go  
Down to Atlanty to see the big show,"

Uncle Epic would call like an old rusty bugle; and he got out his uniform. "I've patched 'em in the evenin' when the big guns boomed aroun' Chickamaugua," he said: "but the moths are the only things which have gone up-hill from the stock o' '62. I'll have to wear plain peace clo'es."

On the last evenin' we sat waitin' marchin' orders, he was still so long that I began to scare. "S'posin', Benny," he said at last—"o' course it ain't likely, but s'posin' that I can't see when I get there, and just have to roos' around like an old hootin' owl."

I was a good deal troubled over one thing already, and this made it worse. "Why, you can't help but see," I told him.

"Well, s'posin' I can't; do you think you could tell me everything, just exac'ly as it is? I can't stan' for any mistakes, you know, 'cause these is matter o' history and I've got to take 'em along."

"I'll tell 'em exac'ly," I answered.

"Well, then I guess I can smoke there just the same," and he put the Ginerals' cigar into his carpetbag.

The next mornin' Mr. Winslow called for us himself, and in an hour we'd started for Washin'ton in a private car.

"I'd just as lieve," said Uncle Epic; "though I wasn't a private when I quit." The General Manager said "Umph" again, which worried and hurt me, too. For he seemed to have got us mixed up, and while treatin' me as kind as possible, he didn't take any stock in Uncle Epic. And it was the same way when we got to Washin'ton in the evenin' and went to the hotel.

"These eatings are like livin' among the sutlers," said Uncle Epic, but he didn't take much dinner. Instead, he was strainin' his eyes in every direction.

"I dun'no', but I believe I'm goin' to make it," he whispered. "Ain't that a gentleman over yonder, with a full beard, and a stock, and a long coat with embroidered wescutt?"

I laid my hand on the General Manager's for a second. "Well, if it ain't!" I answered.

"Ha!" he said, "you won't have much to tell me about Washin'ton to-morrow."

"I must be careful and not strain my eyes, or I'll be seein' things before I come to 'em," he told me after supper, and, bein' tired, we went to bed.

"I can see already that it's a fine day," said Uncle Epic the next mornin'. "Now, let's start from the moniment."

We walked through paths covered with leaves till we came to the moniment. "It's a shame to leave that half finished, as if it had broke in two," said uncle. "Still, it ain't such a strain to see to the top, this way. Now, how high would you say it is, Benny?"

Mr. Winslow, who had me by the arm, started to answer, but uncle whispered to me: "I'd rather have you tell me what I can't see for myself. We history folks have got to work together."

"Way up; about two hundred feet," I told him.

"That's what I've always told 'em," he answered; and then we walked to the White House, where he said:

"They ought to fence all this in, and tear down those darky cabins in the groun's. Am I right, Benny?"



"Yes," I answered; "it's a shame to leave 'em there."

"Now, my eyes ain't used to seein' it all at once," he explained, "so you go ahead and give me the partic'lars."

Then I told him it was all like one of his own pictures; with the river shinin' along one side, the trees yellow and gold with marble statues whitenin' through, and the great dome o' the Capitol soarin' high over the city.

"With the windy flags?"

"Yes, with the windy flags."

"Sure enough; I can see 'em all," he said.

We wandered around till afternoon, and I had to tell him lots o' partic'lars.

"'Pears to me it ain't changed much," he said while we were goin' through the gardens below the Capitol; "I've been afraid they'd ruin it. It would be the same Washin'ton, if I could only meet just one old comrade to talk over Look-out Mountain."

"Umph," said Mr. Winslow; and then, "Here is your comrade; a statue just unveiled."

Uncle Epic laid a hand on his arm; "I know," he said in a low voice; "even if I was blind I could tell him; though he only stan's there in stone."

"There are lions crouched around him," added Mr. Winslow.

"O' course they'd crouch. Benny, I'm goin' to salute him; and then—why, then I'll sit down here and have a quiet smoke with him. I believe he'd like that better than anything else; he gave me the cigar himself."

"The same cigar," I said.

"Umph; Umph," said Mr. Winslow; and after uncle had lit the cigar, and sat down on the steps o' the monument for a quiet smoke, Mr. Winslow burst out, as if he tried hard not to say it:

"The same cigar! Tell me the story, sir."

"When I took the flag and clim up one side o' the hill while the Johnnies clim down on the other, a musket went off in my face. I got the burnin' powder, but not the ball."

"Well?" asked Mr. Winslow, in an anxious way.

"Later, when I came out o' the hospital tent, the frien' leadin' me stopped by a man on horseback. 'Gineral,' he

said, 'this is a comrade o' mine who took a flag on the Mountain, and then had his eyes blowed out. I thought you might like to know him.'

"I saluted, and felt some one grasp my hand; 'I would,' said the Gineral. I felt him look at me, and he started to say somethin', but his voice broke down a little, and all he did was to put a cigar into my han'.

"'And after his eyes was out he held on to the flag, and fit back a man who grabbed him,' went on my frien'.

"'Course I wanted to give it into right hands,' I explained.

"The Gineral started to speak again, but he didn't have any better luck than before. 'Have another cigar,' he said, quick, like that, and with another strong shake he galloped on.

"The Gineral," he went on, lookin' up, "was Old Grant. And I'm the last comrade to have a smoke with him."

"Well, well," said Mr. Winslow; and then he was perfec'ly still until Uncle Epic finished his cigar. Then we went toward the last place of all—the Capitol.

"Who thinks I can't see him," said uncle, lookin' back for one second, "there among his crouchin' lions, reviewin' a million fightin' men, as we clim past him down the other side o' the hill ourselves? But we leave the country safe on top of it." And Mr. Winslow did not say anything.

We walked up the terrace and under the great dome, where for an instant Mr. Winslow stepped aside to speak to a man he knew. I turned around, for it was the first time he'd left us, all day, and I was afraid.

"Benny," said Uncle Epic, "I'll see no more; it's too strainin' on the eyesight. Tell me, who is this marble man in front of us?"

I hesitated, and my heart was leapin' at its strings.

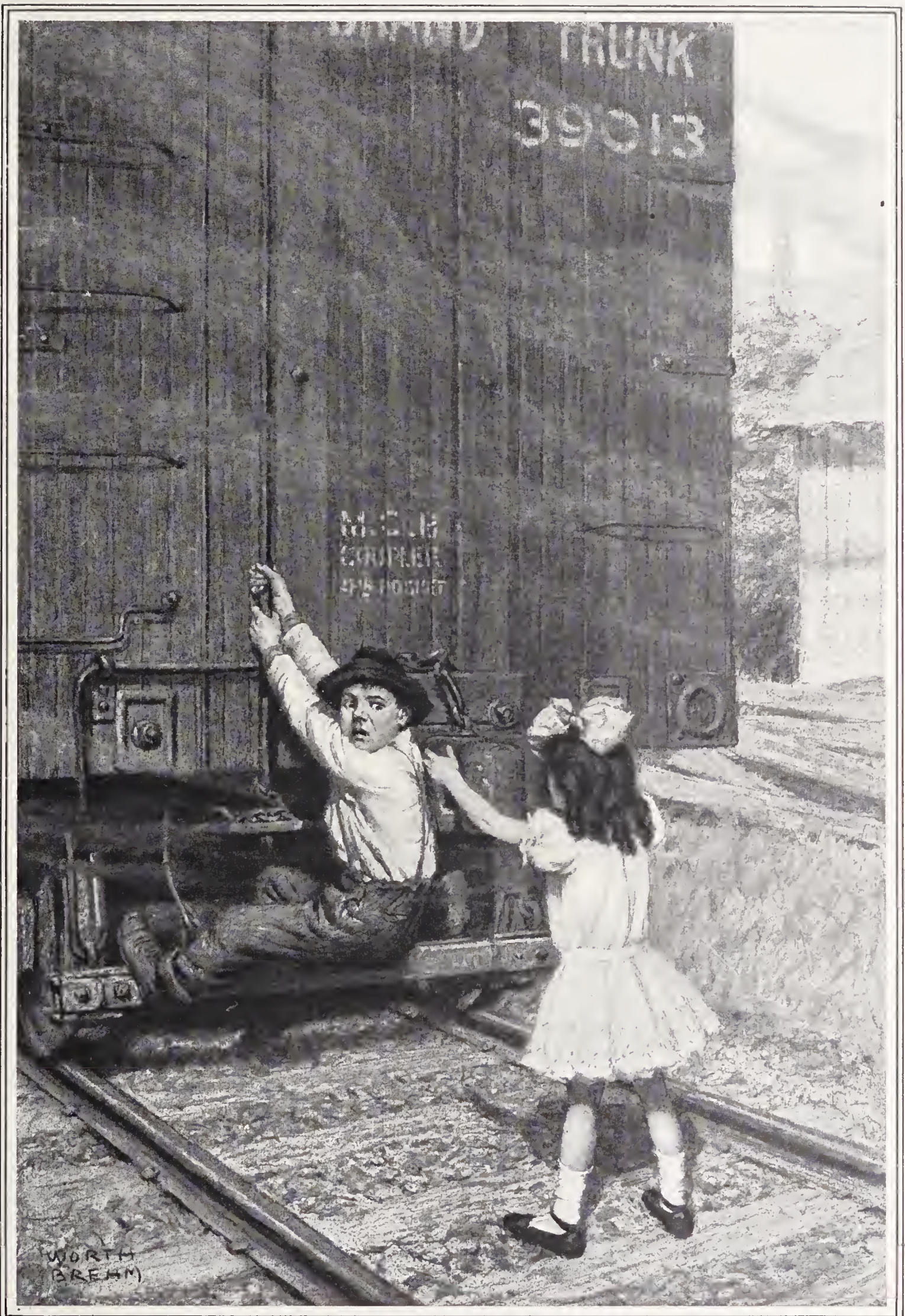
"Why don't you answer?" he asked, quickly.

"It's Gineral—Gineral Jackson," I told him.

He stood quite still, as if frozen, and then he gave a bitter, broken cry.

"Benny, it is the head o' Lincoln; I can feel the look on his face. Why did you say Gineral Jackson?" I heard him come on me, fumblin' with his stick.





*Drawn by Worth Brehm*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

I SAW A LITTLE GIRL STANDING IN THE CENTRE OF THE TRACK



"You traitor," he whispered; "you've told me lies; lies, before Old Grant and Lincoln!"

"I wanted you to see the partic'lars; I did the best I could," I cried to him, and then hid my face against Mr. Winslow's arm.

"Ben told you truly," he said, quietly, "everything as he has seen it."

Uncle Epic thought a long time, and I felt the breath goin' out o' my body; then softly he felt my bandaged eyes under the hat brim.

"I wondered that you saw the pictures so plain lately," he said, in a brave, clear tone, as if proud o' somethin'; "but I was only jokin'; why, I can see plain enought for both of us, and, Benny, our pictures were all true; I can take 'em along without changin'—"

His voice died away, and Mr. Winslow

spoke as softly as if we were in a church: "I wish to look on 'em, too—forever—with the same sight as you and Ben."

His arm was over my shoulders, and I felt him draw the old soldier toward us.

"Ben may see again; but I claim him whether he does or not," he said; "and Uncle Epic; I understan' now; I wish—oh, you must know how I feel about it—won't you just have another cigar?" I was glad to hear this; but gladdest of all for Mr. Winslow.

We stood still a minute, listenin' to footsteps die away along the corridors. Little Alice took hold o' my hand, and then I heard Uncle Epic say to Mr. Winslow:

"Stock o' '62."

And I was proud, and ashamed, too, to have so much said o' me, before the face o' Lincoln, in the house of the old flag.

## The Precinct

BY ARTHUR LEWIS

I CARE not what the precinct be  
Of my life, so the sun I see:  
So that a guerdon of gay flowers  
My window and my walk embowers;  
And little birds, with peep of day,  
And fall of eve, their fate obey.

I care not what the narrow round  
By which my penury be bound,  
So I be saved from voices vain,  
The crush of greed, the grab of gain;  
From vapors, and the laden state  
Of them that hunger to be great.

I care not what the little view  
Be mine of paths to pleasure due,  
So breath be there, where peace abides,  
Where lingers day—night nothing hides  
That is not weary with the best  
Of labor, kind, and come to rest.



## Editor's Easy Chair

"SHE said, 'He called, the other night, and instead of just talking twenty minutes or so, and then going, he stayed till hawf pawst eleven!' The other girl did not say anything, and I listened so intently that I could have caught her slightest syllable as they crunched by me on the snowy path in the twilight of the Park. They were coming behind me, and I went slowly, to hear more, and as they passed, the first girl added, 'But we had a good time.' I couldn't make out whether she said it defiantly or exultantly, or merely in disappointment, to cover the confusion of her retreat from the main fact.

"They kept on round the way they were going, and I shall never forgive myself for not following them, and trying to hear more, if there was any more, and if there wasn't, trying to divine what more there might have been. They were cultivated girls; I knew it by their dress and their walk; the one who spoke had a cultivated voice, and the other kept a cultivated silence, whether it was from envy, or pity, or mere impartial reticence. I shall never know which it was, now, as I was fool enough to cross over to the Mall, at this most psychological moment, and go on to the Terrace, for no conceivable reason except that this was the walk I had intended to take, and I was helpless in the hold of my purpose, in spite of the promise, the lure, of the words I had overheard."

"Some people," we observed, "would say eavesdropped."

"Why, no," our friend returned, "not justly, would they? I have thought of that point. I hadn't tried to surprise the confidence reposed in me, and although I would have very willingly prolonged it, I didn't. But why are we so down upon eavesdropping in one form, and not in another?"

"How do you mean?"

"We think it disgraceful to overhear what people are saying, but we rather

plume ourselves on reading their thoughts, as we call it, if we have any luck in it. But I believe people have as much right to their thoughts as their words, if they are not meant for you, and it's quite as indecent to try for the one as the other."

"Now we suppose," we said, with characteristic subtlety, "you want to justify yourself in catching those chance words, which ought to have been sacred from you, by your failure to surprise the thoughts that wouldn't lend themselves to your knowledge." But here we ourselves yielded to a temptation which we should certainly have overcome if it had not been so strong. "What do you imagine the little romance was?"

"Ah!" our friend threw back his head with a deep breath, "it was not one romance, it was many romances, of infinite variety. I have been so rich in them, ever since! But in the first place, why have evening calls gone out?"

We laughed superior. "Our dear fellow," we said, "the question shows how much of a farmer you are. Don't you know that in society everybody is engaged after five-o'clock tea? Either they are going out to dinner that night, or they are giving a dinner, or they are booked for the opera or the play, or a little dance, or one of those more mystical society functions of which you can hardly conceive the nature—something the more electly exclusive from being a little, an infinitesimally, Bohemian."

"Yes, I have heard of all that from society people—as I dare say you have," he added, with clumsy sarcasm. "But there are long lapses of time between dinner and those functions when people might be glad to see other people—and then gain some glory by excusing themselves for having to dress. As for dinners, or plays, or operas, I suppose even you are not always giving or going?"

"Perhaps we have one night in the week free."



"Well, then, why shouldn't that one night be known, and people come on it to call, as people used to call any night of the week, taking their chances of not finding you engaged? Then young, unoccupied persons, who are not in such constant social request as old literary hacks are, could, as that dear nameless girl said, have 'a very good time,' if the caller sometimes stayed till 'hawf pawst eleven,' instead of 'just talking twenty minutes and then going.'

"Oh, it is pitiful

In a whole city full'

of young professional and business men to think how few can get up-town and dress, even in the informal way men dress now, for afternoon tea. How many dear girls go uncalled upon because they can't be called upon in the evening! Dear girls in society, I mean. I'm not so up in it all as you are"—we assumed an air of modest deprecation—"but I know enough of society to realize that those girls in the twilight Park were not real society girls if they had evening callers, charming and well dressed and well mannered as they were. Probably they were art students, or, if one may judge from those broadened *a's*, they were more probably students of the dramatic school, and were acquiring the English accent which the stage now exacts from the most indigenous American actors. When I began to build their romances on those diverging bases, and finally withdrew and confined my fancy to one hypothesis, I guarded myself from placing the action on any of those social acclivities that you and your friends look down from upon us others."

"Don't be envious," we interposed. "It's vulgar. What was your chosen romance?"

"It would spoil it if I told it in detail. But you may be sure I didn't choose the caller who stayed till hawf pawst eleven from those who figure in society columns as the guests of *grandes dames*."

"Vulgar again," we noted. "Why didn't you choose one of that sort? He would have liked it."

"But I wouldn't have liked *him*, and *she* wouldn't. No, I knew our caller better, and I recognized in him a young journalist—evening paper; for on a morning paper he wouldn't have been free

at that time—intending to be a novelist, and already getting short stories into the magazines. He would be a poet, too, and he would have brought some pages of manuscript with him—a chapter, very dramatic, or a poem, very lyrical—in hopes of working naturally round to it, and reading it as happily coincident to what they were saying. She would listen—to him, and just enough to it—to comment intelligently on it. But it would richly suffice if she merely breathed, 'Beautiful!' and looked starrily at him."

"You are putting the evening caller at his best—his more than best. Very likely he was a tiresome young man whom she would have spurned by day, and she only endured him because she had no other way of spending the evening."

"But how could she say, then, that they had a very good time?"

"Well, the society theory is that she was not at home, but at the opera, or a dinner-dance, or any of the engagements that have killed off evening calls. And she mightn't have been telling the truth at all. He may have stayed only twenty minutes, or they may not have had a good time. You can't trust everything you hear in the Park—or overhear. But while we are about evening calls, what has become of morning calls, or just when did they go out? They must once have been very fashionable. There used to be a farce of the name of *The Morning Call*, which ought to have been founded on fact—at least as much as farces ever are. It was played in private theatricals; it only needed two people, and a fan and a coal-scuttle; the gentleman was always putting on coal, and the lady fanning herself, if I remember rightly. It was very brilliant if we can trust the retrospect. In the elderly novels lots of people seem to have called in the morning."

"So they seem to have dined at one o'clock. But we mustn't ask too much. You are forgetting your rôle of society person."

"And you yours of eavesdropper. What else have you overheard lately in the Park?"

"It isn't the season yet for the more expansive emotions. But the other day—or year, or decade—I was going up the Mall, and I surprised a soliloquy."



"Ah, what was it?"

"That was what I was trying to find out. It was delivered in a very volcanic manner by a gentleman who was swinging his arms wildly about, and I stopped to listen with both ears. When he observed my interest in his remarks, he stopped too, and shouted at me: 'Who are you listening to? Go on!'"

"And what did you do then?"

"I looked about, and not seeing any guardian of the public security (as they call them in Italy) about, I went on. That is why I am here now, I suppose. Once I had some conversation directly addressed to me by a very respectable-looking young woman who asked me, in a lady-like voice, to lend her ten cents to pay her fare to Brooklyn. It was not so very astonishing, though the way women often go out with little or no change in their pockets is astonishing; perhaps it's because they have no pockets. I happened to have the money, and I gave her a dime; I don't say lent, for I've never got it back."

"Think of your *not* having it!"

"That would have been tragical. But my experience is that the Park abounds rather in idyls than tragedies—like the lyrical passage which I overheard between these two girls. Did I note to you my suffering from the indifference of the girl who listened in such cold silence to what her friend was saying? I thought it added a touch of pathos to the case—a tint that like that crimson edge which the florist knows how to bring to the tip of a white rose petal."

"Very pretty," we said, patronizingly. "And your idyls, your pure pastorals?"

"The Park is packed with poetry of one kind and another. By the way, have you read Mr. Towne's poem of *Manhattan*?"

"Yes, and let any one tell us again that there is no inspiration in New York! New York is full inspiration; and she was only waiting for a right poet to come and let her prove it by him."

"Well, I don't know that I ever disputed the fact, though you seem to think so. What I like in this poet—though it's only one of the things—is his beautiful courage in calling things by their names. He isn't afraid of saying Elevated Road, from any beggarly doubt of

its being poetical, or speaking of the Hotel System, because some grovelling soul may think it prosaic. Rightly seen, rightly known, all the facts of this brutally beautiful metropolis are the material of the loftiest rhyme. To be sure it will be rhyme built on the lines of the sky-scraper, and not those of the feudal tower. How charmingly simple and free the plan of his poem is! A bit of soliloquy, a picture, a character, a flash of lyrical brightness, a cadence as of a far-heard tune—there you have it all! It is a handful of verse, but every verse of the handful is a pearl."

"Well," we interposed, "we don't know that we should go so far as that. The thing is all well enough, but—" But our friend was quoting in a transport of remembered pleasure:

"Spring comes to town like some mad girl  
who runs  
With silver feet upon the Avenue,  
And like Ophelia in her tresses twines  
The first young blossoms—purple violets  
And golden daffodils. These are enough—  
These fragile handfuls of miraculous  
bloom—  
To make the monster City feel the Spring!  
One dash of color in her dun-gray hood,  
One flash of yellow near her pallid face,  
And she and April are the best of  
friends—  
Benighted town that needs a friend so  
much!  
How she responds to that first soft caress,  
And draws the hoyden spring close to  
her heart.  
And thrills and sings, and for one little  
time  
Forgets the foolish panic of her sons,  
Forgets her sordid merchandise and  
trade,  
And lightly trips, while hurdy-gurdies  
sing—  
A wise old crone upon a holiday!"

The last line is a little false, a little fond, but how good all the rest are, and how sweet and fresh the English of them is! I'm glad it isn't all of this blitheness—that would be untrue, and the poem is so true, so true! How it strikes the right note in the first lines:

"City I love—and hate!—how can I sing  
The miracle of your might in such a  
mood?  
How can I still the anger in my heart,



To tell of your great beauty? How  
dispel  
The anguish I have felt at your strong  
hands,  
To whisper of your wonder?"

"There you have New York! We have  
got a poet of our own at last."

"Well, don't make a fuss about it;  
don't spoil the man. Besides, we have  
had poets before this; we've been rather  
rich in them, come to think of it. Have  
you forgotten Stedman's *Pan in Wall  
Street?*"

"Stedman was always a little academic,  
at his wildest."

"We deny it. He was always a  
scholar, we'll allow. And there was  
Whitman—"

"Whitman sprawled."

"But at a man's length and breadth  
of limb; and he did divine Manhattan.  
But if you are so *exigeant*, there, long  
ago, was poor old N. P. Willis, with his  
*Unseen Spirits*."

"The shadows lay along Broadway—"

"Go on, go on!" our friend shouted;  
and we went on—how could we help it  
when once we had begun with that  
beautiffulness?

"The shadows lay along Broadway—

'Twas near the twilight tide,—  
And slowly there a lady fair  
Was walking in her pride.  
Alone walked she, but viewlessly  
Walked spirits by her side.

"Peace charmed the air beneath her feet,  
And Honor charmed the air,  
And all astir looked kind on her,  
And ealled her good as fair;  
For all God ever gave to her  
She kept with eary care.

"Now walking there was one more fair,—  
A slight girl, lily pale;  
And she had unseen company  
To make the spirits quail:  
'Twixt Want and Seorn she walked  
forlorn,  
And nothing could avail.

"No mercy now can clear her brow  
For this world's peace to pray;  
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
Her woman's heart gave way!  
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven  
By man is curst alway."

"There!" we triumphed, "can you beat  
that bit of New York, that bit of hu-  
manity, with anything out of your brave  
new poet? Poor old N. P. Willis has  
his convention of the fallen woman's  
falling through love; that was the Early  
Victorian pose, and he couldn't help it;  
but all the rest, how true it is, how quite  
as true as your young man's bold dash  
at reality in his picture of that restaurant  
interior with its sardonic coloring!"

"It lends an interest to Life to know  
That there beside that *grande dame*  
proudly pale,  
Sits a young courtesan whose story is  
The common topic of a trivial world. . . .  
The harlot gives the *grande dame*  
something strange  
To think of through this tedious dining  
hour,  
And then—who knows?—perhaps the  
painted girl  
Finds very much to ruminate upon  
When her quick eyes consider the Lady's  
face! . . .  
But always when I sit in such a place,  
And see the comprehension in the eyes  
Of men and women of divided spheres,  
I think that no such distance separates  
The half-world and the world as that  
which flings  
The rich and poor immeasurably apart!"

"Yes, you're right," our friend con-  
fessed, "but isn't it something great to  
be cited in the same breath with one of  
the sweetest passages in all poetry?"

"Oh yes, very much. But let us never  
forget the past in setting our faces of  
praise toward the future. Mr. Towne's  
poem will be all the more intelligent-  
ly valued if we remember the other  
New York songs that have been sung.  
Besides, it is well always to mingle a  
few drops of poison in the honeyed cup  
we press to the lips of a young poet;  
poison is good for young poets; it is  
very tonic." We had a moment's pause,  
who knows but of repentance, of regret;  
one cannot always be just; one must  
sometimes be generous, and we said, "But  
in this new poet of New York, this  
prophet of our City of Dis, we know the  
same touch of heart as in those elders who  
are always young; and his poem is full  
of the truth of his heart."





## Editor's Study

WE are not undertaking a comprehensive study of Man and Woman in their respective relations to human civilization. What chiefly concerns us here is their place in imaginative literature—especially in fiction, since it is there that the creative genius of woman has most signally come into comparison with that of man, and with the greatest distinction. Fiction, too, stands foremost as the art beyond all others concerned in the present-day development of the Humanities.

But the period—only a century and a half—in which woman has stood side by side with man as an acknowledged creator is so small a fraction of historic time that the question naturally arises, Why was this distinction so long delayed? This creative power, so suddenly manifest in a new field of literature, cannot be supposed to have been a sudden endowment of woman's nature. Some answer to the question seemed forced upon us. We may reasonably claim this as an excuse for having devoted three numbers of the Study to a review of social evolution extensive enough to disclose this creative power of woman as a constant and most important factor from the beginning.

Life was before any representation of it in art or literature, and we found that in life woman was intimately and continuously creative, in a more real way and in an evolutionary course nearer to Nature than man was; that, as the more plastic, she, though but a passive participant in man's bold scheme of progress, was, in her sequestered field of wonder, more potent than he in his field of grandeur; and that only when his art and literature came within the scope of her homely and humane sympathies was she heartily disposed to open co-operation with him in these.

We found that in the primitive naturalism, from which civilization was a departure, the creative power of woman

was recognized as socially imperative and determinative, because she was the Mother; that the idea of motherhood was central in man's whole conception of humanity and divinity; that woman, at every remove from her original estate, maintained its native grace and dignity, and, while always seeming to cling to the past and to cherish tradition, she was always in reality looking forward to the revival of the old naturalism on a new and higher plane—to some new and wonderful expansion of motherhood, meanwhile refashioning to this hope, and after the pattern hidden in her waiting heart, every element of tradition and man-made doctrine.

Considering the creative power of woman, simply as the mother, the source of mental and ethical as well as physical nurture, and the home-maker in all civilizations, this power appeared to be the most important factor in the evolution of humanity. Supplementing this creative work with her equally creative inspiration, through her physical and psychical charm and exquisite sensibility, of all that has been noblest in man's achievement, effectively, though perhaps insensibly, influencing art and culture, so that the most gracious and bountiful effects of these were due to their inevitable feminization, it seemed evident that woman, as a creator, without observation and without self-interest or any desire for individual fame, has in these ways done, and will continue to do, more for the development of the Humanities than she has achieved or ever will achieve in the open arena of the world's work, even if she secures her right to vote.

All this was simply in the lines of evolutionary procedure, woman having no recourse to man's logic or to any other of his masterful weapons, but simply fulfilling her natural destiny. In this consideration of her destiny it was essential that heredity should be given



its full recognition—that we should see the woman in man, and not less clearly the man in woman, though indeed there is very little to be clearly distinguished in this mysterious blending. It was certainly apparent that the finer qualities of man's nature were promoted and reinforced by the woman in him as well as by the woman associated with him, and that, whatever woman derived from man, it was not a heritage transmuting her aims and motives from her own to his pattern—such ambitions and vanities as she might entertain being, like the whole technique of her social exercises, determined by the close range of her existence or, rather, by the natural desire for diversion from the narrow and monotonous routine to which the homely interests and sympathies of that existence held her.

A minute examination, if we had chosen to enter upon it, of these feminine social diversions would have discovered an infinite variety of trivial customs and petty devices, such as Dean Swift cynically paraded in his letter "To a very Young Lady on her Marriage," and grotesquely contrasting with woman's real work in the fulfilment of her natural destiny. But these idle follies of fashionable women have been more than offset by the vices and extravagances of their virile brothers in the same social set, and only show how superficial a society may become where men and women live separate lives and, especially, seek separate entertainment. We see, too, that in women we must find the woman, as in men the man, just as in the mass of what is called literature we must find what is worthy to be so called, and in the confused drifts of our existence must discern the main currents of life, if we would comprehend what the evolutionary course really is.

It is well to remember, too, that all the phenomena of human life go to the making of it, and that even the fopperies and frivolities, the excesses of men and the idle gossip of women, are the froth on the surface from deep undercurrents. Life would lose point, color, and variety but for the amusement that mortals get through indirections from an immortal purpose, or if that purpose were ever

consciously in view. The primary meaning of "amusement" is "avoidance of the Muse"—that is, of serious study—the indulgence of a freedom lighter than leisure; of a disport that, being objectless, is more relaxed than sport; of a play that is abandonment, oblivious of bonds, tolerant of loosened harmonies and of disarray, and often so averse to all sense or sensibility as to give itself to inert things, as a child takes to toys.

The anarchic aspects of this revolt from routine—innocent or reprehensible—are characteristic of man rather than of woman, always excepting the so-called "New Woman" of recent date, the belated fruit, perhaps—though by no means typical of the general harvest—of the closer comradeship between the sexes in literature and journalism. Woman is naturally more cosmic than man, and, notwithstanding her impulsiveness and supposed mutability, more orderly in her amusements. It may be because, contrary to repute, she is nearer to the immutable order of the universe. Certainly in her older and more contracted range of life her most trivial diversions were not only within conventional restraints, but subdued to a quite rhythmical technique, as dainty as it was precise, and, like Nature's steadfast regularity, only accentuated by occasional tempests. What violence of her passionate heart was ordinarily suppressed in that long period of silence—that, besides many other hidden emotions and experiences of that same heart, the world could never have known, save in terms of man's interpretation, if she had not suddenly given up the "exercises of the fan" for the exercise of the pen, and expressed herself.

We have said that nothing which woman might accomplish in this open field, by her pen or otherwise, could be at all commensurate with her mutely creative work from the beginning to the end of human time—a work committed to her by Nature and which, without violence to Nature, she could not evade. But in magnifying a destiny, sure of fulfilment despite the follies, extravagances, errors, and perversions which may be imputed to man or woman—despite any phase which imparts a grotesque irony to the



complex human comedy—there is no depreciation of the importance of woman's overt work in the world, which she has undertaken jointly with man and by the use of his familiar weapons. The penalties and futilities which he has incurred in the past have to some extent helped them both since their common participation in the open arena—in so far as it has been common,—has helped both to a clearer vision. She has brought to literature and to all work for humanity distinctively womanly values of a creative order, effecting a wonderful transformation of the whole view and at the same time her own emancipation. Already differences of aim and method, once so radical, have almost disappeared—more because he has become like her in what is essential, yet in no small degree because she, from both motherly and daughterly pride in man's achievement, has sought to find in him her master and, finding, has followed. About sixty years ago Dickens at once detected the woman's personal note in George Eliot's fiction. Nearly all of the distinguished women writers of to-day have caught man's detachment, in so far as it is necessary to perfect art, to such a degree that, under a masculine pseudonym, they would defy such detection. It is needless to say that, *mutatis mutandis*, this same thing may be said of some of the men who write fiction. Indeed we should sadly miss the distinct differentiation of an earlier time if it were not still maintained by women who dare to be feminine and by men who hold, often perhaps too stoutly, to the old virile fashion. The gamut of variations lacks no familiar note, and has many that are new. Variability is more pronounced in all evolutionary advance; but, in the case of humanity, it does not involve a more pronounced difference between man and woman, but increased variety in the creations of each, in life as well as in literature. In the largest view we can take, the growing *rapprochement* between the sexes is of all things most desirable.

The woman is, or should be, most a woman in association with man, more closely held to reality and to her native method of creation and selection. It was because men and women, in their hours of leisure and intellectual recreation,

came together and found matter of common interest in thought and sentiment, that in the latter part of the eighteenth century English fiction was transformed by Fanny Burney and the women who followed her. These writers took society, vulgar or fashionable, as they found it, in city or country, and their manner of treating its varied types was just that in which they would have written familiar letters about such things. Miss Burney's letters, indeed, had more wit and liveliness than her novels. The constructive art had very little attention in the novels written by men of that time; in this respect the women succeeded better, because their tenser sympathy helped them not only to a quicker but to a happier turn. Also they more abounded in humor, that quality deriving immediately from the reality of character and situation as seen by them.

These ladies, however, might have gone on writing only familiar letters—as their contemporaries of the same sex and social standing in America were doing, thereby making the only American literature of their day which we, in ours, find interesting—if Richardson and Fielding had not entered the field of fiction before them, giving the novel of society its first shaping. Addison and Steele, early in the century, had made much of contemporary social manners in their *Spectator* essays; introducing vivid character sketches; and in all their light and graceful comment had been humorists and dramatists. More had been done in this line of social portraiture by the comedians, Congreve and Gay, and, immediately before Miss Burney's appearance as a novelist, by Sheridan.

The prompt and enthusiastic welcome with which woman was greeted, not only by polite society but by the most eminent of contemporary writers, when she first entered upon this field, is significant. It was not the applause of gallantry which she received from men, but the spontaneous tribute of appreciation as discriminating as it was ample. The appearance of Miss Burney's *Evelina* was an epoch-making surprise. Doctor Johnson overflowed with admiration; Sir Joshua Reynolds fasted and Burke refused sleep until they had finished reading it. Later, Sir Walter Scott paid as



generous and just tribute to Susan Ferrier, whom he greeted as "sister" in the art of fiction, and to Maria Edgeworth, acknowledging that her fortunate achievement, in her novels portraying Irish life, had inspired him, in the Waverley series, to do something of the same kind for his own country, though he was not "so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervaded her work."

The men, as we have seen, had opened the way for women. The society novel as handled by Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett was distinctly provocative, even more by its defects than by its excellences. It illustrated the man's method—his detachment and wide range of view, his conscious and arbitrary manipulation of material, his looseness of thought and feeling, his abnormally virile humor, especially pertinent to convivial entertainment. Woman's admiration, generously accorded to this masculine fiction, must have had its reserves. She certainly must have felt the inadequacy of man's attempt to interpret the impulses of a woman's heart. While not conscious of an effort to do better work, she was urgently prompted to do something different. Even Fielding's sister could not restrain her hand.

When the society novel appeared, after woman's pattern of it, the externality of the life presented in social types and situations was as pronounced as in masculine fiction, but the presentment was in the simple terms of a reality nearly seen and felt. The novelty of the disclosure was promptly acknowledged by masculine critics; and the new traits which the women novelists from Miss Burney to Jane Austen introduced into fiction so far discouraged masculine emulation that they held the field for a whole generation, in undisputed supremacy, until Sir Walter Scott, with his Waverley Novels, put all competitors to flight. But this same Sir Walter, more magnanimous than any knight he ever portrayed, after reading Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice*, said of its author—one of those he had temporarily eclipsed: "The Big Bow Wow strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch, which renders ordinary commonplace things and characters interesting from

the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me."

Woman had waited until man's art should enter a field where its themes were those of ordinary human life before she was tempted to become an artist herself and show herself as a creator. Here man had come near enough to her for her to join hands with him. It was an epoch in the evolution of society—the beginning of that co-operation of woman with man which, in our time, has become the stable ground of our highest hopes for the future of Christian civilization.

As we look back and retrace the progress of modern fiction since that notable conjunction, it is very interesting to note the reciprocal influence of each sex upon the other. Miss Clara H. Whitmore in her book, *Woman's Work in English Fiction*, covering the period from Fanny Burney to George Eliot—for the introductory notice of the Duchess of Newcastle hardly counts—has given some consideration to this feature, mainly with reference to themes. Though she emphasizes the essential value of woman's work in the transformation of fiction as to scope and method, thus laying the foundations of modern realism, she seems over-eager to show that every species of the modern novel was originated by woman, which, if true, is not of vital importance. Aphra Behn's *Oroonoko* was long previous to, but in no way prelude of, Mrs. Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and there is the same inconsequence in the relation of Jane Porter's *Scottish Chiefs* to Scott's Waverley Novels.

Where the connection of man's work with woman's is immediate, it is interesting and suggestive, and not less so if the man's happens to be initiative. Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto* was the beginning of what is called the Gothic Romance, but when Mrs. Radcliffe's novels followed, it was clearly evident that she, though not the first in that field, had the effective mastery of the elements of mystery which Walpole had only toyed with. Then again Poe followed. Mrs. Radcliffe, yet showed an incomparably superior mastery.

What seems to us most impressive is the fact that in the creative field man and woman were working together, each deriving leading inspiration from the other.



## Editor's Drawer

# After Many Years

BY GEORGE WESTON

MRS. CALDERWOOD was performing two trying duties: she was having her spring house-cleaning and her spring dressmaking done at the same time. It happened therefore that when little Miss Neames, the dressmaker, was leaving the Calderwood residence late one afternoon she caught the butler placing a battered old oil-painting on a heap of miscellaneous odds and ends that was presently to be thrown away.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Neames, "don't you want that picture, Mr. Wilkens?"

"No, Miss Neames," said the butler; "it 'as a 'ole in the corner, as you can sec. and the frame is broke as well. Some ham-ateur's work, I dare say, done many a year ago when painting and such was more fashionable among the young ladies than they are now."

"Then," said Miss Neames, made bold by the possibility of owning a real oil-painting, "would you mind if I took it, Mr. Wilkens, seeing that you were going to throw it away?"

"You can 'ave it and welcome, Miss Neames."

She ran out for a boy to carry it, and between the two they soon had it fastened over the mantelpiece in Miss Neames's sitting-room. A vase, artfully placed, hid the patch in the lower corner, and a bottle of gold paint did wonders for the frame. It was a life-size copy of a portrait, not unskillfully done, and it dominated the room to an extent that awed Miss Neames at first.

"A real oil-painting," she whispered to herself. "Who would have thought that I would ever own one! And how handsome

he looks sitting up there—and how sad! Poor man," she whispered in a still lower key, "perhaps he's—he's thinking of some one." She looked at him very long and very earnestly, and when she arose to put the kettle on the gas-stove the picture man seemed to be watching her every movement.



IT ISN'T OFTEN I HAVE COMPANY,  
MR. CARRUTHERS

"Why!" said little Miss Neames, "he's going to be just the same as company, and he'll keep me from being lonesome. I'll have to give him a name. Let me see. Shall I call him Mr. Carruthers—or Mr. Point-dexter—or Mr. Harrington—or what?" She thought the matter over until the water began to boil.

"I think," she said then, "that I will call him Mr. Carruthers. Mr. Arthur Carruthers. Well, Mr. Carruthers," she said, looking up at the picture, "isn't it beautiful weather we're having? I'm going to have a cup of tea and a few crackers. You don't mind, do you? I'll put the crackers



up here on the shelf, and if you would like one help yourself, sir. It isn't often that I have company, Mr. Carruthers, and you don't know how comfortable it feels to have you. I wish you wouldn't look so sad, though; but we'll have to try to cheer each other up. Now if you'll wait a little while, I won't be gone very long."

She disappeared into the next room, and when she came out she was dressed in her best brown silk, with an old-fashioned locket on her breast.

"There, sir!" she exclaimed, nodding to the picture. "It isn't often that I feel like dressing up, but when I do—! Aren't you proud of me now? Aren't you glad you're here with me instead of being on an old dust-heap somewhere?" She took a pack of cards from a drawer. "Now first," she said, "we'll play solitaire and then I'll tell your fortune. I hope you like my brown dress, but I think your favorite color is blue. Your eyes are blue and so is your necktie. You be careful, sir!" she exclaimed, shaking a reckless finger at the picture, "or I'll make myself a blue dress this summer and then you *will* lose your head! I think I'll tell your fortune first."

She shuffled the cards with a skill that could have come only from long practice. "Now," she said, rising and holding up the pack, "you must cut the cards and wish. What? You want me to cut them for you?

Why, of course I don't mind! Well, I never! If you haven't drawn the nine of hearts! And you want me to wish for you, too? W-e-l-l—"

She wished for him, turning her head away as she did it, and it must be that the fortune was a good one, for little Miss Neames was very happy all the rest of the evening. Very tender, too, was her voice and very gentle was her glance when at last she bade her guest good night.

"And I want you to know that I've had a beautiful evening," she said, turning once more as she reached the doorway that led into the other room; "and somehow I feel that we're going to be very good friends, because—because I like you ever so much—Arthur—"

She blushed a little at her great daring, and, blushing still, she softly shut the door.

The summer came and the summer went and the autumn was nearly over, when one evening a knock sounded on Miss Neames's door. She was evidently expecting some one, for she ran at once to open it.

"Why, Mr. Ridge!" she said. "Walk right in!"

"Do you know," said Mr. Ridge, gladly walking in—"do you know that you look more—more—oh, you're looking fine!"

"Do you think so, Mr. Ridge?"

"I know it!"

And no one who looked at little Miss Neames could reverse the verdict of Mr. Ridge. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks were pink, and she carried herself with a certain cozy assurance that was a delight to see. Moreover, she had focussed all her art in the making of a blue silk dress which fitted her to perfection, and which brought out the roses in her cheeks and laughed at the hint of gray in her hair. In a word, it was quite impossible to contradict Mr. Ridge when he sank into an easy chair near the window and looked at her and said, "It seems good to be here."

She looked proudly around the room until her eye caught that of the silent figure above the mantel, and it seemed to her that the picture gave her a long, sad look of reproach.

"Yes," continued Mr. Ridge, "somehow I always feel at home when I'm with you. It seems as though we had known each other forever instead of three months."

She was busy with the kettle and the teapot, and her manner had suddenly become subdued.

"Do you remember the first time I noticed you?" he asked.

"No."

"You came to the silk department and wanted some blue silk. Somehow I got the idea that it was to be a wedding-dress, or something very special, and I waited on you myself. Do you remember?"

"I think I do, but, dear me, I'd been getting silk at your department for years, though you weren't always there."

"No. Of course, being the manager of



THEY COMPARED THE PICTURE IN THE BOOK  
WITH THE ONE ON THE WALL



the silk department, I have to be here and there and everywhere; but I shall never forget the day you came in for that blue silk. I put your name down in the sales-book, and then do you know what I did?"

She shook her head.

"I copied it in my private memorandum book." He drew it from his pocket. "Here it is," he said. "'Miss Anne Neames,' and here's your address, too."

She looked at it; and having looked at it she looked at Mr. Ridge, too, and smiled.

"Then I did something that I never did before in all my life," he continued. "The next time you came in, I asked you how the blue silk had made up and whether the dress was finished. You said it had made up beautifully, and I asked if I could see it. That was on a Saturday. The next day I called to see you. You wore the blue silk and you made me a cup of tea—my first cup of tea."

Little Miss Neames looked at the picture over the mantelpiece and she was very quiet. He followed her glance.

"Do you know," he said, "that from then until yesterday I was jealous of that picture over there. I thought it was some one that you had—that you had liked. It was the way you looked at it sometimes when I was talking to you. I didn't like to ask any questions, but yesterday I came across a picture in a book of poetry, and it's just the same as that. They must have been taken from the same portrait."

"In a book of poetry, Mr. Ridge?"

"I have the very book here." He drew a volume of *Childe Harold* from his pocket and opened it at the frontispiece.

"'Lord Byron'!" she exclaimed, reading the title. They compared the picture in the book with the one on the wall. "The very same! And does he write poetry?"

"He did."

"Oh! Is he—is he dead?"

"He has been dead," said Mr. Ridge. "nearly ninety years."

She bowed her head, and when she looked next at the picture over the mantelpiece her mouth trembled a little.

"There is a sketch of his life in the front of the book," continued Mr. Ridge. "He was—to tell you the truth, Miss Neames, he was very wild."

"Wild?"

"I'll leave you the book," he said, shaking his head. "and you can read it when you get time. If you have a pen and ink, I'll write your name in it for you."

She found a pen and a bottle of ink and sat down by him.

"So when I knew who it was," he said, trying the pen. "I didn't feel so jealous."

She looked away.

"Why, Mr. Ridge!" she murmured.

He dipped the pen in the ink. A breeze, blowing through the window, turned the pages of the book. She turned the leaves back to the proper place, and although in some unaccountable manner Mr. Ridge's hand rested over her own, they both seemed to be unaware of it.

"'From James S. Ridge to Anne—' Let me see," he said, looking up. "what is your last name?"

"What a question!" she breathed; "Neames, of course!"

"I wish it were something else."

"THANK YOU, MY LORD."  
SHE SAID

The clock ticked loudly on the mantelpiece.

"I wish," continued Mr. Ridge bravely, though his voice shook a little, too—"I wish it were Ridge!"

And again she turned her head, but this time when she looked up they smiled into each other's eyes and were glad.

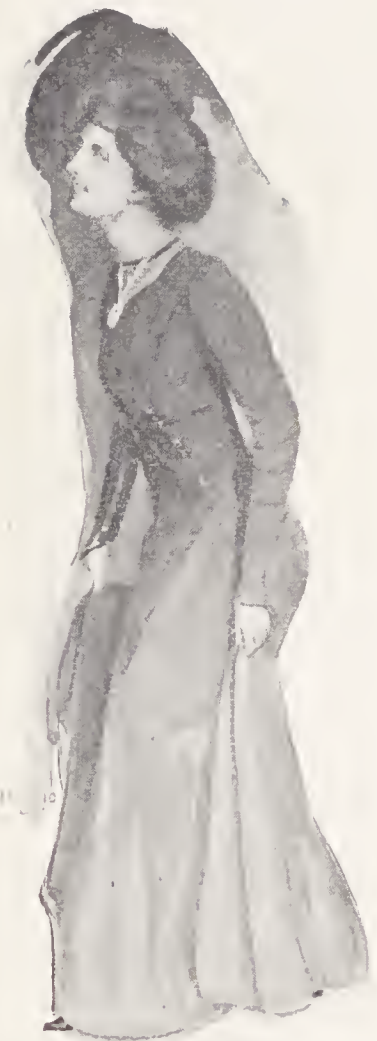
Mr. Ridge had long since gone when little Miss Neames finished reading *The Life of Lord Byron*. She pointed her finger at him accusingly, but her finger fell and she courtesied low instead.

"Thank you, my lord," she said, "and I beg your pardon for calling you Arthur and being so chatty. It was *your* blue dress that attracted Jim, and—I thank you, my lord!"

She suddenly placed a chair by the mantelpiece, and when she stood on the chair her eyes looked straight into the eyes of the picture.

"If you were alive," she whispered, "I wouldn't dare do this, because you were so—so wild, but *now*—"

And with a tender little sigh of gratitude she kissed him fully and sweetly upon the lips.



### A Sporting Chance

"I'll teach you to pay pitch and toss!" shouted the enraged father. "I'll flog you for an hour, I will!"

"Father," instantly said the incorrigible, as he balanced a quarter on his thumb and finger, "I'll toss you to make it two hours or nothing."



## For Why?

MIKE and Pat were hired to clean a cistern. Mike took a firm hold of the rope and started to let Pat down. When about half-way down Pat yelled up:

"Ho! Mike, stop letting me down."

"For why?" said Mike.

"Don't ask any questions," said Pat, "fer if yez don't stop letting me down, I'll cut the rope."

## The Explanation

MRS. SMITH'S cat, when very old, became the parent of one lone kitten. Her friend Mrs. Jones, who was a devout student of the Bible, suggested that out of respect for the aged mother-cat the kitten be named Ben, "the child of her old age—a little one."

And so it came to pass that Ben gave birth to kittens. Mrs. Jones, somewhat discomfited after hearing the news, hurried to Mrs. Smith's.

"What?" she asked, "Ben has kittens? I don't understand."

"Oh, that is very reasonable," answered Mrs. Smith. Ben's last name is Hur."

## What a Court Is

AN aged but robust negro witness who testified before a Georgia magistrate recently wouldn't stop talking when the counsel objected, but kept on roaring his testimony.

"Stop!" the magistrate commanded. "Don't you know you're in court?"

"Ya-a-as'r," replied the negro.

"Well, don't you know what a court is?"

"Oh-h, ya-a-as'r," said the old darky, with a bow. "Ya-as'r; a co't is a place whar dey dispenses with justice!"

## One On the Teacher

THE teacher of a second-grade class in one of the large public schools recently had some visitors, and thought she would show them what a good class she had. Calling on a bright little fellow, she said to him:

"Albert, if I gave you two cents and your father gave you three cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," promptly replied Albert.

The teacher blushed painfully, but thought she would try again.

"You can't have understood me, Albert. Now listen, and I will repeat the question.

If I gave you two cents and your father gave you three, how much would you have?"

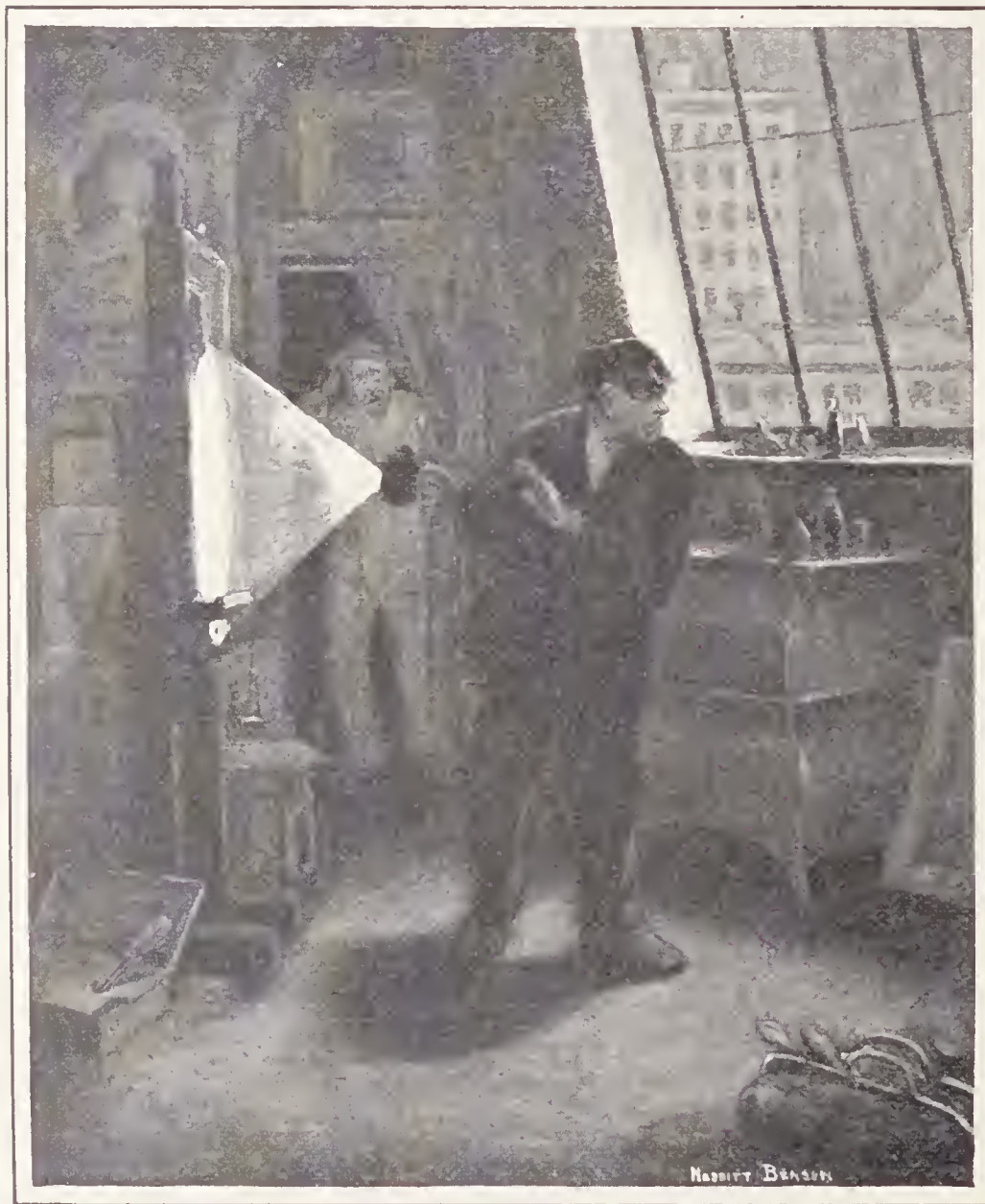
"Seven," said Albert again, with the same promptness.

"I am surprised at you, Albert," said the teacher. "How on earth would you have seven cents?"

"I got two in my pocket," answered Albert.

## Wanted Bigger One

A LITTLE girl who had a live bantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on a table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the bantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."



The Artist—"Rejected Again!"





### Her First Bonnet

A BONNET of linen,  
A bonnet of lace,  
A bonnet for baby  
To cover her face.

A bonnet so big that,  
Without any doubt,  
One sees but a bonnet  
A-bobbin' about.

### Congenial Spirits

A SCOTCH woman, whose husband was a caddie of St. Andrews, was much troubled by his loose way of life. He could never have a good day on the links but he must end it with a wet night at the tavern. So, to cure him, the woman lay in wait on the road one evening, dressed in a white sheet.

When her husband appeared she rose from behind a hedge, an awful white figure, with outspread arms.

"Who the de'il are you?" asked the intemperate caddie.

"I'm auld Niekle," said the figure, in a hollow voice.

"Gie's a shake o' yer hand, then," said the tipsy caddie. "I'm married tae a sister o' yours. She'll be waitin' for us up at the hoose, an' nae doot she'll mak ye welcome."

### An Interruption

AMONG the primary pupils enrolled in a Baltimore school, this term is the son of a prominent business man of that city.

One afternoon, at close of school, the youngster sought out his father in his office, to whom he said:

"Dad, I'm getting tired of school. I think I'll quit."

"Why," asked the astonished parent, "what's the matter, Tommy? I thought you were fond of going to school."

"So I am, dad," responded the youngster, suppressing a yawn, "but it breaks up the day so."

### What She Thought

A CERTAIN university president and his wife were on a train bound for New York, where the president was to speak before a national convention. He made use of the hour and twenty minutes he spent in the train by rehearsing his speech in a low voice, using his hands to emphasize certain passages.

A kindly matron who was sitting directly behind the president and his wife, and who had been watching and listening, leaned forward and, tapping the president's wife on the shoulder, said feelingly:

"You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home."

"You have my sincere sympathy, my poor woman; I have one just like him at home."

### Only Baptists

MARIAN, aged seven, was a regular attendant at the Episcopal Church. One day, visiting her cousin, she accompanied her to a Baptist service. The hymn, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," was sung. On the way home Marian scornfully said to her little host:

"I don't see how you people can have the face to sing that hymn. You ain't Christians; you're Baptists."



# A Faunal Family

BY FRANK HILL PHILLIPS

GOLF and tennis are forsaken  
Ever since the folks have taken  
To the woods and fields and meadows with a pencil and a pad.  
For assorted feral knowledge  
We can equal any college,  
Since the family has taken up the Nature Lovers' fad.

With a pair of opera-glasses  
Sister Sue has learned the classes  
Into which the tuneful tomtit and the chippy-bird belong.  
She can tell a lark or linnet  
From a robin in a minute.  
And at spotting speckled warblers she's exceptionally strong.

By inoculating rabbits  
Brother Charles has learned the habits  
Of the *culex stegomyia* and the *diplococcus* germ.  
And by skilful intuition,  
He has solved the disposition  
Of the fuzzy caterpillar and the green tomato worm.

And the hop-toads' humble history's  
No longer any mystery  
To little brother Willie since he's taken them in hand.  
He knows the conformation  
Of each warty corrugation,  
Till there's nothing in the hopper line he doesn't understand.

If you're seeking information  
Or desire an explanation  
Of the structure anatomic of the woozy dingle-bat,  
We're prepared to take its measure  
And will deem it quite a pleasure  
To supply such information as will show you where you're at.



Fifteen Dollars a Dozen



### An Oversight

A GOOD story is told about a certain regiment of militia who were in camp for the first time last summer. On the first night, when they "turned in," they were instructed how to lie down and roll themselves in their blankets and generally make themselves comfortable. An officer having seen his company "tucked in" was reminded by a civilian that he had forgotten something.

"What's that?" was the query.

"You haven't kissed them good night."

The silence was oppressive.

### He Was Helped

ROBERT, aged five, was developing a quick and uncontrollable temper, so one day his mother said, "Now, Robert, the next time you begin to feel angry, just go off by yourself and ask God to help you."

"Will you excuse me wherever I am?" asked Robert.

"Yes, dear," replied his mother.

The next morning when the oatmeal was brought in and set before him, Robert's face grew dark, but suddenly brightened as he asked,

"Mother, will you excuse me a minute?"

The request was granted, and in a few moments back came Bob with radiant face and the meal went on.

Later in the day, wishing to learn the result of the lesson, the mother said, "Well, God did help you this morning, didn't He?"

"Yes, mother, He helped me in two ways. He helped me to forget that I was angry, and He helped you to forget that I didn't eat the oatmeal."

### Wanted to Know It

AN old-time Yankee from a Vermont town recently approached a Boston dealer for the purpose of purchasing a new family carryall.

"I presume you want a carriage with rubber tires," said the dealer.

"No, sir!" was the emphatic response. "We ain't that kind! When we're drivin' we wanter know it!"



### Drawing the Line

MER-MAID. "Mother, may I go and play?"

MER-MOTHER. "You may play with the little sea-urchins, but not with those noisy bell-buoys."

### If He Had Known

AN immigration officer of the United States tells how two Irish immigrants, just arrived in this country, were much impressed by a dredging plant at work a few yards from the government landing. As they watched there suddenly came into view, from the channel mud and slime up a ladder to the deck of the dredge, a diver in full panoply.

"Look at that man, will ye?" came in a hoarse whisper from one Celt to the other. "Jist look at him! Faith, had I known the way over I'd have walked too!"

### On Suffrage Days

MOTHER, may I go out to vote?"  
 "Yes, if you're on the rolls.  
 Wear your prettiest hat and coat.  
 And don't go near the polls."





### A Debutante

*Mrs. Methuselah introduces her youngest daughter to society*

### Only Oil

"THEY'RE a little slow on the other side," says a New-Yorker, who spends a good deal of his time on the Continent. "and while the stuffy little European railway carriages are now lighted with electricity, my memory goes back to no remote time when oil was used.

"One night in Austria, during a bad storm, I was aboard an express just pulling out of Vienna, in a first-class carriage, when we sprung a leak. Drop after drop, warm and dirty, fell upon my hat and coat.

"See here, guard," said I, after a long wait for that functionary to appear. "This won't do, you know! The rain is coming through the lamp-hole and ruining my clothes."

"The guard investigated. Then, reassuringly, he said:

"That is not rain, sir. It's only oil. The lamp leaks a little, but the roof is quite sound, I assure you."

"Then the whistle blew, and he darted away."

### Justice

MRS. IL, a widow, lived in the country with her only son, Charles, a boy of twelve. She owned a cat, which had killed so many of her chickens that she finally decided to get the boy to shoot it. Some hours after giving the order she was surprised to see him sitting in the yard holding his gun, with the cat running around playing just a few feet in front of him.

"Why don't you shoot?" she called to him.

"Because," he replied, "I am waiting for her to catch a chicken, so that she will know what I am killing her for."

### Mass. and Mass

THE poor "prep" from the rural school was cramming to the utmost, that she might become regularly enrolled the following semester. What with grammar and history—both new subjects to her—and the unfamiliar lingo that accompanied those lessons, it isn't such a wonder, after all, that, failing to note the absence of the period after the word "mass," she mistook it for one of the abbreviations she was studying in her grammar lesson and so recited from her history, "Father Marquette said Massachusetts before a thousand Indians."

### The Same Thing

THE facetious passer-by had stopped to watch a workman spread a bright red carpet from the church door to the curb.

"The highroad to heaven, eh?" he queried, with a chuckle.

"No," said the workman, "merely a bridal path."



### A Prickly "Pair"









*Painting by Howard Pyle*

Illustration for "Holy Mr Herbert"

SHE TOLD HIM HER ADVENTURES IN A BREATH



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXX

MAY, 1910

NO. DCCXX



A GATEWAY IN TANGIER

## The Infidel City

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

EVERYTHING and everybody that comes to Tangier from Europe or goes out must pass by the *Socco Chico*—which is to say little market. The *Socco Chico* is no market—merely a widening of the narrow street which is the greatest thoroughfare of Tangier, and through which, like a tumultuous torrent, rushes all the traffic of Europe to Morocco and Morocco to Europe.

If you are a foot-passenger in this street, you feel as though you were borne along on an unruly stream at its flood. In front of you as you look up the hill is a multitude of bobbing turbaned heads whose mouths shout perpetually. There are crates, barrels, European tables and chairs, sacks of flour, the wreckage of a town apparently, together with its inhabitants, carried along on the surface



of unquiet waters. In reality the barrels and crates are swaying perilously on the backs of unscrupulous donkeys who do not hesitate to run down a bewildered European. No one to regulate traffic; no laws about keeping to the right or left. So, buffeted by the crowd, bewildered by the strange noises, you find yourself in the *Socco Chico*, and, a little stunned, you rest yourself outside a café.

There you realize that the torrent is in reality a disordered procession, a confused pageant, in which all the peoples of Morocco file before you fantastically, picturesque, sometimes beautiful. There are groups of Moors in spotless white, pale-yellow slippers on their feet; beggars; children sitting on the extreme stern-sheets of donkeys; now and then one of the inspiring sights of the world, a clean-cut Arab on a beautiful Arab horse, his saddle crimson, his white burnoose falling about him in love-

ly folds—serene and scornful men these, unconscious of the crowd around them. There are Arabs on mules, Riffs driving donkeys, veiled and barelegged women, their brilliantly dressed babies slung on their backs. One would seem to be looking at something which happened long ago, were it not for the occasional Europeans.

They did not look well in that crowd—the Europeans. Their faces seemed unfinished and gross—gross and bloated, angry and discontented. Nor is it the dignified costume in contrast to European

dress which caused this. There is a fine-cut, ascetic quality without austerity in the faces of Moorish men, townsmen and country people alike. The Moor never has the loutish aspect of the European peasant; he walks like a freeman, his eyes are clear. Economic pressure has not yet laid its relentless hand on the

people of Morocco. Among the higher classes there are many with great sweetness of expression, the same quality which one sees on the faces of good women or on the faces of happy mothers of little children at home. They grow old with dignity and beauty.

The contrast between them and us is so marked—and from the time one leaves Gibraltar all Europeans become us—that one must ask one's self what is it that they have in their civilization which we lack. Is it only that we eat and drink too much, that they have this enviable quality of expression which we have not?

And there it is that we find ourselves face to face with one of the riddles that the East is forever putting to the unquiet spirit of the West. Perhaps it is this mystery that makes the East lay so heavy a hand upon so many of us; why tourists, come for a week, die after many years in Morocco. And why so many of us who go back home carry with us a nostalgia for a country where we must forever remain outsiders.

We come back to the comprehensible, to long ever more to go back to the in-



THE SOCCO CHICO





FREQUENTLY THE WANDERING STREETS PRESENT A SERIES OF ARCHES  
Etched by B. J. O. Nordfeldt



comprehensible. Here we only know that these dark men think as we don't, and the mystery beckons. And we, like curious, restless children, must always be standing on tiptoe to try again for the key of the door which we know so well is out of reach. We must try again to look over the forbidden wall, and though we fail forever, we feel always as if tomorrow understanding would come, living as we do on the edge of discovery.

When one of us tries to write about Morocco, he can but give a series of pictures of whose meaning he is ignorant, describe the thing seen without being able to tell if what he describes is significant or not. Writing of Morocco is like tracing a sentence in Arabic; in

meaning of the Arabic characters, who can tell you what is written on the faces of the men and women?

As we teased ourselves with these questions, one familiar thing started out of the baffling and unfamiliar crowd.

It was a boy—a common, or garden, boy; though a plum-colored djellab flapped around his bare legs in picturesque lines until he looked like a figure in a fantastic pantomime, he was not to be disguised. A Jew in black gabardine, black skull-cap, chased him, saying things. The boy, as he ran, turned and made faces; also he stuck out a derisive tongue. He also shouted replies. One understood these replies too well to

wish to understand more. There was nothing abstruse or Oriental about that boy; he was an intelligent street gamin of the purest type. He dodged the enemy neatly, and a friend joined him in a flank attack, and then another and another.

There was no doubt about it. It was "de gang." It made no difference that they were dressed as for carnival, that they were of all shades and types, from straight-featured Arab lads to a black devil who looked as though he had come yesterday from Virginia—it was "de gang" just the same, raising the same kind of lark that you may see them raising on Christopher Street any day when there's no plain-clothes man in sight. The Jew disposed of, they spotted us, and sat down on seats in the café and pulled out cigarettes from the big leather pouch that every male Moor wears by way of pocket. With

grins they pestered the stranger for pennies, wheedled cigarettes from him, and pointed out gayly to the beggars of Tangier that a new bunch of Easy Marks had struck town. It was a brave and soul-comforting spectacle. It was a fact to cling to, in this strange and unfamiliar country, that left to himself



A JEW OF TANGIER

aspect the script is intricate and beautiful, but you do not know the meaning. It may mean nothing more esoteric than that trees have leaves, and you may have been fooled into a belief of deep-lying mystery by the unfamiliar aspect of the letters—but while you may learn the





THE TREASURY AND THE PRISON

Etched by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

the human boy is pretty much the same all the world over.

If one could get hold of a boy, one would have with one something one could understand—a clue to follow out into all this mystery. But even the boy turned on us—and there you have one of the favorite tricks of the East; just as you think you have gotten hold of something sure, it turns out you are holding illusion.

In the crowd there stood a black, black man—a holy man, madman, beggar, we could not tell—gazing at us from under a fuzzy-wuz of hair, with vague and disquieting eyes. He was meagre in body. Asceticism had put its stamp upon him. His scant shirt hung only to his knees, and he was girt about by a chain. He stood in front of us for perhaps two hours, staring with melancholy eyes—eyes a little mad. Now and again he stood for minutes at a time on one leg like a stork, supporting one knee in the slack of his chain. From the chain dangled some small pieces of steel.

“What,” I asked, “are those for?”

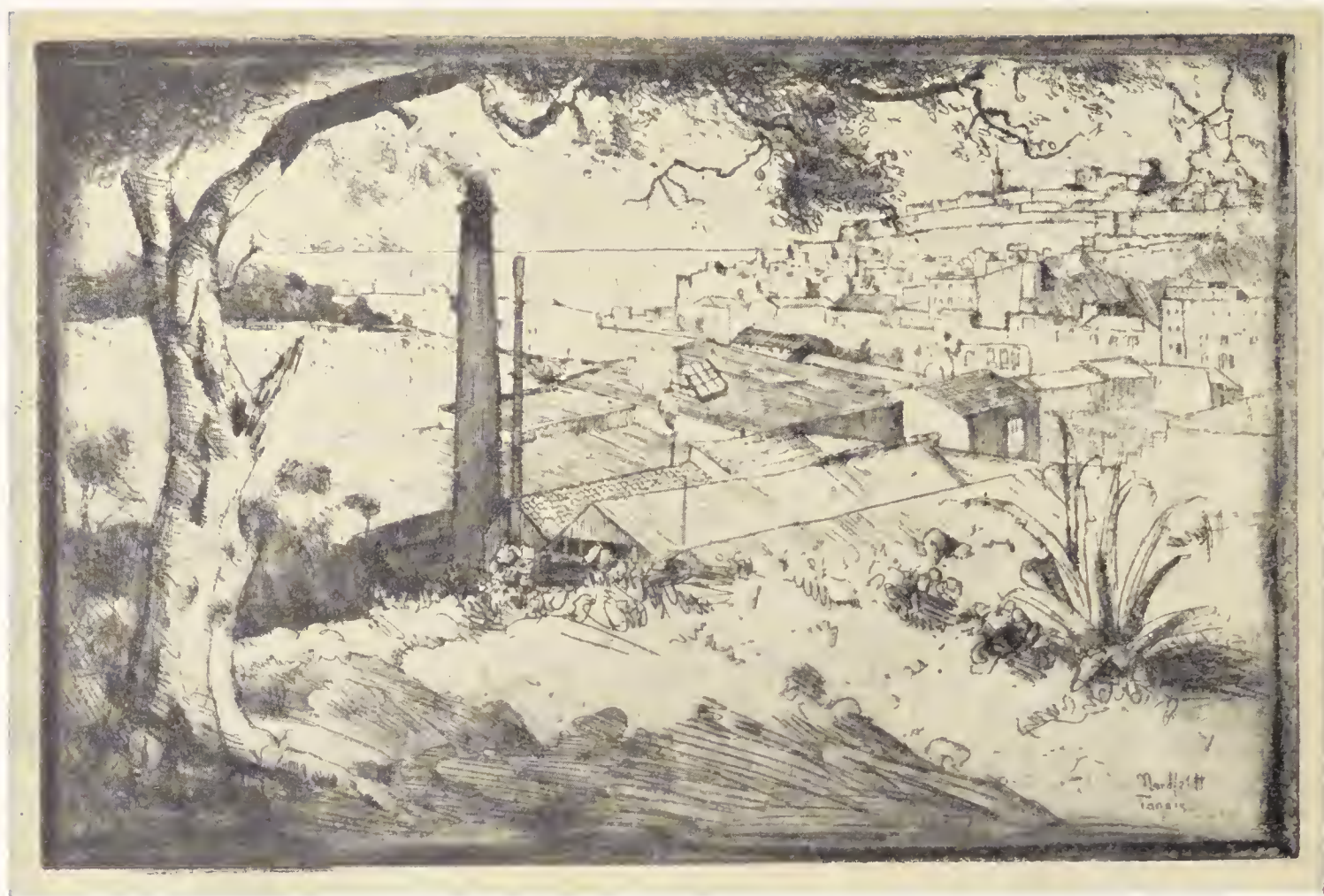
“To make fire on the road: he walks

much,” replied one of the gang. “He is a holy man,” he added, lolling across the table, ribaldry in his eye. “Give him money.”

He conveyed this request in Spanish, then in French and English, aiding himself by expressive, if vulgar, jerks of his thumb. He continued to loll with easy insolence and beg pence for the holy man. We gave him the penny, well knowing that he would make off with it, jeering the easy stranger; but here it was that our boy went back on us. He didn’t play the game fairly, where in that shifting crowd he was the only familiar thing we had to cling to. He did not make off with it. He took the penny to the holy man, who, without glancing at it—or at the boy—without taking his speculative eyes from us, put it absently away.

However, whether the boy also had corners in his mind that were obscure, at least he was the most intelligible thing about us. Moreover, one needs a boy to cry “*Balak!*” (Make way!) as one goes abroad, and when etching to keep pious little Arabs from spitting upon the infidel picture-maker.





EUROPE HAS ENCAMPED ITSELF SOLIDLY WITHOUT THE WALLS OF TANGIER

Etched by B. J. O. Nordfeldt

The day that word had gone abroad that we needed a hired boy, Mohammed squatted unobtrusive on the ground beside us as we sat in front of a café. He was dressed in a frayed djellab which had once, at some long-distant time, been white, over a plum-colored kaftan; and on his feet were immense brogans of European make. Also he smoked a short-stemmed American pipe. When we moved, so did he. From time to time he murmured in the ear of one of us:

"Moi attrape bon burrico, réglé prix."

And from time to time one of us replied that, as it looked like rain, we did not want burricos even at regulated prices. Which statement left him smiling and calm and hopeful.

When we stopped to make some small purchase, he held out his hand for the parcel. Mechanically we gave it him.

"Combien paye?" he asked. We told him.

"Moi attrape moins prix," he told us, gently.

As we dickered for a cleaner young Moorish hired boy he stood by without comment and without offering himself

for the service, but went with us, now pushing the traffic of Tangier from our path, now dropping back to murmur his vague little remarks about catching us donkeys at cheap prices.

What happened next merely shows the hypnotic power of a constantly reiterated suggestion. All the morning we had listened to a flow of gentle talk, at what price donkeys could be caught by the day, by the half-day, by the week, at an ever-diminishing rate.

To get rid of him we offered him a price very much less than anything he had mentioned for two donkeys and a mule in the afternoon, if it didn't rain.

"Moi trape," he asserted, cheerfully.

After luncheon it drizzled, but word came that our donkeys were at the door. Well, there they were, and we fooled ourselves into assuming that this was the end of the rain and we might as well set out, for the sun was shining on Spain over the way.

Then he drove our donkeys through roads sweet with eucalyptus, scaled walls to pick us other people's flowers with unofficious zeal, and led us up a high hill past lovely half-wild Moorish gardens, to



a place where the coast slopes abruptly into the sea, and whence one may see all the coast of Spain, and Djebel-Tarik and Djebel-Musa standing sentinels at the gate of the Mediterranean. And when it rained in torrents:

"Fait rien, moi réglé," he assured us. "Moorish coffee," and drove the beasts through a narrow gateway into a garden where a solitary Moor grows vegetables and flowers and makes hot, sweet Moorish coffee over a tiny charcoal fire between two stones.

The "Coffee" itself was a hut with a floor of beaten earth; its supports were untrimmed sticks, and a tree grew through it. Part of the floor was raised, and on the raised part were spread pieces of clean matting: the Moor's bedding — a blanket and mattress — was stowed away overhead. Both sides and roof were thatched, the sides mud-plastered. Besides the simple utensils for coffee-making, the blanket and glasses, there were absolutely no furnishings of any kind. And this is the type of house in which all the little communities near Tangier live — live without a multiplicity of things, live consequently clean, without disorder or litter.

Then the rain ceased, and the sun that had been shining in Spain shone also in Tangier; the Moor made us presents of flowers, which grew here without being asked. Mohammed left us at the door of our hotel, asking gently at what time he should catch burricos tomorrow.

When we went in town in the morning he followed us. When it rained greatly, when we took shelter in a café, again he sat without, the hood of his djellab drawn over his head—sat there patient and watchful, and again followed us home.

After dusk, when the rain had stopped, we wandered through the Moorish town, up one narrow street and down another. There arose before us a figure in the dusk. It was Mohammed.

"You are lost," he told us, with the same gentle finality with which he had mentioned burricos. "I will show you the way," and guided us up the hill.

"My house," he announced, pointing down an alleyway where blackness brood-



THE STREETS ARE EVER VARIED FROM MONOTONY



ed. "You wish to come to my house?" He started down a street to go into which was like plunging into sheer night. In the darkness we found a door which opened upon a tiny picture from the *Arabian Nights*. In a little room hardly bigger than a large-sized stateroom were two women and five children, sitting on the floor. All were pretty, and all dressed in colors that made the place bright as with flowers. It was a very poor house, but the harmony of tones robbed it of sordidness. The absence of things kept it from disorder; and this blessed absence of things makes of life a saner place for rich and poor.

What we saw in the house of Mohammed was confirmed in the houses of rich and poor that we saw later, always an absence of things, always the beauty which comes from simplicity. Every time Europe had touched them it was to bring things needless and unlovely. In the house of a well-to-do Moor who had spent much time in London, ugly Brussels carpets covered floors and cushions in place of the rugs of native make, while

four particularly monumental clocks each told time in a different way.

In Mohammed's house they had no clock, but brought forward—from the upper bed—a European bent-wood chair. It seemed a symbol of our cumbrous and unlovely way of living. We felt ourselves out of place in this scene; our clothes were ugly, and we were conscious that we had shoes upon our feet, and that we came from a country crowded with bureaus and cook-stoves—their evening meal of kooskoos was steaming in a charming earthen pot over a small fire of charcoal.

What could we say to them? There were children to be smiled at, but what remained then? We had not one single experience in common, let alone an idea; but here the mother of Mohammed began a voluble tale. Her accents were those of complaint. She talked without consciousness that her language was incomprehensible, talked as from one woman to another, and her words flowed. Mohammed at the door shifted feet, and in answer to the question:



THE INTERESTS OF THE EAST ARE CENTRED IN THE MARKET

Etched by B. J. O. Nordfeldt



"What does she say?"

"Nothing," he replied, uncomfortably. "Nothing."

Here she laid her face on her hand, then shook her head at Mohammed; and here comprehension came.

We had seen Mohammed on the street at two the night before.

"Mohammed," we asserted, "she is saying you don't come home when you should at night."

Her eyes met ours, she spoke again, and again comprehension came. It was no longer one woman to another between us; we were now speaking in that universal tongue in which it seems one mother of boys may speak to another anywhere in the world.

"You spend your time in the cafés, Mohammed," we interpreted. Here she held up a bare foot and pointed at Mohammed's European shoes, which he had varied twice in our short acquaintance.

"She says that you spend money on European shoes which hurt your feet." Another gesture and more words.

"She says that you spend money smoking and drinking in cafés, that you buy things to eat continually, instead of coming home for meals." And, indeed, there was no hour of the day when Mohammed did not buy sweet cakes or sugarcane, dried peas or oranges. Tangier is full of the things a boy can nibble on. "She says, Mohammed, that we are to stop you and make you bring your money home—and now she says you have given her none to-day. Give her, Mohammed, what you have earned." Then,

amid suitable salutations, we took our departure, once more our feet on firm ground, secure in one thing, that when the East and the West meet, two women can more easily bridge the gulf of religion and language and custom if they are both mothers of small boys.

The next day, as we sat in the café,



AN ARAB CAFÉ

Mohammed sat in a coffee-house opposite, and drank Moorish tea flavored with mint, and on his feet were a new pair of old shoes. There approached us an immaculate small boy. Before he could speak, Mohammed had mobilized himself. There ensued altercations in Arabic. Nose approached nose until only half an inch separated them. Then Mohammed turned to us and, with impassive amiability, exclaimed:

"He says he has come to be your hired boy. I tell him I am that boy." Then,



to the boy, with an impressive gesture of the foot, "Zid!" Which, being interpreted, is, "Get out!"

Undoubtedly he was that hired boy. He had won the right to it, after the manner of the East, by patience and the power of sitting unfretted for long hours without intruding himself; also by being the first to give us a glimpse of what goes on behind walls, and so a vision of the things which contribute to the serenity of Moorish faces.

So it was Mohammed who walked before us in the *Socco Grande*—the great market, at the top of the street, outside the city walls—crying "Balak!" among the crowd of women dressed in cream-colored, homespun haiks, and pushed from our path men in their cream or brown djellabs—tribesmen from the hills. Strong brown men they are, with legs built for walking rapidly up and down hills, with strapping barelegged wives as strong as they, girt around from waist to knee with striped cloth by way of petticoat, their heads modestly covered the while with heavy haiks. Mohammed was necessary. This crowd is too busy buying and selling and trafficking, after the manner of the East, to mind jostling a casual European woman not accompanied by a servant. They stop to buy bread from the line of white-muffled Riff women sitting cross-legged before their piles of loaves; and they gather around the herds of goats and sheep, for here everything from hens to beef is sold on the hoof. It was around this market that we idled, for here everything that is of the East is concentrated, and one does not easily get tired of watching the crowd weave new patterns in cream and brown around the piles of yellow oranges and orange pumpkins and carrots—a crowd whose color scheme is forever enlivened by a child dressed in some wonderful color.

When you think in terms of color about Tangier, drop the European color scheme and think in terms of Chinese color; think of pure orange, and burnt-orange, and the royal yellow of the dragon; think of peacock blue, and peacock green, and call to your mind the varied notes of salmon pink which you have seen in Eastern stuffs—all colors which weather and fade into tones very caressing to the eyes. With many other things, you

leave behind you in Gibraltar the South-European pinks and blues.

The city gates open on this market; at night they are locked and barred, but a short, well-paved street, la rue de Fez, has been cut into the market, and it has no gate; so whoever chooses may come freely by night into the city.

Beyond the gates Tangier, a blue city cut by brown walls of the citadel, climbs a hill. It climbs the hill by a maze of wandering streets that turn on themselves with the end in view of keeping the stranger from ever finding his way about. If language is to hide thoughts, the streets of Tangier are designed to prevent traffic; without Mohammed we would have been always lost, for never was there such a place for losing oneself. Two things only are certain: those who go up-hill must at last find themselves within the citadel, where is the court of justice and the empty treasury, and where is also the prison, into which files a ceaseless procession of women bearing food to their men, for the government of Morocco does not feed its prisoners. The other thing of which one may be sure is that going down-hill will land one some time in the main street.

The houses themselves are not beautiful—square, two-storied, flat-roofed chunks of stucco, caveless and sometimes windowless, curiously blind and bald in expression, as though they had been shaved of all that gives a house character with us—and yet for all that with a character of their own.

"Here we are," they seem to say. "Everything for those who live in us, and nothing for the curious passer-by." The streets, however, are ever varied from monotony. Now the second story juts out so far that only a slit of sky appears above; now the street is covered with a series of arches, and all of it is built on so inconsequent a plan as if the town had been laid out over the trail of a wandering blind man. In the daytime one looks into countless little holes in the wall, where sit Moors drinking tea, or into a succession of gay little shops. Here and there you may glance into courtyards so narrow and painted so deep a blue that the air in them seems like pools of blue light.

At evening the cafés and shops



change into jewels of light, now one and now a series of them threaded on the dark string of the street. Here and there a doorway opens to show a room jewelled with tiles, and the more you go about the town the more you come to a realization that behind these walls a life goes on that you cannot understand.

Outside the town is something comprehensible, something that even a person who knows nothing of world-politics may make a true guess at.

There are villas and more villas; you can see them standing on the hill of the Mar-shan, affrontingly European, mal-proportioned, unlovely—and built to stay. Europe has encamped itself solidly without the walls of Tangier, and even built itself a big factory chimney which rears its head like an ugly giant sure of victory in the very face of the Moorish city. Behind the big market the wall of the church garden rises, just beyond the place where caravans of small camels grunt through their restless night; within the neat walls sits the English church, squat and aggressive, and on the hill above is a hotel, first cousin to all the hotels on the French Riviera.

In the country behind are more villas, belonging to Englishmen, Frenchmen, to Spaniards and to Germans, while crowding close to the left flank of Tangier is the new quarter built by a French syndicate on French lines—this within six or seven years; there is even under construction a boulevard overlooking the bay.

So Tangier, the Moorish town, sits on the hill, while Europe builds her houses on her flanks. You may find the Spanish refuse of the water-front give

place to France, France under her smug-gish and most bourgeois aspect; and because Tangier is an infidel city, the Jews live in all quarters except the Kasbah and the near-by district.

To us Europe comes poor and comes to work. Europe comes to Morocco rich, to take what it can get by what means

it may. And though the Moor may walk over Europeans, because he looks upon them as dogs of Christians as much as he did in the times of the *Arabian Nights*, yet if a European has trouble with a Moor, that European is tried in his own consular court; and again, if a Moor injures a European, that European promptly complains to his consular court, which demands immediate retribution from the Basha.

In the city are four foreign post-offices—French, English, Spanish, and German—and while Europe sits and waits, it has built schools for itself. There is a large Collège Français, also a new Lycée, a Deutsche schule, and large Spanish schools, as well as that of the Alliance Israelite.

Within a mile of Tangier the Infidel, there are rich and uncultivated hills—and the Arab ploughs after the manner of 1000 B.C. in Palestine. The road to the great capital of Fez is only a track in the mud, and a track that shifts its course from year to year as a restless river shifts its bed. The “cake of custom” has not hardened as yet. Tribe still fights tribe; for these men with peaceful faces are fighters. Some one has said that aristocracy comes only from long lineage and the sword—these people have both.



MOHAMMED



# Readjustments

BY SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT

HE sat with his forehead down on his arms, that were crossed on the table, and from under his crossed arms a half-sheet of paper—typewritten—protruded. For a long time he had been very still, now he lifted his head and looked at the paper; only a moment, then again bent down, hiding his eyes on his arms.

Something must be done, and he had not a friend to turn to. He was as lonely as when a child he was left to the servants, who did with him as they pleased,—his old nurse Chloe, and the one-time coachman, Wash, now cook and man of all work. Chloe could not understand, and old Wash—he cleaned his master's guns and pistols as regularly as if hunting parties were a constant thing and duels an every-day occurrence. The old negroes had been good to him and had taught him "manners." "Wearin' yo' hat in de house ent no manners," Wash would say; and Chloe's admonition—"Playin' wid dat ball on a Sunday, dat ent to say manners ner 'ligion, nuther; Lawd, chile, ef you coulder seen yo' mah!"

"En de kerridges en de hawses!" Wash would add, dreamily; "en brer Jack wuz de butler, en Minty wuz de maid fuh de visitin' ladies, en Clarendor wuz de maid fuh lil Missy, unner mah; en I wuz de coachman, en dey wuz t'ree cook."

"En you sho muss hab manners," Chloe would finish.

He had thought much about his mother. He had discovered that her husband had been three times her age when she married him. Had she loved this old man, he wondered, when first the romance of youth budded in him—three times her age! And one day, hesitatingly, he asked, "Was my father handsome, Wash, when he married my mother?"

"Han'some! Des liker pieter! Des es tall en es straight es dat young tree w'at you is leanin' 'ginst; en 'e hair des

like de chimney back. Han'some!" the old man had grumbled on. "My Mass Dan! Han'some—Lawd!"

"And my mother?"

"Lil Missy? Lil Missy ent good done growin' w'en she married Mass Dan, en she eye ent nebber leff Mass Dan face; en she tu'n red—tu'n white—en trimmle; den she laff sorter low-like, tell Mass Dan look at um, den she stop, en tu'n red—en tu'n w'ite, en look out de winder."

"Was she afraid?"

"'Fraid? Cose lil Missy wuz 'fraid; 'omans is always 'fraider mens; en ebbryt'ing on dis place, in dis county, in de town, wuz 'fraider Mass Dan; in cose she wuz 'fraid. W'en you is bawn, Mass Dan say: 'Hooray—a boy—hooray! By ten yays he'll be a fine shot; by fifteen, he'll know all dey is to know—he'll be a man—he's my boy!' Den lil Missy cry. She ent lib long atter dat, des two mont's; en w'en she is dyin'—Mass Dan wuz in town—she say, 'Chloe, please, Chloe, stay wid my son, please, Chloe, en meck him a good man, Chloe.' En I promise, en I stay; dat I is."

"And the carriages and the horses?" he had pushed on, taking oath to be a good man the while he swallowed the lump in his throat.

"Wuh Wash talk 'bout? Lawd! Ker-ridge en hawse! en dey ent been nuttin' yer w'en we come ceppen one ole rock'-way en two hawse! En my mawsa, my lil Missy pah, is hab stable full, fo' de wah; dat's de trute. En w'en de wah is done, en Mass Rob is meck mo' money, den 'e married 'e wife en yo' mah is bawn; en den Mass Rob daid en yo' mah is teck by she gahdeen. I gone wid um, en Clarinder, my chile, en we ent like it, en lil Missy ent do nuttin' but cry. Den Mass Dan come long en cote um, en she say yes, en dey wuz married, en we come yer. Lawd! den de trouble git wuss, fuh de gahdeen say lil Missy ent hab no



money, no prop'ty, ent hab nuttin'; dat de plantation wuz he plantation fuh de money Mass Rob owe him; ef 'e eoulder do it, I spee say 'e woulder elaim me en Clarinder; but I tell um, say, 'I'se free, Mr. Kreener, en you caln do nuttin' to me: en I kin 'member w'en yo' gran'pah is po' buckra, is obersay fuh my ole mawsa niggers; en you done teek awl de prop'ty, en I knows it.' En 'e order me outer de house, en I laff in 'e faee! Lawd! dem wuz bad times; Mass Dan ent say nuttin' but 'Damn-damn!' Kase ebbrybody is t'ink say my lil Missy is rich young lady, en ebbrybody is s'prised w'en dat po' buckra, Kreener, say she ent hab nuttin'. En 'e nebber say it tay lil Missy is done married, den 'e sen' awl de bill fuh she close to Mass Dan, en Mass Dan gone dey en t'row um baek in 'e face, en say 'e gwine liek um wid 'e hawse-w'ip. Lawd! yes, chile, I'se glad w'en my lil Missy is gone to she res; en fuh you—"

Years ago he had heard all this, and he had turned it over in his mind until the story seemed clear to him.

As a very small boy he had had a tutor. He learned rapidly, and was in the seventh heaven when his father, taking him on his knee, would praise his reading. At last one day he said, "Now you must learn to shoot," and had produced a light gun bought especially. His father loaded and fired it.

He had refused to touch the gun. For a long time after this his father took no notice of him, and almost he fell ill of grief. Then old Wash taught him to ride, and once more his father seemed to see him. Alas! On his pony he had gone out with his father and friends; old Wash had charge of him, and when by short cuts they had come in at the death of the deer, he had burst into tears—had screamed with terror when, he having been in at the death, they put blood on his forehead as if he had killed his first deer. The look on his father's faee was with him still, and the few low oaths, the intensity of which could not be mistaken. Nor did he ever forget the looks of the men who stood there.

It was about this time that the tutor had been dismissed, and he was left entirely to the servants. Later, Wash took

him to the county free school, warning him carefully that though the teacher was a fine man and could teach, the boys there were not to be treated as friends, and must never be brought to the house. So he had learned; and from that and the old library in the house he had won his education.

He had been a terrible disappointment to his father, he knew that, for no sports appealed to him; but old Wash's banjo had been a joy. One evening in the dusk his father had found him playing on the old piano—had come on him unawares. Something, not a sound, but something had made him turn to where the old man towered behind him in the shadows. "Tinkling on the piano," had been his greeting; "why not wear petticoats and do embroidery!"

All these things had hurt him, but he had not understood until a visitor had opened his eyes, a man older than his father, who had lived abroad ever since the war. He, himself, had been caught reading on the front piazza clothed in Chloe's creations. Trousers and coat that had fitted his father, Chloe having shortened only sleeves and legs; and shoes that his father had discarded. And when a carriage came smartly round the weed-grown circle, he had risen involuntarily; had come down the steps. The visitor had paused, looking at him, and he, returning the look, felt compelled to draw himself up and to introduce himself. "I am Archibald Sorel Wilding," he had said.

"Indeed!" the old man had answered. "And I, my boy, knew both your grandfathers. My name is Featherstone." Then they shook hands and mounted the steps together. Into the faded drawing-room they had gone, while the boy's diffidence again overwhelmed him, and he had slipped away to call his father and to tell Chloe.

"The devil! Hugh Featherstone! And you, sir, what did he take you for?"

"I told him my name."

"The last straw!"

Chloe had been wild with excitement; she rushed Wash in to make a fire and to open the windows, then set herself to make coffee. "I'll meck some good cawfee, en w'en I teck um in Mass Hugh 'll 'member ole Chloe, you'll see."



For himself, he had taken his seat by the kitchen fire, with his book closed over his finger. His father did not look like this man, whose whole appearance was so astonishing. Did men out in the world look always like this? The men who came out with his father looked quite different. They wore no cuffs, their trousers were held in place with belts, like workmen; their cravats were careless. He never felt ashamed of his clothes before them, but this man?

"Is he very rich?" he asked.

"How I know, chile?"

Then Wash came running in. "Mass Ahchie, yo' pah call you."

It was now Chloe's turn to have her eyes opened, and she cried: "En dem is yo' bess clo'es! Lawd-a-mussy!"

He stood for a moment looking down at himself. "Father knows," he said. But he was trembling. He dreaded more the look in his father's eyes than the stranger's scrutiny; and the look was there, but also a shadow of pity, of tenderness, that drew him like a magnet! "Mr. Featherstone—" the words halted him where he stood; the tenderness was gone.

"Come to me," the stranger had said, and had drawn a chair near to his own.

"He looks like the place, you see," and his father laughed a little, "gone to seed. He's not like either family; he's gun-shy and never even wished for a horse."

"What is your book?" the old gentleman had asked, and to this day he remembered the kindness in his voice, just as he remembered the throbbing in his head and the burning in his face while the book was taken from him. "Rawlinson's *Herodotus*," the stranger read; "your father's copy, Dan. Is the old library still here? Let me see it." Then giving him his book again, he had put his arm about his shoulders, and together they had followed his father.

"Nobody uses it now," his father was saying, "unless this boy does; he seems to be always mooning about with books, or strumming on the piano like a girl."

The old gentleman laughed. "There spoke the old South," he said; "any man 'born in the purple,' who had a turn for anything except riding, shooting, and telling the truth, was a 'mollycoddle'; even writing must not be done for money;

even money-making was beneath contempt, and only God knows how much genius was trampled to death among us. But a musician, an actor, a painter—heavens! If they were men, were almost pariahs; if they were women, it must not show beyond the home!"

"And we were right!" his father shouted, standing still in the hall. "When I found this boy playing the piano I felt like thrashing him, like cutting his fingers off! When a gentleman wants music, hire it; a man should be about manlier things."

There was much more talk like this while they drank Chloe's coffee, that was much praised, and at the last the stranger had said:

"Whenever you play the piano, my boy, think of me and be sorry for all the Southern boys whose music was killed in them; and remember that all honest work is good. Now, Dan, shoot me for heresy; but one thing, your boy speaks English; you have looked to that."

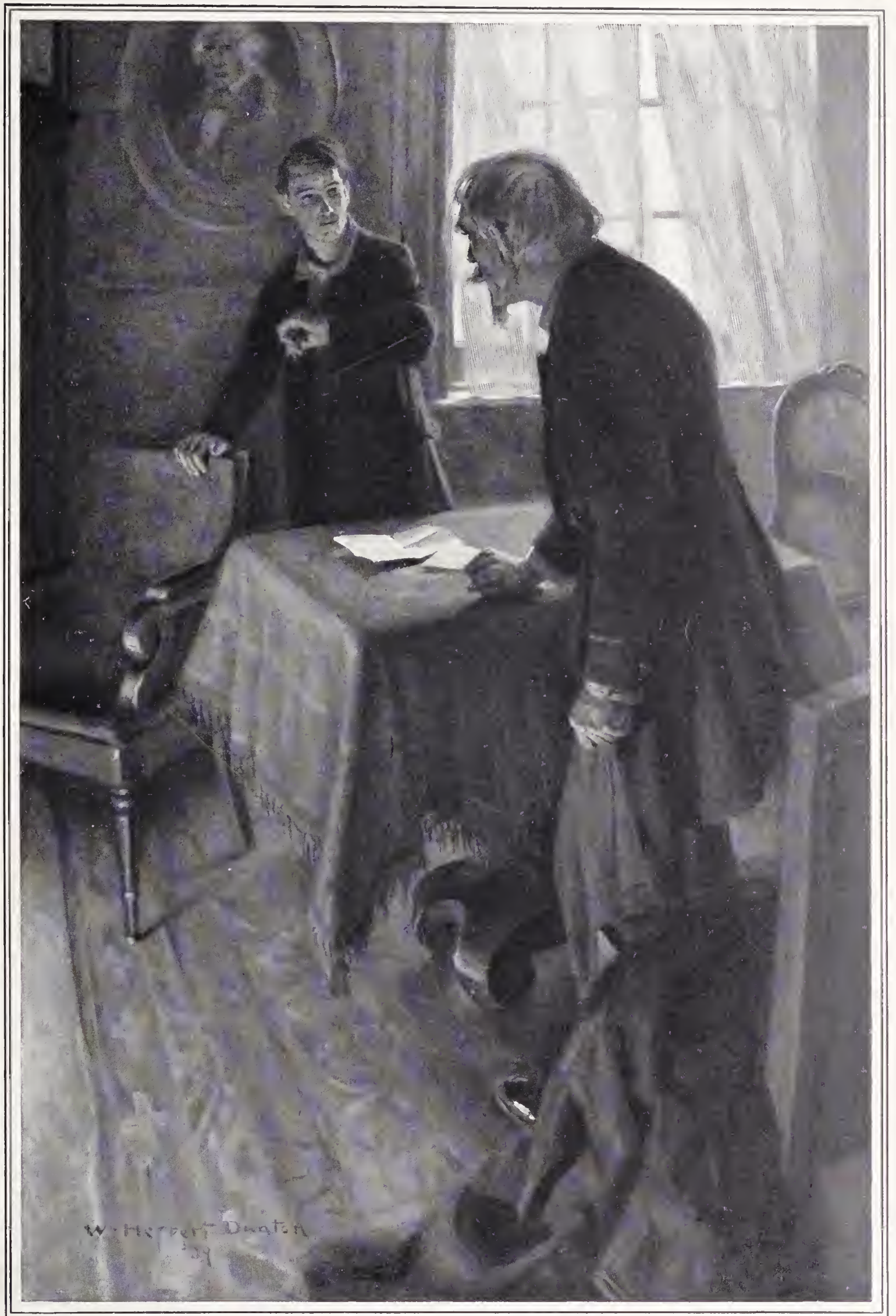
"Not I; I have taught him nothing since he cried to see a deer killed. Damn it all!"

The old gentleman laughed. "The old story, dear fellow, of the hen and the duck eggs, that's all; he may be great in his own way. God bless you, boy!"

How long ago all this was, and yet every word had stayed with him. One result was that he became ashamed of his clothes, and all honest work being good, he drove himself to work for the neighboring farmers. Chloe and Wash were greatly scandalized, until one day he went to town and returned with a new suit of clothes and a hat, and no more was said; but he was careful always to put on the old clothes when his father came, just as he was careful never to touch the piano when his father was in the house. His working for the farmers would hurt his father quite as much as his being musical.

Meanwhile he had read much criticism on his section and on his class; books about the old South by Southerners, and about the new South by outsiders, and had heard his father swear at both, declaring that the South was misrepresented all round. All this he had pondered while he, "Archibald Wilding, Gentleman," had milked cows, cut wood, plough-





*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton*

"MY SON—MY ONLY SON—IS A COWARD"







ed for "Hill Billies," as his father called them, at a dollar a day, until a few weeks before this, when a check had come to him from a magazine in payment for a short story. A great amount of money, it had seemed to him, and for a little his head was turned.

What would his father say? Perhaps be glad—perhaps be very angry! He would not tell him now; he would wait until he had taken up the mortgages; then he would reveal his secret, and perhaps once more in his father's eyes would be the love that as a child he clearly remembered.

So he had dreamed, and now? He turned his head wearily on his folded arms. Was he really a physical coward? At this moment he was afraid, horribly afraid. Would his father remain quiet under this vulgar innuendo? Public feeling had changed on certain points and murder was murder now, never mind who did it, and his father did not realize! His father in jail—his father hanged! What should he do—what could he do?

The front door slammed and he sprang to his feet! From the day of the battle over the gun he had been afraid of his father; the memory of that struggle coming to him in the night could still make him shiver, could still bring out on him a cold sweat; his hand would tremble as his little hands had done then; he would still feel the bruised pain in his fingers' ends that had been forced to hold the gun, that with all his puny strength and gigantic terror he had dragged away, tearing the tender skin; he could hear Chloe's shrill scream, "Gimme meh chile—you'll kill um—you'll kill um!" The momentary pause as the woman seized him, then her tears on his face, the haven of her bosom, the sudden blotting out of the universe! It seemed to be her sobs that recalled him to life in the kitchen where she had barred the door. But she need not have feared: his father seemed never to see him again until the episode of the deer, and after that he did not seem to exist for his father. But the fear had never left him, and he knew what was suffered when he read of the horrors of a nervous shock. But now he'd have to play a man's part; would have to face his father and try to keep the peace.

There was a shout for Wash, then the door was flung open. The old man's face was white as death, his eyes were burning as he dashed his hat on the table. "Well, sir," he cried, pointing to the paper, "you also seem to have received that damned villain's letter; and yet you can stand there quiet!" Infinite scorn coming into his voice.

"Yes, sir, but very sorry."

"How lady-like!"

"It is not true, father."

"And therefore—" his voice breaking and scaling high in anger.

"I should pay no attention to it." The old man raised his two hands as if deprived of speech. "No one will believe it," the son went on, his voice gaining in firmness; "your character is too well known."

"To brook an insult like that!" the old man thundered.

"There are certain people, father, who cannot insult us. From a person who does not sign his name such insinuations are simply vulgarity. You could not stoop to touch the slander of a day-laborer, a negro; how can you stoop to this creature, of whom nothing is sure save that he is beneath your notice?"

The old man stood silent, looking at his son.

"You know," the young fellow went on, beginning to quiver under the steady gaze, which, though he did not meet, he felt through all his being—"you know that what I say is true—you cannot attack a person on suspicion."

"I know perfectly well," was answered with deliberate slowness, "that my son—my only son—is a coward."

It was as if he had been struck physically, and a deep stain of red sprang to the young fellow's face.

The fire simmered, the evening shadows gathered, the old clock ticked; then at last the son asked, slowly:

"What am I afraid of, father?"

"Everything!" the old man shouted, the words seeming to leap from his lips in relief; "for all I know, you may be afraid of the dark! This damned Kreen-er," he hurried on, "cheated your mother out of all her property, but I could not shoot a man about money; now, thank God, he gives me my chance; he has sent this vile stuff all over the



town! Do you understand what it is he insinuates?"

"I think so."

"Do you understand, sir, that he involves a woman's name?"

"Not her name, father."

"By my soul, sir, I could thrash you for that quibble! Thrash you because you do not seem to realize that nothing but blood can wipe out an insult like this!"

"You would kill him?"

"As a dog!"

"And you will?" the son cried, his voice breaking; "and be hanged?"

"Hanged, sir; a gentleman! I, hanged? Hanged for defending a woman's name and my own honor! No, sir; no jury in the South would ever return that verdict!"

"The feeling of the people toward such actions, father, has changed."

"Not here, thank God. You'd have me sue for libel, perhaps; let money pay for deathless insults! How did I beget such a heart—such a soul!"

There was a moment's pause; the young fellow was locking and unlocking his fingers, that burned at the tips; was still looking into the fire; the silence was tense.

"Well, sir?" the father demanded.

Then the son looked up; his hands were quiet now, his face was calm, his eyes were as the eyes of an accusing angel. "Was not my mother afraid—always afraid of you?" The words fell like lead. "Was not fear my portion from the first? Through my mother, did not you deal it out to me? Was she not neglected, lonely, and sorrowful? These things come home, father, and they have come home to you through me. If I had been malformed in body, it would have been your fault; but if, to you, I am malformed in spirit, if violence and bloodshed are terrible to me, if, instead of bold, I am timid—a coward, you called me—it is because I was made so by my mother, who was always afraid." He paused, and again his eyes sought the fire, while the old man, with his hands grasping the back of a chair, stood silent. Then, as if to himself, he went on, "I often wonder if I would fight; I should not be afraid to die, I think; but to hurt another—pain—cruelty—all this is so hideous." Suddenly, as out of a dream, he

added quickly, "Believe me, father, I am sorry for your disappointment in me," he turned his eyes from the fire to his father's face. "All my life almost I've known that you were disappointed—all—my—" his voice faltered, ceased.

Out of the house, across the ragged garden, through underbrush and briers. What had he done; what an awful expression! What had he done—such an old man! Was he still standing there? Would Chloe find him when she went in—would not know, not see in the dim fire-light! What awful words he had said! He must go back.

He groaned and turned; he must go home and see; he might yet save him; lift him from the floor, minister to him, devote his whole life to him; tell him all his hopes, his little success; open his own nature and perhaps the old man would enter in, would understand, would love him. He caught his breath in a sob. "Love," he whispered; "love me!" In his life there had been no love. Perhaps now it would be changed; his father might grow to love him, even him!

As rapidly as he had come, he returned, but in the garden he paused. There was only one light, and that in the kitchen. Had nothing happened? Must he himself discover—what? He shook his head. Poor, weak creature, he could scarcely stand! At least he could go to the kitchen. Chloe and Wash would be there by the fire, waiting the call for supper.

"You have not lighted the lamps," he said, standing in the doorway.

"Mass Dan say he'll light um w'en 'e ready."

His heart missed a beat; his father was alive! "You'd better light the dining-room lamp," he went on, "and take supper in." Then, "Who told you to clean those pistols?"

"Mass Dan say fuh clean um, en load um, en put um on de she'f."

He went across the yard and into the house. Out of the hearing of the negroes, his step slackened. The sight of the pistols had doubled his fears. He had resolved to go to his father, to tell him all, to plead with him—and he was slipping in the back way! Nevertheless he would go on; to begin, he would put on his best clothes, and if his father asked, he would tell him.



When he came down he went to the dining-room. A smouldering fire threw a red glow up against the ceiling and on the supper table that was carelessly set with indifferently clean things. He could have bettered all this; was he lazy as well as timid? He lighted the lamp and began to put things in order. Tomorrow Wash should clean the silver; Chloe should do the linen better, should always have a clean table-cloth. And why not flowers on the table? The honeysuckle was still in bloom. What would his father say? He had on his best clothes; the flowers would be another help to his character. Which of the old vases should he fill? He went to the mantelpiece and found a letter. His hand shook; had the magazine sent for the money back? He must open it quickly; Chloe would come with supper, then his father. Out of the long envelope fell two enclosures addressed to the care of the magazine.

He opened one, trembling still, and read:

"DEAR MR. DINGWILL,—Your story, 'A Buried Heart,' has touched me more than anything I have read in years. Is it true? Do you really know a 'Louis'? Please write another as soon as possible.

Your great admirer,

ALICE WILES."

He read it twice, feeling a little strange; his story was succeeding! This was the other:

"MY DEAR MR. DINGWILL,—Your story, 'A Buried Heart,' is too sombre, but its strength redeems it. I must thank you for it, however, and hope that a new and wholesome writer has risen on the horizon.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN WEEDEN."

His heart was beating as never before, his blood racing furiously; for the first time in all his life he longed to shout with joy! Of course he would gather flowers; would show his father these letters! The world was behind him; success was in his grasp; he would reveal his name and at once take his place in his home community, and his father

would be congratulated on his son! The present had vanished.

Chloe—! he thrust the letters into his pocket and stood looking down into the fire. The old woman paused as she rested her tray on the corner of the table.

"Who been fixin' dis table?"

"I," her young master answered. "And, Mawmer, I wish you'd tell Wash to clean the silver."

"Wuh dat you say—me tell Wash fuh clean silber? Me? Nebber; Mass Dan muss do dat."

"And the linen is very dark, too." The old woman nearly dropped the tray; then she said, slowly:

"Wuh is come to you, chile? You got on you' good clo'es—wuh is happen?"

"Nothing, Mawmer, but I am tired of things as they are; you and Wash know how things ought to be, and it seems to me that for old times' sake you'd do better."

The old woman put the last dish in its place and turned away in silence.

"Tell father," came in the new tone of her young master; she paused as if about to speak, but went on without remonstrance, and the young fellow smiled a little. Now for his father! As all his life he had trembled at his father's coming; as he had said to himself, "Pre-natal," and still had trembled, so now as he busied himself with the tea-things they rattled a little. He had for a long time made the tea because his father had sworn at Chloe's methods, nevertheless he had from the first felt his father's disapproval. The old man would have liked better if he too had sworn at Chloe and had gone to town for better fare. His father could have understood that, but not a man doing woman's work.

Now, in spite of his resolutions, he made the tea in silence—a silence he tried in vain to break; at last it was his father began.

"I want to talk business with you," he said, abruptly. Then clearing his throat: "Your half-sisters have no share in this property. I bought them off just as soon as you—a son—were born; thus this valuable estate, mortgaged up to the hilt, is your proud possession."

"Thank you, sir."

"If you can bear the sound of fire-



arms, you can rent the shooting; it is very good. The game laws are decently strict now, and, thanks to what most people would call my laziness, the place is mostly cover. You were pleased to arraign me this afternoon—"

"Forgive me, father—"

"You were quite right, only that view of the case had never occurred to me—I see it now. If I had realized it sooner, I might have done some things differently. As it is—was—I am speaking frankly—I did not think it worth while to hold things together for you; hence the mortgages. I was wrong—I am sorry."

"It was all a misunderstanding, father; I began to know that when Mr. Featherstone was here—"

"Humph! Shiny-hatted, soft-headed, begloved chump. But that's nothing now; I simply wanted to tell you about the debts and to say that I am sorry that I did not understand sooner. I am going to town early to-morrow, and I might not see you again."

"Going away?" the son interrupted. "Then, father, let me tell you something before you go. I have—I have—"

"Married a wife?"

"Oh no—no! I have written a story—"

"Good Lord!"

"And been paid for it!"

"The devil!"

"And just now I have received these letters—" turning his pocket inside out in his eagerness. "I did not take your name; I was afraid you'd not like it. I wrote the name backwards—see?"

"Heavens and earth!" reading the letters; "and been paid—you!"

"I hope some day, father, to make you proud of me—do you mind?"

The old man folded the letters carefully, and as carefully returned them to their envelopes, while the son watched and waited.

"Mind?"

"It is an honorable calling."

"Yes."

"And in time I can pay all the debts."

"You may."

"And when I am famous will—will you—"

"Famous?" the old man interrupted, then lifted his eyes to scan his son.

"Famous?" he repeated. "He has my mother's eyes—and she was always scribbling, always. I have never seen the likeness—"

"Have you ever looked at me, father, except when you were angry and I frightened?"

"For God's sake, boy—" and rising hastily, he shoved his chair away; "don't arraign me again; let us part in peace."

"Part—?"

"If your view of public feeling is correct, by this time to-morrow night I shall be in jail or dead. Don't faint; I am here now only because to-day that dog was out of town at a camp-meeting—confounded hypocrite! But he returns to town to-night, and I shall see him to-morrow."

"And—"

"Kill him—yes, unless he kills me first. I've sent him word that I was going to shoot on sight. Don't begin over again your arguments of this afternoon; they had no effect then, they will have none now. I leave you an honorable name and all my debts; I hope you will be successful and not be weighed down by what is to you the disgrace of my taking the defence of my honor into my own hands. God only knows to whom a man could leave such a thing. The law would be in my eyes the depths of dishonor. With you it seems to be different. If any one attacks my memory, I give you my permission to sue for libel. I promise not to haunt you for such action, not even to turn in my grave. I don't know but that my 'Hant' may watch the case with amusement. You may dress up like Featherstone—hat shiny—gloves shiny, and drive to town in a most neat little carriage, and step daintily into your lawyer's office and begin suit; you may even hold your pocket-handkerchief by the middle and wipe your eyes when you speak of your 'dear, mistaken father!' Good-by. I haven't been a good father. I haven't been even decently polite; forgive me if you can. I was not kind to your mother; you ought not to forgive that; I don't ask it. Good-by; don't say anything, it's no use, and don't cry." He swung out of the room, slamming the door behind him.

It was a gray autumn morning, the





*Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton*

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

HE FOUND THE STREET BLOCKED WITH PEOPLE







moisture was heavy on the grass and briers; the blue mists hung over all the lowlands; the sun was veiled in something like smoke when Colonel Wilding stepped into his road-cart and drove away. He looked older and more bent, and he did not drive rapidly; why need he? He had all day before him; besides, he was pondering many things; first, a loss he had just discovered. One of his pistols was missing, and Wash could not account for it.

If both had been missing, he would have suspected his son of making away with them; he was innocent enough for anything; but one? It puzzled him. He would stop at Sidney's and borrow a second pistol; it might develop into a street duel; the dog might dodge or hide; but if his hand had not lost its cunning, one shot would do. Still he'd stop at Jack Sidney's office and get a second pistol.

And yet death would not be unwelcome; no, not unwelcome. The boy had given him a mortal wound; the boy who, after all, was to be worth something. A writer. He cleared his throat. His young face had been beautiful, when he turned on him about his mother, and his words had been true. His timidity was pre-natal; he could not help it.

"And I, I have been a brute," he said, aloud, to the empty road and sky.

He lifted his head as if calling down judgment on himself. "Quick death will be too good for me, too good."

The day did not seem to grow any brighter even though the sun was ascending the sky. A strange gray day, the old man thought; a suitable day on which to end his failure of a life. Yes, he'd been a failure; his class had been a failure since the war. The world had changed; he and his kind were no longer needed, were survivals! Featherstone, the old sap-head, was right. He had laughed at him, at his hat, his gloves, but only because he himself had let such things go; had gone down to the commoners. And the boy? Why not go back and take the boy's advice? Sue for libel and get the rascal's money? It would hurt him more, he believed, than to give up his life. To be shot by a gentleman was far too noble a death for the beast. Good heavens! He, Alex-

ander Wilding, sue for libel when a man had insulted him, and through him a woman! His friends would think, and with reason, that he was demented! He was surely getting old. And that boy had yesterday struck him a blow that had broken his spirit.

He heard a vehicle coming behind him and he straightened up, whipped the horse. Rapidly he sped along, the speed and the fresh air seeming to give him new strength. He had been morbid; he'd kill that creature, then go home and beg the boy's pardon; leave the country if need be. The town was soon reached, and the brisk movement there helped him back to his normal condition. He was driving rapidly now, and scattered one or two groups of people.

"They suspect what I've come for," he said, seeing that the people turned to look at him; "and soon they'll know better what they've always known, that I'm not to be trifled with."

At the door of his friend's office he found the street almost blocked with people, but they opened a wide way for him. Young Sidney, standing in the doorway, started back, then without any greeting to him rushed up the stairs, while the men around took off their hats.

The old man looked about in wonder. "What is it, friends?" he asked, standing still on the pavement.

"You don't know, Colonel Wilding?"

"Know what!" A formless terror taking all the color out of his face.

"Wilding!" a voice called sharply from within the building; "come up—come!" He went quickly, mounting the stairway as a young man would have done, and his friend met him half-way. "Your boy," he said.

"Is at home—" then the old man leaned against the wall; "is at home," he repeated.

"Is here!" was answered. "You did not know?"

"Know? Know?"

"Your boy shot Kreener."

"Archie?"

"And Kreener shot your boy, and—"

"Yes," straightening up; "the boy knew I was coming—yes, God bless him! He loved me"—fiercely—"he did!"

"Of course."

"Yes, and did this for me; he was



afraid they'd hang me, his old father; or put me in the pen. Where is he—where is he?"

Then turning to face the crowd, he cried, "Who arrests him does it over my dead body!" The crowd swayed, pressed back over one another from the fierce old man behind the levelled pistol, and the police allowed themselves to be pushed down the stairs.

"Plucky to the end," Jack Sidney said, in telling the story, "but that was his last stand. When he reached my office door I had to say, 'There is no hope, you know.' I think the paralysis hit him then, for he dropped his pistol, and at the sound of the shot the fellows rushed up the stairs and the doctors came out the door. But he straightened up, like the big spirit he was, and said: 'No harm, gentlemen. I dropped my pistol—by accident—excuse me.' The crowd could not stop because of the pushing from behind, so I opened the office door and took him in. The boy lay on the table, his face turned to one side, smiling a little. Lord! When that old man stood there—when I saw the look on his face! There's no use, we've got to change our code, fellows; it's pretty deep in the blood of those who have any blood, but that boy's face!

"'Tell father,' he'd said, 'that I hoped to make a name, hoped to make him proud of me; but perhaps, Mr. Sidney, he'll like this better; this is the kind of man he understands. I knew I'd be killed because I'd never have had the nerve to shoot twice—never; perhaps this will please him.' Then he told me where to find a roll of money in his pocket. 'For father,' he said."

"And the old man?"

"Out at the old place; spends his time reading over and over all the papers the boy left; all sorts of little poems and stories; I'm having a little volume of them printed; some touches of genius here and there; it will please the old man. Yes, two or three of us have taken up the mortgages, and we'll keep him and the old servants going as long as he lives."

"And Kreener?"

"We could not prove enough to hang him, but we put him in the pen. It was not self-defence, because Kreener shot first, and I would as soon have expected to be killed by a sucking dove as by Archie Wilding. My wife often begged me to steal the boy and bring him home to her; called the old man a pagan; she's gone all to pieces over it. Yes, he hit Kreener, shot after he got his death; he didn't know, poor child; but Kreener lost an eye by it!"

## The Moon Dance

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE moon is dancing with the sun—  
 They dream together of a star;  
 Twilight has only just begun,  
 And morning is afar.  
 The moths, meanwhile, flit in and out  
 The candle stars;  
 All the late hours  
 Are filled with flowers—  
 Lo! the devout  
 Young moon is dancing with the sun.



# The Good Samaritan, Incorporated

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

FOR more than two years I have been General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the oldest and one of the most extensive organized charities in America. They have been particularly busy years. The financial panic, the crash of innumerable small industries, the universal lull in production, resulting in unemployment so general that at the height of the crisis the New York State Commissioner of Labor reported almost forty per cent. of the skilled workers idle—this vast economic cataclysm drove thousands, who had never been dependent before, to the refuge of charity. Day after day, month after month, I witnessed the spectacle of strong men compelled by the starvation of their wives and children to submit to the humiliation of accepting alms; of women whose infants were undersized because they had gone hungry for months before their babies were born; children barefooted and ragged in the midst of winter, for whom their teachers asked clothing so that they might attend school; the honorable and able-bodied poor forced by conditions over which they exercised no control, to mingle with dissipated and decrepit paupers, with the scrofulous, and those most tragic creatures men and women beaten in the fight for a living, beaten likewise in the fight for the mastery of their own characters, broken, irrecoverably lost, body and soul, begging for help to make one last stand against the almshouse and the Potter's Field.

They formed a grim and melancholy procession. And yet the effect of daily contact with so much human wretchedness was curiously different from what the casual onlooker would logically have expected. Going up and down the hallways and crowded application-rooms, interviewing the workers of the staff, entering the miserable tenements where poverty huddles the poor like stamped

sheep, watching the impoverished sick at the public dispensaries, I used frequently to catch myself unawares humming or singing, as heartily as if it were the best and merriest of worlds. I make this confession, because I found that the majority of my fellow workers shared my buoyancy and hope. They went cheerfully about their work, not because they were incorrigible optimists hardened by familiarity to the poignant appeal of human suffering, nor indeed because of the qualified satisfaction they derived from alleviating pain, but because they held the conviction that poverty, instead of being a providential lash to the wicked and oil to the lamp of the chosen, is, in fact, a relic of barbarism, man-made and not God-made, unnecessary and preventable.

This conviction, so full of inspiration, is almost universal among social workers, as professional philanthropists are called; it is the central article of their faith; it lends the distinguishing quality and character to contemporary charitable work. Broadly speaking, it is based upon the fact that we are living in an age of economic surplus, in an age when labor harnessed by science produces more of the necessities of life than the race requires for its bodily sustenance. There is wealth enough in the world, social workers believe, to make successful war on poverty, to abolish unsanitary and brutalizing tenements, to provide labor with food and clothing enough for its physical well-being and comfort, to build schools enough and to furnish opportunities enough to replace general ignorance with general enlightenment. Fortified with this knowledge, they have evolved a programme for the emancipation of the poor.

A word about their historical antecedents will help to elucidate both the philosophy and the strategic position of these modern liberators.



The earliest charitable records in America reveal a curiously engaging quality of village neighborliness. The communities in which our fathers lived were, like Miss Mitford's Village, little self-centred worlds where "people knew every one, were known to every one, interested in every one, and authorized to hope that every one felt a corresponding interest in them." Witness the following delightfully quaint entries made during the seventeenth century in the alms-account book of the deacons of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church in Albany: "To small beer for the use of Uncle Peter, 1g. 13s."; "Jongen de Brouster for wetnursing Aaron Isack's child, 35g."; "To William Brouwer in money 8g., for which he pawned 1 pair of white stockings until he should return the money."

It was as if the Good Samaritan himself had ministered to these victims of the thieves of adversity, and had left his pence with the host at the public inn for their comfort.

This sunny neighborliness shines out especially in the funeral accounts of the last of the church poor—Ryseck, widow of Gerrit Swart, who was buried on the 17th of February in the year 1700. The items set down for the funeral expenses run as follows: "Three dry boards for the coffin 7:10;  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. nails, 1:10; making the coffin 24g.; cartage 10s.; a half vat and an anker of good beer, 27g.; 1 ga. rum, 21g.; 6 gal. Madeira for women and men, 84g.; sugar and cruyery, 5g.; 150 sugar cakes, 15g.; tobacco and pipes, 4:10; Hendrick Roseboom dood-graver, 30g.; use of the pall, 12g.; total, 232 guilders." Could the wife of the burgomaster have been more handsomely consigned to the grave?

The simple neighborly relations here revealed survived well into the eighteenth century, or to the beginnings of the industrial revolution in Europe. With the application of steam to manufacture, with the triumph of the factory over domestic production, with the far-reaching social dislocations that these changes brought in their train, the great swarming western migrations began. By the end of the eighteenth century the "foreign element" were like an army encamped in the midst of New York. The facilities for moving the newcomers inland were entirely in-

adequate, and an increasing number of destitute immigrants were stranded in the seaport town. Conforming to the spirit of the old village tradition, groups of citizens banded together to give aid to these needy strangers, and at the same time public appropriations for poor relief began to mount into the tens of thousands.

When one considers the hardships of pioneer life, the exceptional courage and daring that were required to send men and women into the western wilderness, it does not appear strange that a large number imposed upon the city's hospitality, menacing with their importunate petitions the unquestioning, old-fashioned benevolence. Another important factor in modifying the character of neighborly village charity was the extension of the suffrage in 1826 to all citizens, except negroes, without property qualifications. This occurred only a few years after the energetic cunning and astuteness of Aaron Burr had definitely established Tammany Hall as the dominant political power in New York. The enfranchised beneficiaries of public poor relief thus acquired a new status as compliant troopers in political campaigns and offered a constant temptation to politicians to disburse city money with reference to elections rather than to the need or worth of the recipients.

These facts largely account for the insistence with which the pioneers in organized charity dwelt upon moral turpitude as the principal cause of pauperism. The theory that people were poor because they were intemperate, thriftless, or lazy was not entirely the product of the aristocratic prejudices of the best citizens of the day. When in 1843 Robert M. Hartley, the father of systematic charity in America, organized the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, it was in great measure true that the destitute beggars, who congregated in our great cities, suffered either through dense ignorance of their opportunities or through the lack of the moral and physical stamina that led so many of their sturdier fellows to avail themselves of the boundless natural resources that America offered gratuitously to any who were ready to take a hand in building the nation.



Writing in 1845, Hartley deplores the fact that in spite of enlarged public and private provisions for the relief of the indigent, "the streets were still filled with mendicants, the benevolent were harassed with applications, and importunate impostors were constantly obtaining the aid which was designed only for the needy and deserving."

The attitude of mind created by these conditions Hartley expressed in several of the admonitory tracts which, as General Agent of the Association, he addressed to the city's poor. "Every able-bodied man in this country," he declared, "may support himself and family comfortably; if you do not, it is probably owing to idleness, improvidence, or intemperance. . . . You will gossip and smoke, neglect your children and beg, live in filth and discomfort, drink and carouse, do almost anything rather than work, and expect, forsooth, to be supported by charity. . . . Some of you in all honesty ask not alms, but work; but how will you get what does not exist? There are so many more hands than work that by remaining here you are doomed to starve in idleness or subsist by charity. . . . To the sober and industrious we say, 'Stay not here to pine in idleness and want, when the wide and fertile country offers you employment and all that is needful for comfort and elevation.'"

Those who wilfully and stubbornly remained in spite of these admonitions, Hartley and his associated Good Samaritans determined to make the best of "by elevating their moral character and teaching them to depend upon themselves." They divided the city into 278 sections, each one in charge of a resident male volunteer—a member always of one of the best families—who pledged himself to withhold all relief from unknown persons, to visit in their homes those who appeared to require benevolent services, and, by discriminating and judicious relief combined with admonitions to prudence, thrift, diligence, and temperance, to help them discover those hidden springs of virtue within themselves from which alone their prosperity might flow.

But Hartley and his associates did not limit their activities to personal visitation. Almost all the devices for improving the condition of the poor that are

current in our day were devised by them. Hartley was instrumental in establishing free public dispensaries, public baths, and public lectures on personal and domestic hygiene. He devised a cook-book filled with frugal recipes to foster thrift among the poor. He conducted a tenement-house investigation which, in many respects, is still a model of what such an investigation should be. And he advocated legislation for the control of tenement-house construction. He also inaugurated a milk campaign of the most far-reaching character. But, owing to the prevalent conception of poverty, the inspiration of all these activities was not economic or social, as we understand those terms to-day, but ethical. His milk campaign interestingly illustrates this point. He was the leader of the early temperance movement. The customary feed for cattle in the vicinity of New York was distillery and brewery waste; to feed children on milk taken from distillery-fed cows was, according to his theories, deliberately to breed intemperance in infants and thus to foredoom them to pauperism. Hartley's fight was, after all, not so much against an adulterated milk as against the devil, who so delights to lay character waste by planting his agents in the hearts of men.

This general point of view still underlies much of our charitable literature, it permeates the appeals issued by most of our charitable societies to-day, and undoubtedly prompts the gifts of a large number of contributors to charitable funds. They give out of pity for those unfortunates who are reaping the whirlwind that Adam sowed, and whose only hope, they believe, lies in regeneration.

But even while Hartley and his fellow Good Samaritans strove to maintain the social integrity of their city by ushering the surplus population westward and by reforming the characters of the poor who remained, the industrial revolution, which was so largely responsible for the flood of immigration, had overtaken America itself and was ruthlessly overwhelming the simple economic relations upon which the old village neighborliness rested. Local workshops were giving way to factories and mills organized on national and international lines. The centralization of production and distribution re-



sulting from the development of steam was changing the city from a back eddy of immigration into an increasingly powerful magnet for cheap labor. It had been the hope of Hartley that his methods would effectually banish pauperism. But in 1882 the promoters of the new Charity Organization Society described the situation then existing in New York in the very words used by Hartley thirty-nine years before. They complained of a multiplicity of petty and uncoordinated charities, resulting inevitably in great waste of energy, effort, and money, and in the encouragement among the poor of pauperism and degradation. Yet, in spite of the segregation of the rich and the poor at opposite ends of the city, the total disappearance of even such neighborliness as Hartley's volunteers were able to keep alive, and the profound revolution that had taken place in the economic life of the community, these successors of Hartley still adhered to his interpretation of poverty, and sought to remedy the evils that had stirred them to action. This they did by the enforcement of a more thoroughgoing system of home visitation, by the establishment of a central registration bureau, which, by making the facts concerning all applicants for poor relief available to individuals and societies, would, it was hoped, prevent duplication of effort on the one hand and imposture on the other.

It was not until the middle of the nineties that the characteristic and exhilarating point of view of contemporary charity began to make its appearance. Possibly the most important of the many factors that contributed to the intellectual revolution out of which the new conception arose was the economic teaching of Simon N. Patten, Professor of Political Economy in the University of Pennsylvania, a number of whose students have been the leaders in the new movement. Professor Patten taught the heretical doctrine that "the depraved man is not the natural man; for in him the natural is suppressed beneath a crushing load of misfortunes, superstitions, and ill-fitting social conventions." In the course of his illuminating lectures he repeatedly declared that the poor are what they are because of their situation, which gives them no opportunity to ex-

press their inherent but suppressed qualities. "We need not work for regeneration," he writes in one of his books; "it will of itself flow from the sources we neither create nor control. . . . When sanitation, good housing, and shorter hours of work have generated enough energy to relieve starving faculties, poverty men will adjust themselves as capably as normal men, and will also appreciate culture and morality." And the creation of this regenerating environment depends to-day, Professor Patten holds, solely upon the good-will of the wealthy and upon the constructive capacity of social workers, because "for the first time in the history of civilization mankind has reached a point where the means of satisfying its needs are in excess of the needs themselves."

By 1879 the segregation of the wealthy and the poor in opposite ends of the city was already complete. The congestion of population in the regions where the working classes lived had so developed that it was no longer possible for men who were able to devote only their leisure to the task, and who no longer, as in the days of Hartley, lived in the districts in which they administered relief, to keep themselves familiar with the swiftly growing and rapidly shifting population. Paid visitors were accordingly employed and vicarious neighborliness became a profession. Then as the staff of paid workers grew it became necessary to purchase the services of men of administrative ability, both to superintend the employees and to act as intermediaries between them and the Boards of Managers, who thus became, as it were, capitalists of benevolence.

Now it happens that the men who were selected for several of the most important of these administrative positions were the disciples of Professor Patten. It is largely through them that Professor Patten's interpretation of poverty as the product of adverse environment has come into philanthropy; and it is their peculiar position as the salaried employees of the Good Samaritans of the old school that has largely determined the character of the programme by which they hope to abolish poverty.

The significance of Professor Patten's interpretation lies in the fact that it



transfers the major responsibility for poverty from the individual poor to the wealthy and influential who, as landlords, merchants, bankers, captains of industry, and capitalists, in the last analysis create the environment in which the poor are compelled to live. But these are the very men who have organized and are financing our great charities! The paid workers have accordingly adopted the assumption that if those who represent the enlightenment, honor, and altruism of the community understood the facts, they would, as stewards of the wealth of society, take the steps necessary to remedy the adverse conditions that produce poverty. Their first task, therefore, has been to convince their employers that the expenditure of money for food, coal, and clothing, rather than for expert service, investigation, and legislation, is wasteful both from the business and humanitarian points of view. The dispensation of alms, they maintain, is at best a makeshift, the need for which will disappear when the evil conditions—bad housing, low wages, long hours—are corrected. It is for this reason that the best energies of the paid workers are to-day directed to research and investigation and to framing appeals, based upon facts, to the business intelligence, as well as to the altruism, of their employers, and to the socially and economically dominant group in the community whom their employers represent.

The force of their appeal lies not only in the humanitarian hope it holds out, that poverty with all its depressing brood of miseries can be abolished by the wise application of surplus wealth to the environment of the poor, but in the pertinent argument that such a course will transform the human waste that is now piled up in culms in our industrial centres into efficient labor and productive energy. The relation of the paid social worker to the stewards of the wealth of society is akin to that which the modern "efficiency engineer" bears to the managers of our great industrial corporations; their major function is to discover the surest scientific means for eliminating waste—waste in this case not of gold, steel, or lumber, but of human life. To this end they treat the community as a social and economic unit and strive to

eliminate poverty—which is but a term for human waste—by the application of the altruism and business intelligence of the capitalists of benevolence to the machinery of government. Their ordinary course of procedure is as follows: Collect the facts, lay the facts before a committee of the best citizens, and trust to their altruism to devise means for the improvement of conditions, and to make these means effective through legislation, either national, State, or municipal.

In this way one group of paid workers has assembled facts about child labor, and through the organization of national and State child-labor committees has awakened public opinion to the evils of child labor, and has secured the enactment by many States of restrictive laws.

Another group, after fostering sentiment looking to the legal restriction of the working-day among women, assembled facts showing the evil effects of excessive fatigue upon women, laid these facts before the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States, who, on the basis of the evidence thus presented, declared constitutional the Oregon law limiting to ten hours the working-day among women.

In 1898, three years after Dr. Edward T. Devine, the most distinguished of Professor Patten's disciples, had become General Secretary of the Charity Organization Society, that society, as the result of facts laid before it by its paid workers, appointed a tenement-house committee; this committee in turn secured the appointment by Governor Roosevelt of a tenement-house commission, whose recommendations were embodied in a law designed to bring about important reforms in tenement construction, and in a separate municipal tenement-house department created to enforce the law. At the time when the law went into effect conditions in the tenements, to quote the first commissioner of the department—who was likewise president of the Charity Organization Society—"were in many instances so bad as to be indescribable in print; vile privies and privy-sinks, foul cellars full of rubbish, in many cases of garbage and decomposed fecal matter; dilapidated and dangerous stairs; plumbing pipes containing large holes emit-



ting sewer-gas throughout the house; rooms so dark that one cannot see people in them." Since then the new law has been in force for seven years. In the forthcoming report of the department it will be shown that of the more than 400,000 rooms that in 1902 had light and ventilation below the legal standard, 39,051 have been equipped with larger windows, and that of the 101,117 totally dark rooms, 43,737 have been opened—by order of the department. Fifteen thousand new-law tenements have been completed and occupied by upward of a million people. Moreover, the commercialized immorality that formerly infested these homes of the poor has been practically driven out, and the provisions for general sanitation and protection against fire have been to a very considerable extent made effective.

Since 1902 the field of social reform, thus sown and cultivated by the apostles of the new view, has yielded an unprecedented crop of kindred enterprises—playground associations, committees on the feeding of school-children, committees on amusement centres for working men and women, anti-tuberculosis associations—all of them looking to the further extension of the social service departments in the city's human repair-shops. The Good Samaritan is thus being incorporated in government.

This far-reaching tendency to develop municipal altruism has inevitably given rise to the cry of "socialism." In a recent article Mr. Edgar J. Levey, himself chairman of the Committee on the Prevention of Tuberculosis of the Charity Organization Society, has raised a warning voice. To show the extent to which "modern philanthropy is tending to merge into municipal socialism," he cites a statement of Dr. Edward T. Devine, unofficial dean of the social workers of the country, to the effect that the reformation of the adverse social conditions that produce poverty "can be accomplished only by the resources of legislation, of taxation, of large expenditures, or by changes in our educational system, or in our penal system, or in our taxing system, or even in our industrial system."

But no charge can be farther wide of the mark. Real socialism, as Doctor Devine points out in the article from which

Mr. Levey quotes, advocates a complete revolution in our economic and industrial system, the substitution of co-operative for capitalistic production, distribution, and exchange, on the ground that the fundamental cause of poverty and human misery is the system of exploitation of men by men for profits, which compels employers, even when personally virtuous and benevolent, to rob the workers of the just reward of their labor. Socialism preaches not altruism, municipal or individual, but the democratic, class-conscious political action of the workers, asserting that the emancipation of the workers from poverty cannot be bestowed, but must be won by the workers themselves.

In direct opposition to this doctrine, Doctor Devine expresses the faith of the social workers that "no industry essential to the common good rests upon child labor, unrequited accidents, and indecent standards of living. . . . These things of which we complain yield profits, but they are the profits of exploitation and greed, not the profits of business enterprise and commercial honor." And he further affirms his belief in the essential wholesomeness of modern industry, and his conviction that when the thieves and cheats have been hounded out of business, business as it is can still go on. He declares, moreover, that it is contrary to good business sense "to permit typhoid for lack of a filter, or inefficient children for lack of good schools, or criminals for lack of playgrounds, or wayward girls for lack of protection, or exploited childhood for lack of a factory inspector, or industrial accidents for lack of a compensation law or an insurance system. . . . There is no more firmly grounded programme than that of social work," he concludes; "its natural allies are the financiers, and the sanitarians, and the engineers, and the captains of industry."

By influencing the good-will of the wealthy to the support of this programme, whose most effective instrument is government, the professional philanthropists of to-day hope to extend the benefits of our economic surplus to the masses, and thus through the bestowal of alms, private, municipal, and State, to lift the poor up from their poverty.



# “Holy Mr. Herbert”

BY MARJORIE BOWEN

A GENTLEMAN was seated on a mile-stone that marked four miles to Bemerton, in the county of Wiltshire; it was midday in the month of June; warm, fair, and cloudy; the gentleman had an inkhorn by his side, and was employed in busily writing on some loose sheets of paper that he held on his knee.

A little grove of young beech trees cast a rippling shade across the smooth white road; a hedge of hawthorn stuck with great clusters of blossoms shut off the meadow-land, where flocks of silent sheep grazed; about the mile-stone and edging the road grew sparrow-grass, dock leaves, large and torn, the parsley flowers with their feathery green and swollen striped buds, wild thyme, close and dark in the tufted grass, buttercups smooth and glistening, sun-reddened daisies, and ragged-robins, fragile and wild.

A continuous veil of soft white cloud moved slowly across the sky, allowing a tempered sun to shine gently over the fields; and it was so quiet that the sound of the gentleman's quill moving over the paper was heard distinctly by a person who, all unknown to him, seated beside the gate that led into the meadow behind him, was watching him very closely.

This person was a lady of comely appearance habited in a dark-gray traveling dress.

She had a little riding-switch in her hands, and held it across her knees with an air of resolution, and her hood was thrown back on her shoulders, showing red ribbons in her brown hair.

After she was tired of bending frowning eyes on the unconscious gentleman on the mile-stone, she took to glancing up and down the road, uttering little sighs of impatience, as if in hope the busy writer might look up.

But he was too absorbed to hear her. The faint shadows waved to and fro on the road, the sheep moved slowly about

in the soft grass, the wild flowers glowed and sparkled in the hedges, the hawthorn shone amid its sharp leaves and thorns; still the gentleman wrote, and the lady sat a few yards away from him on the low gate-post, sighing, frowning, and twisting her whip in her gloved fingers.

Then, coming evidently to some resolution, she left her post and advanced along the hedge.

Still he seemed utterly unaware of her presence; she stopped within a yard of the mile-stone.

“Sir,” she said, “wilt thou be so courteous as to give me a sheet of paper, and to lend me for a moment thy pen?”

He looked up, glanced at her with a pair of sweet gray eyes, and smiled in an abstracted manner; he was attired in quiet black, and long fair curls hung on to his clerical collar of fair lawn.

“Surely, mistress,” he answered, courteously; he handed her a sheet of paper, drawn from those on his knee, and fell to writing again.

She looked at him with an amused frown on her brows.

“Sir, if thou deniest me the quill, the paper is of no service.”

He looked at her blankly, then tugged himself away from his dreams and blushed.

“I crave thy indulgence, mistress,” he said. “When I am full of thoughts I am not mindful.” He gave her the pen.

“Nay,” she answered, taking it, “I have watched thee for a full half-hour and hardly hast thou moved.”

“Watched me?” he glanced about him, bewildered; it began to occur to him that it was a strange thing a lady should interrupt his work in this manner. Now that he had resigned his pen, he had wits and leisure to observe her; she was young and pleasant, well dressed; he knew her for a gentlewoman, and marvelled that she should be alone.



She took the sheet of paper to a beech tree that had encroached beyond the hedge, and, leaning across the flowers, began to write, setting the sheet against the stem. Standing so, with the parsley blossoms against her gray dress and the sunshine glimmering through the transparent beech leaves on to her glossy hair, with her brows gathered in a frown with the joint labor of writing and holding the paper steady, she made a pretty image of grace and softness.

The gentleman's curiosity was aroused.

"Hold it not unmannerly, mistress," he said, "if I shall question thee as to the reason of thy unprotected condition on a roadway where, albeit as tranquil as any in the King's dominions, Violence oft stalks abroad, to the menace of the weak."

The lady looked at him over her shoulder and colored.

"I know it fits not well with safety, sir, for a female to expose her person, unattended, seeing there are robbers and such horrid creatures that do prowl about, as I have oft heard travellers relate, but untoward circumstances have brought me to this pass. I pray that thou thinkest no less of me for that."

She had now finished writing, and, taking a pin from her dress, fixed the paper to the tree.

"I was seated by yonder gate when thou first camest hither—surely thou hadst not seen me had I not spoken, so deep wast thou in thy meditation. There is thy pen."

He had risen and come toward her, holding the fluttering sheets.

"Is it permitted me to read what thou hast written?" he asked.

"I write not secrets on the barks of trees," she answered. "It is there for any man to peruse."

She stood holding out the pen to him; he took it, and she watched him while he read her paper. It ran thus—in a large, unpractised hand:

"DERE TOM,—It is a Sade Thinge Men are soe fulle of Evile and a Pitie, I see Thou hast deserted me Leaving me to Alle the Perils on the King his rode soe I am Gone and doe not meen to see your Face againe tho' once I thought it bewtiful. If Thou Returnst Thou wilt

No why I am Gone Tom, If Not Thou dost not care so in Each case Fare thee well, tho' Wicked. NANCY.

"I Add that I am also Hungrie."

"I do not write clerkly penmanship," she said. "And it may be some words are ill spelt, but it is clear and stinging, is it not, sir?"

"I am pitiful for Tom," answered the gentleman. "This offence must be great."

"It is," she returned, shortly.

"And the last portion of this message or letter," continued the gentleman—"forgive me—it is hardly logical this that thou hast written—'in each case, farewell.' Now if he sees not the paper he obtains not the farewell—so it is not in each case or either case, but in one—"

"Tom is no scholar," she answered, gravely. "And what irks thee he will notice not."

He was not satisfied. "If he returneth, he hath not forsaken thee?"

"Nay," she admitted.

"Then if he returneth he needeth not the message, and if he cometh not it is useless, since he will not see it."

The lady bit her lip and reflected.

"He is not coming back," she said at length. "But if he did I should desire him to know I knew he would not. So I will leave the paper."

The gentleman was silenced.

"How far is it to the nearest village?" she asked, playing with a spray of hawthorn.

"At four miles lieth Bemerton," he pointed to the mile-stone. "Of which parish I am the unworthy minister, Mr. Herbert."

"I thank thee. I am Mistress Anne Rolleston. I would the village was something nearer, as I am passing hungry, but even as it is I must proceed there, waiting no more for Tom."

"This is a strange matter," said Mr. Herbert. "Truly if thou wouldst tell me a little more I might aid thee."

"Sir," she answered, "it is a woful series of misadventures—all due to the ill temper of Tom. Tom is of a pragmatical, tiresome humor—of a—"

"In brief—ye have quarrelled," smiled Mr. Herbert.

"This morning," she said, gravely, "I





*Painting by Howard Pyle*

WRITING ON SOME LOOSE SHEETS OF PAPER THAT HE HELD ON HIS KNEE







was married to Tom by uncle's chaplain, and we ran away, meaning to depart from this spot. But the chaplain through fear betrayed us, I conjecture, for my uncle and my cousin Humphrey came after us with pistols, my uncle always desiring me to marry my cousin Humphrey, and I caring nothing for it. We distanced them, which Tom said was a miracle, as his horse had a double burden, and I disliked that and told him it was of his own choosing that I rode behind him, and he replied that a wife should not have sharp answers ready—which was an ill thing in him, seeing we have been but a few hours wed. On saying this to Tom he said that it was no matter of time but one of principle, and I could not forbear rejoining that my cousin Humphrey had never spoken to me like that—being always more gentle in his manner to me than Tom.

"Near this the horse fell lame and Tom was furious, and I chid him for it, for if a man cannot keep his temper on his wedding-day—when shall he? He said I loved to chafe him, and that we must turn off our course, else we should be overtaken by uncle and Cousin Humphrey, so we went across some fields and came upon another road, which was mighty lonely. Tom led the horse and I walked behind. And then were we set upon by ugly villains who had guns; they took the horse and my box of jewels and Tom's watch and shoe-buckles and brooch and left us desolate. Upon which I wept and told Tom Humphrey would have done better in the like case, and he said if he had made resistance he had been killed, and perhaps I had been glad, and this was what came to a man for taking a wife, he had done better to have remained single, as his friends had advised him, and such like unmannerly talk. Then we came on to this road, and Tom said we must walk to Bemerton, and I said I would not, being tired, and so we disagreed. He said he would not leave me, I said he was no protection, whereon he told me I was a silly woman, and he wished that he had left me in my uncle's house. I said I wished so indeed, and asked him could he not find me a horse? He replied he would go a little way down the road to see if he might observe a house. Whereat he went,

and that must be two hours or so past, and I will wait no longer."

Mistress Rolleston finished her tale with an indignant glance from brown eyes sparkling with moisture at the paper pinned to the beech tree.

"Some mischance hath befallen Tom," said Mr. Herbert. "I cannot believe he would forsake thee in this barbarous manner."

She seemed to be under no apprehension as to Tom's safety.

"Thieves will not molest a man already robbed," she said, scornfully; she drew out her handkerchief from her sleeve and dashed away the tears gathered in her eyes. "And Tom had his wits and his two hands—Nay, he hath gone of a design and left me forlorn."

"But, mistress," protested Mr. Herbert, "a man may not so desert his wife—knowst thou where he had intention of taking thee?"

"To his house, Rolleston Court. It is, he told me, many miles from here, nor do I desire to go there—nay, nor will I."

"Then thou wilt return to thy uncle, mistress?" questioned Mr. Herbert.

Mistress Rolleston evaded that.

"Sir, I am hungry and chafed with waiting; I will go on to Bemerton, where some will have pity on my plight."

"Assuredly I will accompany thee," said Mr. Herbert, in his courtier-like yet sweetly simple manner. "It is not meet for thee to go alone."

"Sir," she answered, gratefully, "I cannot be so far beholden to thee—"

Mr. Herbert waved his delicate hand.

"Bemerton Rectory will be honored—and thou shalt not call it hospitality, since it is my bare duty as God His minister."

He picked up his hat and his ink-horn and rolled together the papers.

"Thou writest a book?" she asked, striving to put by her own heaviness.

A look of soft shy pleasure came into Mr. Herbert's face.

"It is, Mistress Rolleston, a book of some poor prose meditations—entitled *The Priest to the Temple*."

"Thou art a learned gentleman," answered she, "and a kind one, and I am sorely troubled that I have interrupted thee with my trivial and worldly distresses."

He reassured her that his work, such



as it was, suffered not at all from being broken off abruptly, and they turned their faces toward Bemerton.

Perceiving that the lady labored under some gloom caused by her forsaken plight, and that her thoughts were turning upon Tom, Mr. Herbert, to distract her, began to discourse pleasantly.

"Hath not nature fairly enamelled these fields and meadows?" he said. "It seemeth to me that the month of June hath in it something of an unearthly beauty, as if God His mercy did disclose unto us a little of the delights of Paradise. Truly, a space of green, set with tall and excellent flowers, a fresh hedge beyond grown with tender white blossoms, a group of slender trees with leaves uplifted to the pearly heavens, hath in it as much of the divine as is vouchsafed to us."

"It is very sweet," she answered. "Thou hast a neighborhood full of delights here, Mr. Herbert."

"In my most ungrateful moments I could desire no more than the blessings God hath sent me," said Mr. Herbert, his eyes shining. "But this scene, enchanting as it is, lacketh yet one thing—the Sabbath bells—that do come so sweetly across the fields; on a fair Sunday morning it breaketh the heart with beauty to hear them."

"Ah me!" sighed the lady, "I would Tom had been a godly man."

They reached a point where the road divided into two; the sign-post marked one way to Bemerton, that which led straight ahead.

Close to the sign-post was a white-washed inn.

"Here we may get food," said Mr. Herbert.

"Tom had not far to go," remarked the lady, and her lips quivered.

As they approached the inn they saw a bay horse with a white forefoot standing by the mounting-block.

"Oh!" cried Mistress Anne Rolleston; she stopped. "I beseech you, sir, that we do not enter the inn—"

"Methought," answered Mr. Herbert, "thou wert over-hungry to walk to Bemerton."

"I am hungry no longer," she said, hastily. "For that is Cousin Humphrey his horse."

"Then, mistress," exclaimed Mr. Herbert, "I will call him out—"

"Nay," she returned, something pale and shaking. "He would be enraged with me and carry me back to uncle—and since I am Tom his wife—"

"We must discover Tom," said Mr. Herbert.

She made no reply to that.

"Do not pass the inn, lest he be looking from the window," she entreated, "but let us take this road."

"Which leads not to the village," smiled Mr. Herbert. "But since I have a friendship for Tom we will follow it for a little and then traverse the fields to Bemerton."

Her deep brown eyes flashed gratitude.

"Dear sir, thou art very good to me."

They turned down the other road and walked rapidly away from the inn.

"It must be Cousin Humphrey came this way," said Mr. Herbert, "otherwise had he passed us."

"And where is Tom?" she cried. "What if he met with Humphrey?" Then, after considering a space, "I am sorry," said she, "that I did leave that message on the tree, for if Cousin Humphrey should see it he will know that I have quarrelled with Tom, which is not to my liking."

"Thou saidst—'twas for all men to read."

"All—save Humphrey and uncle."

The road was narrow and high banked with wild-sloe hedges; blue asters and yellow daisies edged their path. Mr. Herbert carried his hat in his hand as if in reverence of the beautiful day, and tenderly clasped his papers to his bosom; Anne Rolleston thought of Tom and fingered her hood and her kirtle and looked about her uneasily, as if she feared to see him lying dead or disabled under every tree they passed.

But she carried it with a high head, for—ah!—it was disgraceful of him. Not half a mile along the road—merely round the bend—there was this inn; minutes should have seen his return, and if the place proved not a posting-house, why—then he could have come back to take her there; oh, Tom, I fear thou art without excuse.

They turned through a gate and walked across the fields.



"This way," said Mr. Herbert. "It is many miles to Bemerton, but I know a cottage where they will be pleased to let thee rest."

"Oh, sir," replied Mistress Rolleston, "how I am beholden to thy goodness, yet, withal, must admit, though ashamed, that my heart is something heavy because of Tom."

"Be not downcast," replied Mr. Herbert, sweetly. "Assuredly we shall find thy Tom—there is some explanation for his absence, difficult now to guess at, but ample, in truth, and easy to believe."

Mistress Anne kept her glance on the grass at her feet.

"Sir," she said, falteringly, "a while ago I spoke overconfidently also, I fear—I was enraged—but thou dost not think—that is—harm is not likely to have come to him?"

"To mine own knowledge the country is open as God His hand," replied Mr. Herbert. "Never have I seen aught but pleasant and innocent sights, and though I would love not to think of a damsel wandering in any place alone, still I would never fret for a gentleman his safety."

The field they traversed sloped to an orchard enclosed by a low wooden fence; Mr. Herbert opened the wicket and they entered.

All hues of pink and cream and white, the clusters of blossoms lay lightly on the gnarled old trees; green and gray mosses, dull-red lichens, clung to their twisted branches, and here and there the flowers had drifted on to the tall grass and lay fluttering there amid the sorrel and daisies.

"Summer snow," said Mr. Herbert. "It is wondrous sweet."

In places the trees were so low they had to stoop in passing under them, and once Mistress Anne's hood was caught back by an errant bough and the white petals shaken on to her brown curls and red ribbons.

When they had passed through the orchard they came to another gate, admitting them to a garden filled with currant and gooseberry bushes, the young fresh leaves of which were smelling fragrantly.

Mistress Anne gathered up her skirts because of the thorns and looked at the gabled house adjoining the garden.

They went round to the front, where the sun lay strongly over a bed of pinks, a border of stocks and sweet-williams; over the white-beamed face of the house climbed a sweetbrier; a thrush in a basket cage hung against the wall, and a smooth-haired dog slept on the warm cobbled path.

"This is a tranquil place," sighed Mistress Anne.

A woman in a blue gown came to the open door and curtsied low at the sight of Mr. Herbert.

"Mistress Powell," he said, "there hath been an accident on the highroad, and this lady is too weary to walk to Bemerton, therefore I dared assure her she would be welcome here for what time it would take me to return to Bemerton and fetch a horse."

Mistress Powell, overwhelmed with pleasure, welcomed them into the house.

"And my Jack will run into Bemerton for your honor."

"Nay," answered Mr. Herbert. "This lady will stay at the Rectory, and I will acquaint Mistress Herbert of her coming."

Mistress Anne sank down on the settle inside the door of the great shady kitchen, for she was truly weary.

"Mr. Herbert," said she, "I put thee to great trouble."

"Nay," he replied. "'Tis I who will ask a favor of thee—that is, that thou shouldest take these papers into thy keeping until my return."

She flushed with pleasure and put her hand out for the roll.

Mr. Herbert lingered over it.

"They are safer with thee," he smiled. "If I, being careless when alone, dropped any of these vagrant sheets, it would be some anguish to repair the loss."

With that and many comforting words and assurances of his swift return the gentleman left the cottage.

Mistress Anne clasped his papers tightly and watched him across the fields, his fair hair spread over his gleaming white collar, his slender black figure casting a shadow behind it; Mistress Powell, with a tall girl to help her and two curious children clustering about her skirts, brought refreshment to the guest, and she was not slow to take it; Tom, she reflected, must be hungry by now, and



at the thought of him she had much ado to prevent the tears from splashing into a cup of milk or flavoring the cake she ate.

When she had finished she was prettily grateful; they hastened to place a chair for her in the door, and she sat there in the sun, with the fat thrush and the silly dog for company.

While she mused about Tom and his great wickedness, the roll of Mr. Herbert's writings fell from her knee, and, being carelessly tied, the string ('twas a ribbon from Mr. Herbert's wristband) came undone and the sheets were scattered at her feet.

She picked them up hastily and respectfully and began putting them neatly together according to their numbering.

There were eight pages—all freshly written upon in a close hand.

She counted them—one, two, three, four, five, six—nine, ten—

She caught her breath—two sheets were gone. She looked about the garden. But no; had she not instantly picked up the leaves as they came untied?

Again she counted them. Alas! there was no mistake; two sheets of Mr. Herbert's book were lost.

Dismay and self-reproach made her heart beat thickly; she had disturbed him, distracted him; through her his book, the result of his holy meditation and labor, would be spoiled.

She could not bear to picture his face when he discovered his misfortune—had he not said "it would be anguish to repair the loss"?

"Oh, Tom!" she cried to herself, "thou art the cause of all this!"

But there was a remedy; somewhere along the road were those two straying sheets, the chances great that nobody would yet have passed along that lonely way, discovering them. It was not so very far to the mile-stone where she had first met Mr. Herbert; could she but run back there and secure them before he returned, she would repair the mischief that she had unconsciously caused.

She did not like to go along the road alone; she was sorely tired, and she had a dread of Cousin Humphrey lurking near—but these objections were not to be set against the joy of recovering the precious sheets.

Rising, she softly called to her one of the children watching her from the kitchen.

"Dear chuck," she said, "if I am not back before Mr. Herbert his return, tell him I am gone to walk in the orchard and will soon be back—the same to thy mother."

She tied up carefully the remaining papers and put them in the pocket hanging at her side, then started off swiftly through the currant bushes, looking about her as she went.

Quite distinctly could she remember the way they had come, and reckoning the distance in her mind, was sure that she could secure the precious writings and be back with them before Mr. Herbert returned from Bemerton.

If she could not find them—that tragedy loomed as large in her mind as the desertion of Tom, "for surely," she said to herself, "it would be a woful thing if Mr. Herbert his book was spoiled through a silly woman."

Under the orchard boughs she looked in vain; across the meadows her eyes were busy from right to left for a hopeful glimmer of white or aught that might prove to be the missing sheets.

When she reached the road she had found nothing, and was besides a little breathless with anxiety and quick walking.

The sun was now at its fiercest, and the clouds had rolled off the sky, leaving the landscape golden. Mistress Anne set her lips at the sight of the long, lonely, white, hot road, closed the gate with an air of resolution, and hurried in the direction of the inn.

Her eager brown eyes scanned every bed of celandines, every clump of white clover, every waving tuft of speedwell she passed, and when she had almost reached the end of the road—when the white inn began to stare at her through the trees—her heart sank dolefully.

Fears of Cousin Humphrey assailed her; she began to slacken her pace; it was hot and dusty, she felt miserably alone, and the prospect of the empty road with no hint of what she sought was mighty merciless.

Still she pursued her way, though flaggingly, and presently had reached the inn and turned on to the highroad.



The ominous nag with the white forefoot was no longer there; that was some poor comfort—but, alas! it seemed as if she would not find the missing sheets!

Had she overlooked them on the way?—how was it possible they could have gone—who, on that lonely road, should, in the short space of half an hour or so, have found and carried away two small portions of paper lying by the roadside? It was mystifying and miserable.

If she might find only *one*—her feverish thoughts told her that *two* must spoil the work of the gentle writer who had befriended her. . . . She reached the mile-stone . . . nothing!

There was her own message, dangling from the beech trunk—there was the mile-stone, marked with ink—nothing else!

She sank down on the soft wild flowers and gentle grass, all dismayed.

"Oh, *Tom*," she said, and, "Sweet Tom, where art thou?" then she began to cry for desolation, and, "Cruel Tom!" said she.

Her hands went up to her face and she sobbed, not loudly, in a piteous, stifled manner.

She must go back to Mr. Herbert—she must face him with the tale of the missing pages.

A live terror mingled suddenly with these miseries, caused by the click, click of a horse coming slowly along the road.

Perhaps this was Humphrey—perhaps it was some passing traveller who had found the precious leaves; perhaps it was some brigand or robber.

This last surmise proved the strongest; Mistress Anne sprang up and withdrew into the foliage beneath the beech, tears still in her eyes and her heart thumping thickly.

She saw the horseman come into sight; a bay horse with a white forefoot, but the rider was not Humphrey.

"Hullo—*Nan*!" said he.

"Oh, Tom!" she cried, coming round the tree, then she choked.

He walked the horse up to her and dismounted; his pleasant face was red and he had no hat.

"Nan, where hast thou been?" he asked her. "Sweet Nan, art thou still angered?"

"Indeed," said she, joyfully, "I was

not *angry*, Tom—but thou, thou art a little—late."

"Late!" answered he; and he smiled, for no reason, it seemed, but the pleasure of looking at her face. "Late!" he repeated. "When I have had thy cousin Humphrey to settle with—"

"That is Cousin Humphrey his horse," cried she—"and, oh, Tom!"—this in a breathless addition—"hast thou killed him!"

"Nay," said he, in a shy manner. "But first tell me where thou wert."

She told him her adventures in a breath.

"I waited here till I was tired, Tom, then I went with a clergyman—Mr. Herbert—on the road to Bemerton."

"Ay," answered Tom, "that is holy Mr. Herbert that was at the court—but what of the man from the inn? Listen, Nan; when I got thither I ran into *Humphrey*, and we talked, and I asked after thy uncle. He is five miles back, said Humphrey, being too stout for riding—I am the only one. I said, 'I am Anne her husband.' 'Very well,' said he, heroical, 'I will make Anne a widow.' Seeing he was resolved to fight, I called a man and bid him go up the road and stand by you. With that we went into the garden, and we said, let us fight only till the first blood is drawn, because we once were *friends*. So we did, but I hurt Humphrey his side so that he was near to death. And methought thou wast safe away from the bloodshed, so rode into Bemerton on Humphrey his horse, where there is a doctor, to save Humphrey his life, and when I returned asked about the lady. 'I found no lady,' said this silly man, and I was like to be maddened, and with that galloped up here and saw naught—then I went the other way and all the while called on thee—and but now came back here again to look once more. And that is the story, *Nan*."

He paused, panting and flushed after the longest speech he had ever made in his life, and a little surprised at himself for having made it.

Mistress Anne pulled her message off the tree and squeezed it up in her hand.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Tom," said she, "thou art very nice."

He colored and played with the saddle fringe of Humphrey's bay; she came



to where he stood and slid her hand into his.

"Art sweet-tempered, too," she smiled.

"Am a brute," said Tom, looking at the dusty toes of his boots, "to have vexed thee, Nan."

"Nay—I was peevish with the early rising—and, oh, Tom!" she pulled the papers out of her pocket, "there are Mr. Herbert his papers, and two are lost!"

"Thou camest to search for them?" asked Tom; "then I am glad they were lost."

"Oh, *Tom!*" she cried, thrusting them into his big hand. "It is a book and marred by two sheets—being gone—and through me was this misfortune."

Tom puckered his brows and strove to look learned.

"We must find them, dear heart," he said.

They spread out the curling sheets on

the saddle and Tom's great fingers smoothed them out.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," said she, counting; "then—see—nine, ten—"

Tom frowned and twisted up his face; he seemed to be reading the close writing; Mistress Anne waited in awe.

"See," said he, triumphantly—"the words read straight from six to nine—and so on—'tis Mr. Herbert hath numbered them wrong, and no sheets are missing, Nan."

Her delight and admiration were boundless.

"Thou art a scholar and wit," she cried.

Then she looked away and they both were silent.

"Wilt thou ride pillion now?" asked Tom at last, shyly, "as far as Bemerton, Nan?"

"Oh, *Tom!*" she said.

## Et Ego in Arcadia

BY WITTER BYNNER

I TOO was born in Arcady;  
 My mother, who should know,  
 Has whispered it through death to me.  
 But it was long ago;  
 And there are fathers in my blood  
 Who never would have understood  
 A son of Arcady,  
 Nor think it augurs any good  
 And cannot let it be.

So what these sponsors do, forsooth,  
 That I may understand,  
 Is in my blood to tell me truth  
 That never any land  
 Was such a place as Arcady . . .  
 And yet my mother says to me,  
 Who left me long ago,  
 "You too were born in Arcady.—  
 Should not your mother know?"



# Ancient Crafts in Modern New York

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

NEW YORK CITY, most modern metropolis of all the modern nations, is America's greatest theatre of the world's most ancient arts. Not only that, but, despite the boast of the modern hour, the stride of improvement, or the tidal flood of inventions that sweeps across the busy fields of industry, huddling old means and devices of labor to the heaps of scrap and bygone usefulness—despite all this, not only are these ancient arts extant in New York practically in the state they were some thousands of years ago, but after all this lapse of time they are still practised almost as they were in the beginning.

By one of the splendid ironies of inert things, man cannot bring his machines to perform certain crafts upon fabrics, woods, and metals, even in his direst need, but must coax them and mould them with his hands. In the far, dim ages when utility and requirement were the first exacting masters, man began to work his will upon materials he found at hand, and developed crude methods of success. As to certain of these ancient arts, he worked out, in his primitive way, the one and only principle by which the desired end could be achieved. There seem to be few, however, of these inelastic arts that the modern has failed to bend to new submission; but some there are, and these bid fair to continue thus stubborn to the end. They remain to all intents and purposes precisely where those crude old forebears of mechanical evolution dropped them when their age was closing down.

I have been on a search with my artist friend for the haunts of these ancient crafts. Among the number that we found in New York there is much that is picturesque. We visited weavers busy at looms such as man has employed for twice two thousand years. We saw black Vulcans laboriously beating red copper into shape in the manner that

man has employed to stroke this metal to his forms since the days when he dwelt in caves.

At a wood-carver's shop we beheld an art that defies the onrush of invention. At a bench where music-laden violins are born we saw the handicraft still extant as it was in the hoary past. Beneath one giant roof where every possible device for modernity and speed has been installed we witnessed both the antediluvian method whereby cold iron is hand-wrought into pleasing forms, and the older art whereby hard bronze (that ancient of the metals) is cast as it was in that far-off age when the stone tool knew no iron rival.

The looms we visited are new in the city of Gotham. They are tapestry looms of a pattern unchanged after centuries of use. And the art of the weaver of these fabrics, we are told, is far too ancient for record. Somewhere back in the fog and dust of man's desire for cloths of usefulness and beauty the first of these tapestries emerged. Some cave-man, destined to be the unlaurelled father of the art, strung a warp of cords upon a tightening-frame and tied in his woof of varied colors. Perhaps ten thousand years went by, and then, in a shivering atmosphere atingle with wireless messages, a set of tightening-frames was erected in Manhattan, skilled workmen stretched a warp upon their heavy beams, and once again as in the past a varied woof was tied therein to form a coveted design.

The art we beheld is as ancient as that, and almost absolutely unaltered. The looms are installed in a studio place that was once a palatial stable. They are copies of what are known to the craft as the Aubusson looms of France. The men engaged in making tapestries upon this old device are foreign craftsmen, trained to their guild and wondrously skilled in the art.



It provided a singular sensation to leave the busy, noisy thoroughfare of modernity and ascend to that conclave of looms so allied to the past. There were two great apartments devoted to this enginery of beauty. Enginery seems the only adequate word. The looms we saw are combinations of huge wooden frameworks, beam-like levers, twining ropes, and tightening devices, the whole resembling those monstrous stone-heaving catapults inseparable from ancient war.

Unlike the tapestry looms at the Gobelins workshops in Paris, these are made to stretch the warp horizontally, about waist-high to a man. At the rear of each loom, on a slanted bench, sit the weavers who work the design. Beneath the warp, and readily visible through its many tight-stretched strands, the pattern lies close under hand. It is drawn on a monster sheet of paper and colored with painstaking skill. Above it bend the weavers of the cloth, each softly supported with pillows. One pillow to sit on and one on which to lean, each workman adjusts to his needs. His colors (the woofs) are wound on spools, and resemble a heap of large-sized, brightly colored and differently hued caterpillars, ready to spin out their substance. There are frequently as many as twenty or thirty of these shuttles beneath one workman's hands.

It is wonderful and utterly bewildering to see these craftsmen weave. Their hands out-machine a machine as they grasp at the warp, to lift two, four, five, or any number of strands, shoot a bobbin in and out, and make a singular tie, to drop that particular caterpillar, clutch up another, tie in its thread, and pounce upon a third or fourth, and return, perhaps, to number one. They keep those red, green, gold, and purple caterpillars in a constant state of agitation. They grasp at the warp and play in a strand and finger new strings, as if the cords were the wires of some silent harp on which they play a ceaseless composition that expresses itself in color. Yet fast as their fingers seem to play upon this soundless instrument, it is slow, hard toil with eyes and hands to stitch in those units of the scheme.

There is nothing amenable in such a loom to labor or time saving ingenuity.

It is all the simplest manner of weaving, that busies the hands to tie the woof and the feet to cross the warp. Could the first crude mechanism thus employed be placed beside the last one made, the two would appear almost identical in all the main essentials. And a tapestry-weaver, awakened from his slumbers in the dust of ancient Babylon or Tyre, could resume his toil upon the warp to-day as if he had not slept. He could take his place among the four to six silent men, bending above the huddled shuttles, and find his ancient occupation still familiar despite his long absence from the looms.

The place where the weavers thus plied their vocation was richly resplendent with color. Hanks of yarn and silk and gold were hung or were lying everywhere. Sunlight streamed in gorgeously. Designs in color, large and small, occupied the walls and furniture. Tapestries, curtains—fabrics for any and all decorative purposes—were flung about in prodigal wealth of creation. The final touch of things archaic, however, was supplied by old-time spinning-wheels, employed to wind the bobbins.

The looms, of course, are new and clean. There was nothing about them to suggest the great activity which this craft has achieved. New men, new fabrics, even new dyes, are supplied by the march of events. But in the main this art remains unchanged and immutable. Machines there are to do wondrous things, in weaving as in countless other industries, but none has been or ever may be conceived to supplant the hand, the mind, and the soul of the human creator of beauty.

The contrast between these color-gilded studios and the coppersmith's shop to which we next repaired was well-nigh appalling. It was not that color was lacking in the least, where forge and fire and great ruddy kettles flung red in a largess on the scene; it was more in the almost total absence of the sun and the presence of an ear-splitting din, where the copper must be beaten, beaten, beaten, to the form that man in his mastery decrees.

The smithy we visited is far down the town, on the water-front near the Brooklyn Bridge. It was almost as dark as a





LOOMS OF A PATTERN UNCHANGED AFTER CENTURIES OF USE

cave. The floor was earth, while the structure overhead was a big-beamed, smoke-sooted, dust-laden seat of toil and strife, where ceaseless war of brawn against the inert metal is waged with incessant clamor. And here again is an ancient craft unaltered by ages of impatience.

It is singular that copper, so soft, so ductile, so plastic to the tool that coaxes, caresses, and belabors, should so stubbornly resist the power of engines that would form it at a blow. Almost anything conceivable can be done with the metal so long as it is beaten into form. Almost nothing can be done to press it into shape by the powerful, irresistible means to which steel will readily succumb. Man does not preserve an ancient art in reverence for its age. The bygone lake-dweller, busy with his tools of stone, beat out his copper pots and ornaments because it was beat or do without. The smith of to-day must similarly beat, or behold his copper stubbornly refuse to form in the shape that is needful to his ends.

All copper kettles, especially those of large size, are hammered to their shape. At our particular shop great copper vats are born amid a fearful din of blows. We beheld two lusty spirits of the dark

thus making from a thick, flat disk the bottom of a three-foot copper kettle. It was simply a matter of pound and beat and hammer, to turn up a straight and perfect rim. The process forces metal to expand, contract, and all but change the law that would urge it to form in crimps and buckle entirely from shape. The metal grows hard beneath the blows that rain betwixt mallet and anvil. It is heated repeatedly to make it once more soft, and then is belabored as before. It flings off sound and it flings off copper dust that exact a heavy toll. The men are made deaf by the ceaseless outcry of the metals, and their lungs are filled with the floating electrons of the tortured surface, till they are literally copper-lined within.

The owner informed us that six months at the most will tell the tale as to whether a man may endure this copper breath, or must cease and get back to nature's air. By the end of that period he is either proved immune or is seized with a violent sickness that permits no halting for debate.

It was picturesque, colorful, and primitive, this dark old cavern of an art as old as man's first acquaintance with the metals. Copper gleamed from dark retreats, and gleamed again from the floor.



It was all of it set befittingly in this sunless, murky shop. But the noise suggested that in ancient days the copper-working cave-man's wife might have sought a divorcee.

Aside from the fact that skill is required to expand, contract, and mould the copper properly to beget good commercial results, and that skill has doubtless been evolved and even improved, not a single stride has been made in this craft for several thousand years. One man simply holds the metal for the second to beat into form. Small rounded vessels may thus be shaped from a single piece of copper. Aztecs, fathers of Egypt, and Britons who daubed themselves with mud, the ancient craftsmen centuries dead, performed a like labor in their day. It is one of the arts that may not change because of the nature of the metal.

Almost the perfect antithesis of all this metallic obstinacy we found in an art yet more ancient, at another dingy cave where grimy workmen wrought with their hands to form clay into useful vessels. We searched long and hard to come upon this old-time pottery, for man's machines have usurped the craft, supplanting hand and eye and brain with plunger and presses and engines.

The first raw material laid to the hand of the first dull savage emerging toward humanism from animalism was mud. In what far-off dawn of evolution some groping aborigine took of the clay and moulded a vessel with his hands no record can be had, so anciently he came and went, bequeathing his art to improvement. In every land, in all his stages, from the lowest to the highest minds, man still moulds crude earth to varied forms.

It is doubtless because of its absolute plasticity that clay has always been thus employed for the needs and arts of the nations. It opposes practically nothing to the will of the master craftsman.

Not only in the ancient days was clay hand-patted, pinched, and welded into form, but even now, at this moment, among all the savage tribes, it is still so wrought to useful vessels. But far, far back in the days of awakening invention some cunning mechanic be-thought him of turning his clay on a flat

bit of rock—and the potter's wheel was born. Century after century passed by, the wheel was but slightly modified, and it still survives to-day.

The quaint old ramshackle pottery we visited is but one step removed from that of the Navajo Indian who models his clay with a stick and his thumb and fires it with smouldering dung. This Greater New York workshop has the crude old potter's wheel and a coke-heated kiln to lift it above that of the Arizona craftsman.

We found it in a quiet street, set back in a narrow alley. It was eloquent of toil and the struggle to survive in a day of remorseless modernity. There were two crowded stories to the building. The lower contained the squat, brick kiln, the mixing device, hundreds of finished jugs, jars, and pots, a stable for the horse, and many growing children. Above were the wheels, set in sinks of slime, and racks on racks and pile on pile of unbaked vessels, set to dry. It looked like a pot-and-jug convention, where all the world's clay delegates had come to sit in solemn council. There were jugs of all conceivable shapes and sizes—jugs, jugs, jugs from floor to ceiling.

But the workmen—that is, the men at the wheels—as usual, were far more engrossing than the works. A potter's wheel, however, is a very simple mechanism. In the main it consists of a flat brass disk, revolving horizontally in a sort of wooden sink. Below it there is a fly-wheel and a treadle working sideways. A plate rapidly spinning on the end of one's finger would revolve like a potter's wheel.

This is all there is of the plant. The clay is dug from the earth at Albany and fetched to the works in bulk. Softened with water, it is shovelled into a mixer, where a horse plods all day around his mill, and out of a hole at the bottom it issues forth in putty-like masses, to be carried up-stairs to the wheels.

The potters cut the masses into slabs, then form the slabs into lumps, roughly weighed for uniformity. Then the craftsmanship begins. Leaning against a padded support beside his wheel and sink, the workman kicks the sideways treadle with amazing activity, setting the smooth

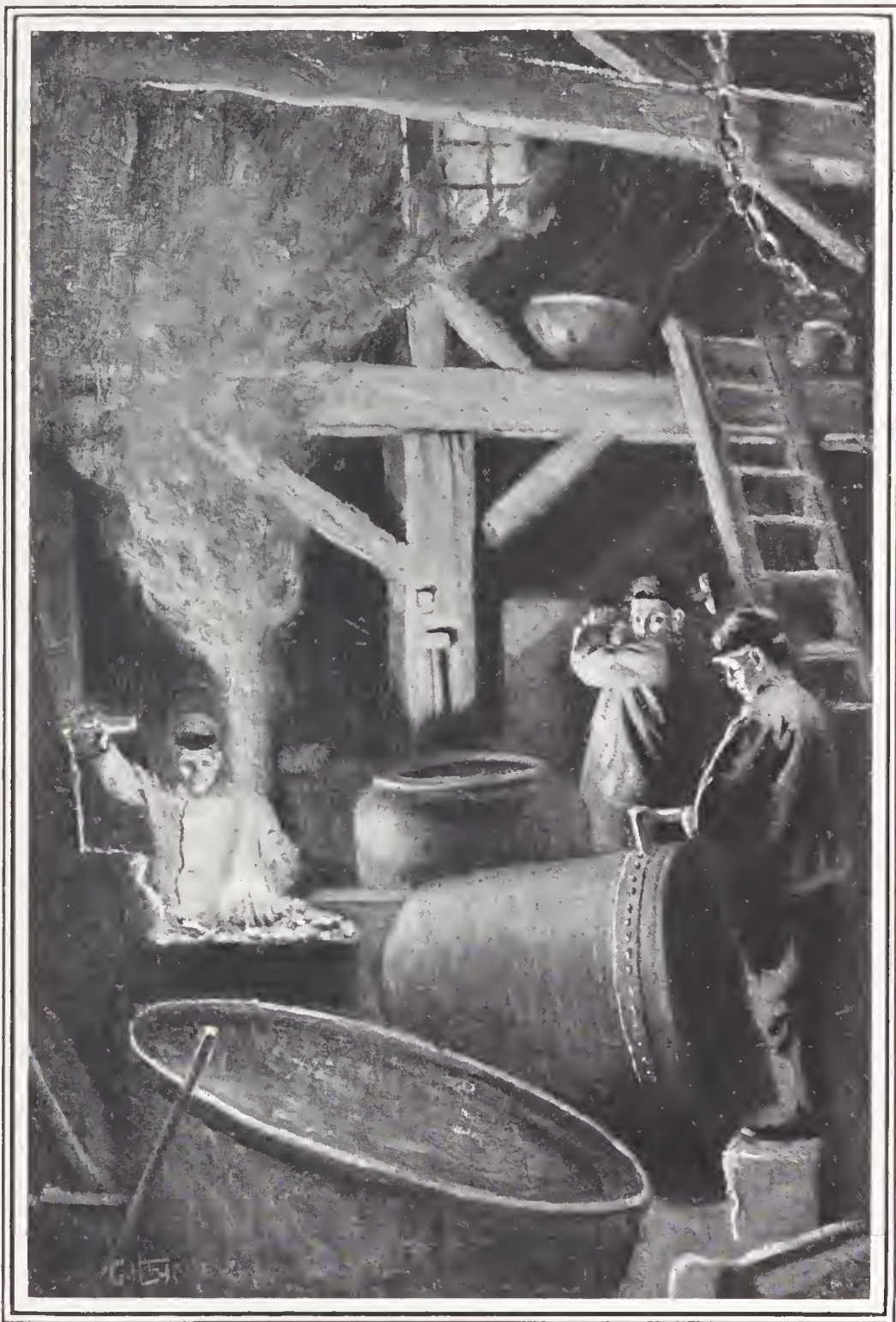


brass disk in motion. Flinging a huge ball of clay upon the disk, where it spins about unevenly, like a planet unformed, he lays his grimy hands to the task of shaping it first to a true sort of globe before it can begin to be formed.

In the briefest time after that the formless mass responds like magic to his skill. At once it becomes a hollow mushroom. It lifts, it bends, it bulges, changes, sinks again, then once more rises like a pillar. With one water-dipped hand inside and one oozy hand outside the whirling column of mud, the potter seems a very conjurer, willing the stuff to do his bidding. Were it so much rubber, capable of expansion, contraction, lifting, and depression, assuming form after form in bewildering succession, and always in perfect symmetry, it could scarcely seem more wonderful or to answer the edict of brains and hands with greater promptness.

In barely two minutes from the time the lump of amorphous clay is thrown upon the wheel, a perfect vase-like form is reared at the touch of the potter's thumbs. Faster and faster he kicks at the sideways treadle, while smoothing the jug inside and out. Then off it is lifted, in a hinged sort of frame, to be placed on a board, to go to the racks for days of drying. The handles are simply wet clay strips, to be stuck in place when the jug is dryer and firmer.

Later the pipkins, pots, and jugs are dipped in a liquid clay that fire will melt, to form a smooth, glazed surface. When fully a thousand pieces are in readiness the kiln is fired and these are baked, the master now finding himself obliged to watch his heat unremittingly for a matter



GREAT COPPER VATS ARE BORN AMID A DIN OF BLOWS

of thirty-six hours lest it rise too high or fall too low and ruin the output of a week.

That is all there is to tell, in outline, of this craft as ancient as the race. It is muddy, leg-wearying, back-breaking toil where the men stand kicking at the treadles. They work by the piece, mould-



ing a hundred and fifty jugs in a day, and are paid two dollars for the labor.

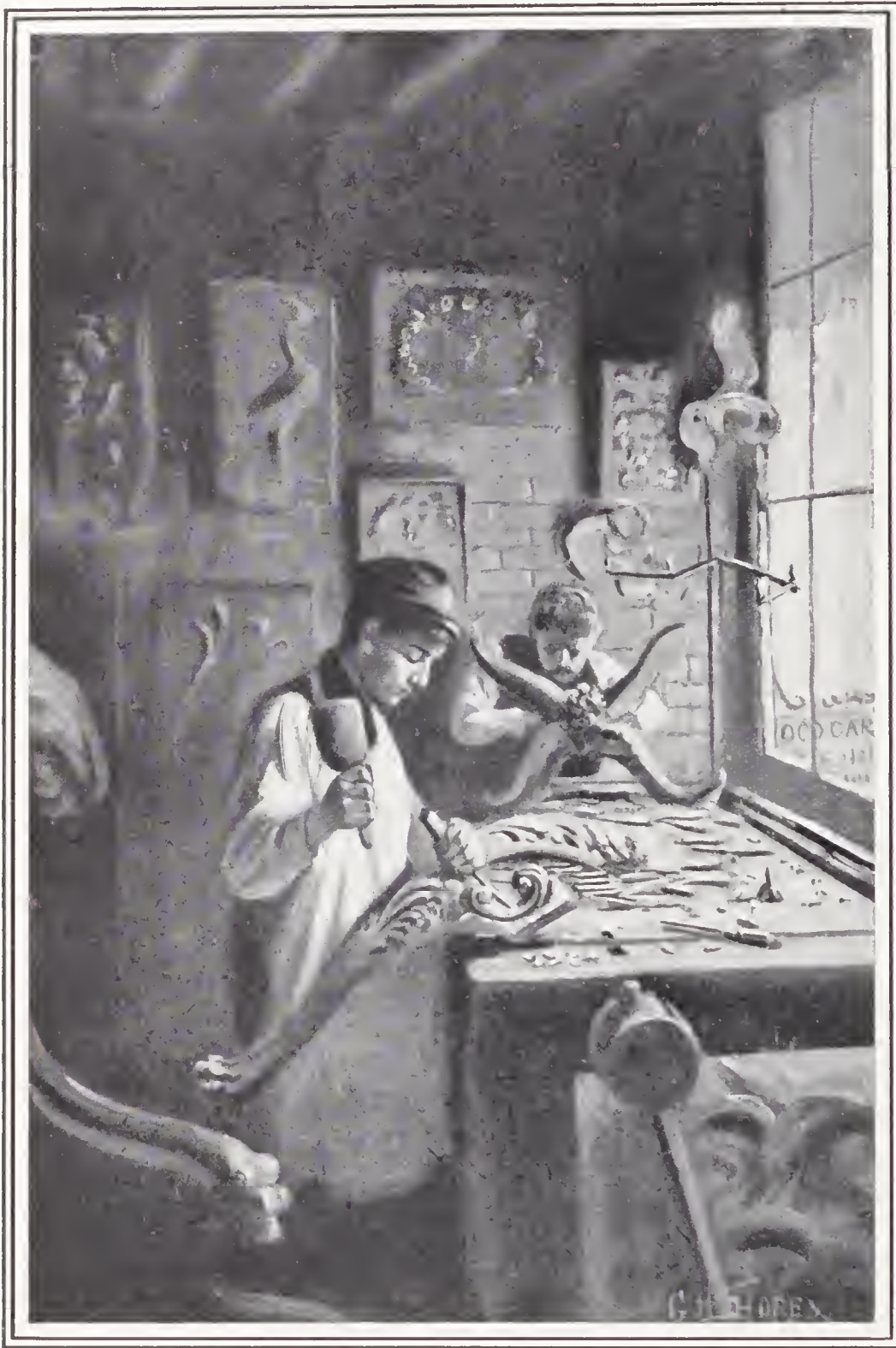
One old chap I observed at a wheel was quite as fantastically skinny, heavy-browed, and earnest as Don Quixote, whom he strongly resembled. As he gazed at the clay lumps, forming to his

amused. They kicked at those treadles with a motion ironically frivolous, very much in the manner of giddy chorus girls with toes most light and airy. But this, in the loft with the jugs and pots, was a dance of bread and butter. And one of the workmen we saw at the wheel has

been dancing thus for twenty-five years to conjure symmetrical forms from balls of clay and wrest a bare living from his muddy world.

There are few of these old-time potteries remaining now, for some eager genius, mindless of his kind, has devised an engine that presses jugs from clay far more swiftly and cheaply than the dancers ever could, though they double the toil of legs and fingers.

One of the jugs that had been through it all, from clay-pit to mixer, thence to the wheel, and so to the fire that makes it something more than merely modelled clay, was full of beer beside the workers. Beer, it seems, is what vast numbers of the vessels are made to contain—and potters, like every one else, must drain some enjoyment from existence.



THE WOOD TAKES FORM BENEATH THE STEEL

hands, he ceaselessly raised and drew down his brows as if they were part of all the mechanism. His forehead in consequence was as deeply wrinkled as an old accordion.

Both he and his neighbor seemed to me like two old dancers, performing before King Labor, who must always be

The carvers of wood exemplify an art that might well be the oldest of them all. The first of these craftsmen could scarcely have been more than a huge, hairy anthropoid, armed with a club which he fashioned, or carved, with his teeth. Here once again is an inelastic art that permits of no mechanical en-



croachments. Save for a few cheap abortions that machines may produce in the semblance of carvings in wood, this work is accomplished as it was in the past by painstaking chiselling at the substance.

There are hundreds of shops where wood is carved, all essentially alike. An Italian is "boss" at the shop we found—and the place was congested with art. There was nothing there but art, tools, workmen, and babies. Much of the art and all of the babies were constantly underfoot. Scrolls, bits of carving, plaster casts, drawings, and portions of oak and mahogany furniture so blocked the floor that only a crooked trail remained. The walls were literally hidden with designs, reliefs, unfinished work, and cut-paper patterns for the workmen. Prominent in all this mural litter was a sign, for all to ponder:

NO SMOK  
NON  
SI FUMA

Perhaps it was this that made the children cry, for there seemed to be no other laws to limit their freedom of impulse. One little embryo craftsman of a day to come wandered and stumbled about in this chaos of art, endlessly complaining. It seemed like more of the cave-dweller's home, but the craft of the men was inspiring.

Fortunately

modern genius has given our workmen something more than sharpened jaspers, chalcedonies, and obsidians with which to chip the wood. Aside from this unfundamental change, however, this art—like that of the coppersmiths and weavers—endures as at first invented. Our workmen here screwed pieces of birch in vices designed for the purpose, then went at them mallet and chisel. In the past the cave-man held it with his knees and gouged at it with flint tool and stone hammer.

It is little to tell but much to see, as the wood takes form beneath the steel.



THE POTTER'S WHEEL



It is a beautifying art that exacts no sacrifice. The men and youths who carve in wood pay no stern penalties, in broken faculties or bodies invaded by poison. But they stand all day, and the world of affairs is narrowed to fit that crowded space where the floor is strewn with art and children.

Allied to the craft of forming wood, and rising like the spiritual essence of its possibilities, is the old, old art of making violins and deep-toned 'cellos—gifted with power to utter forth the souls of trees that otherwise were dumb.

Despite the fact that no ancient cave-man, with his mind overpacked with latent ingenuities, ever dreamed of such an instrument as the violin, nevertheless the craftsmen of centuries dead and gone attained far nobler achievements in this art than the workmen of our modern hour can hope, apparently, to reach. From time to time a tale goes forth of a long-lost cunning rediscovered. Legends abound of secret processes once possessed by makers of fine old violins, and now too elusive for recapture. So far as he is able, the workman of to-day reproduces faithfully the shape, the size, and finish of the instruments of old, in his effort to equal their perfection. He works in the old, time-honored manner. He chisels the top and bottom of the violin's body from solid blocks of spruce and maple, coaxing the subtle and delicate conformations through a month of patient labor, putting his soul and his yearning in the wood, as perhaps no other hand-craftsman may, in his search for an exquisite tone. He is building a slender and sensitive box with a wonderful power to emit vibrations, marshalled into order, and delivered forth as a voice. No visible beauty of carven form and no original departure from the set design avails him in reaching his goal. He seeks the intangible essence of sound and the means for its loftiest beauty. For him there is no established law for alluring the tone to some dimple in the wood, to delight it to rapturous perfection. He pursues an *ignis fatuus* of quivering air-waves that leads him onward endlessly. He may only strive toward achievement of his object as strove his forebears of the craft, and frequently with far less reward.

Perhaps more in this than in any other craft of the hand-art world does the strict adherence to old-time models, methods, polishes, and even glues, obtain. It is all because the past still leads in excellence, and man of to-day, with all his boasted progress, is still far behind in the delicate art of creating those temples, shrines, and homes of the goddesses of sound.

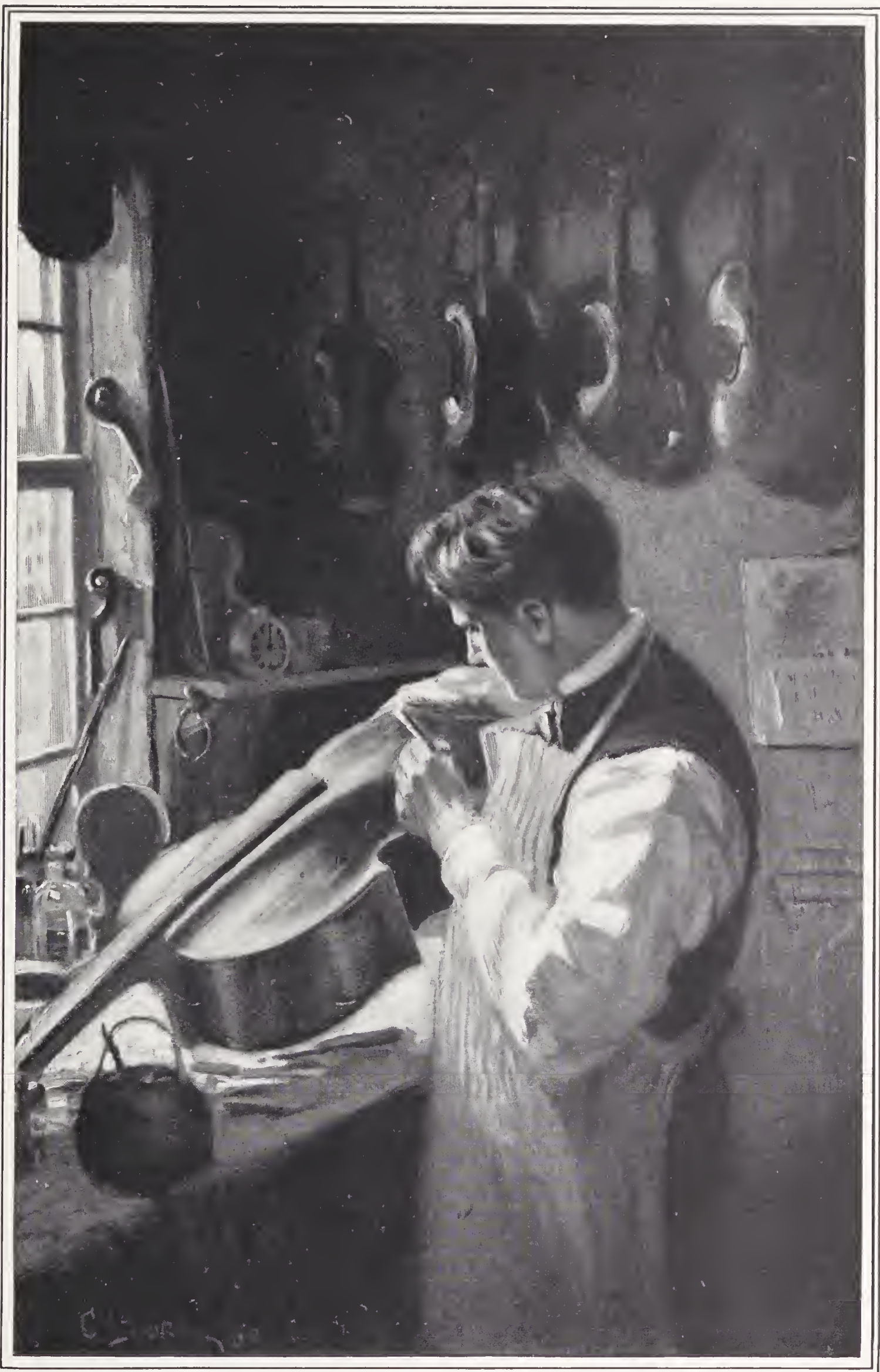
The men we found engaged in this old occupation had been reared in the school of it from boyhood. One in his youth made a tiny violin not half the size of his palm—a perfect thing like a crystallization of his zeal. When, during our visit, he snatched a splendid 'cello from the workroom wall, tightened the strings to consonance, and flung upon them the caressing bow, we knew why it was that all these years he has made these instruments, labored in the craft, and sought to capture that rarest of elusive things—the perfect and age-rich tone. He loves the work, and would give his soul to achieve the fame of that old magician Stradivari.

It is beautiful, delicate, loving work to create fine violins. It could not be termed an intricate art, yet perfection is rarely attained. It is one of the old and revered crafts where impudent ingenuity dare not intrude. When the statement is made that an old-time bow is frequently worth far more than its weight in gold, it may be more readily understood that improvements are well-nigh impossible—even to such a trifle as the "stick." With the making of strings (which, by the way, are manufactured of sheep- and not cat-gut) a few unimportant modern inventions have been possible.

Once more, upon proceeding on our rounds, we plunged into a scene of violent contrast. We visited one of the largest, most modern art-bronze foundries in the country. It is more than that, for it is likewise a shop where steel and wrought-iron are processed for the arts, and brass is spun to wondrous forms.

It was chiefly with castings in bronze, however, that our studies were concerned. The craft of beating iron into useful or merely pleasing forms for gateways, hinges, grills, great brackets, and the like, is entitled to be classified as



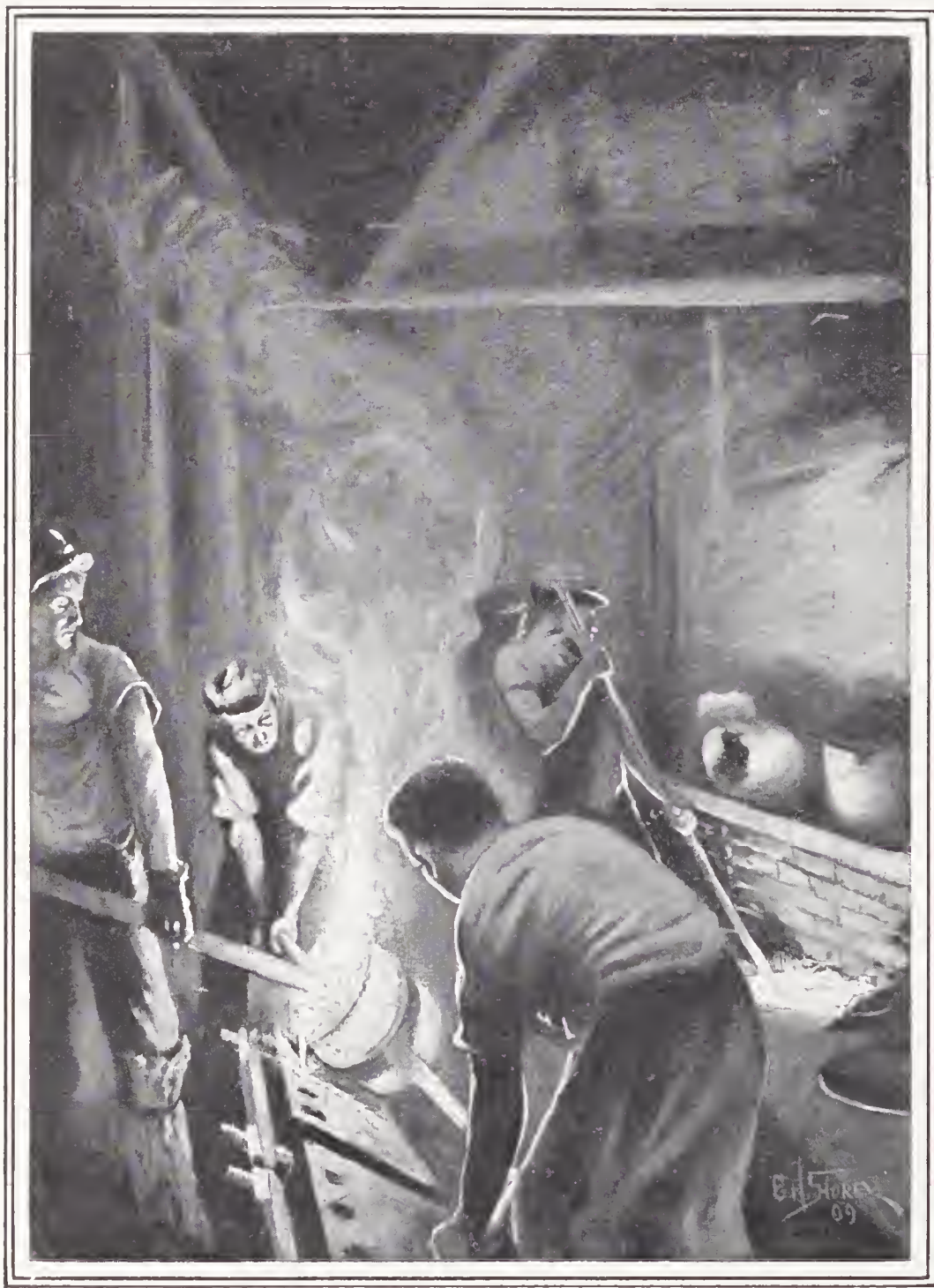


*Drawn by G. H. Shorey*

PUTTING HIS SOUL INTO THE WORK AS NO OTHER CRAFTSMAN MAY



ancient, yet is far out-aged by work in bronze. It is more like the arts in hammered brass and copper, a beautiful, noble craft deserving revival and extended use, but wofully bastardized to-day by time-saving, money-sparing subterfuge and imitation that rob it of its charm.



CASTING IN BRONZE

Casting in bronze, however, is an art so old that its origin is lost in Time's obscuring mist. The bronze age succeeded the age of stone, and the two undoubtedly lapped. The neolithic artisan unquestionably made ready his moulds, put on edges, and modified, polished, and improved his first crude implements of bronze through the employment of tools made of stone.

One of the singular facts concerning bronze is this, that the ancients mixed the three ingredients that are fused in its composition in the proportions still in vogue to-day. Ninety per cent. of copper, plus five per cent. each of zinc and tin, is found in the axes and swords of antiquity

and in statues cast a month ago. Furthermore, those old-time progenitors of this world-wide craft invented the methods of preparing moulds that the foundries still slavishly follow.

For thousands of years the casting of bronze has been an intimate, common art with nearly every nation of the world. During all this time it has scarcely budged in the monster procession of improvements. It has always been a simple craft, comparatively speaking, involving the making of a fine-sand mould and the pouring in of the molten metal. That, with a score of attendant difficulties, was what the ancient artificer performed, exactly as the founder of to-day, with aid and helps and conveniences at hand, performs it week after week.

The art exacts a skill in modern times that could not have troubled the ancient. The reproduction of a sculptor's subtle modelling demands a finesse, a patience, and painstaking precision creative of the highest type of craftsmanship in the moulders who make the valves of sand.

The process of making a mould in the earth is far too intricate and technical for detailed description here. In brief—



and reduced to miniature proportions—it is just as if some tiny object were half embedded in an oyster shell, with sand all closely packed about it, after which another shell would be placed upon the first, and it too hammered full of sand. Then the shells would be parted, the object within removed, the valves reunited, and the hollow thus left run full of metal.

The sand employed is of a special sort. It comes from France. The “oyster shells” are giant affairs of iron, not infrequently ten feet long. A whole bronze door, a life-sized figure, or a tablet for a tomb—delivered as a plaster cast to the workmen of the foundry—may be the object imbedded in the valves. A “core” of sand, considerably smaller than the original object, but otherwise an exact reproduction of its form, is always placed inside the finished mould to make the casting hollow. All bronze castings are hollow, except where their size is insignificant. When the mould is complete—if the object be large—it is roasted overnight in a furnace, to drive all the moisture from the sand. It is then considered ready for the metal.

The bronze is melted in earthenware pots, great crucibles of fire-resisting clay, imbedded in glowing pits of flame. These pots may contain from fifty to four hundred pounds of molten metal. When a casting above five hundred pounds in bulk is required to be made, a basin-like receptacle, plugged like a bath-tub (except that the plug is sand), is arranged above the perfected mould. Into this basin pot after pot of the fiery white liquid bronze is poured till the crater is all but overflowing. Then out comes the plug and in rushes the dazzling stream, seething and fuming with incredible heat, to fill all the hollows in the sand.

The foundry we saw was a huge black place as unlovely as Hades itself. There was dust and grime, there were pits of terrific fire, there were brawny men—

demons everywhere a-swarm, producing bronze objects by the score. When two of the workmen stood above a hole that glowed and flung out withering heat like a doorway down to some inferno, there to lift with their tongs a white-hot crucible, fiery with art-gems soon to be, it seemed as if their human souls must be fused with all that molten stuff to satisfy the world's demands for objects of beauty and use.

The men made no complaint of the heat, for the day was midwinter and cold. In the summer, one told me, “it is hell.”

The objects, once cool and broken from their moulds, are rough and discouraging to see. Except in the case of a sculptor's special work, they are filed or dressed to smoothness. There were hundreds of men engaged in filing there, all of them breathing in the bronze. It is none of it work to promote man's health, and the human toll is heavy. Art and utility, insatiate gods, are ceaselessly making their demands, however, and man must work to live.

It is a far, far cry indeed from the first bronze axe of the half-clad, neolithic savage to the spirited equestrian statue of Sherman by St.-Gaudens in Central Park, but the art preservative is essentially the same. The axe was the father to the noble metal group—and the savage was the father of the sculptor.

We heard men singing at the looms and at the forge, and humming above the melting bronze. At work on fabrics, woods, or metals, the craftsmen were happily content. All were surrendering a certain vital essence to the needs and desires of fellow men, yet a genuine joy of labor made them glad. Ancient as all these crafts may be, human nature out-ages them all. The first ungainly anthropoid, carving a war-club with his teeth, undoubtedly sang at his labor. Even in that—the natural provision that man shall derive vast pleasure from his toil—there has been no modern alteration.





# The Sympathetic Part

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

AFTER dusk—not so late, perhaps: for I recall that when the Winnipeg East Bound staggered and stopped complaining at Smith's Station there was a sky of some significance to the perceiving spirit. This in fall weather: a frozen flat-land of Saskatchewan—melaucholy with wintry foreboding: a landscape untimely and objectionable, lacking the grace and sanction of snow. The remote and vacant miles of prairie exhibited a waste of dead grass stirring in the darkening wind; and a drear brown fabric, indeed—infininitely extending—had been woven of this death. All the lower sky beyond was blue-black and heavy; but high above the long, black, turgid mass were puffs and streamers of cloud—wind-held fragments, broken away and bravely risen, which in those free and exalted places caught the last light and glowed with a supernal beauty: a significant sky, as I have said, to the perceiving spirit. At any rate—whether so or not—before dusk the train stopped at Smith's Station, and I observed a grave commotion on the platform, but could not account for it, nor much cared to: Smith's Station of Saskatchewan is no more than a mean pine-board community, dejected and unkempt, wearily indifferent to its own isolation and hopelessness.

"A funeral," I surmised—and dismissed the incident.

When we were under way again, a queer little man—for the moment a pitifully apologetic person—came into the smoking compartment of the car, where I sat alone.

"How do?" said he, politely.

I responded in terms.

"Probably," he ventured, with diffidence, "it will snow?"

Whether it was a question or an asseveration I could not determine; but I chose the former—yes: no doubt it would snow. It mattered not at all, it seemed;

the little man nervously indulged himself with a cheap cigar, which he puffed in an unaccustomed way, but with noisy satisfaction.

"It don't matter, anyhow," said he; "it don't matter—not any more."

I remarked that the settler was to be considered.

"Don't know," said he; "you see—I'm a plumber. Anyhow, it don't matter."

This seemed unkind, I thought.

"Oh yes," he replied; "that's all right. I know all about *that*! But it just don't matter to me whether it snows out here or not. It used to—but it don't any longer. Why," he continued, with spirit, "when I used to read in the papers that it was fifty-five below with snow in the Northwest, I used to— But anyhow," he broke off, "it don't matter. No," he sighed; "it don't matter any more."

I observed that he was weakly crying.

The little man was gray and cropped close, hairy about the hands and scrawny neck—a lean-cheeked, chop-whiskered, common little person, with appealing gray eyes, which forever expressed patience and woe and concern with some affair not immediately present. I fancied that he had patiently endured the aggravations of life until he could no longer perceive them. He had no spirit at all, it seemed: his voice was low, his manner shrinking, his whole air apologetic; and he had a way of smoothing his chin with a nervous hand, of sighing, of suddenly puckering his brow, of weakly humming snatches of familiar airs from an evangelical hymnal. His clothes were a decent black and of quality, even hinting at fashion (except a low collar and black string tie) in the ready-made way; but they were everywhere short and tight, so that he had somewhat the look of a growing schoolboy in Sunday-best. I pitied him, rather—one could not help



it—but liked him, too. For a long time he puffed without skill at his cigar, restlessly looking out of the window or staring at the ceiling, meanwhile obviously occupied with something quite unrelated—some grievous anxiety. All at once he bustled out, but soon returned, and began to whistle, sadly and out of tune, in a meaningless, absent way. It ended, presently, in a quick sigh and a shake of the head—as if he would detach himself from whatever gloom possessed him.

“Belong in the West?” he inquired.

“No,” I answered.

“I’m from Toronto myself,” said he, warming. “But it’s a great country—the West.”

I admitted this.

“Somehow,” said he, frankly, “I hate it.”

There ensued an engaging conversation. . . .

“Ever been to Five Roads?” he asked, late in the night, when this travelling friendship had been established. “Well, anyhow,” he drawled, sadly, “you don’t have to go there to get acquainted with the town. Five roads is all there is to it—just a mud-hole where five roads happen to meet on the prairie thirty miles north of Smith’s Station. If it wasn’t for James’s place you couldn’t find it without searching. It’s a good situation for James, of course,” he continued, more heartily, “in his line of business, right where all those foreign farmers are settled. James has to be more or less near *some* one; and he says he can get at ’em in all directions from Five Roads. It’s true enough, too; you couldn’t find a more God-forsaken spot—you couldn’t find a poorer people—for a man in James’s line. That’s how he got his big name in the East. It’s lonely, though, out there; it must be awful lonely—’way out there—all alone—all the time. But James says not. James says it’s bully good fun if you keep out of a rut; it’s stunning, he says, if you just keep busy doing the thing you want to do and get out of the rut once in a while. I guess that’s right, too: James was one of the lean kind when he came out here to Saskatchewan, twelve years ago, but he enjoys good health now. He puts it down to open air and good works. A good

conscience, James says, is the best medicine; and I guess,” the little man added, truculently, “that James White, the well-known missionary, has as good a conscience as any man in *this* province. Anyhow—no matter how much he’s been through in the last two years—I’m glad to say that James is *well*.”

“‘James,’ I said once, ‘this is pretty hard on Mary.’

“‘The trouble with the women on the mission fields,’ says he, ‘is that they get in a rut with the housework and the children.’

“‘But Mary has so *many*,’ says I.

“‘Just a normal number,’ says he.

“‘You’re a doctor, and ought to know,’ says I; ‘but it looks to me like too many for any *one* wife to have and love and look after in this lonely place.’

“It troubled him—he’s a kind-hearted man.

“‘Don’t you think,’ says he, ‘that she fusses with them too much? If she’d take it easier she’d be a great deal better in health.’

“‘She’s a woman,’ says I.

“‘Yes,’ says he, in a downcast way; ‘the women have their sacrifices to make—too.’

“‘They get the worst of it, James,’ says I.

“‘What can *I* do about it?’ says he.

“‘I don’t know,’ says I; ‘but the women get the worst of it—in some matters.’

“‘They do,’ says he, all at once; ‘yes, they do! Indeed they do! It’s terrible—but it’s *true*!’

“That’s the sort of thing that makes you *like* James. He’s the kindest-hearted man in the world. . . . It was just three years ago, I remember, that we had this conversation—just a year before Mary’s last little boy was born. . . .”

Some anxiety disturbed the little man. “Excuse me,” he interrupted, and bustled in haste from the smoking compartment. I observed that he returned troubled and more melancholy. “Mother,” he resumed, having puffed his cigar to a glow, “didn’t want James to have Mary. She said that if James once got Mary away it would be the last we’d see of her. That, of course, was before James got his name worked up by means of his



good works; he was only a theological student then, but had finished the medical course. And I thought, too, that Mary might do—different. She was going to the University, you see, and about a dozen very nice young fellows seemed to be taking to her quite a lot.

“‘Now, child,’ I said, ‘hadn’t you better think it over?’

“‘I have,’ says she; ‘of course I have.’

“‘James is a nice Christian boy,’ says I. ‘There probably isn’t any young fellow of his age that lives the higher life more honestly than he does. But if he’s going to be a missionary he’s got to go an awful long way from home, and stay there; and his wife has got to go with him—and *stay* with him.’

“‘I know that,’ says she; ‘of course I do.’

“‘Are you sure, my dear,’ says I, ‘that you want to go so far away—all alone with James?’

“‘You don’t understand, father,’ says she. ‘What do you think I love James for?’

“‘He’s an almighty nice fellow,’ says I.

“‘Why, father!’ says she; ‘you don’t love a man just because he’s nice. You love him for something higher than that—something better and nobler. I like James as a *friend* because he’s nice; but I *love* him because he’s unselfish—just because he *is* going far away—because he has the courage to devote himself to the poor and the needy—because he truly wants to give up his whole life to others. I love him,’ says she, ‘because he’s a Christian and hero!’

“‘It’s very sweet of you, Mary,’ says I, ‘to look at it in that way.’

“‘I want to help him,’ says she, ‘with my own poor little life.’

“‘I was thinking,’ says I, ‘that James might get along without you.’

“‘Oh no,’ says she; ‘you see, father, not knowing James as well as I do—or, at least, not in quite the same way—you can’t understand how necessary a woman is to his happiness and efficiency. But,’ says she, ‘James and I have talked that very thing over together. We understand.’

“‘Do you think he’s got to have you?’ says I.

“‘I know,’ says she, ‘that I am *quite* essential to James’s highest usefulness.’

“‘Maybe you’re right,’ says I, ‘but it will be awful hard to spare you.’

“‘Oh,’ says she, ‘I’ll often come home to see you, daddy.’

“‘How often?’ says I.

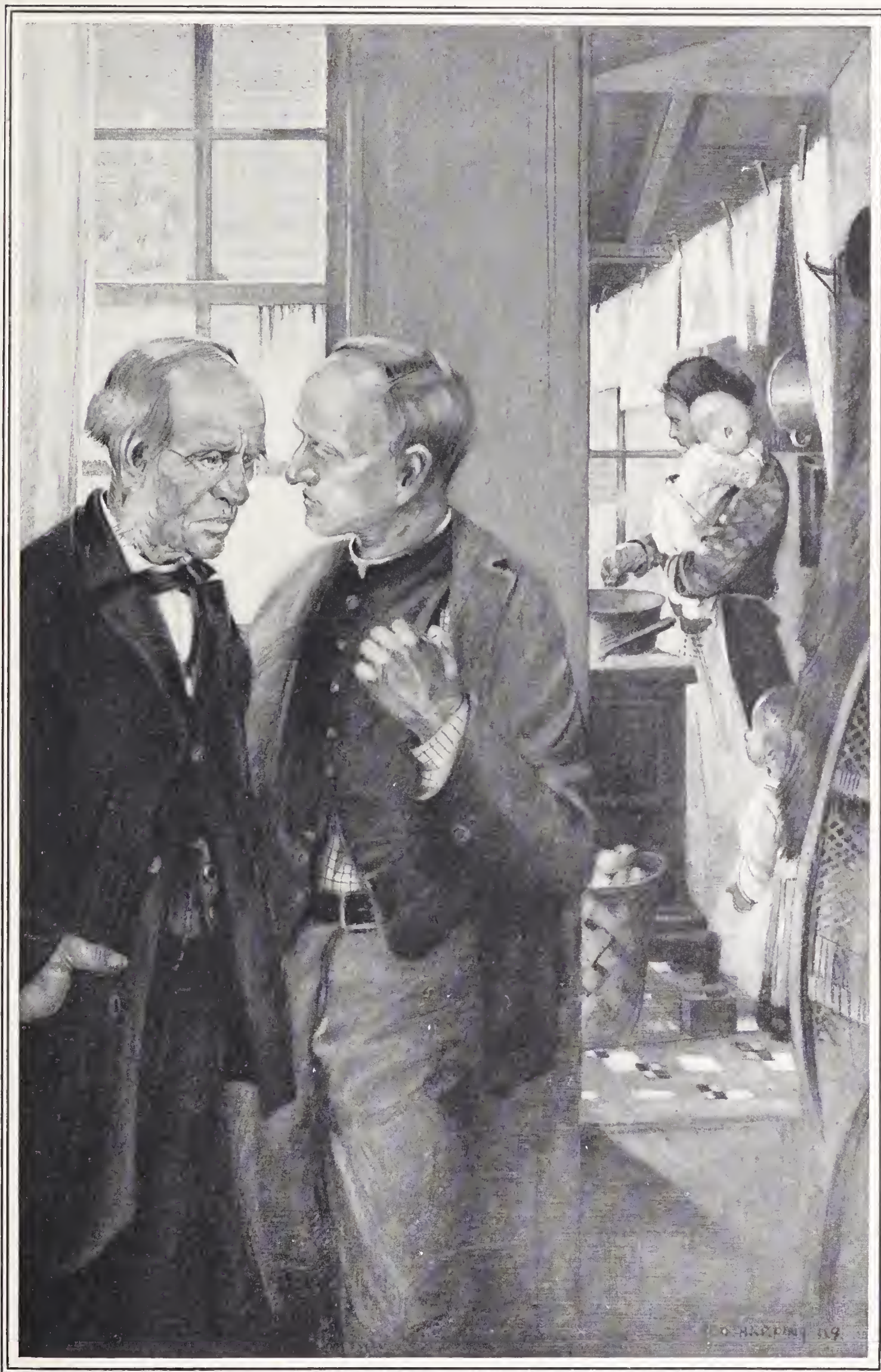
“‘Just as often,’ says she—and she *did*, too—‘just as often as I conscientiously can.’

“‘Well, my dear,’ says I, ‘I’ll find out what James’s idea really is about this thing, and let you know.’

“James understood himself just as well as any boy of his age I ever met. Like everything else James does, he devoted himself to that, and managed to get to the bottom. He was bound to be a missionary, and had been, he said, ever since he was converted as a boy. He wanted to make some *use* of his life; he wanted to leave the world a little better than he found it—to heal the sick, and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked—and he didn’t care what sacrifice he had to make to do it. The things of the world, he said—fame and wealth and power and the lusts of the flesh—made no appeal to him; what he wanted was a life of service, of humble devotion to the uplift of humanity. He wanted to do his part, he said, in the great fight for physical, mental, and moral betterment. And he was honest: I could tell that he was honest when I looked in his eyes and heard him talk; and I was glad that our Mary would be loved and taken care of by a nice clean boy like that, and I thanked God for it. As for Mary, James said that he was sensitive and temperamental, and depended a good deal on the sympathy of women. He always had, he said; they inspired him, they urged him on, they consoled him in the hours of failure and gave him courage to try again. He was so constituted, he said, that a good woman was essential to his highest usefulness; without a good woman to sympathize with him he was moody and inefficient, but with one he was perfectly happy and could move mountains. And he said that he loved Mary, that his love was perfect and holy and apostolic; and I *know* that he loved her, and I was glad that he loved her—in just that way.”

The little man paused to puff his cigar





*Drawn by George Harding*

"IT'S AWFULLY LONELY FOR HER OUT HERE"







—to cover up some agitation of grief, perhaps, too.

"Somehow," he added, presently, with a bewildered little frown, "I've noticed that young ministers generally *do* depend a good deal on women—for sympathy."

I knew nothing about it.

"Excuse me just a minute," he interjected—and jumped up, and made haste to the main section of the car. "It's all right, I guess," he sighed, having returned; but he gave no other explanation of his curious concern and relief, which by this time had begun to puzzle me. "Anyhow," he resumed, "to come back to James and Mary: I told James that I didn't mind, and I told Mary that I didn't mind. 'But,' says I, 'James has got to go out to that place in the Northwest and get a house up before he takes my girl away from home. Let him start that hospital he's talking about, and then, if it's all right, he can have Mary.' So James, like the man he is, set out the very day after he got his B.D. hood; and, of course, right away we began to hear what he was doing. He started up—regularly under the Board, of course—out on the prairie where a lot of poor devils of foreigners certainly needed a doctor; and he began to do good right away, and to write about it to the church papers and to Mary. It was *real* good, too—no namby-pamby soul-saving: for James was never so very strong on that. It was doing good in a business man's way; and it made Mary happy—so happy; oh, so happy! 'Isn't it splendid?' she would say when a letter came; 'why, if James hadn't got to that Slav's hut in the nick of time the little baby would have *died*. Isn't it fine?' she'd say; 'why, if James hadn't been there that poor Hungarian woman would have died in her trouble. Isn't it *splendid*? Isn't it perfectly *fine*? James is just giving *life* to those poor people. It's grand—it's just *grand* to be a man like that.' But she was happiest of all when James's letter came saying that he had slept out in the snow three nights with the thermometer down to forty-three below, because he wanted to give a Christmas party to twelve poor children.

"'Daddy,' says she, when she put her

arms around me to say good night that night, 'it's just grand. And, oh—I love James! Don't you, daddy?' says she. 'Don't you just *love* him?'

"'Daughter,' says I, 'I certainly admire James.'

"'I'm so unworthy,' says she. 'I'm not fit to be the wife of a man like that. Did you see what the *Christian Messenger* said about him?'

"'I saw what he wrote to the *Herald*.'

"'No,' says she; 'not what he wrote himself—what the *Messenger* had to say about him.'

"Well, I *had* seen it. "'The right man in the right place,'" says I, "'doing an heroic work for God in a Christlike and really intelligent way.'"

"'And I,' says she, 'must be the right *woman* in the right place.'

"'You'll be that, Mary,' says I.

"'I've got to,' says she, 'if I'm to keep James's love and really help him. And I have an idea,' says she, 'just how to go about it.'

"'An idea?' says I.

"'I'll learn nursing,' says she, 'and surprise him.'

"So Mary started in at the hospital a week later. It hit her pretty hard at first; but she stuck to it—and really liked it after a while. It was the sort of work that James was doing, you see—and she loved James: she loved James so much, and in such a fine big way, when she really got to know what he was doing out there on the prairie, that it hurt me to see it, just because her love *was* so big and fine and womanly and saintly. . . . I often think," the little man added, with a sigh that poignantly affected me, because of its truth and simplicity, "that Mary would rather have been James's hospital nurse than—well, what he wanted her for."

The little man whistled unmelodiously some broken bars from *Rescue the Perishing*, and beat a devil's tattoo on the black window-pane. . . .

"We saw a good deal of James after they were married," he continued; "but somehow we didn't see much of Mary. James was always coming East to attend the church conferences on home missions or to address the mission meetings, for he soon got to be well known and pop-



ular; but Mary had her own little duties to attend to—mostly with the children, I guess—and, anyhow, she knew about nursing, you see, and could *relieve* James when he wanted to get away on business or for a much-needed change. James used to say when he came East that no man ever had a better wife than Mary was to him; he didn't know what he'd do, he said, without her. I think, maybe, that things were a little tight in the money way, too, especially the first year, when there weren't any children and Mary might otherwise have come. James said the other night at Five Roads that fifty dollars a month might *look* like a good-enough salary for a man in a place where he couldn't waste a cent; but when a man is a doctor, James said, books and instruments run away with every penny not needed for the very barest necessities. Anyhow, Mary didn't come when she had the chance; and then, somehow—what with James's comfort to look after, and the lack of suitable clothes, and all the children, and the nursing when James was away—she never could come.

"‘James,’ I said once, when I visited them, ‘Mary isn't very well. You better let me take her East.’

"‘Oh,’ says he, ‘she's all right—she's only a little run down.’

"‘She looks worse than that,’ says I.

"‘Just your anxiety,’ says he; ‘she'll be all right when the finer weather comes.’

"‘It's awful lonely for her out here,’ says I.

"‘Nonsense!’ says he; ‘she's far too busy to be lonely.’

"‘Anyhow,’ says I, ‘she needs a change after nine years of this sort of life.’

"‘I don't see how she could get away from the children,’ says he. ‘I think little Elizabeth's ailing now.’

"‘We might make some kind of a shift,’ says I.

"‘Yes,’ says he; ‘that's true.’

"‘Suppose we do!’ says I.

"‘I don't see how I can manage it,’ says he. ‘You see, I've got that big meeting coming on at Winnipeg. A good deal is expected of me, and it's vitally important that I should be there. Otherwise I would look after the children myself.’

"‘If it's money, James,’ says I, a little afraid that they were pinched for funds, ‘you just let me help.’

"‘Thank you,’ says he; ‘but I'm man enough to look after my own wife.’”

The little man began at once to apologize for his son-in-law—according to his tender and unprejudiced nature. “You see,” said he, in a confidential way, “James is a very busy man. James has his work; and he does more work in a minute than most men do in an hour—more good in a day than most men do in a lifetime. You take a doctor with a field of fifty miles in every direction from his little hospital to cover, and you find a man with no spare time on his hands. James says that business is a matter of life and death with *him*; he can't put it off—his conscience drives him on. Then there is the great big work of missions in the Northwest. It's a big country; and the people are just such people as we are—they get hungry and cold, just as we do, and they love their kind, just in the same way. You see, *somebody's* got to minister to them; and it's all got to be done out of love, for money can't buy that sort of thing. And James looks at it in a big way, too. It isn't only his own field that takes up his time; it's the whole problem—the moral future of all these people, and their place in the nation. James says that the only way to accomplish anything is by keeping up interest in the East and everybody working together out here in an intelligent way. That's why he has to go East to the conferences and meetings; they're really vitally important. So James lives his life in the gospel way—going about and doing good. I wish I could tell you how hard he works—how he travels, and sleeps out in the snow, and speaks kind words, and goes hungry himself, and heals and feeds and clothes, and saves men from themselves. They worship him, out there on the prairie, and they ought to; and back in the East his great big manly life is an inspiration to thousands of young men.

"‘They're talking a lot about James in the East,’ I told Mary, the last time I was out.

"‘What's he been doing, now?’ says she.

"‘The papers,’ says I, ‘got hold of the



story of how he cut off that man's leg with a buck-saw.'

"'Oh, *that!*' says she; 'that wasn't much.'

"'They think a lot of James for that.'

"'Really,' says she, 'I've so many children to look after that I don't seem to have time to admire my own husband.'

"'Why, Mary!' says I; 'don't you love him any more?'

"'Father!' says she. 'What a question! Of *course* I love him. I'm sure,' says she, 'that there's nothing to distract my attention from James—except the children.'

"'But Mary never *did* get to come East. . . .

"I feel sorry for James," the little man resumed. "When I said good-by to him to-night at Smith's Station, I felt awful sorry for him. He takes it almighty hard, I tell you; and he'll find it lonely at Five Roads—without Mary. But he'll have to do the best he can—for a while, anyhow. His sister's coming out to take care of the children; she's a good soul, too, and admires James to distraction; but she's only his sister, you see, after all, and she won't be quite the same to him—as Mary.

"'James,' says I, 'I'm sorry for you.'

"'God knows it's hard!' says he.

"'You'll miss her,' says I; 'it won't be the same to you out here—without Mary. But you're in good health, thank God!' says I; 'and you have your work to do as usual, and your sister's on the way.'

"'She's only my sister,' says he; 'she'll not be the same to me—as Mary was.'

"You see," the little man proceeded, "Mary gave out all at once. Twelve years of Five Roads and the sixth baby were simply too much. James says he didn't see the breakdown coming, or something might have been done; it took him by surprise—he'd been busy, you see, and he was used to the way things went on, and she was never the one to complain, and he didn't just notice anything out of the way. When the breakdown came last week he telegraphed down to Toronto for me, and told me I might as well come prepared to do the only thing that could be done. So I made all the arrangements, and got to Five Roads

with them day before yesterday; but I was too late for any comfort—Mary was too far gone to know me. James was in an awful bad way; he blamed himself so much—said that if he had only *known*, it wouldn't have occurred; if he hadn't been so busy with the work, or if he'd only been the kind to take notice, or if Mary had only *said* something. James says that it would have been a hard job to get Mary to go away, anyhow; probably things would have been the same even if he had noticed the change in Mary. They settled all that, James told me last night, about five years ago, in the fall, just before Thomas was born—no, Ella—James junior, perhaps: I forget; but, anyhow, it was the fall before the third baby came, and Mary had an idea of coming home for the winter, but changed her mind.

"It seems Mary was run down and despondent, and James was almighty worried about her.

"'Mary,' says he, 'you don't like it out here very much.'

"'I like *you*,' says she.

"'I know you do,' says he; 'you prove it every day, God knows! But you need a change, my dear; you must go home.'

"'I'd like to go home to mother for a while,' says she. 'I won't deny it. I don't like to tell you, but I must. The prairie gets on my nerves—and frightens me, and gives me gloomy thoughts. I think a little visit with mother would do me quite a lot of good.'

"'Then you pack up and go,' says he.

"'But,' says she, 'the Board wouldn't pay *my* expenses.'

"'Look over the accounts,' says he, 'and I'm sure you'll find enough for that.'

"'No,' says she; 'there's not enough. There's not enough, now; and, James,' says she, 'I've found out something else.'

"'What have you found out?' says he.

"'That there never *will* be enough—that I never *can* go home!'

"This hurt James a good deal; but he couldn't talk about it any more just then, because he'd just heard of a sick child, out toward Forty Mile, and had to go, for they said the child had been sick a long time without it being generally known. It turned out a pitiful case, too. James wrote about it to the church papers, some time afterward; and I sup-



pose that more sermons have been preached about James and that sick child, and the rain and the twenty-mile tramp and the lame horse, than about anything else James ever did. The horse was a little lame that day, you see, and James thought he'd spare the poor beast and walk, even if it was raining; and so he set out afoot on that ten-mile tramp over the prairie, and didn't get back till late at night. It seems that the child was in a bad way when he got there. It was only a foreigner, with poor, ignorant parents, who didn't know how to look after her, according to our notion; though I guess they loved her a good deal; and somehow she'd managed to catch on fire from a smudge, and got fearfully burned, all over one arm and all up one side. They didn't know quite what to do when it happened; but some one said that axle-grease was good for burns, so they used axle-grease, and bandaged the little girl's arm to her side. When James got there—this was long after the accident—she was an awful thing to look at, and suffering, too; and the wound had begun to heal, and her arm was growing fast to her side, so that when James got her home he had to cut it loose. Anyhow, James wrapped her up in a shawl and a piece of oilcloth and carried her ten miles in his own arms; but he says that it wasn't anything to do—that he wasn't even thinking about it—that he spent his time making up his mind to quit the mission field for Mary's sake, and take up private practice in Toronto.

"‘Mary,’ says he, when the child was put to bed and Mary had got his supper, ‘you love me, don’t you?’

"‘Yes,’ says she.

"‘As much as ever?’

"‘I never loved you more,’ says she, ‘than when I saw you come out of the rain to-night, with that little child in your big arms.’

"‘I’m glad,’ says he, ‘that you love me for that.’

"‘You were Christlike,’ says she. ‘I never knew before—how much I *could* love you.’

"‘You know,’ says he, ‘that I love you?’

"‘You have so often told me so!’

"‘I’m going to prove it, Mary,’ says he, ‘in a way you’ll not doubt. You

know what my work means to me? You know that I have dreamed of doing it since I was a boy—and that I have at last come to do it more fully than I had ever hoped? You know what my work stands for—what it means to the future of this province? You know what my work means to these poor people? You understand that my work among them—this daily round of self-sacrifice and good deeds—is all my happiness—my very life itself?’

"‘Yes,’ says she; ‘of course—I understand.’

"‘I’m going to give it up, dear,’ says he. ‘I’m going to give it up because I love you. I’m going to give it all up—for you.’

"‘For *me*!’ says she.

"‘My dear,’ says he, ‘you have neither the strength nor the courage to go on.’

"‘I have not?’ says she.

"‘We’ll go home,’ says he; ‘we’ll go back home—for your sake.’

"‘James,’ says she, ‘this is very strange. Why do you talk this way? What has put it into your head to give up your work? *Give up your work!* Is it because you are tired of it? Surely, it can’t be that. It must be because you are thinking—of me. That is very kind of you, James—but mistaken. It must be because I complained a little of loneliness. I’m sorry; forgive me—please don’t remember that against me. Why, James,’ says she, ‘I cannot think of such a thing. Give up your work—*give up your work!* Isn’t it *our* work? Why do you think I love you? Don’t you understand that it is because of your work?—because you are Christlike in doing it? I have never thought of you apart from your work—I *could* not think of you apart from it. To-night, when you brought in the little child, I thanked God that He had given me to you, and I promised God that I would never complain again. I did not love you then as women do—I worshipped: I could not kiss you, I could not touch you, because I loved you so much. What am I to do if you go back to Toronto—to a brass plate and an office and a little black bag? Am I to go, too—and am I to love you? I could not. I could neither go nor love you. I could stay here—I *would* stay here—and do some part of





*Drawn by George Harding*

"BUT THEY WOULDN'T PAY MY EXPENSES"







the work that you had failed to do. I came to help you do it; and if you leave it I'll stay to do it with my own hands.'

"'Hush!' says James; 'you are talking wildly, Mary.'

"'You are the coward,' says she; 'it is not I.'

"He kissed her then, and put his arms around her. 'My dear,' says he, 'do you really feel this way about it?'

"'Do you doubt it?' says she.

"'No,' says he; 'and I thank God that I have a noble wife like you to sustain me!'

"'And you'll not talk of going back?' says she.

"'You and I,' says he, 'will stay and do God's work together.'

"And so," the little man continued, "they just stayed on at Five Roads."

The train rattled on—and the common little person looked out of the window again. I wondered what the preachers would have thought—what new moral they would have drawn—had they heard the whole story of the big missionary and the child and the lame horse.

"And so," said I, "your daughter died?"

"No," he replied; "she didn't die." He leaned toward me a little—so that he could whisper in my ear. "She didn't die," said he; "she's in the other part of the car—with the keepers I fetched from Toronto!"

## The Horses of Indra

BY MARTHA W. AUSTIN

UP from the green sea-valleys  
That the wild, white horses range,  
Up from the ocean-pastures  
That the foam-steeds ravage and change,  
The Storm God gathers his cloud-herd  
And drives them away at his will,  
The wild, white horses of Indra,  
That have stooped and have drunk their fill.

He herds them up heaven's steep hollow  
Aslope from the low sea-marge,  
And the sky is filled with their thunder  
And the terror of their charge—  
Is filled with the sweep of squadrons,  
The shout of the Storm God's ire,  
And hoofs that strike from the skyway  
The spark of the levin fire.

Beneath them their white sea-brothers  
Run raging with tangled mane,  
To the call of the wild winds warring  
Through the serried ranks of the rain.  
But lo! in the east it is dawning,  
And clear and blue is the sky,  
And green and peaceful the sea-plain  
When the storm-herds have swept by.



# The Wild Olive

## A NOVEL

By the Author of "The Inner Shrine"

### CHAPTER XIV

AT a moment when Miriam had almost reconciled herself to the belief that the call for which she waited would never come, she discovered that Norrie Ford had returned, and that some of her expectations were fulfilled by finding him actually seated on her right at dinner.

Miss Jarrott's taste in table light was in the direction of candles tempered by deep-red shades. As no garish electricity was allowed to intrude itself into this soft glow, the result was that only old acquaintances among her guests got a satisfactory notion of each other's features. It was with a certain sense of discovery that, by peering through the rose-colored twilight, Miriam discerned now a Jarrott or a Colfax, now an Endsleigh or a Pole—faces more or less well known to her which she had not had time to recognize during the few hurried minutes in the drawing-room.

It was the dinner of which Evie had said, in explaining her plan of campaign to Miriam, "We must kill off the family first of all." It was plain that she regarded the duty as a bore; but she was too worldly-wise not to see that her bread cast upon the waters would return to her. Most of the Jarrotts were important; some were wealthy; and one—Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott—was a power in such matters as assemblies and cotillions. The ladies Colfax were little less influential; and while the sphere of the Poles and Endsleighs was in the world of art, letters, and scholarship, rather than in that of fashion and finance, they had the uncontested status of good birth. To Evie they represented just so much in the way of her social assets, and she was quick in appraising them at their correct relative values. Some would be good for a

dinner given in her honor, others for a dance. The humblest could be counted on for a theatre party or a "tea." She was skilful, too, in presenting her orphan state with a touching vividness that enlisted their sympathies on behalf of "poor Jack's," or "poor Gertrude's," pretty little girl, according to the side of the house on which they recognized the relationship.

With the confusion incidental to the arrival from South America, the settling into a new house, and the ordering of new clothes, Miriam had had little of the old intimate intercourse with Evie during the six weeks since the latter's return. It was with double pleasure, therefore, that Miriam responded one day to Evie's invitation to "come and look at my things," which meant an inspection of the frocks and hats that had just come home. They lay about now, in clouds like a soft summer sunset, or in gay spots of feathers and flowers, on the bed and the sofa in Evie's room, and filled all the chairs except the one on which Miriam had retreated into the farthest corner of the bay-window. Seated there, not quite in profile, against the light, her head turned and slightly inclined, in order to get a better view of Evie's finery, her slender figure possessed a sort of Vandyke grace, heightened rather than diminished by the long plumes and rich draperies of the month's fashion. Evie flitted between closets, wardrobes, and drawers, prattling, while she worked, of that first event of her season, in which the family were to be "killed off." She recited the names of those who would "simply *have* to be asked" and of those who could conveniently be omitted.

"And of course Popsey Wayne must come," she observed in her practical little way. "I dare say he won't want to,



poor dear, but it wouldn't do if he didn't. Only you, you dear thing, will have to go in with him—to pilot him and look after him when the dishes are passed. But I'm going to have some one nice on your other side, do you see?—some one awfully nice. We shall have to ask a few people outside the family, just to give it relief, and save it from looking like Christmas."

"You'll have Billy, I suppose?"

Evie took the time to deposit a lace blouse in a drawer, as softly as a mother lays a sleeping babe to rest.

"No, I sha'n't ask Billy," she said, while she was still stooping.

"Won't he think that queer?"

"I hope so." She turned from the drawer and lifted a blue gossamer creation from the bed. Miriam smiled indulgently.

"Why? What's the matter? Have you anything to punish him for?"

"I've nothing to punish him for; I've only got something I want to—bring home to him." She paused in the middle of the room, with her blue burden held in her outstretched arms, somewhat like a baby at a christening. "I might as well tell you, Miriam, first as last. You've got to know it some time, though I don't want it talked about just yet. I've broken my engagement to Billy."

"Broken your engagement! Why, I saw Billy myself this morning. I met him as I was coming over. He said he was here last night, and seemed particularly cheerful."

"He doesn't know it yet. I'm doing it—by degrees."

"You're doing it by—what?" Miriam rose and came toward her, stopping midway to lean on the foot-rail of the bed. "Evie darling, what do you mean?"

Evie's eyes brimmed suddenly, and her lip trembled.

"If you're going to be cross about it—"

"I'm not going to be cross about it, but I want you to tell me exactly what you're doing."

"Well, I'm telling you. I've broken my engagement, and I want to let Billy know it in the kindest way. I don't want to hurt his feelings. You wouldn't like me to do that yourself. I'm trying to bring him where he'll see things just as I do."

"And may I ask if you're—getting him there?"

"I shall get him there in time. I'm doing lots of things to show him."

"Such as what?"

"Such as not asking him to the dinner, for one thing. He'll know from that there's something wrong. He'll make a fuss, and I shall be disagreeable. Little by little he'll get to dislike me—and then—"

"And how long do you think it will take for that good work to be accomplished?"

"I don't see that that matters. I suppose I may take all the time I need. We're both young—"

"And have all your lives to give to it. Is that what you mean?"

"I don't want to give all my life to it, because—I may as well tell you that, too, while I'm about it—because I'm engaged to some one else."

"Oh, Evie!"

Miriam went back, like a person defeated, to the chair from which she had just risen, while Evie buried herself in the depths of a closet, where she remained long enough, as she hoped, to let Miriam's first astonishment subside. On coming out she assumed a virtuous tone.

"You see now why I simply *had* to break with Billy. I couldn't possibly keep the two things going together—as some girls would. I'm one of those who do right, whatever happens. It's very hard for me—but if people would only be a little more sympathetic—"

It was some minutes before Miriam knew just what to say. Even when she began to speak she doubted her capacity for making herself understood.

"Evie darling," she said, trying to speak as for a child's comprehension, "this is a very serious matter. I don't think you realize how serious it is. If you find you don't love Billy well enough, of course you must ask him to release you. I should be sorry for that, but I shouldn't blame you. But until you've done it you can't give your word to any one."

"Well, I must say, I never heard anything like that," Evie declared, indignantly. "You do have the strangest ideas, Miriam. Dear mamma used to say so, too. I try to defend you, but you



make it difficult for me, I must say. I never knew any one like you for making things more complicated than they need be. You talk of my asking Billy to release me when I released myself long ago—in my own mind. That's where I have to look. I must do things according to my conscience—and when that's clear—”

“It isn't only a case of conscience, dear; it's one of common sense. Conscience has a way of sometimes mistaking the issue, whereas common sense can generally be trusted to be right.”

“Of course, if you're going to talk that way, Miriam, I don't see what's left for me to answer; but it doesn't sound very reverent, I must say. I'm trying to look at things in the highest light, and it doesn't strike me as the highest light to be unkind to Billy when I needn't be. If you think I ought to treat him cruelly you must keep your opinion, but I know you'll excuse me if I keep mine.”

She carried her head loftily as she bore another gown into the adjoining darkness, and Miriam waited patiently till she emerged again.

“Does your other—I hardly know what to call him—does your other fiancé know about Billy?”

“Why on earth should he? What good would that do? It will be all over—I mean about Billy—before I announce my second engagement; and as the one to Billy will never be announced at all, there's no use in saying anything about it.”

“But suppose Billy himself finds out?”

“Billy won't find out anything whatever until I get ready to let him.”

The finality of this retort reduced Miriam to silence. She allowed some minutes to pass before saying, with some hesitation:

“I suppose you don't mind my knowing—who it is?”

Evie was prepared for this question and answered it promptly.

“I sha'n't mind your knowing—by and by. I want you to meet him first. When you've once seen him, I know you'll be more just to me. Till then I'm willing to go on being—misunderstood.”

During the three more weeks that intervened before the family dinner Miriam

got no further light on Evie's love-affairs. She purposely asked no questions, through fear of seeming to force the girl's confidence, but she obtained some relief from thinking that the rival suitor could be no other than a certain young Graham, of whom she had heard much from Evie during the previous year. His chances then had stood higher than Billy Merrow's; and nothing was more possible than a discovery on Evie's part that she liked him the better of the two. It was a situation that called for sympathy for Billy, but not otherwise for grave anxiety, so that Miriam could wait quietly for further outpourings of Evie's heart, and give her mind to the mysteries incidental to the girl's social presentation to the world.

Of the ceremonies attendant on this event, the “killing off” of the family was the one Miriam dreaded most. It was when she came within the periphery of this powerful, meritorious, well-to-do circle, representing whatever was most honorable in New York, that she chiefly felt herself an alien. In the midst of so much that was classified, certified, and regular she was as obviously a foreign element as a fly in amber. She came in as the ward of Philip Wayne, who himself was a newcomer and an intruder, since he entered merely as “poor Gertrude's second husband,” by a marriage which they all considered a mistake.

With the desire to be as unobtrusive as possible, she dressed herself in black, without ornament of any kind, unaware of the fact that with her height of figure, her grace of movement, she would be more than ever conspicuous against the background of elaborate toilets, and brilliant jewels, which the family would produce for the occasion. As a matter of fact, there was a perceptible hush in the hum of talk as she made her entry into the drawing-room, ostensibly led by Philip Wayne, but really leading him. As she paused near the door, half timid, half bewildered, looking for her hostess, it did not help her to feel at ease to see Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott—a Rubens Marie de Medici in white satin and pearls—raise her lorgnette and call on a tall young man who stood beside her to take a look. There was no time to distinguish anything further before Miss Jarrott





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

"I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU, MIRIAM, FIRST AS LAST"







glided up, with mincing graciousness, to shake hands.

"How do you do! How do you do! So glad you've come. I think you must know nearly every one here, so I needn't introduce any one. I hardly ever introduce. It's funny, isn't it? They say it's an English custom not to introduce, but I don't do it, just by nature. I wonder why I shouldn't?—but I never do—or almost never. So if you don't happen to know your neighbors at table just speak. It was Evie who arranged where every one was to sit. I don't know. They say that's English, too—just to speak. I believe it's quite a recognized thing in London to say, 'Is this your bread or mine?' and then you know each other. Isn't it funny? Now I think we're all here. Will you take in Miriam, Mr. Wayne?"

A hasty embrace from Evie—an angelic vision in white—was followed by a few words of greeting from Charles Conquest, after which Miriam saw Miss Jarrott take the arm of Bishop Endsleigh, and the procession began to move.

At table Miriam was glad of the dim, rose-colored light. It offered her a seclusion into which she could withdraw, tendering her services to the helpless blind man beside her, and repeating for his benefit the names of their fellow guests. She began with Bishop Endsleigh, who was on Miss Jarrott's right. Then came Mrs. Stephen Colfax; after her Mr. Endsleigh Jarrott, who had on his right Mrs. Reginald Pole. Mrs. Pole's neighbor was Charles Conquest, whom she shared with Mrs. Rodney Wrenn. Now and then Wayne himself would give proof of that increased acuteness in his hearing of which he had spoken more than once since his blindness had become total. "Colfax Yorke is here," he observed at one time. "I hear his voice. He's sitting on our side of the table." "Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott is next but one to you," he said at another time. "She's airing her plans for the reconstruction of New York society."

So for a while they kept one another in small talk, affecting the same sort of vivacity that obtained around them. It was not till dinner was half over that he asked in an undertone:

"Who is your neighbor?"

"I don't know," she managed to whisper back. "He's so taken up with Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott that he hasn't looked this way. I don't think he's any member of the family."

"He must be," Wayne replied. "I know his voice. I have some association with it, but just what I can't remember."

Miriam herself listened to hear him speak, catching only an irrelevant word or two.

"He sounds English," she said then.

"No, he isn't English. That's not my association. It's curious how the mind acts. Since I became—since my sight failed—my memory instinctively brings me voices instead of faces, when I want to recall anything. Aren't you going to speak to him? You've got the formula: 'Is this your bread or mine?'"

"It's very convenient, but I don't think I shall use it."

"He'd like you to, I know. I heard him say to Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott as we came in—while Queenie Jarrott was talking—that you were the most strikingly beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life. How's that for a compliment from a perfect stranger?"

"I certainly sha'n't speak to him now. A man who could say that to Mrs. Endsleigh, after having seen *her*, must be woefully wanting in tact."

Mary Pole on Wayne's right claimed his attention and Miriam was left her own mistress. Almost at once her attention was arrested by hearing Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott saying in that appealing voice which she counted as the secret of her success with men:

"Now do give me your frank opinion, Mr. Strange. You don't know how much I should like it. It's far from my idea that we should slavishly copy London. You know that, don't you? We've an entirely different stock of materials to work with. But I'm firmly convinced that by working on the London model we should make society far more general, far more representative, and far—oh, *far*—more interesting! Now, what do *you* think? Do give me your frank opinion."

Mr. Strange! Her own name was sufficiently uncommon to cause Miriam to glance sidewise, in her rapid, fugitive way, at the person who bore it. His face was turned from her as he bent toward



Mrs. Jarrott, but again she heard his voice, and this time more distinctly.

"I'm afraid my opinion wouldn't be of much value. Nevertheless, I know you must be right."

"Now I'm disappointed in you," Mrs. Jarrott said, with pretty reproachfulness. "You're not taking me seriously. Oh, I see, I see. You're just an ordinary man, after all; when I thought for a minute you might be—well, a little different. Do take some of that asparagus," she added in another tone. "It's simply delicious."

It was while he was helping himself that Miriam got the first clear view of his face, half turned as it was toward her. He seemed aware that she was observing him, for during the space of some seconds he held the silver implements idle in his hands, while he lifted his eyes to meet hers. The look they exchanged was significant and long, and yet she was never quite sure that she recognized him then. For the minute she was only conscious of a sudden, inward shock, to which she was unable to ascribe a cause. Something had happened, though she knew not what. Having in the course of a few minutes regained her self-control, she could only suppose that it was a repetition of that unreasoning panic which had now and then brought her to the verge of fainting, when by chance, in London, Paris, or New York, she caught a glimpse of some tall figure that carried her imagination back to the cabin in the Adirondacks. She had always thought that he might appear in some crowd and take her by surprise. She had never expected to find him in a gathering that could be called social. Still less had she looked to meet him like this, with Philip Wayne, who had sentenced him to death, not three feet away. The mere idea was preposterous. And yet—

She glanced at him again. He was listening attentively, while Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott's voice ran on.

Miriam herself made an effort to seem to be doing something that would enable her to sit unnoticed. She was glad that Wayne was engaged by Mary Pole, so that he could no longer listen to the voice that wakened his recollections. She looked again at the tall, carefully dressed man beside her, so dif-

ferent in all his externals from anything she imagined Norrie Ford could ever become. Norrie Ford was an outlaw and this was a man of the world. She felt herself being reassured—and yet disappointed. Her first feeling of faintness passed away, enabling her to face the situation with greater calm. Under cover of the energetic animation characteristic of every American dinner-party at which the guests are intimate, she had leisure to think over the one or two hints that were significant. Now and then a remark was addressed to her across the table, to which she managed to return a reply sufficiently apt to give her the appearance of being in touch with what was going on around her; but in reality she was taking in the fact, with the spirit rather than the mind, that Norrie Ford had returned.

She never understood just how and when that assurance came to her. It was certainly not by actual recognition of his features, as it was not by putting together the few data that came under her observation. Thinking it over in after-years, she could only say that she "just found herself *knowing* it." He was there—beside her. Of that she had no longer a doubt.

The main fact being accepted, her outer faculties could respond to the call that a dinner-party makes on its least important member. When the conversation at her end of the table became general she took her part, and later engaged in a three-cornered discussion with Wayne and Mary Pole on the subject of an endowed theatre; but all the while her subconscious mind was struggling for a theory to account for Norrie Ford's presence in that particular room and in that unexpected company. Had she recalled what she had said to him eight years ago as to the Argentine, and the "very good firm to work for," she would have had an easy clue, but that had passed from her mind almost with the utterance—certainly with his departure. He had gone out into the world, leaving no more trace behind him than the bird that has flown southward. Not once during the intervening years did the thought cross her mind that words which she had spoken nearly at haphazard could have acted as a guide to him, while still less



did she dream that they could have led him into the very seat beside her which he was occupying now.

Nevertheless, he was there, and for the present she could dispense with the knowledge of the adventures that had brought him. He was there, and that was the reason of his coming in itself. He had hewn his way through all difficulties to reach her—as Siegfried came to Brunhilde, over the mountains and through the fire. He had found the means—both the means and the daring—to enter and make himself accepted in her own world, her own circle, her own family—in so far as she had a family—and to seat himself at her side.

In the drawing-room he was introduced to her. Miss Jarrott led him up and made the presentation.

“Miss Strange, I want you to know Mr. Strange. Now isn’t that funny? You can’t think how many times I’ve thought how interesting it would be to see you two meet. It’s so unusual to have the same name, especially when it’s such a strange name as yours. There, that’s a pun. I simply can’t help making it. My brother says I inherited all the sense of humor in the family. I don’t know why I do it, but I always see a joke. Can you tell me why I do it?”

Neither Strange nor Miriam knew what replies they made, but a conversation of some sort went on for a minute or two, after which Miss Jarrott whisked him away to present him to some one else. When he had gone Miriam was left with a feeling of spiritual chill. While it was impossible to betray a previous acquaintance before Miss Jarrott, there had been nothing whatever in his bearing to respond to the recognition in hers. There was something that might have been conveyed from mind to mind without risk, and he had not used the opportunity. In so far as he addressed her at all it had been through Miss Jarrott, and he had looked around her and over her rather than directly into her eyes.

She hoped he would find an occasion for passing again in her direction. If she could have only a word with him, it might help to make the situation intelligible. But he did not return, and presently she noticed, in looking about the

room, that he had disappeared. She, too, was eager to be gone. Only in solitude could she get control of the surging thoughts, the bewildering suggestions, the contradictory suppositions that crowded in on her. She saw how useless it was to try to build a theory without at least one positive fact to go on.

It was just as they were departing that her opportunity to ask a question came. They had said their good-nights to Miss Jarrott and were in the hall, waiting for the footman to call their carriage, when Evie, whom they had not wanted to disturb, came fluttering after them. She was flushed but radiant, and flung herself into Miriam’s arms.

“You dear thing! I haven’t had time to say a word to you or Popsey Wayne the entire evening. But you’ll excuse me, won’t you? I’ve had to be civil to them all, do you see? and do them up well. I knew you wouldn’t mind. I wanted you to have a good time, but I’m afraid you haven’t.”

“Oh yes,” Miriam said, disengaging herself from the girl’s embrace. “It’s been wonderful—it really has. But, Evie dear,” she whispered, drawing her away from the group of ladies who stood cloaked and hooded, also waiting for their carriages, “tell me—who is that Mr. Strange, who sat next to me?”

Evie’s eyes went heavenward, and she took on a look of rapture.

“I hope you liked him.”

“I didn’t have much chance to see. But why do you hope it?”

“Because—don’t you see?—Oh, surely you *must* see—because—he’s the one.”

## CHAPTER XV

ENLIGHTENMENT came to her in the carriage while she was driving homeward. During the five or ten minutes since Evie had spoken she, Miriam, had been sitting still and upright in the darkness, making no further attempt to see reason through this succession of bewilderments from sheer inability to contend against them. For the time being, at any rate, the struggle was too much for her. She was fighting with herself, with her own wild inward cries of protest, anger, jealousy, and self-pity, trying to distinguish each



from the others and to silence it by appeal to her years of romantic folly, when suddenly Wayne spoke, in the cheery tone of a man who has unexpectedly passed a pleasant evening.

"I had a nice long chat with the Great Unknown, who was sitting beside you, when the ladies left the dining-room. Who do you think he is?"

After the shocks of the last two hours, she was prepared to hear Wayne tell her, in an offhand way, that it was Norrie Ford. Nevertheless, she summoned what was left of her stunned faculties and did her best to speak carefully.

"I heard them call him Mr. Strange—"

"Odd that was, wasn't it? But it isn't such a very uncommon name. I've met other Stranges—"

"Oh yes. So have I."

"Well, who do you think he is? Why, he's Stephens & Jarrott's new man in New York. He's taken Jenkins's place. You remember Jenkins, don't you? That little man with a lisp. I had a nice long chat with him—Strange, I mean. He tells me he's a New-Yorker by birth, but that he went out to the Argentine after his father failed in business. Well, *he* won't fail in business, *I* bet a penny. He's tremendously enthusiastic over the Argentine, too. Showed he had his head put on the right way when he went there. Wonderful country—the United States of South America some people call it. We're missing our opportunities down there. Great volume of trade flowing to Europe, of which we had almost the monopoly at one time. I had a nice long chat with him."

Her tired emotions received a new surprise as Wayne's words directed her thoughts to the morning when she had made to Ford the first suggestion of the Argentine. She had not precisely forgotten it; she had only thought it of too little importance to dwell on. She remembered that she had considered the idea practical till she had expressed it; but that his opposition had seemed to turn it into the impossible. She had never supposed that he might have acted on it—not any more than she had expected him to retain her father's name once he had reached a place of safety.

"Queenie Jarrott tells me," Wayne meandered on, "that her brother thinks

very highly of this young man. It seems that his business abilities are quite remarkable, and they fancy he looks like Henry—the eldest of the boys who died. It's extraordinary how his voice reminds me of some one—I don't know who. It might be— But then again—"

With the data Wayne had given her she worked out the main lines of the story during the night; but it was not until she had done so that its full significance appeared to her. Having grasped that, she could scarcely wait for daylight in order to go to Evie, and yet when morning came she abandoned that course as impolitic. Reflection showed her that her struggle must be less with Evie than with Ford, while she judged that he himself would lose no time in putting the battle in array. He must see as plainly as she did that she stood like an army across his path, and that he must either retreat before her or show fight. She believed he would do the latter and do it soon. She thought it probable that he would appear that very day, and that her wisest plan was to await his opening attack. The necessity, so unexpectedly laid upon her, of defending the right, deflected her mind from dwelling too bitterly on her own disillusioning.

It was half past four when he was announced. His frock-coat attire seemed to her, as he crossed the room, oddly civilized and correct after her recollections of him. Notwithstanding her dread of the opening minutes, the meeting passed off according to the fixed procedure of the drawing-room. It was a relief to both to find that the acts of shaking hands and sitting down had been accomplished with matter-of-course formality. With the familiar support of afternoon-call conventions, difficult topics could be treated at greater ease.

"I'm very glad to find you at home," he began, feeling it to be a safe opening. "I was almost afraid—"

"I stayed in on purpose," she said, frankly. "I thought you might come."

"I wasn't sure whether or not you knew me last night—"

"I didn't at first. I really hadn't noticed you, though I remembered afterward that you were standing with Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott when Mr. Wayne and





*Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock*

AGAIN SHE HEARD HIS VOICE AND THIS TIME MORE DISTINCTLY







"I came into the room. I wonder now if you recognized me?"

"Oh, rather! I knew you were going to be there. I've been in New York a month."

"Then you might have come to see me sooner."

"Well, you see—"

He paused and colored, trying to cover up his embarrassment with a smile. She allowed her eyes to express interrogation, not knowing that her frank gaze disconcerted him. She herself went back so eagerly to the days when he was the fugitive, Norrie Ford, and she the nameless girl who was helping him, that she could not divine his humiliation at being obliged to drop his mask. Since becoming engaged to Evie Colfax and returning to New York, he perceived more clearly than ever before that his true part in the world was that of the respectable, successful man of business which he played so skilfully. It cost him an effort she could have no reason to suspect, to be face to face with the one person in the world who knew him as something else.

"You see," he began again, "I had to consider a good many things—naturally. It wouldn't have done to give any one an idea that we had met before."

"No, of course not. But last night you might have—"

"Last night I had to follow the same tactics. I can't afford to run risks. It's rather painful, it's even a bit humiliating—"

"I can imagine that, especially here in New York. In out-of-the-way places it must be different. There it doesn't matter. But to be among the very people who—"

"You think that there it does matter. I had to consider that. I had to make it plain to myself that there was nothing dishonorable in imposing on people who had forced me into a false position. I don't say it's pleasant—"

"Oh, I know it can't be pleasant. I only wondered a little, as I saw you last night, why you let yourself be placed in a position that made it necessary."

"I should have wondered at that myself a year ago. I certainly never had any intention of doing it. It's almost as much a surprise to me to be here as it is to you to see me. I sup-

pose you thought I would never turn up again."

"No, I didn't think that. On the contrary, I thought you *would* turn up—only not just here."

It struck him that she was emphasizing that point for a purpose—to bring him to another point still. He took a few seconds to reflect before deciding that he would follow her lead without further hanging back.

"I shouldn't have returned to New York if I hadn't become engaged to Miss Colfax. You know about that, don't you? I think she meant to tell you."

She inclined her head assentingly, without words. He noticed her dark eyes resting on him with a kind of pity. He had cherished a faint hope—the very faintest—that she might welcome what he had just said sympathetically. In the few minutes during which she remained silent that hope died.

"I suppose," she said, gently, "that you became engaged to Evie before knowing who she was?"

"I fell in love with her before knowing who she was. I'm afraid that when I actually asked her to marry me I had heard all there was to learn."

"Then why did you do it?"

He shrugged his shoulders with a movement acquired by long residence among Latins. His smile conveyed the impossibility of explaining himself in a sentence.

"I'll tell you all about it, if you'd like to hear."

"I should like it very much. Remember, I know nothing of what happened after—after—"

He noticed a shade of confusion in her manner and hastened to begin his narrative.

Somewhat to her surprise, he sketched his facts in lightly, but dwelt strongly on the mental and moral necessities his situation forced on him. He related with some detail the formation of his creed of conduct in the dawn on Lake Champlain, and showed her that according to its tenets he was permitted a kind of action that in other men might be reprehensible. He came to the story of Evie last of all, and allowed her to see how dominating a part Fate, or Predestination, had played in evolving it.



"So you see," he ended, "it was too late then to do anything—but yield."

"Or withdraw," she added, softly.

He stared at her a moment, his body bent slightly forward, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair. As a matter of fact, he was thinking less of her words than of her beauty—so much nobler in type than he remembered it.

"Yes," he returned, quietly, "I can see that it would strike you in that way. So it did me—at first. But I had to look at the subject all round—"

"I don't need to do that."

He stared at her again. There was a decision in her words which he found hard to reconcile with the pity in her eyes, and the gentle softness of her smile.

"You mean that you don't want to take my—necessities—into consideration."

"I mean that when I see the one thing right to do, I don't have to look any further."

"The one thing right to do—for you?—or for me?"

"There's no reason why I should intervene at all. I look to you to save me from the necessity."

He hesitated a minute before deciding whether to hedge or to meet her squarely.

"By giving up Evie and—clearing out," he said, with a perceptible hint of defiance.

"I shouldn't lay stress on your—clearing out."

"But you would on my giving up Evie?"

"Don't you see," she began in an explanatory tone, "I, in my own person, have nothing to do with it? It isn't for me to say this should be done or that. You can't imagine how hard it is for me to say anything at all; and if I speak, it isn't as myself—it's as the voice of a situation. You must understand as well as I do what that situation imposes."

"But I don't intend that a situation shall impose anything—on me. I mean to act as master—"

"But I'm neither so independent or so strong—nor is Evie. You don't consider her."

"I don't have to consider any one. When I make Evie happy I do all that can be asked of me."

"No, you would be called on to *keep*

her happy. And she couldn't remain happy if she were married to you. It isn't possible. She couldn't live with you any more than—than a humming-bird could live with a hawk."

They both smiled, rather nervously.

"But I'm not a hawk," he insisted. "I'm much more a humming-bird than you imagine. You think me some sort of creature of prey because you believe—that I did—what I was accused of—"

The circumstances seemed so far off from him now, so incongruous with what he had become, that he reverted to them with difficulty.

"I don't attach any importance to that," she said, with a tranquillity that startled him. "I suppose I ought to, but I never have. If you killed your uncle, it seems to me—very natural. He provoked you. He deserved it. My father would have done it, certainly."

"But I didn't, you see. That puts another color on the case."

"It doesn't for me. And it doesn't as it affects Evie. Whether you're innocent or guilty—and I don't say I believe you to be guilty—I've never thought much about it—but whether you're guilty or not, your life is the kind of tragedy Evie couldn't share. It would kill her."

"It wouldn't kill her, if she didn't know anything about it."

"But she would know. You can't keep that sort of thing from a wife. She wouldn't be married to you a year before she had discovered that you were—a—"

"An escaped convict. Why not say it?"

"I was not going to say it. But at least she would know that you were a man who was pretending to be—something that he wasn't."

"You mean an impostor. Well, I've already explained to you that I'm an impostor only because Society itself has made me one. I'm not to blame—"

"I quite see the force of that. But Evie wouldn't. Don't you understand? That's my point. She would only see the horror of it, and she would be overwhelmed. It wouldn't matter to her that you could bring forward arguments in your own defence. She wouldn't be capable of understanding them. You must see for yourself that mentally—and spiritually—just as bodily—she's as fragile



as a butterfly. She couldn't withstand a storm. She'd be crushed by it."

"I don't think you do her justice. If she were to discover—I mean, if the worst were to come to the worst—well, you can see how it's been with yourself. You've known from the beginning all there is to know—and yet—"

"I'm different."

She meant the brief statement to divert his attention from herself, but she perceived that it aroused a flash of self-consciousness in both. While she could hear herself saying inwardly, "I'd rather go on waiting for him—uselessly," he was listening to a silvery voice, as it lisped the words, "Dear mamma used to think she was in love with some one we didn't know anything about." Each reverted to the memory of the lakeside scene in which he had said, "My life will belong to you . . . a thing for you to dispose of . . ." and each was aware that the other was doing so.

All at once she saw herself as she fancied he must see her—a woman claiming the fulfilment of an old promise, the payment of a long-standing debt. He must think she was making Evie a pretext in her fight for her own hand. His vow—if it was a vow—had been the germ of so much romance in her mind that she ascribed it to a place in the foreground of his. In all she was saying he would understand a demand on her part that he should make it good. Very well, then; if he could do her such injustice, he must do it. She could not permit the fear of it to inspire her with moral cowardice, or deter her from doing what was right.

Nevertheless, it helped her to control her agitation to rise and ring for tea. She felt the need of some commonplace action to assure herself and him that now, at last, she was outside the realm of the romantic. He rose as she did, to forestall her at the bell; and as the servant entered with the tray, they moved together into the embrasure of the wide bay-window. Down below, the autumn colors were fading, while leaves, golden-yellow or blood-red, were being swirled along the ground.

"I had to do things out there"—his nod was meant to indicate the direction of South America—"in a somewhat high-

handed manner, and I've acquired the habit of it. If I'd stuck at difficulties I shouldn't have got anywhere."

She looked at him inquiringly, as though to ask the purport of the observation.

"You must see that I'm obliged to put this thing through—on Evie's account as much as mine. After getting her to care for me, I can't desert her now, whatever happens."

"She wouldn't suffer—after a while. She'd get over it. You might not, but she—"

"She shall not get over it, if I can help it. How can you ask me to let her?"

"Only on the ground that you love her well enough."

"Would you call that love?"

"In view of all the circumstances, it would be my idea of it."

"Then, it wouldn't be mine. The only love I understand is the love that fights for its object, in the face of all opposition."

She looked at him a minute with what she tried to make a smile, but which became no more than a quivering of the lips and lashes.

"I hope you won't fight," she said, in a tone of appeal; "because it would have to be with me. If anything could break my heart, that would."

She knew how near to self-betrayal she had gone, but in her eagerness she was reckless of the danger.

"How do you know it wouldn't break mine, too?" he asked, with a scrutiny that searched her eyes. "But there are times in life when men have just to fight—and let their hearts be broken. In becoming responsible for Evie's happiness, I've given a pledge from which I can't withdraw—"

"But that's where you don't understand her—"

"Possibly; but it's where I understand myself."

"Tea is served, miss," the maid said, coming forward to where they talked in undertones. At the same minute there was a shuffling at the door and Wayne entered from his drive. Ford would have gone forward to help him, but she put out her hand and stopped him.

"He likes to find his way himself," she whispered.



"They tell me there's tea in here," Wayne said, cheerily, from the doorway.

"There's more than tea," Miriam replied in as bright a tone as she could assume. "There's Mr. Strange, whom you met last night."

"Ah, that's good." Wayne groped his way toward the voices. "How do you do! Glad to see you. It's windy out-of-doors. One feels the winter beginning to nip."

Ford took the extended hand, and, without seeming to do so, adroitly piloted the blind man to a seat as they moved, all three, to the tea table.

For the next ten minutes their talk turned on the common topics of the day. As during her conversation with Conquest a few weeks before, Miriam found again that the routine duties of acting as hostess steadied her nerves. With Ford aiding her in the little ways to which he had become accustomed since his engagement to Evie, hostility was absent from their mutual relation, even though opposition remained. That at least was a comfort to her; and now and then, as she handed him the bread and butter or a plate of cakes to pass to Wayne, their eyes could meet in a glance of comprehension.

Wayne was still enjoying his tea, when Ford turned to him with an abrupt change of tone.

"I'm glad you came in, sir, while I was still here, because there's something I particularly want to tell you."

He did not look at Miriam, but he could feel the way in which she sat upright and aghast. Wayne turned his sightless eyes, hidden by large colored glasses, toward the speaker, and nodded.

"Yes?" he said, interrogatively.

"I would have told you before, only that Miss Jarrott and Miss Colfax thought I had better wait till every one got settled. In any case, Mr. Jarrott made it a condition before I left Buenos Ayres that it shouldn't go outside the family till Miss Colfax had had her social winter in New York."

Wayne's face grew grave, but not unsympathetic.

"I suppose I know what's coming," he said, quietly.

"It's the sort of thing that was bound to come sooner or later with Miss Col-

fax." Ford smiled, speaking with an air of assurance. "What makes me uneasy is that I should be the man to come and tell the news. If it was any one you knew better—"

"You've probably heard that I'm not Evie's guardian," Wayne interposed. "I've no control at all over what she does."

"I understand that; but to me there's an authority above the legal one—or at least on a level with it—and I should be unhappy—we should both be unhappy—if we didn't have your consent."

"It's a serious matter—of course," Wayne said, after becoming hesitation; "but I've great confidence in Henry Jarrott. Next to Evie herself, he's the person most concerned—in a certain way. I'm told he thinks well of you—"

"He ought to know," Ford broke in, confidently. "I've nothing to show in the way of passports, except myself and my work. I've been with him ever since I went to South America, and he's been extremely kind to me. The only certificate of character I can offer is one from him."

"That's sufficient. We should be sorry to let Evie go—shouldn't we, Miriam? She's a sweet child and very much like her dear mother. But, as you say, it was bound to happen one day or another; and we can only be glad that—I'm happy to congratulate you, Mr. Strange. Your name, at any rate, is a familiar one. It's that of an old boyhood's friend of mine—who showed me the honor of placing this young lady in my charge. We called him Harry. His full name was Herbert Harrington, but he dropped the first. You seem to have taken it up—it's odd, isn't it, Miriam?—and I take it as a happy omen."

"Thank you." Ford rose, and made the blind man understand that he was holding out his hand. "I shall be more satisfied now for having told you."

Miriam accompanied him into the hall.

"Oh, why did you do that?" she protested. "Don't you see that it only makes things more complicated than they were already?"

"It's my first move," he laughed, with friendly bravado. "Now you can make yours."

She gazed at him in puzzled distress, as the lift rose.



"I'm coming again," he said, with renewed confidence. "I've a lot more things to say."

"And I have only one," she answered, turning back toward the drawing-room.

"He's a nice young fellow," Wayne said, as he heard her enter. He had risen and felt his way into the bay-window, where he stood looking outward as if he could see. "I suppose it must be all right, since the Jarrotts are so enthusiastic. Poor little Evie! I hope she'll be happy. It's extraordinary how his voice reminds me of—"

She stood still in the middle of the room, waiting for him to continue. Nothing he could add would have surprised her now. But he said no more.

## CHAPTER XVI

THINKING that Ford might come again next afternoon, Miriam went out. On her return she found his card—*Mr. Herbert Strange*. The same thing occurred the next day, and the next, and so on through the week. She was not afraid of seeing him. Now that the worst was known to her, she was sure of her mastery of herself, and of her capacity to meet anything. What she feared most was her sympathy for him, and the possibility that in some unguarded moment of pity he might wring concessions from her which she had no right to make. She hoped, too, that time, even a few days' time, would help him to work out the honorable course for himself.

Her meetings with Evie were more inevitable, and required greater self-repression. She was so used to the part of elder sister, with whom all confidences are discussed, that she found it difficult not to speak her heart out frankly.

"I heard he had been to see you and Popsey Wayne, and told you," Evie said, with her pretty nose just peeping above the bedclothes, at midday, on a morning later in the week.

It was the day after Evie's first large dance, and she had been sleeping late. Miriam sat on the edge of the bed, smoothing stray golden tendrils off the flushed, happy little face.

"He did come," Miriam admitted. "Mr. Wayne made no objections. I can't say he was glad. You wouldn't expect us to be that, dear, would you?"

"I expect you to like him. It isn't committing you to much to say that. But you seem so—so every which way about him."

"I'm not every which way about him. I can't say that I'm any way at all. Yes, I do like him—after a fashion. If I make reserves, it's because I'm not sure that I think him good enough for my little Evie."

"He's a great deal too good," Evie exclaimed, rapturously. "Oh, Miriam, if you only knew how fond I am of him. I'd die for him—I truly believe I would—almost. Oh, it was so stupid last night without him! All these boys seem such pigeons beside him. I'm sorry now we're not going to announce the engagement at once. I certainly sha'n't change my mind—and it would be such fun to be able to say I was engaged before coming out."

"Twice before coming out."

"Oh, well, I only count it once, do you see? Billy's such a goose. You should have seen him last night when I forgot two of my dances with him—on purpose. He's really getting to dislike me; so that I shall soon be able to—to show him."

"I wouldn't be in a hurry about that, dear. There's lots of time. As you said the other day, it's no use hurting his feelings—"

Evie sat up suddenly in bed and looked suspicious.

"So you're taking that stand. Now I know you don't like him. You've got something against him, though I can't for the life of me imagine what it can be, when you never laid eyes on him till a few days ago. Well, I'm not going to change, do you see? You may as well make up your mind to that at once. And it will be, Billy or no Billy."

Nearer than that Miriam could not approach the subject, through fear of doing more harm than good. At the end of a week Ford found her at home, chiefly because she felt it time he should. She secured again the afternoon-call atmosphere; but she noticed that he carried a small packet—a large, brownish-yellow envelope, strapped with rubber bands—which he kept in his hand. The small comedy of introductory commonplace went off smoothly.



"Well?" he said then, with a little challenging laugh.

"Well—what?"

"I've been waiting for your move. You haven't made it."

She shook her head. "I've no move to make."

"Oh yes, you have—a great big move. You can easily say Check. I doubt if you can make it Checkmate."

"I'm afraid that's a game I don't know how to play."

He stared at her inquiringly—noting the disdain with which her chin tilted and her lip curled, though he could see it was a disdain suffused with sweetness.

"Do you mean that you wouldn't—wouldn't give me away?"

"I mean that you're either broaching a topic I don't understand, or speaking a language I've never learned. If you don't mind, we won't discuss the subject, and we'll speak our mother-tongue—the mother-tongue of people like you and me."

He stared again. It took him some few seconds to understand her phraseology. In proportion as her meaning broke upon him his face glowed. When he spoke it was with enthusiasm for her generosity in taking this stand rather than in gratitude for anything he was to gain by it.

"By Jove, you're a brick! You always were. I might have expected that this is exactly what you'd say."

"I hope so. I didn't expect that you'd talk of my—giving you away, as you call it—to any one."

"But you're wrong," he said, with a return to the laughing bravado which concealed his inward repugnance to his position. "You're wrong. I'll tell you that now. I'll fight fair. I sha'n't be grateful. I'll profit by your magnanimity. Remember it's my part in the world to be unscrupulous. It has to be. I've told you so. With me, the end justifies the means—always; and when the end is to keep my word to Evie, it will make no difference to me that you were too high-minded to put the big obstacle in my way."

"You'll not expect me to be otherwise than sorry for that—for your sake."

"No. I dare say. But I can't stop to

think of what any one feels for my sake, when I know what I feel for my own."

"Which is only an additional reason for my being—sorry. You don't find fault with me for that?"

"I do. I don't want you to be sorry. I want to convince you. I want you to see things from my point of view—how I've been placed. Good Lord! it's hard enough, without the sense that you're sitting in judgment on me."

"I'm not sitting in judgment on you—except in so far as concerns Evie Colfax. If it was anybody else—"

"But it couldn't be anybody else. It's Evie or no one. She's everything on earth to me. She's to me what electricity is to the wire—that which makes it a thing alive."

"To be a thing alive isn't necessarily the highest thing."

"Ah, but that doesn't apply to me. It's all very well for other men to say 'All is lost save honor.' They have compensations. I haven't. You might as well ask a man to think of the highest thing when he's drowning."

"But I should. There have been men who haven't—and they've saved their lives by it. But you know what we've called them."

"In my case there'd be only you to call me that—if you wanted to."

"Oh no; there'd be—you."

"I can stand that. I've stood it for eight years already. If you think I haven't had times when it's been hard, you're quite mistaken. I wonder if you can guess what it means to me—in here"—he tapped his breast—"to go round among all these good, kind, honorable people, passing myself off as Herbert Strange, when all the time I'm Norrie Ford—and a convict? But I'm forced to. There's no way out of it."

"Because there's no way out of it isn't a reason for going farther in."

"What does that matter? When you're in up to the eyes, what does it matter if you go over your head?"

"In this case it would matter to Evie. That's my point. I have to protect her—to save her. There's no one but me to do it—and you."

"Don't count on me," he said, savagely. "I've the right, in this wild beast's life, to seize anything I can snatch."



He renewed his arguments, going over all the ground again. She listened to him as she had once listened to his plea in his defence—her pose pensive, her chin resting on her hand, her eyes pitiful. As far as she was aware of her own feelings it was merely to take note that a kind of yearning over him, an immense sorrow for him and with him, had extinguished the fires that a few days ago were burning for herself. It was hard to sit there heedless of his exposition and deaf to his persuasion. Seeing her inflexible, he became halting in his speech, till finally he stopped, still looking at her with an unresenting, dog-like gaze of entreaty.

She made no comment when he ceased, and for a time they sat in silence.

"Do you know what this is?" he asked, holding the packet toward her.

She shook her head wonderingly.

"It's what I owe you." She made a gesture of deprecation. "It's the money you lent me," he went on. "It's a tremendous satisfaction—that at least—to be able to bring it back to you."

"But I don't want it," she stammered, in some agitation.

"Perhaps not. But I want you to have it." He explained to her briefly what he had done in the matter.

"Couldn't you give it to something?" she begged, "to some church or institution?"

"You can, if you like. I mean to give it to you. You see, I'm not returning it with expressions of gratitude, because anything I could say would be so inadequate as to be absurd."

He left his chair and came to her, with the packet in his outstretched hand. She shrank from it, rising, and retreating into the space of the bay-window.

"But I don't want it," she insisted. "I never thought of your returning it. I scarcely thought of the incident at all. It had almost passed from my memory."

"That's natural enough; but it's equally natural that it shouldn't have passed from mine." He came close to her and offered it again. "Do take it."

"Put it on the table. Please."

"That isn't the same thing. I want you to take it. I want to put it into your own hand, as you put it into mine."

She remembered that she had put it into his hand by closing his fingers

forcibly upon it, and hastened to prevent anything of that kind now. She took it unwillingly, holding it in both hands as if it were a casket.

"That's done," he said, with satisfaction. "You can't imagine what a relief it is to have it off my mind."

"I'm sorry you should have felt about it like that."

"You would have felt like that yourself, if you were a man owing money to a woman—and especially a woman who was your—enemy."

"Oh!" She cowered, as if he had threatened her.

"I repeat the word," he laughed, uneasily. "Any one is my enemy who comes between me and Evie. You'll forgive me if I seem brutal—"

"Yes, I'll forgive you. I'll even accept the word." She was pale and nervous, with the kind of nervousness that kept her smiling and still, but sent the queer, lambent flashes into her eyes. "Let us say it. I'm your enemy, and you pay me the money so as to feel free to strike me as hard as you can."

He kept to his laugh, but there was a forced ring in it.

"I don't call that a fair way of putting it, but—"

"I don't see that the way of putting it matters, so long as it's the fact."

"It's the fact twisted in a very ingenious fashion. I should say that—since I'm going to marry Evie—I want—naturally enough—to feel that—that"—he stammered and reddened, seeking a word that would not convey an insult—"to feel—that I—met other claims—as well as I could."

He looked her in the eyes with significant directness. His steady gaze, in which she saw—or thought she saw—glints of challenge toned down by gleams of regret, seemed to say, "Whatever I owe you other than money is out of my power to pay." She fully understood that he did not repudiate the debt; he was only telling her that, since he had given all to Evie, his heart was bankrupt. What angered her and kept her silent, fearing she would say something she would afterward repent, was the implication that she was putting forth her claim for fulfilment.

He still confronted her, with an air



of flying humiliation as a flag of defiance, while she stood holding the packet in both hands, when the door was pushed open, and Evie, radiant from her walk in the cold air and fine in autumn furs and plumage, fluttered in. Her blue eyes opened wide on the two in the bay-window, but she did not advance from the threshold.

"Dear me, dear me!" she twittered, in her dry little fashion, before they had time to realize the fact that she was there. "I hope I'm not interrupting you."

"Evie dear, come in." Miriam threw the packet on a table, and went forward. Ford followed, trying to regain the appearance of "just making a call."

"No, no," Evie cried, waving Miriam back. "I only came—for nothing. That is— But I'll go away and come back again. Do you think you'll be long? But I suppose if you have secrets—"

Her hand was on the knob again, but Miriam caught her.

"No, darling, you must stay. You're absurd. Mr. Strange and I were just—talking."

"Yes, so I saw. That's why I thought I might be *de trop*. How do you do!" She put out her left hand carelessly to Ford, her right still holding the knob, and twisted her little person impatiently. Ford held her hand, but she snatched it away. "There's not the least reason why I should stay, do you see?" she hurried on. "I only came with a message from Aunt Queenie."

"I'm sure it's confidential," Ford laughed, "so I'll take my leave."

"You can do just as you like," Evie returned, indifferently. "Cousin Colfax Yorke," she added, looking at Miriam, "has telephoned that he can't come to dine; and, as it's too late to get anybody else, Aunt Queenie thought you might come and make a fourth. It's only ourselves and—him," she nodded toward Strange.

"Certainly, I'll come, dear—with pleasure."

"And I'll go," Ford said; "but I won't add with pleasure, because that would be rude."

When he had gone Evie sniffed about the room, looking at the pictures and curios as if she had never seen them

before. It was evident that she had spied the packet, and was making her way, by a seemingly accidental route, toward it. Miriam drifted back to her place in the bay-window, where, while apparently watching the traffic in the street below, she kept an eye on Evie's manœuvres.

"What on earth can you two have to talk about?" Evie demanded, while she seemed intent on examining a cabinet of old porcelain.

"If you're very good, dear," Miriam replied, trying to take an amused, offhand tone, "I'll tell you. It was business."

"Business? Why, I thought you hardly knew him."

"You don't have to know people very well to transact business with them. He came on a question of—money."

"No, but you don't start up doing business with a person that's just dropped down from the clouds—like that." She snapped her fingers to indicate precipitous haste.

"Sometimes you do."

"Well, *you* don't. I know that for a fact." She was inspecting a vase on a pedestal in a corner now. It was nearer to the packet. She wheeled round suddenly, so that it should take her by surprise. "What's that?"

"You see. It's an envelope with papers in it."

"What sort of papers?"

"I haven't looked at them yet. They have to do with money, or investments, or something. I'm never very clear about those things."

"I thought you did all that through Cousin Endsleigh Jarrott and Mr. Conquest?"

"This was a little thing I couldn't trouble them with."

"And you went straight off to *him*, when you'd only known him—let me see!—how many days?—one, two, three, four—"

"I've gone to people I didn't know at all—sometimes. You have to. If you only knew more about investing money—"

"I don't know anything about investing money; but I know this is very queer. And you didn't like him. Or you said you didn't."

"I said I did, dear—after a fashion—and so I do."



"In that case I should think a good deal would depend upon the fashion. Look here. It's addressed—*Miss Strange*. That's his writing. That's how he scribbles his name. And there's something written in tiny, tiny letters in the corner. What is it?" Without touching the envelope she bent down to see. "It's *The Wild Olive*. Now, what in this world can that mean? That's not business, anyhow. That means something."

"No, that's not business, but I haven't an idea what it means." Miriam was glad to be able to disclaim something. "It was probably on the envelope by accident. Some clerk wrote it, and Mr. Strange didn't notice it."

Evie let the explanation pass, while continuing to stare at the object of her suspicions.

"That's not papers," she said at last, pointing as she spoke to a small projection between the rubber bands. "There's something in there. It looks like a"—she hesitated, to find the right article—"it looks like a card-case."

"Perhaps it is," Miriam agreed. "But I'm sure I don't know why he should bring me a card-case."

"Why don't you look?"

"I wasn't in a hurry; but you can look yourself if you want to."

Evie took offence. "I'm sure I don't want to. That's the last thing."

"I wish you would. Then you'd see."

"I only do it under protest," she declared—"because you force me to." She took up the envelope, and began to unloose the rubber bands. "*The Wild Olive*," she quoted, half to herself. "Ridiculous! I should think clerks might have something better to do than write such things as that—on envelopes—on people's business." But her indignation turned to surprise when a small flat thing, not unlike a card-case, certainly, tumbled out. "What in the name of goodness—?"

Only strong self-control kept Miriam from darting forward to snatch it from the floor. She remembered it at once. It was a worn red leather pocketbook, which she had last seen when it was fresh and new—sitting in the sunset, on the heights above Champlain, and looking at the jewelled sea. A card fell from it, on which there was something written. Evie

dropped on one knee to pick it up. Miriam was sorry to risk anything, but she felt constrained to say, as quietly as possible:

"You'd better not read that, dear. It might be private."

Evie slipped the card back into the pocketbook, which she threw on the table, where Miriam let it lie. "I won't look at anything else," she said, with dignity, turning away.

"I want you to," Miriam said, authoritatively. "I beg you to."

Thus commanded, Evie drew forth a flat document, on which she read, in ornamental letters, the inscription, *New York, Toronto, and Great Lakes Railroad Company*. She unfolded it slowly, looking puzzled.

"It's nothing but a lot of little square things," she said, with some disdain.

"The little square things are called coupons, if you know what they are."

"I know they're things people cut—when they have a lot of money. I don't know why they cut them; and still less do I know why he should be bringing them to you."

Miriam had a sudden inspiration that made her face beam with relief.

"I'll tell you why he brought them to me, dear—though I do it under protest, as you say yourself. Your curiosity forces my hand, and makes me show it ahead of time. He brought them to me, because it's a wedding-present for you. When you get married—or begin to get married—you can have all that money for your trousseau."

Evie prepared to depart, looking unconvinced.

"It's awfully nice of you—of course. But still—if that's what you had meant at first—from the beginning—you would have— Well, I'll tell Aunt Queenie you'll come."

Left alone, Miriam made haste to read the card in the pocketbook.

*As deep calls to deep, so Spirit speaks to Spirit. It is the only true communion between mutually comprehending souls. But it is unerring—pardoning all, because understanding all, and making the crooked straight.*

She read it more than once. She was



not sure that it was meant for her. She was not sure that it was in Ford's own handwriting. But in their situation it had a meaning, and she took it as a message to herself.

## CHAPTER XVII

THE result of the dinner that evening was that Evie grew more fretful. After the departure of her guests, she evolved a brief formula which she used frequently during the next few weeks: "There's something!" With her quick eyes and quicker intuitions, it was impossible for her not to see that Ford and Miriam possessed common memories of the kind that distinguish old acquaintances from new ones. When it did not transpire in chance words she caught it in their glances or divined it in the mental atmosphere. As autumn passed into early winter she became nervous, peevish, and exacting; she lost much from her pretty ways and something from her looks.

"You see how it is already," Miriam said to Ford. "It's making her unhappy from the start. You can't conceal the truth from her very long."

"She isn't fretting about the truth; she's fretting about what she imagines."

"She's fretting because she doesn't understand, and she'll go on fretting till she does. I'm not sorry. It must show you—"

"It shows me the necessity of our being married as soon as possible, so that I may take care of her, and put a stop to it."

"I agree with you that you'd put a stop to it. You'd put a stop to everything. She wouldn't live a year—or you wouldn't. Either she'd die—or she'd abhor you. And if she didn't die, you'd want to."

"I wish to the Lord I had died—eight years ago. The great mistake I made was when the lumber-jacks loosed my handcuffs and started me through the woods. They called it giving me a chance, and for a few minutes I thought it was one. A chance! Good God! I remember feeling, as I ran, that I was deserting something. I didn't know what it was just then, but I've understood it since. It would have been a pluckier thing to have

been in my coffin as Norrie Ford—or even doing time—than to be here as Herbert Strange."

She said nothing for the moment, but as they walked along side by side he shot a glance at her, and saw her coloring. They had met in the Park. He was going toward the house in Seventy-second Street when she was coming away from it. Seizing the opportunity of a few words in private, he had turned to stroll back with her.

"I didn't expect you to be here as Herbert Strange," she said, as though in self-excuse. "I had to give you a name that was like my own, when I was writing letters about your ticket, and sending checks. I had to do everything to avoid suspicion at a time when Greenport was watched. I thought you might be able to take your own name or something like it—"

He explained to her how that had never been possible.

"Evie fidgets about it," he continued. "She puts together the two facts that you and I seem to have known each other, and that my name is identical with your father's. She doesn't know what to make of it; she only thinks 'there's something.' She hasn't said more than that in words, but I see her little mind at work."

"Evie isn't the only one," she informed him. "There's Mr. Wayne. He has to be reckoned with. He recognized your voice from the first minute of hearing it, though he hasn't said yet that he knows whose it is. He may do so at any time. He's very surprising at that sort of thing. I can see him listening when you're there, not only to your words, but to your very movements, trying to recapture—"

"The upshot of everything," he said, abruptly, "is that I must marry her, take her back to the Argentine, where I found her, and where we shall both be out of harm's way."

"You wouldn't be out of harm's way. You can't turn your back on it like that. You alone might be able to slip through, but not if you have Evie."

"That will be my affair; I'll see to it. I take the full responsibility on myself."

"I couldn't let you. Remember that. You can't marry her. Let me say it plainly—"



"Oh, you've said it plainly enough."

"If I've said it too plainly, it's because you force me. You're so wilful."

"You mean, I'm so determined. What it amounts to is the clash of your will against mine; and you refuse to see that I can't give way."

"I see that you must give way. It's in the nature of things. It's inevitable. If I didn't know that, do you think I should interfere? Do you think I should dare to run the risk of wrecking your happiness, if I could do anything else? If you knew how I hate doing anything at all—"

"But you needn't. You can just let things be."

"I can't let things be—with all I know; and yet it's impossible for me to appeal to any one, except yourself. You put me in a position in which I must either betray you, or betray those who trust me. Because I can't do either—"

"I profit by your noble-mindedness. I told you I would. I'm sorry to have to do it—I'll even admit that I'm ashamed of it—and yet there's no other course for me. I'm not taking you at an unfair advantage, because I've concealed nothing from you from the first. You talk about the difficulty of your position, but you don't begin to imagine mine. As if everything else wasn't gall to me, I've got your disapproval to add wormwood."

"It isn't my disapproval; it's simply—the situation. My opinion counts for nothing—"

"It counts for everything with me—and yet I have to ignore it. But, after all," he flung out, bitterly, "it's the old story. I claim the right to squeeze out of life such drops of happiness—if you can call it happiness—as men have left to me, and you deny it. There it is in a nutshell. Because other people have inflicted a great wrong on me, you insist that I shall inflict a greater one on myself. And this time it wouldn't be only on myself; it would be on poor little Evie. There's where it cuts. No, no; I shall go on. I've the right to do it. You must stop me if you can. If you don't, or won't—why, then—"

"I can stop you . . . if you drive me to extremes, but it wouldn't be by doing . . . any of the things you expect."

It was because of the catch in her

voice that he stopped in his walk and confronted her. In spite of the little tremor he could see in her no sign of yielding, and behind her veil he caught a gleam like that of anger. It was at that minute, perhaps, that he became distinctly conscious for the first time of a doubt as to the superiority of "his type of girl." Notwithstanding the awakening of certain faint perceptions, he had hitherto denied within himself that there was anything higher or more lovely. But in this girl's unflinching loyalty, and in her tenacious clinging to what she considered right, he was getting a new glimpse of womanhood, which, however, in no way weakened his determination to resist her.

"As far as I see," he said, after long hesitation, "you and I have two irreconcilable duties. My duty is to marry Evie; yours is to prevent me. In that case there's nothing for either of us but to forge ahead, and see who wins. If you win, I shall bear no malice; and I hope you'll be equally generous if I do."

"But I don't want to win independently of you. If I did, nothing could be easier."

"Then why not do it?"

He tossed up his hand with one of his fatalistic Latin gestures, drawing the attention of the passers-by to the man and woman talking so earnestly. For this reason, and because she was losing her self-command, she hastened to take leave of him.

Arrived at home, it gave her no comfort to find Charles Conquest—the most conventional of middle-aged New-Yorkers—waiting in the drawing-room.

"I thought you might come in," he explained, "so I stayed. I have to get your signature to the papers about that property in Montreal. I've fixed the thing up and we'll sell."

"You said you'd send the papers—"

"That sounds as if you weren't glad to see me," he laughed, "but I'll ignore the discourtesy. Here," he added, unfolding the documents, "you put your name there—and there—near the L. S."

She carried the papers to her desk, and sat down to write. Conquest took the liberty of old friendship to stroll about the room, with his hands behind him, humming a little tune.



"Well," he said, suddenly, "has he come back?"

He had not approached the subject, beyond alluding to it covertly, since the day she had confided to him the confused story of her hopes. She blotted her signature carefully, thinking out her reply.

"I've given up expecting him," she said at last.

"So that's out of the way."

She pretended to be scanning the documents before her so as to be able to sit with her back to him.

"It isn't, for the reason that there's—no way," she said, after some hesitation.

"Oh yes, there is," he laughed, "where there's a will."

"But I've no will."

"I have; I've enough for two."

"I'll tell you what you have got," she said, half turning and speaking to him over the back of her chair. He drew near her. "You've got a great deal of common sense, and I want to ask your advice."

"I can give that, as radium emits light—without ever diminishing the original store."

"Then tell me. Has one ever the right to interfere, where a man and a woman—"

"No, never. You needn't give me any more details, because it's one of the questions an oracle finds easiest to answer. No one ever thanks you—"

"I shouldn't be doing it for thanks."

"And you get your own fingers burnt."

"That wouldn't matter. I'd let my fingers burn to the bone, if it would do any good."

"It wouldn't. You may take my word for it. I know who you're talking about. It's Evie Colfax."

She started, looking guilty. "Why should you suppose that?"

"I've got eyes. I've watched her, and I know she's a little minx. Oh, you needn't protest. She's a taking little minx, and this time she's in the right."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean."

"What has Billy Merrow got to offer her, even if he is my nephew? Come now! He won't be in a position to marry for the next two or three years. Whereas that fellow Strange—"

"Have you heard anything about him?" she asked, breathlessly.

"It isn't what I've heard, it's what I see. He's a very good chap, and a first-rate man of business."

"Do you know him well—personally?"

"I meet him around—at the club and other places—and naturally I have something to do with him at the office. I like him. If Evie can snap him up she'll be doing well for herself. I'm sorry for Billy, of course; but he'll have time to break his heart more than once before he'll have money enough to do anything else with it. If I'd married at his age—"

This, however, was venturing on delicate ground, so that he broke off, wheeling round toward the centre of the drawing-room. She folded the documents and brought them to him.

"You know why I didn't send them?" he said, as he took them. "I thought if I came myself, you might have something to tell me."

"I haven't; not anything special, that is."

"You've told me something special already—that you're not expecting him back."

"I'd rather not talk about it now, if you don't mind."

"Then we'll talk about what goes with it—the other side of the subject."

"There is no other side of the subject."

"Oh, come now, Miriam! You haven't heard all I've got to tell you. You've never let me really present my case, as we lawyers say. If you could see things as I do—"

"But I can't and you mustn't ask me to-day. I'm tired—"

"It would rest you."

"No, no; not to-day. Don't you see I'm not—I'm not myself? I've had a very trying morning."

"What's the matter? Tell me. I can keep a confidence, even if I can't do some other things. Come now! I don't like to think you're worried when perhaps I could help you. That's what I should be good for, don't you see? I could assist you to bear a lot of things—"

"Not to-day," she pleaded. "I'm not equal to it."

"Then I'll come another day."

"Yes, yes; if you like, only—"

"Some day soon?"



"When you like, only leave me now. Please go away. You won't think I'm rude, will you? But I'm not—not as I generally am—"

"Good-by." He put out his hand frankly, and smiled so humbly, and yet withal so confidently, that she felt as if in spite of herself she might yield to his persistence through sheer weariness.

To her surprise, the next few weeks passed without incident, bringing no development in the situation. She saw little of Evie and almost nothing of Ford. One or two encounters with Charles Conquest had no result beyond the reiteration on his part of a set phrase, "You're coming to it, Miriam," which, while exasperating her, had a kind of hypnotic effect upon her will. She felt as if she might be "coming to it." Without calculating the probabilities, she saw clearly enough that if she married Conquest the very act would furnish proof to Ford that her intervention in his affairs had been without self-interest. It would even offer some proof to herself, the sort of proof that strengthens the resolution and supports what is tottering in the pride. Notwithstanding the valor with which she struggled, her victory over herself was not so complete that she could contemplate the destruction of Ford's happiness with absolute confidence in the purity of her motives in bringing it to ruin. It was difficult to take the highest road when what was left of her own fiercest instincts accompanied her on it. Marriage with Conquest presented itself, therefore, as a refuge—from Ford's suspicion and her own.

For the time being, however, the necessity for doing anything was not pressing. Evie was caught into the social machine that had been set going on her account, and was not so much whirling in it as being whirled. Her energies were so taxed by the task of going round that she had only snatches of time and attention to give to her own future. In one of these she wrote to her uncle Jarrott, asking his consent to the immediate announcement of her engagement, with his approval of her marriage at the end of the winter, though the reasons she gave him were not the same as those she advanced to Miriam. To him she dwelt on

the maturity of her age—twenty by this time—the unchanging nature of her sentiments, and her desire to be settled down. To Miriam she was content to say, "There's something! and I sha'n't get to the bottom of it till we're married."

Of the opening thus unexpectedly offered her Miriam made full use, pointing out the folly of verifying suspicions after marriage rather than before.

"Well, I'm going to do it, do you see?" was Evie's only reply. "I know it will be all right in the end."

Still a few weeks were to pass, and it was early in the new year before Uncle Jarrott's cablegram arrived with the three words, "*If you like.*" Miriam received the information at the opera, where she had been suddenly called on to take the place of Miss Jarrott, laid low with "one of her headaches." It was Ford who told her, during an entr'acte, when for a few minutes Evie had left the box with the young man who made the fourth in the party. Finding themselves alone, Ford and Miriam withdrew as far as possible from public observation, speaking in rapid undertones.

"But you'll not let her do it?" Miriam urged.

"I shall, if you will. You can stop it—or postpone it. If you don't, I have every right to forge ahead. It's no use going over the old arguments again—"

"You put me in an odious position. You want me either to betray you or betray the people who've been kind to me. It *would* be betrayal if I were to let you go on."

"Then stop me; it's in your power."

"Very well; I will."

He gave her a quick look, astonished rather than startled, but there was no time for further speech before Evie and her companion returned.

It was Miriam's intention to put her plan into immediate execution, but she let most of the next day go by without doing anything. Understanding his driving her to extremes to be due less to deliberate defiance than to a desperate braving of the worst, she was giving him a chance for repentance. Just at the closing in of the winter twilight, at the hour when he generally appeared, the door was flung open and Billy Merrow rushed in excitedly.



"What's all this about Evie?" he shouted, almost before crossing the threshold. "I've been there, and no one is at home. What's it about? Who has invented the confounded lie?"

She could only guess at his meaning, but she forced him to shake hands and calm himself. Turning on the electric light, she saw a young man with decidedly tousled reddish hair, and features as haggard as a perfectly healthy, honest, freckled face could be.

"Sit down, Billy, and tell me about it."

"I can't; I'm crazy."

"So I see; but tell me what you're crazy about."

"Haven't you heard it? Of course you have. They wouldn't be writing it to Uncle Charlie if you didn't know all about it. But I'm hanged if I'll let it go on."

Little by little she dragged the story from him. Miss Queenie Jarrott had written to Charles Conquest, as one of the oldest friends of the family, to inform him, "somewhat confidentially as yet," of her niece's engagement to Mr. Herbert Strange, of Buenos Ayres and New York. Uncle Charlie, knowing what this would mean to him, had come to break the news and tell him to "buck up and take it standing."

"I'll bet you I sha'n't take it lying down," he assured Miriam. "Evie is engaged to *me*."

"Yes, Billy, but you see Miss Jarrott didn't know it. That's where the mistake has been. You know I've always been opposed to the secrecy of the affair, and I advised you and Evie to wait till you could both speak out."

"It isn't so very secret. You know it, and so does Uncle Charlie."

"But Evie's own family have been kept in the dark, except that she told her aunt in South America. But that's where the mistake comes in, don't you see? Miss Jarrott, not having an idea about you, you see—"

"Spreads it round that Evie is engaged to some one else, when she isn't. I'll show her who's engaged, when I can find her in. I'm going to sit on her door-step till—"

"I wouldn't do anything rash, Billy. Suppose you were to leave it to me?"

"What good would that do? If that old witch is putting it round, the only thing for Evie and me to do is to contradict her."

"Has Evie ever given you an idea that anything was wrong?"

"Evie's been the devil. I don't mind saying it to you, because you understand the kind of devil she'd be. But Lord! I don't care. It's just her way. She's told me to go to the deuce half a dozen times, but she knows I won't till she comes with me. Oh no. Evie's all right—"

"Yes, of course Evie's all right. But you know, Billy dear, this thing requires a great deal of management and straightening out, and I do wish you'd let me take charge of it. I know every one concerned, you see, so that I could do it better than any one—any one but you, I mean—"

"I understand that all right. I'm not going to be rough on them, but all the same—"

She got him to sit down at last, made tea for him, and soothed him. At the end of an hour he had undertaken not to molest Miss Jarrott, or to fight that "confounded South-American," or to say a word of any kind to Evie till she was ready to say a word to him. He became impressed with the necessity for diplomatic action and, after some persuasion, promised to submit to guidance—at any rate, for a time.

"And now, Billy, I'm going to write a note. The first thing to be done is that you should find Mr. Strange and deliver it to him before nine o'clock this evening. You'll do it quietly, won't you? and not let him see that you are anything more than my messenger. No matter where he is, even in a private house, you must see that he gets the note, if at all possible."

When he had sworn to this she wrote a few lines hurriedly. He carried them away in the same tumultuous haste with which he had come. After his departure she felt herself unexpectedly strong and calm.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



# The Aran Islands

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

ASCANT thirty miles from the west coast of Galway crouch the Arans above wild seas, three rock-ribbed islands, gaunt gray bones of the world. Just a few bleak miles, yet perhaps no other area speaks so eloquently, through ruined forts and churches, of thousands of pagan and Christian years lived painfully against the challenge of winds and waves and hunger. The struggle continues to-day, just a shade less bitter than it used to be, and it is carried on by people who have changed very little with the centuries. Fifteen hundred years ago Christian faith and Christian resignation were grafted on the pagan fierceness and superstition of a primitive isolated race, and perpetual isolation has kept the people far nearer to St. Enda, who built them a church and fed their souls, than they are to the men who impress the modern mind with wireless telegraphy and air-ships. They feed and cover their bodies with almost the same kind of food and clothes that the pagans and Christians used, and their souls' food has never changed.

A little oily steamer travels three times a week from Galway to the two larger islands. At first all three are merged in a broken irregular mass; then they define themselves separately. Inishmore, or Aranmore, the north island, stretches into nine narrow, shapeless, gray miles; Inishmaan, the middle island, one-third as large, shows two soft, velvet, deceptive cheeks of green, contradicted at the base by countless flat fields of rock. Inisheer, yet smaller, leaps out of the sea suddenly, like the back of a sea-serpent. From any one of them, on a good day, may be seen the cliffs of Courty Clare on the south and, on the north, the green hills of Connemara.

Inishmore, thanks to the Congested Districts Board, has a pier, and as the oily little steamer approaches this, with its swathings of soft-brown fishing-nets

and its group of fishers, and, behind, the coast-guards building, and, behind again, the slated roof of the priest's house, and here and there white thatched cottages, it seems as if Inishmore might be just a modern fishing-village. But civilization has touched only the outer rim of the islands; for, as the steamer fastens to the pier and the passengers climb out, the eye sees behind the buildings heights that are not hills, but gray primeval lifts of rock like the first rocks of creation, and the fishers on the pier at once show themselves like no other race on earth. They are Irish, but without the ready laughter and tears of the Celt; they are fishers, and their blue eyes can grow quick and keen when they are on the sea; but as they look without seeming to at the rare sight of strangers, there is a dreaminess in their expression, as if they were appraising, through some hidden sense; a withdrawing, as if they meant:

"Why do you seek us? Leave us alone with our outward toil, our outward little signs of food, and wind and tides, and births and deaths which we talk about, and our vast inward silence, our life with God in our own souls, which He has made wild and strange like our own Arans."

Once past the pier and upon the road, everybody gives to the stranger, in one soft Gaelic phrase, greeting, welcome, and blessing, which our less meaningful English can only translate as "God be with you." The islanders pass by with no backward glance, the free wind sweeps widely, the gray mist creeps inward, the sea-birds call lonesomely from the fog without, and Inishmore is drawing the stranger into her wild and lonely heart.

Inishmore is most characteristic on a rainy day. At first the place seems like a stern, impossible dream; for, from its one road, the stone slopes southeast to the sea, and to the northwest it climbs, falling at last to the sea in sheer cliffs. There is a variety, subtle and magnificent both,





A TYPICAL ARAN COTTAGE AND ROCKY FIELD

of gray barbaric beauty—vast platforms, huge pavements up-ended and splintered, haggard steppes, sheaves of flint, weird semblances of fallen idols with dragon heads and columnar legs, delicate frettings and lace-like lines against frowning piles of limestone. Most significant of all are the little flat fields and meadows of naked rock, perpetual symbol that the islander is offered by his own Nature a bitter bosom indeed.

Standing on the lonely road, for sight the impassive stone and for sound the cry of the curlews and the sweeping surf, the stranger in Inishmore would think himself to be in a world denuded of the living indeed, but full of the lives and toil of the dead. Here surely are the spirits of the Firbolg kings, that ancient hunted people, who, ages ago, were driven into the sea from the west coast of Ireland, and sought refuge in the Arans, where they built seven fortresses. The lonely road of Inishmore leads straight to the greatest of these, Dun Aengus. It has been called the most magnificent barbarian stronghold in Europe. Antiquarians come to marvel at its three enclosures of horseshoe shape, with the open side to the sea; at its walls, in places eighteen feet high and twelve feet thick; at its chevaux-de-frise outside the ramparts, formed by tall, clumsy, sharp stones placed on end, to hinder, by breaking their legs, the approach of enemies. The fierce, dark besieged princes who built it, and who lived a stern life there, with only fish for food, and freedom and fear for com-

panions—perhaps they felt, as does the stranger to-day, that Aran is a harsh world for the bodies of men. It may be that this influenced the old pagan belief that the Arans are closer than any other land to Ily Brasail, the Islands of the Blessed, and that sometimes the seeker, looking westward, may see for a moment on the horizon that rich if un-Christian paradise.

Perhaps it was the feeling that Aran is for souls rather than bodies that prompted the first saints to come to the islands, in the fifth century, and build their many churches and monasteries out of the gray stone already quarried for the pagan duns. St. Enda built his church on a hill of sand, and there he sleeps now, with one hundred and twenty-seven saints about him, and countless Christians who humbled their unbowed pagan necks to God. Above him, stark on the rock, looms St. Benen's church, its two standing gables looking, in a mist, like two hooded monks bending in prayer. Hard by is St. Gregory's tower, and when the sailors pass it on the bay they reverently strike their storm-beaten sails. All over the islands are the memorials of these pious men, to whose university and monasteries students from all over the world came, so that St. Columcille, visiting the islands, wrote a poem to "The Aras of the Seas," calling them "Sun of all the West." The Seven Churches, Teampull-Soorney, St. Kiernan's Church, the Church of the Four Beautiful Saints, St. Rhonan's Bed, the thirteen-hundred-year-

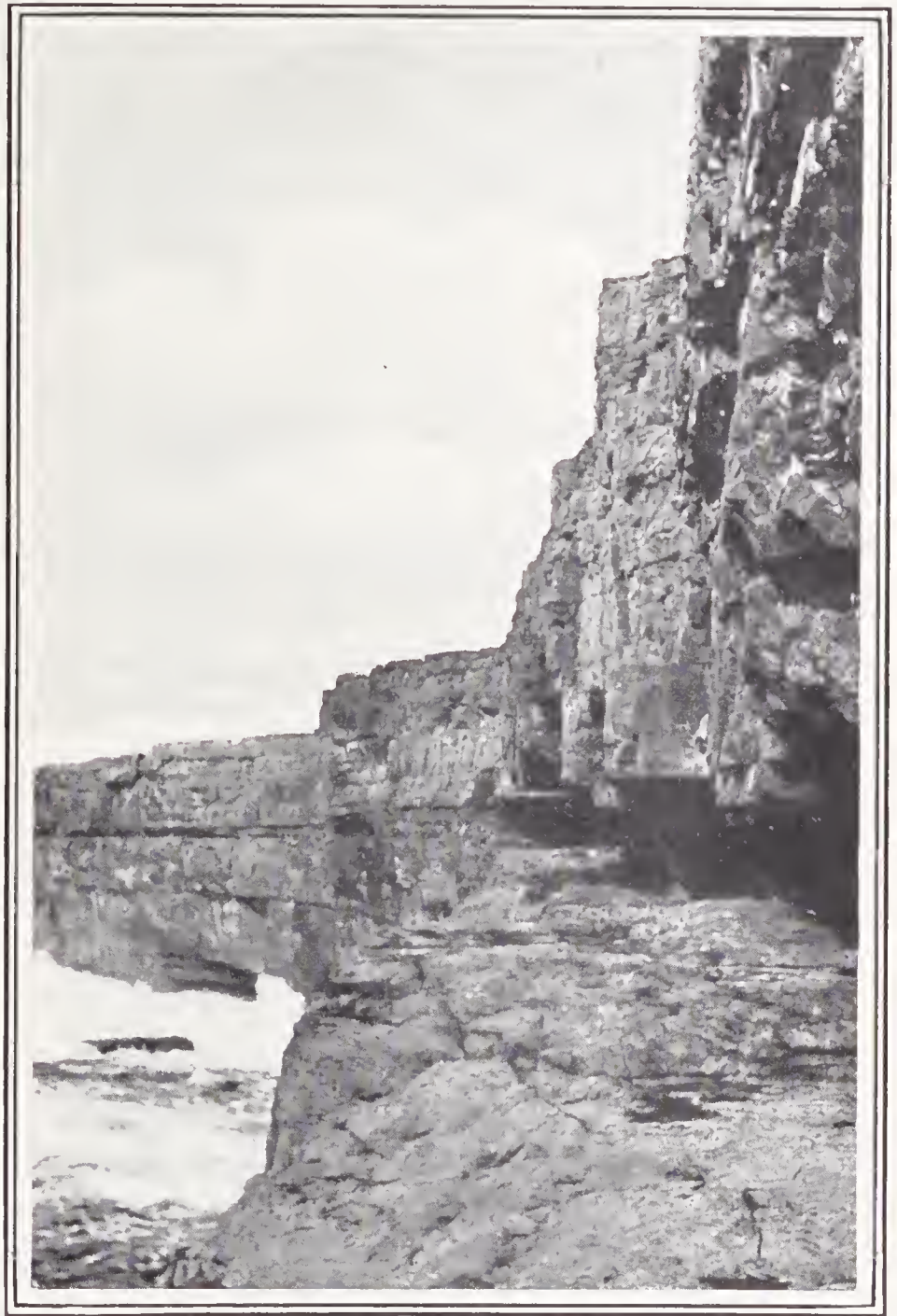


old graves of the seven African princes, the holy wells, the clochauns or beehive houses with stone roofs where the priests lived—all these and countless other remains of churches and monuments bear eloquent testimony to that culture of souls which has been the only riches of the Arans. No wonder the saints of old came with their faith to this place of sternness and solemn grandeur, for here are only the sea, the rocks, and the silence of God. There has been wild fighting since the days of the saints—feuds of the O'Flahertys and the O'Briens, fighting with Cromwell's men, who took St. Enda's holy stones to repair their fort and castle—but nothing has altered that strange lore of the soul, shot through, perhaps, with pagan reminders, which the Aran people have learned from their God and His wonders in their winds and waves and rocks.

But these very souls of theirs are an inheritance from the past, and seem so much more vital than their bodies or their houses that the stranger, standing in the mist on the lonely road of Inishmore, feels at first no life but the life of the living past, and nothing but rock in a present that is dead. But following the silent road, there come into view a few white or gray cottages built without mortar, for fire is too precious to spend for that, and standing apart, unlike Irish cottages in other places; a lonely chapel, a schoolhouse, and, sight most akin to the spirit of the place, memorials to the departed—high oblongs with a cross on top, and a cairn of pebbles near by, each pebble marking a prayer. Rude carvings on the monuments ask prayers for the souls of the dead whose bodies lie two or three miles away in the graveyard. The cairns, the oblongs, the

crosses on top—they show the whole simple evolution, and somehow appeal to one's common humanity. Here, if anywhere, one would make a prayer for the dead, for it seems as if they wanted one to.

The eye, seeking for life of the body, finds here and there a hint of color in crevices of the rock—a handful of brown earth, a tendril of maidenhair fern, fairy flax, or wild garlic, or perhaps a



GRAY PRIMEVAL LIFTS OF ROCK

late gentian and a wild rose. Again, a tiny field of potatoes or of rye shows huddled in a corner, well sheltered by a tall fence of roundish stones loosely but cleverly fitted together. Nature displays an ingenuity of niggardliness, for to make their poor little potato-fields the natives must literally dig with their fingers earth from the crevices and spread it on a corner



of a platform of rock. They cannot afford even a level bed; they must have rocky trenches between the potato hillocks. Lately the priest has brought earth and clay from Connemara to see if he cannot grow something besides potatoes, but the cost is heavy, and two weeks of fair weather ruins a crop. Nature is determined to grant little; in other lands she

and blow them into the sea, while the cattle would break their legs in the crevices.

The little potato-fields, fishing-boats at sea, a chapel and a schoolhouse or two, little thatched white or gray cottages, from which come the subdued sound of spinning-wheels—this is the slight outward expression of the three thousand lives of the Aran islanders. While their monuments to the dead, their falling pagan duns, their fifteen-hundred-year-old ruined churches, their cloch-auns, their holy tombs, and their sandy graves by the sea where they sleep in the simple democracy of God, by and above their hundreds of saints—all this expresses that inner life of the islanders which is between them and God.

Seen against their background of rock, the men and women of Aran do not appear so large as they are. There must have been a rare mingling of races to produce these islanders: the dark, fierce, small Firbolgs; ruddy and swarthy men from the Continent; Spanish derelicts from the Armada; Roundheads, and, later still, the French; but all these alien strains of blood have been toned to one by the gray rocks, the wild seas, the salt winds, and the unending struggle with poverty. They have pitted their strength against Nature, and have drawn into their blood the patience and hardness of the rocks. The very beasts have learned to stay outdoors the year long, and the cows give milk, however lean they are. The pigs eat the coarse fern that grows in the crevices, and the sheep study the stone walls for a favorable place through which to break into a new field that may somewhere bear a few tufts of green.



TEAMPULL

gives any man, however poor, six feet of earth at the last; here the people sleep beside their old saints in the sands above the sea. Hundreds of years ago, however, the quaintly worded accounts tell us, Nature was even harsher than now, for the wild winds used to lift the earth-beds

Men and women alike are fairly tall and broad-shouldered, with long narrow heads, wide brows, dark hair, oval faces, and blue eyes. There never were bluer eyes than these that look straight at one, always with that cloud behind them of strange dreaminess, of otherworldliness.





RUINS OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES

The color of their complexion is clear but not rosy; for, as they live on stone, they cannot take into their bodies the spring and spontaneity of the soil and the joy of the flowers. There is a gravity about them, a melancholy in their faces. Laughter is as strange to their lips as idleness to their fingers. They are not without times of rage and excitement, when their faces show old pagan passions; they are not without moments of mad merriment, which stops suddenly, as one would ask, "What alien sound am I making in this harsh world?" The old men smoke with an impassive gaze out to the sea, and the mothers pet their children with grave faces.

The woollen clothes of the men blend well enough with the gray background. Their shirts are of the natural color, their coats and trousers either of indigo blue or of blue and white woven in alternating threads. They provide against cold weather by wearing two or three shirts and an extra pair of trousers. But in the fashions of the women's clothes some old pagan desire must have survived, for while they are clumsy in cut, they are in color a deep beautiful crimson. An Aran woman, walking along the lonely road of Inishmore, little though she be in space and time, nullifies for a moment the stark rocky facts about her. She is hope, or passion, or any of the strong if brief

Aran emotions which flame to life now and again in defiance of hunger and wind and sea. A few of the younger women wear shawls, which they get from the mainland, but the older ones use for shoulder-covering crimson petticoats. Little boys, until they are ten or eleven, dress in long petticoats; nobody knows why. Perhaps a few centuries ago some mother set the fashion, hoping thus to keep her man-child a little longer beside the hearth.

It is the work of the women to make the clothes; for their simple household duties, or even their tasks in the fields, would never give them employment enough for the long days of summer and the dark nights of winter. Doubtless both they and the men keep themselves sane by the variety of toil, for on the islands there is little specialization, and a good deal of work in common. The women card and spin the wool from their own sheep, and weave it themselves, or, if they have no loom, they pay an owner of a loom a few pence a yard for his work. They then color the cloth crimson and indigo with dyes extracted from their own lichens. They also make for their men beautifully patterned belts in red and crimson and yellow, the wool for which they hold with their toes while they weave with both hands. When they are not carding or spinning or weaving,





A VIEW OF INISHMORE AND THE CASTLE OF THE O'BRIENS

they are knitting the long thick stockings, which must be constantly renewed because of the hard wear given them by the pampooties.

These coverings for the feet are made of cowskin, untanned, with the hair side out. In shape they are a cross between a carpet slipper and a Turkish slipper, and are held in place by a cord, which goes from the toe-piece around the ankle. They are admirably adapted for walking on the hard and uneven rock. At night they must be dampened or they would grow too hard for use. If a native during the daytime feels his pampooties rough to his feet, he walks through the surf, with no fear of catching cold.

The men make much of the rough furniture: the spinning-wheels and churns, and tiny wooden barrels that still often take the place of earthenware, their cradles and baskets of a coarse stalk not unlike willow, and their coffins of boards carefully chosen and hoarded. As it was in the beginning, it is the man's duty to find food for his family. All the islanders ever eat is fish, fresh or dried; meat, which they kill on St. Martin's day but rarely taste when fresh; potatoes, which they grow; milk, butter, and eggs, which their animals provide; and flour, sugar, and tea, which they buy. The men smoke tobacco, and drink porter as well as poteen. Their money they earn chiefly by fishing. If they are fortunate, they

work with trawlers at deep-sea fishing all the year round. Less desirable is fishing during the spring in sailing-boats for mackerel, while casual fishing is carried on in the curaghs during summer and autumn. And every year, sea and wind take their toll of the men, and women are left alone on the rock of Aran.

They make a little money, too, by burning kelp. After the storms of autumn and winter, men, women, and children gather seaweed from the wet rocks, drying it on fine days and building it into ricks. In June they burn it on the shore in low kilns, each holding two tons of molten kelp. They toil for many continuous hours, picturesquely enough; for the kiln, edged with flame, sends out clouds of blue and white smoke, in the haze of which move the red and indigo figures, only stopping to take the food and drink brought them by petticoated little boys. After a few days the resultant hard material is broken up and tested for iodine in Kilronan, one of the Inishmore villages. It is worth eighteen or twenty dollars a ton, and lucky indeed is the family that can produce that much.

The only other way of earning money is by selling cattle at some fair on the mainland, and on such occasions the women accompany their men to guard the purse, for they are wary of the wiles of the public-house. Often the women keep the purse all the year round, for next to



their dread of the sea is their dread of the waste of money. Always to the women the need for food and warmth cries as loud as the seas.

Firing is a problem on the Arans. It is said that there was wood in the old days, and occasionally, buried deep down, great logs are found. Now trees grow only in the exceedingly sheltered spot where the Protestant clergyman's house is built, though the priest is coaxing along a few bushes. The islanders who can afford it send to Connemara for peat; twelve dollars' worth will carry a family through a year. Those who cannot afford that burn dried cow-dung.

Communication between the islands is made entirely by the curaghs—the ancient sea-craft which is as characteristic of the Aran man as are his pampooties. A curagh has rather the shape of a canoe with lifted prow. It is about twenty feet long and four feet wide, made of a wooden frame covered with tarred canvas. There is a keel, no rudder, and four pairs of oars, which are just round poles flattened a little at the back ends. A sharp stone would go quite through the canvas. Unless the pier can be used, a curagh must be launched with great care, and it is not uncommon in roughish weather for four men to stand nearly an hour at the

top of a slip with a curagh in their hands watching the strength of the advancing waves, ready the instant a break is seen to run down to the surf, launch their craft, and pull out to sea with incredible speed. A curagh is safe except in storms; often enough, if the weather is bad, men and women on Inishmaan and Inisheer die without the priest and the doctor.

Sitting flat in a curagh, one's attitude toward the sea is very different from that of the spectator who regards it from the deck of an ocean steamer. In a curagh one is literally below the sea, riding in the furrow with green waves curling and arching above; then suddenly one is flung up in the air, and is looking down on the oarsmen. Beneath, the water pounds and lifts the curagh as if indignant because it cannot overwhelm it from above. The four rowers glance from left to right, their blue eyes keen and sharp. Just so three thousand years ago must the Firbolgs have passed from island to island.

The natives of the different islands are hospitable to each other, and yet there is a curious jealousy among them. They do not intermarry, and the younger people of Inishmore think the people of Inishmaan and Inisheer stupid and ignorant, while the natives of these smaller islands are envious of the fishing of the men of



MEMORIALS OF THE DEAD



Inishmore, and are proud of their pure Gaelic, which learned scholars come to hear. There is almost no English on the smaller islands, and a much more primitive life. For instance, time has little meaning; it depends on the direction of the wind. Nearly all the Inishmaan houses are built with two doors opposite each other, the more sheltered of which lies wide all day to give light. If the wind is northerly, the south door is opened, and the shadow of the door-post, moving across the floor, indicates the hour. When the wind veers south, and the other door is open, the people are at a loss to know how many hours are left them till the twilight. The inhabitants of Inishmaan are absolutely on an equality, while in Inisheer there seem to be three classes, corresponding to relative prosperity. In both these islands the people talk more freely about their belief in fairies and in witches than they do in Inishmore, and in both they have an inordinate curiosity. But they have not yet learned the vice of begging, common to the children of Inishmore, and practised by them with all the persistence of their own winds and waves.

Each island, too, has its physical differences. Inishmaan shows a scurf of green, which means only that the islanders can raise each year just enough rye for seed and enough straw for all necessary thatching. The face of Inisheer has more life and variety than either of the others. The beach is whiter, and is sprayed with coral sand-flowers and honey-colored clover and yellow vetch, with here and there a red poppy. Down in a hollow of drifting sands is the ruined church of St. Kevan, and close by the chancel lie two or three great scallop-shells of warmer, softer colors than the saint would perhaps have chosen.

"Let you listen to me," said Mourteen Michael Bawn, of Inishmaan, jealous for his island. "On Inisheer they know nothing, and on Inishmore they will not be telling you all they know. The people there are dark."

Mourteen had to translate in his mind from Gaelic to English; "dark" means "reserved." Mourteen's surname is O'Flaherty, like that of most of the islanders; but he is called Mourteen Michael Bawn, because he is the son of

Michael Bawn (Fair Michael). The boatman's name is Colman O'Flaherty, but, being the son of Anthony, he is called Col' Anthony, while his oldest son, according to custom named after his grandfather, is called Anthony Col' Anthony. If the father's name does not lend itself to an epithet, the mother's is taken. Three generations can easily be handled without confusion or the use of a surname.

"On Inishmaan," said Mourteen Michael Bawn, "you will find men that will be telling you of what they see and hear. My grandmother knew a woman that was carried off by the fairies and got back home. Old Nola Peggeen has heard the fairy flute, and has seen a ship in the water, and when she ran to tell her man and he looked, there was nothing there but three seals. And what will you be thinking of this, that a cow left by herself on a rock for a year had a calf? Are not all these wonderful things that happened in Inishmaan?"

The natives do not really distinguish between the natural and the supernatural. Their common seas work wonders for them, and indeed life and death are such marvels that perhaps a magic ship is not a greater.

"Is there any one in Inishmore that will be singing you ballads as I do?" asked Mourteen. "Or that will be telling you the story of St. Enda and St. Brechan? No, they are dark. I will be telling you that story. You have seen the footsteps in the rock near Kilmurvey? This is how they came. St. Enda had his chapel on the southeast part of Inishmore close by his holy well, the water of which nourishes like milk. You will be seeing the scraps of cloth about it, the way the people put them there when they do be drinking the water and making their wishes. St. Brechan lived at the northwest of the island, and the two saints would be dividing the island between them. So each was to say mass at the appointed time, and then begin to walk toward each other. Where they met, that place was to be the dividing line. St. Brechan rose early and said mass before the appointed time, but when he came to Kilmurvey, which was the middle of the island, he could not move. St. Enda was not in sight, but the feet of





AN ARAN WOMAN AND HER SPINNING-WHEEL

St. Brechan stuck to the rock. You have seen those footsteps, and some day the island will break in half at that place."

And, indeed, Kilmurvey bay has so far eaten into the rocks that a tidal wave might divide the island.

"You will be seeing the Worm Hole," said Mourteen, "where St. Patrick sent down the snakes after they were coming here from Ireland. But on this island of Inishmaan there is a greater wonder than any on Inishmore. It is the grave of a saint which is much better than St. Rhonan's Bed on the big island. There is hardly a night some one is not sleeping there. My own mother was sick, and I was sleeping there three nights and praying for her, and then she got better. When a man or his mother is sick, he does well to sleep in the grave of a saint."

Mourteen could tell how in his father's day the poor people ate samphire which they gathered from the face of the high cliffs, and how they drank tea boiled from maidenhair fern. With this tale he mingled stories of Diarmuid and Grainne, and the account of William Smith O'Brien, concealed for many weeks in Inishmaan with a price on his head and never a man to inform on him. He told, too, of how

his grandfather and twenty other fishers went out to work on the eve of Lady Day, and were drowned, as punishment, by a tidal wave.

"And there was much sorrowing among the women in the islands," said Mourteen; "but there are always many men left."

After the first wild keening they take death quietly in the Arans. Life on the wind-swept naked rock accustoms them to cruel facts; loss of all kinds is God's will and the will of the sea. All they can do for the living and dead is to pray quietly, and in every cottage in all the Arans, when night comes, the murmur of voices at the rosary blends with that stronger voice of the wind outside.

There is something sombre and joyless in the social intercourse and companionship of these people, even among the young. The women and girls meet and talk together; the men hunt rabbits or play cards in the winter evenings, and in summer they lie on the cliffs and exchange lore about the stars, and tell old stories of smuggling and wars. They can dance jigs and reels, but boys and girls scarcely ever dance together, and they have no piper on the islands. The young men never call on the girls, and it is only rarely that they meet for a social



evening; and then the young men sit on one side of the room, and the girls on the other, and the priest has to urge them to start at their games. Even their favorite game calls for endurance. They all crouch on the floor in a ring, one standing in the middle. Those on the

"Let you listen to me," said Darragh Shuan, leaning back on his curagh on the beach of Inishmore. He pointed first to a thin line of green on a plateau of rock, and then to a tiny cottage, lonely against a gray crag. "If that field were my father's," explained Darragh Shuan, "and if I was thinking of a girl in that cottage there, and if my father did not like the girl, then he would not give me that field. Then what would I be doing? It has to be."

It has to be—that is the word of the islands.

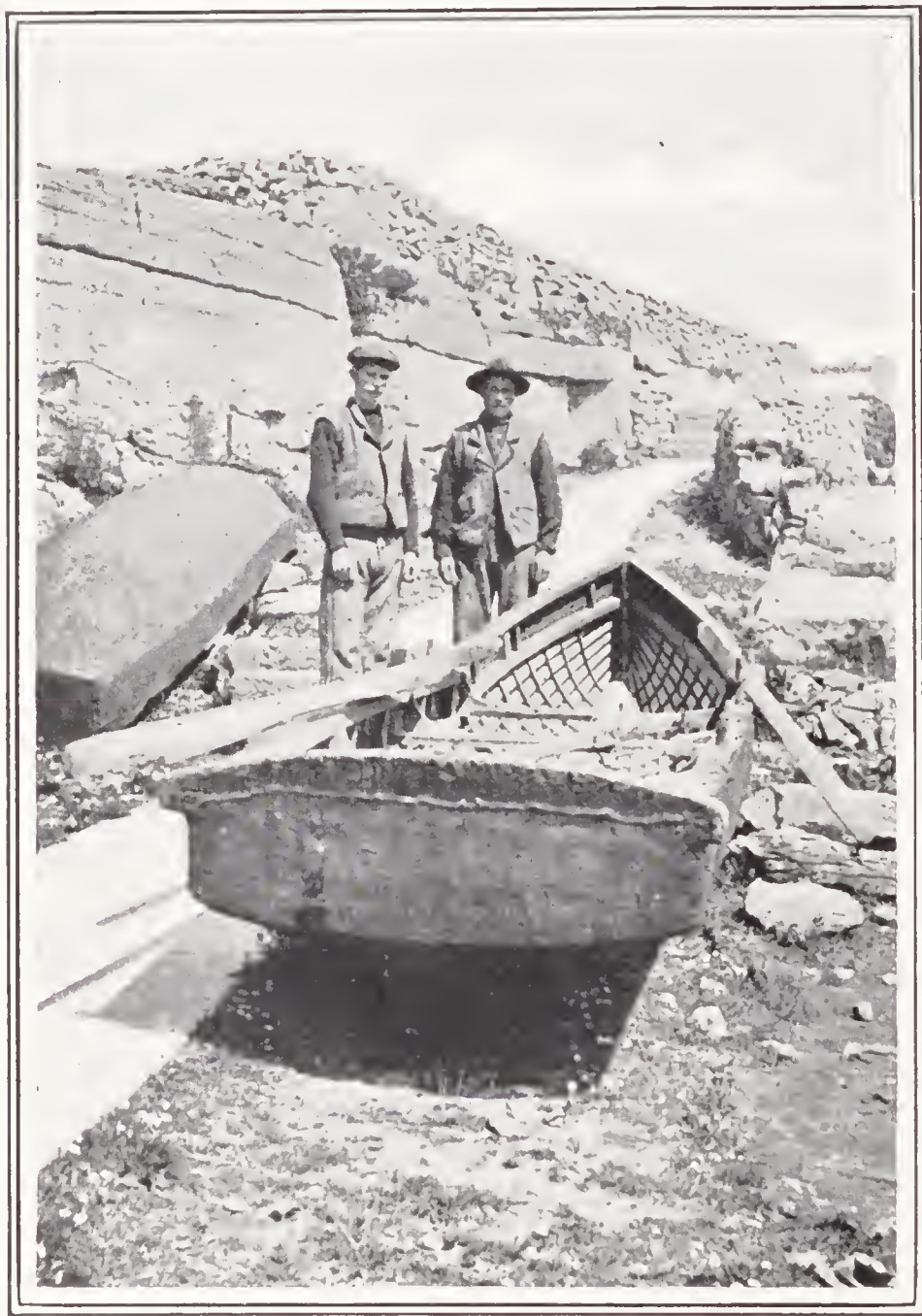
"There is a girl back from America," said Darragh Shuan, "and she is having sixty pounds of her own. She has told the priest, and we are all knowing it, that she will go back next month if no one wishes to marry her. Mourteen Michael Bawn will be asking her if his great-uncle, who is dying, leaves him his cottage and field. But the old man may not die before the steamer sails."

Darragh Shuan said this very gravely.

The most desirable consort is a man or girl returned from America, for they always have money. About twenty - five per cent. of the population go to America, and most of them come back, for they love their islands so dearly that they only go away,

as it were, in order to stay in them. Many of those who return die of consumption, but many more regain whatever health they have lost and marry, reverting to their old ways, with no regret for the civilization they have cast behind.

"This is our way," said Darragh Shuan. "A young man wishes to marry, and his father and mother tell him what girl he could take. Then his father and uncle go to see the father and brother of the girl, and they carrying a quart



A CURAGH, THE ANCIENT SEA-CRAFT OF THE ISLANDS

floor pass a straw rope, knotted at the end, under their knees and from hand to hand. The one standing tries to guess who has the rope. If his back is turned, he is struck with the knotted end, and often so severely that the tears come into his eyes.

The marriages are made by the parents, and frequently the couple never speak to each other alone until after the wedding.

"But ought a man not to choose his own wife?" Darragh Shuan, the fisherman, was asked.

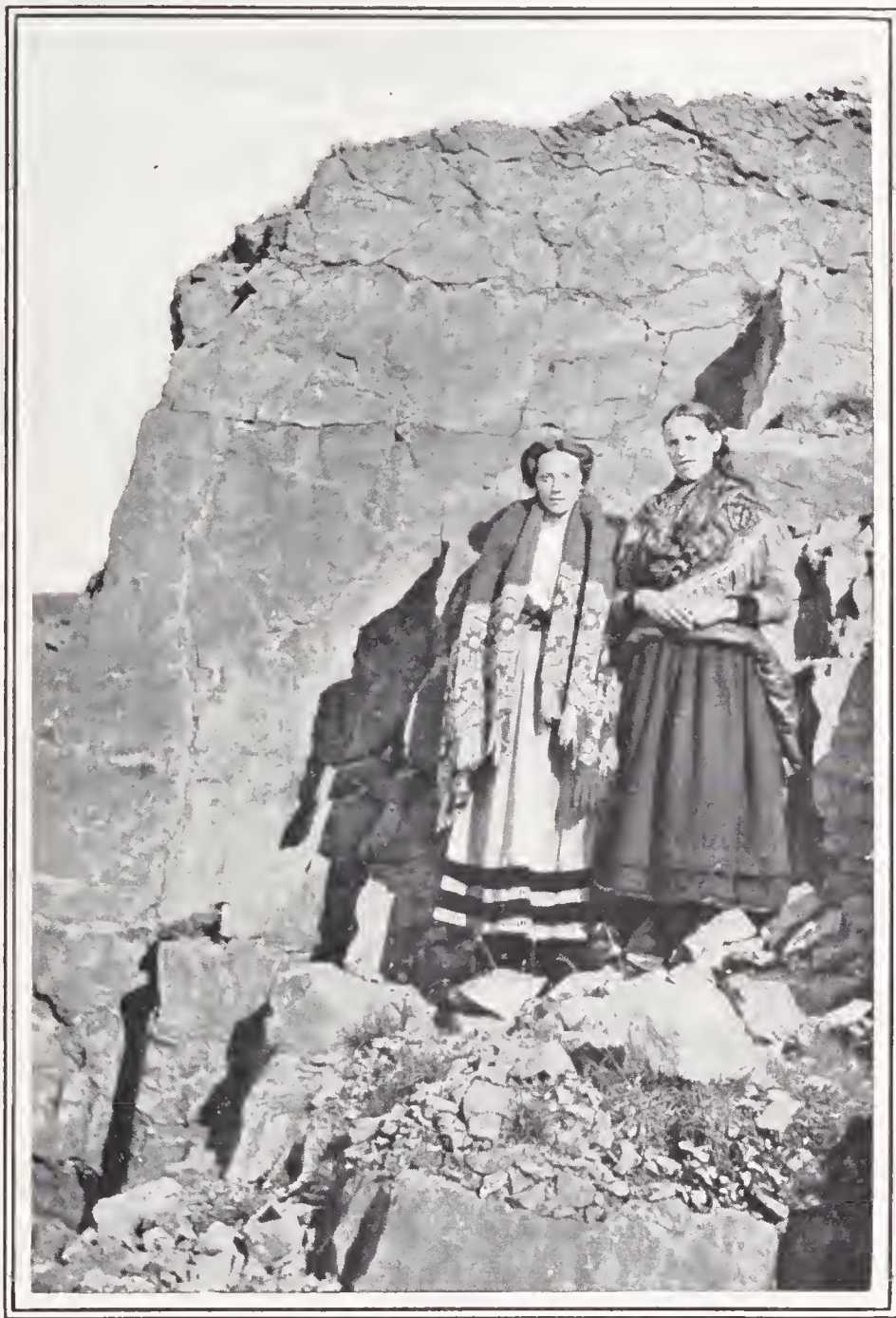


or more of poteen. Then they all say what they will give, and what day the wedding will be. Then they go home, and if the girl speaks very much to the young man, it is the other girls and women will be looking down on her.

"Then there is a wedding-party at the girl's house, and plenty to eat and drink, and the next day, in the name of God, they are married at her house, or maybe at his. For a month she does not go to her father's house—no, not if her mother were to be lying dying. All she could do would be to look in at the door or window. After the month, there is the great party at the girl's house that we call the 'Dragging Home.' And that is all, except that if there is an enemy, that enemy could go into the house during the marriage, and he could say the benediction after the priest, and could tie knots in a string after each of the three holy names, and then that couple would be childless for fifteen years, or until the string should be burnt. And a wedding need not be costing much, but a funeral, with the food and poteen and the priest's money, it will be costing six pounds or more."

The resignation of the islanders, their ealm and dignity, desert them at a funeral. It is then that they seem to see themselves as helpless as their own wild birds east about in a storm. They live at the end of this world which they do not understand, and now one of them has gone to another world of which they know nothing. The dead body in its pine coffin covered with a sheet is carried out of the back door and placed on a wagon or ear. The women of the family seat themselves about it, while behind forms a procession of men and women. As they

proceed toward the graveyard, the women about the coffin beat on it, wailing and crying. Those in the procession lift a wild, sorrowful keen, the women's voices having the minor notes of their own sea-birds.



TYPES OF ARAN GIRLS

The one on the left is a returned American

In the graveyard the voices rise in an agony of sorrow. Here is no Christian resignation, but wild pagan outpourings with magnificent gestures, the eternal protest of the human heart against grief. It is as if their mourning were not for the dead but for themselves, that they should be left behind, alone in a land of mist, their bodies nothing worth in the ceaseless warring with bitter rock, their souls asking questions never to be answered, and at last they are laid to rest





THE KELP-GATHERERS

among their saints. The wild sands drift over them, the wind and damp eat away the words that chronicle them in stone, and in a few years they are forgotten and unknown, and their bones are pressed lower to make room for those who come after them.

If the laws lie lightly on these people, it is because they have so much nobility and independence that they can live above laws. They are on good terms with the coast-guards and the policemen whose headquarters are on Inishmore. The coast-guards look after the fishing interests and occasionally stumble on a bit of smuggling. The half-dozen policemen have a few quarrels to investigate when the islanders have been drinking heavily, but their chief duty is to guard against smuggling and illegal selling of poteen. This drink, which is a maddening kind of fresh whiskey tasting much like methylated spirits, is made chiefly by the Connemara men, and is sold to the islanders at less than two dollars a gallon. Half a glass is enough to make an ordinary man drunk. The policemen would rather not find more poteen than they must, for they wish to remain friendly with the natives. There is on Inishmore no really safe hiding-place for poteen. Sometimes when the wind is high and no steamer or curagh can beat its way to Inishmaan

for a day or two, poteen is made there and hidden in a safe nook in the rocks.

"And I would not be in the shoes of the man of the islands who would be telling the police where the poteen is," said Col' Anthony.

Their detachment from the government appears, too, in that they do not like to apply for parish aid, for though they will make use of the doctor and the dispensary, they appeal very rarely to the relieving-officer. The dole for the entire islands amounts to not more than two dollars and a half a week, and no poor person receives more than thirty-five cents a week. There is no other community of equal size in Great Britain where such independence is shown.

The laws of God are administered by the priest—a splendid old man who cares nothing for the antiquities of Aran, but everything for the souls and bodies of his people. In fifteen years he has seen the installation of the telegraph and the steamboat, and the beginnings of the fishing industry, and with these the hope to lift his parishioners a little above bare want. Through his strenuous efforts waterworks have been erected, affording a regular pure supply of water, where, before, the islanders had been dependent upon uncertain springs. He has improved the chapel buildings, and has



raised the standard of the schools, and is hoping to go still farther and provide technical instruction. He wants to build a hall where the young people can meet, and to initiate a primitive kind of market-gardening.

Year by year he has comforted his people in sickness and in health, and once he imperilled his life for them. It was two years ago, when there was no money to pay the rent for the rock, which goes to Lady Ardilaun of the Guinness family, though, curiously enough, half the islanders do not know the name of their landlady, many of them speaking of her as "Shaun Bui," or "Yellow Jack," a general name of opprobrium for an English government person. It was decided that a gunboat and soldiers must be sent to evict the negligent tenants of Aran and take away their cows. No cows would mean no milk for the children and no butter. The priest knew his people; he knew their resigned phrase, "It was to be," which he makes them change to, "It is God's will"; but he also knew the old pagan fierce instinct that slumbers in these islanders. It comes out rarely when they fight with knives; it came out once when some antiquarians, visiting Aran, refused money to a group of children and young men, who took their tools and luggage to hold for ransom. The priest knew that these people would not give up their cows without bloodshed.

He wrote repeatedly, asking for mercy, to the trustees of the Ardilaun estate, and received a message late on a Wednesday, saying that he might present the case personally before the trustees in Dublin on Thursday morning. The trustees knew so little of the people whose

lives they held in their hands that they were unaware that no boat came to Aran till Thursday noon. The wind was not quiet nor the waves low, but the priest found four men who would row him in a curagh the thirty miles to the mainland. Storms come up quickly in these seas, and hour after hour there was only a shred of tarred canvas between these men and eternity; but they won their way safe to the mainland, and so won the cause of the people of Aran. No wonder they love their old white priest with the eyes of a warrior and the brow of an archangel. Every Sunday he sees the souls of these people at their best, as he stands in the crudely decorated chapel, looking down on them in their coarse homespun clothes kneeling in reverence and simple devotion, as did the saints who raised those ruined churches now open to all the winds of heaven.

It is odd to reflect that these people seem strange to us for the reason that they live now just as our remote ancestors did. The centuries have gone on carrying what we call progress, and they have left the Aran men untouched. Their forebears, seeking isolation, found the most solitary rock in the world, and there the islanders have lived, isolated in soul one from another as their own rocks are separated from the mainland. Impassive as their own rocks, wild and strange as their own cliff-birds, they dwell forgotten on the edge of the world, their pagan duns and Christian churches at their backs, the bones of their saints at their feet, and, when their hours of toil are over, with their dreaming eyes looking ever at the terrors and wonders of their winds and seas.





# A Merchant Prince of the Middle Ages

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

“**T**O valiant hearts nothing is impossible,” though an arrogant device, was one whose boastfulness the first great merchant prince of France more than justified. Few kings have cut as considerable a figure as that king’s treasurer to whom no material achievement was impossible—whether it was to his “valiant heart” or to his extraordinarily shrewd head that Jacques Cœur owed his richly burdened fleets, his more than royally sumptuous palaces, and his armies of highly distinguished debtors. It may even be due to the cool impersonality of those eminent triumphs of his that the supreme financial genius of his age should promptly have been committed to the posthumous obscurity he zealously labored to avert; for the contrast between his final degradation and the sustained brilliancy of his earlier success—it was success in precisely the modern acceptance of the term—has failed to make Jacques Cœur a conspicuous historic figure, and, beyond an occasional guarded mention, historians nowadays have little to say of him.

Jacques Cœur was the “favorite”—that is to say, the sapient counsellor and immoderately obliging creditor—of that none too kingly figure, Charles VII. The position had naturally its penalties; but what the clique of aristocrats who ultimately deposed him found hardest to accept was not Cœur’s closeness to the royal favor, nor yet that they themselves were in his debt, but that this most powerful man in France, this creator of her commerce, this ambassador of her king, this intimate of Pope and foreign rulers, was of frankly plebeian birth. The merchant prince made no attempt to disguise his origin. Indeed, in that he was entirely “self-made,” and to a certain extent proud of it—neither accident nor “destiny” can explain him, nor anything save the vigilant exer-

cise of his own genius—Jacques Cœur corresponds to an interesting nicety with the permanent ideal of a commercial hero.

For his amazing career it was doubtless, therefore, as happy a beginning as any other that Jacques should have been born the son of an unknown fur-dealer of Bourges, a quiet town, in the opening year of the fifteenth century, known for its many churches and for the excellent fabrics made by its thrifty people. There is liberal room for speculation as to how the boy spent his youth. At some time or other he was schooled briefly and at best irrelevantly to his own ambitious purposes. From the industrious merchants who surrounded him there came daily to his ears the common formulæ of shrewd tradesmanship—but only as so many crude symbols from which he was later to develop a highly inflected language. The story of the Medici and the marvels they had wrought for Florence may well have been the torch that his firmly controlled imagination awaited; and far more compelling, to a mind of this order, than the tamer phantasies of legend, were the current tales of the wonderful commercial prowess of Venice, with her three thousand merchant vessels, her dashing victories over corsairs, and her triumphant importation of silks, spices and indigo, of pearls, ebony and amber. Indeed, a much lesser circumstance than a visit to one of the great commercial towns of the period, to Antwerp, perhaps, or to Bruges, where the fruits of Eastern bargaining lay before him in their shining reality, would have sufficed to define to itself an ambition so unstinted. But whatever plans the shrewd, lean-faced youth cherished, it is above all things certain that he kept them to himself. “*En bouche close n’entre mouche*” was a motto which he greatly affected and to which he inexorably lived up.



So exceedingly deliberate was Jacques in laying the foundations of his fortune that it is not as a merchant that one first reads of him. His biographers, with every disposition in the world to gloss over his shortcomings, have invariably found the first recorded fact in the great merchant's public life something of a stumbling-block; and it is indeed one which, condoned though it was by a king whose own similar irregularities left him in no position to condemn, fails to contribute to the notion of a heroic figure. Revaut le Danois, Master of the Mint in Bourges, had taken the fur-dealer's astute son into partnership. In 1429 Danois, Jacques Cœur, and one other were accused and convicted of issuing coins under weight. The coiners pleaded the exigency of the King's debts, and their loyal desire thus ingeniously to meet them; and were let off with a fine.

The incident was a warning to the young financier's discretion, but no rebuff to his enterprise. Already his eye was fixed upon the rich ports of the East; already he had stored up the capital with which to invade them. A year later he was in Alexandria, establishing bland relations with both Mussulman and Christian, while learning to buy cheap from the one and sell dear to the other. And when, on his homeward voyage, the vessel was stripped of its cargo by pirates, its dauntless owner escaped, only to equip himself a second time and turn again toward Egypt. The following year he was seen in Damascus, submitting, each night, to the natives' exigent custom of locking Christians up within their own lodging-places; by day visiting, discreet and alone, its dealers in mirrors and blades, in spices and furs, or adroitly winning favor with men in high places.

Between his voyages the young merchant, with a supreme confidence, now began to establish himself at home. For his headquarters he chose Montpellier, through his influence to become one of the most active of medieval towns. Already this merchants' city had a permit from Pope Urban V. to send one ship yearly to the East, on condition that it bore no arms nor anything hurtful to the welfare of Christendom; and it had also a consul at Constantinople, "for the honor of God and the convenience of

the merchants of Montpellier." Jacques had meanwhile become—doubtless in the relation of money-lender, for the royal household was in distressing straits—on friendly terms with the King; a point which his diplomacy and far-sightedness are by no means likely to have undervalued. With the Church also he shrewdly formed affiliations, and having no liking, as such, for vagabondage or adventure, took a sound satisfaction in reinforcing his position as a citizen. Several years earlier he had made a well-considered request for the hand of Macée de Léodepart, daughter of the provost of Bourges, but no sentimental traditions survive in connection with this highly respectable alliance. However, the excellent Madame Macée bore her lord an ambitious and greedy family, even though her own personality, if the poor lady ever had one, must have been completely effaced upon her marriage to the redoubtable Jacques.

Being now on the best of terms with himself and his country, Jacques was free to develop and guide that instinct of success which was so keen and strong within him; and during a score or more of years when France abounded in situations that might legitimately have distracted him, with English oppressions in the north and wide-spread brigandage in the south, he pursued his end with a most accomplished concentration. His vessels multiplied until he became a very lord of the seas. In every foreign port some wisely chosen factor represented him. So unmistakably did his great wealth begin to shape itself, that it was incredible, whispered the simpler folk to each other, that trade alone should yield so much. Mysterious treasures, they guessed, must have lain in those mines about Lyons which the King had granted his money-lender. Or there were notorious alchemists, necromancers, abroad, the famous Raymond Lulle himself living in Montpellier—it was likely that one of them had sold Jacques his uncanny secret. To the young merchant the echo of these speculations was infinitely agreeable; it was an acknowledgment of the multitude that he had outstripped it.

It became, therefore, an extremely congenial pastime for the successful Jacques to sit through long, mellow hours upon



the flat roof of his house at Montpellier, and, straining his keen eyes southward, to watch the approach of the great, gayly decorated vessels, with their many bright banners, which, with the regularity and dependableness of the tides themselves, were bringing him, in more or less literal form,

unscrupulous sovereigns. Next came his appointment as *Argentier*, or treasurer to the crown—an office which consisted in receiving, disbursing, and accounting for the court moneys, and whose transcendent desirability, for the merchant, lay in that it involved a residence at court.

Now with all his "valiant heart" Jacques Cœur loved coronets and titles; and if it was a sentiment a shade less pure than patriotism that led him to attach himself to a court of such tarnished splendor, the excellent bourgeois is, at all events, not unique in his preferences. His own certificate of nobility was a further substantial satisfaction, and from this time on the three crimson hearts and the three black cockle-shells which he had chosen for his arms began abundantly to sprinkle the surface of France and to testify to the distinction of this ingenious prince of the people.

It had now become time that so great a man should have greater monuments, and these Jacques set himself conscientiously to acquire. Success had not dazzled him, made him a whit less vigilant over his own interests. At court he



JACQUES COEUR  
From an old portrait

his heart's desire. But finer than those splendid cargoes of carpets and silks, cutlery and jewels, and the bourgeois splendor that he acquired by their thrifty disposition, was that far purer chrism of royal appointment and distinction. So we may imagine how briefly Jacques hesitated when, in 1436, Charles offered royal reparation for the unpleasant incident at Bourges, seven years previous, by making his accomplished subject Master of the Paris Mint—a position which Jacques filled not only honorably, historians say, but also with peculiar wisdom, succeeding even in considerably restoring the value of money debased by

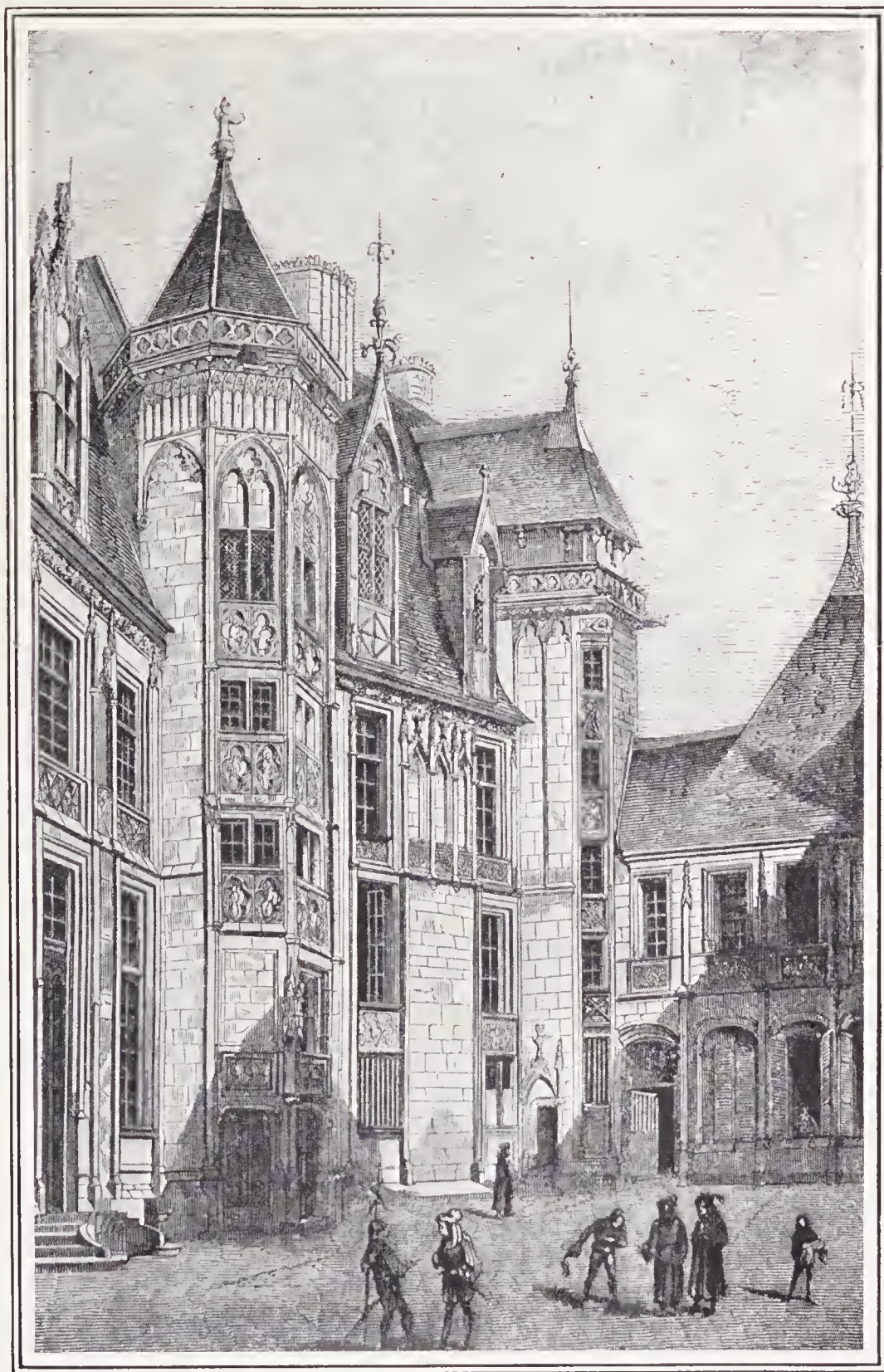
chose to live sumptuously and to dress richly, after the manner of his noble enemies; indeed, when, in his trial, he sought to prove that his habit had been simple and churchly, his honest servants could recall that he had worn no soberer costume than a crimson velvet doublet, and scarlet stockings, with a velvet hat, and a gold chain upon his breast. But with all these superficial emulations, the merchant was far from underrating the advantages of inherited pomps or the significance of the ownership of land; wherefore, being destitute of inheritance, he strove to qualify as an ancestor. To this end, largely, rather than that of ex-



tending his own personal magnificence, he began the building of that palace in Bourges which not only was one of the wonders of the Europe of its day, but which stands even yet a somewhat ironical monument to the man whose memory has proved to require no such substantial receptacle. Its walls were made of stone from an ancient Roman edifice; in its construction and furnishing, silver was throughout used in place of baser metal; painters, sculptors, wood-carvers, the most accomplished artists of the day, labored for its embellishment; nine years and as many fortunes went to the making of it; and when it was done, its oddly prudent owner grudged the sums which his timid, silly wife spent in its management, and always, on leaving Bourges, not only took the household silver with him, but laid out the provisions that were to last until his return. Meanwhile, Jacques had acquired, besides various others, two dwelling-places in Paris, two in Tours, and four in Lyons, while he schemed constantly to add to his forty estates such others as were in the feeble grasp of bankrupt, resentful nobles.

Regularly there flowed in the enormous revenue necessary to purchase these ornaments of life. "Ce Jacquet," as his rivals, in impotent derision, termed him, had now more power than all other Mediterranean merchants together. The personal friendship

which it was not the least proof of his genius to have established with Eastern sovereigns now abundantly served him; not only in facilitating his commerce, but in assuring an almost royal consideration for his ships, his cargoes, and his three hundred industrious deputies, scattered throughout the world. Nor did he hesitate publicly to make frequent and ready use of his secure relations with the East. It was, for instance, a severe disaster to Venice when, on some small pretext, her traders were banished from Egypt; but with a graceful disinterestedness Jacques Cœur in-



THE PALACE OF JACQUES COEUR AT BOURGES



terceded with the Sultan, and the Venetians were restored to good standing. It was a showy wizardry.

But of Jacques's adroitness the most striking proof lay in his relations with the court, where he dined, often in private, with the King, and shared, doubtless too conspicuously, the royal counsels. Of his Majesty's unhappy family there was not one, meanwhile, who did not find Jacques a convenient resource. It is told of the Queen that she had to pawn her Bible to obtain the money for a gown; while for the same purpose Madame Aragonde, the King's daughter, borrowed money from the merchant; and Margaret of Scotland, first wife of the Dauphin—later Louis XI.—pledged a pearl to de Varye, one of Jacques's factors. And that Jacques should have been on excellent terms with the Queen, whom Charles endured; with Agnes Sorel, the object of the King's infatuation, and with the Dauphin, whom his father intensely disliked, was a situation surely in itself a certificate of high diplomaey. Yet for his later triumphs this period was but a judicious preface.

In 1444 Jacques Cœur made his first appearance as a royal deputy—a function which he inordinately relished, and the sight of which his well-born rivals endured not too passively. The King had appointed his favorite to preside over the council of the states of Languedoc—an office which he performed during that and several succeeding years. And when, two years later, the question arose of persuading Genoa to cede herself to France, Jacques Cœur, together with the Archbishop of Rheims, the Provost of Paris, and the Seneschal of Provence, formed the embassy charged with this delicate errand. The issue was failure; but neither Jacques nor the people, who vaguely feared, nor the aristocrats, who definitely hated him, were disposed to make light of the distinction of his mission. Every possible precaution toward being accepted with a vast seriousness may safely be attributed to our far-sighted merchant; and by no means the least noticeable feature of his always seemly career is the closeness of his connection with Church and priests. He himself was a good friend of several Popes, as of many high ecclesiastics; he built chapels in Bourges

and in Paris; through his influence his oldest son, at twenty-five, was made Archbishop of Bourges; and when, in 1447, there arose the necessity of appointing an embassy to wait upon the new Pope Nicholas V., that he might be formally acknowledged and peace restored in the Church, whom should the King have chosen, together with the Archbishop of Rheims and two lesser dignitaries, if not that versatile financier and faithful supporter of the Church, Jacques Cœur? For almost a century, the chroniclers said, Rome had seen nothing so magnificent or so elaborate as the manner in which this group of Frenchmen, with their great princely retinue, arrived in the papal city and fulfilled their impressive mission. Jacques, with his talent for pomps, may easily have been the real head of the enterprise; and when, shortly after his arrival, he fell ill of fever, the Pope regarded him with so especial a tenderness that he caused the merchant to be removed to the pontifical palace, there to await recovery.

But the episode by which Jacques Cœur will longest be remembered is his share in the royal entry into Rouen—Rouen, where, within the same reign, Jeanne d'Arc perished and Jacques Cœur lived his most brilliant hour, and where Charles "the Well-Served," as they aptly called him, may have found abundant reminder of the manner of reward he dealt his servitors. At a time when it seemed to the French that English oppression was no longer bearable, Charles had appealed—as for many years it had been his profitable habit—to the richest man in France; and history has ever since applauded Jacques for his famous reply, "Sire, tous que j'ay est vostre." With the aid of the gold which Jacques, it is true, could well afford to advance, the French generals brought the Hundred Years' War to a close, and, surely not without a certain justification, Jacques Cœur, who had never held in his hand a soldier's sword, rode with those who headed that triumphal procession. A splendid pageant it was: the King in full armor, his horse in blue velvet trappings, starred with golden fleurs-de-lis; on his right, the King of Sicily; on his left, the Count of Maine; behind them, St.-Pol, in black and silver, and the great Dunois,



wearing crimson velvet banded with sable, his horse's trappings of crimson satin; and beside the victorious general, in an almost similar costume, with an equal assumption of the rewards of victory—the merchant and money-lender, Jacques Cœur!

Such arrogant splendor was an invitation to disaster; and disaster came. To his rivals the man's accumulation of honors was an affront, his wealth a thing tyrannous, unendurable. So long, they declared, as the low-born Jacquet should flourish, the gates of fortune would remain closed to his more modest countrymen. At an inevitable moment, therefore, there came the insurrection of his debtors—an amazing list they were, princes, chamberlains and stewards, bishops and soldiers, duchesses and laundrywomen — countenanced, if not quite openly, by the greatest debtor of them all, the King himself. Warning rumors of his ruin were not lacking, and the one inexplicable point in Cœur's history is his insensibility to its approach. Shrewd though he was, he had at the critical hour an almost fatuous confidence in his own security. He knew, and doubtless repeated to himself, that there was no stronger man in France than he; but the strength of a hostile multitude he had not measured. On July 22, 1451, Charles gave the merchant some seven hundred livres tournois to aid him to "keep up his position and maintain his service to the King more honorably." Flattered and disarmed, his not too insistent suspicions banished, the recipient of this bounty straightway wrote his wife, who sat trembling in the great palace at Bourges, that "whatever might be said,

his position with the King was as good as it had ever been."

Nine days later he was arrested and put in prison, his possessions seized, and a commission, made up of avowed enemies of the great Argentier, chosen to investigate the charge that Agnes Sorel, now



AGNES SOREL

From an old engraving

eighteen months dead, had been poisoned by Jacques Cœur. From sheer preposterousness this charge fell through; but others were pressed forward in its place. Jacques, with all his churchly pretensions, had sold arms to the infidels, his accusers said, and taken French moneys into the Levant; he had returned to Alexandria a Christian slave who had sought refuge in his ship; he had forcibly caused men to embark upon his merchant



vessels; he had made coins under weight, and he had appropriated gifts made to the King by certain towns of Languedoc. The wretched man's protestations of innocence were futile enough. He was taken from prison to prison, brought before one commission after another, denied all aid, and at last submitted to torture. Intercession, even from the Pope himself, availed as little as did the King's own periods of remorse, once the Argentier had been delivered to his enemies. It was plain enough that there was small chance of a lenient verdict when the very judges had already divided among themselves the money which an acquittal would force them to restore. Thus the two years of imprisonment dragged painfully for the deposed favorite; and it is touching to know that they wore harder still upon the lonely spirit of Madame Macée at Bourges, who longed so loyally for the release of her arrogant husband that she innocently bestowed upon the Pope's ambassador six precious goblets, brilliant with gold and enamel, thinking thus to purchase her lord's freedom. She could not endure the disappointment of her failure, and before the final humiliating sentence was pronounced upon her husband, the faithful soul had died.

It was not to be expected that Jacques Cœur's enemies would absolve him from public abasement; and the sentence of death having been remitted, "in consideration of the Pope's intercession and the services he had rendered the King," the

unfortunate Argentier was forced, at Poitiers, to make the "amende honorable." Bareheaded, that is to say, and unbelted, he was brought before a vast and curious throng; where, on his knees, and bearing in his hands a lighted torch weighing ten pounds, he acknowledged all the crimes of which he was accused, asking "mercy of God and justice of the King." After this dismal ceremony and Jacques's return to prison, there ensued a final confiscation of his property and the despoiling of his many houses. Not even yet did his persecutors spare him; and under the fear, at last, of actual murder, the unhappy man sent to his nephew and adopted son, Jean de Village, a letter of agonized entreaty that is still preserved. The good Jean effected a prompt rescue; so prompt, indeed, that one wonders why it had been delayed so long; and without loss of time Jacques fled to Italy and the protection of the Pope. Calixtus III. was the most generous of hosts, and in arming, not long after, a fleet of sixteen vessels to succor Rhodes, Lesbos, and the neighboring islands, the pontiff placed the exile in assistant command. He lived, however, only long enough to get to Chios, where, in dying, the great merchant prince addressed the French King from the very depths of his crushed spirit, swearing, pitifully enough, his own innocence, pardoning both the King and his own insatiable oppressors; and, with a subservience to royal humor signally characteristic, imploring for his children the capricious sovereign's favor.





# The Housetop Room

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE doctor stopped his car in front of the gate and looked up toward the big house. It stood very stately in the early light—clear yellow, with high, white trimmings, and the pear tree lifting up great sprays of blossoms toward the gable and the window tops. Bees were humming faintly among them—the low purring of the machine seemed to answer the sound.

The doctor ran the car a little farther along the greensward and stepped out. There was no one in sight. The house might have been asleep. But the front door stood wide open and he went leisurely up the path, looking with tolerant, professional eye at the masses of bloom on either side, and taking in the slow spring wind from the grass and flowers.

He rapped on the side of the door with his gloved hand and stood waiting, his back to the door, and his glance travelling back over the straight path with its fragrant edge.

An elderly woman, with rough, clean face, and sleeves rolled up to the elbow, answered the knock.

"Come in, Doctor Rodney— 'Miss Martin?' She's in the garden, I guess. You come right in." She turned her back on him and went toward an open door at the other end of the hall. "Miss Martin," she called, in a loud, clear voice—"oh, Miss Martin! Here's the doctor come to see you." She turned to him with a good-natured smile. "She's comin' right along. You set down."

Her elbows disappeared in the direction of the kitchen, and he heard the clink of pans. But he did not sit down. He stood looking toward the vista of garden at the end of the hall. Presently a figure appeared in it, laden with flowers. Her skirt was gathered in both hands, and out of the apron of it trailed the beginnings and ends of flowers. They ran over her dress and were gathered against her bosom; and her face, looking

over them, had something of the same faint, wild color and freshness as she came forward smiling.

"You see what I am doing. Come in." She moved toward a door at the right and he followed her into the cool, dim room. There was little furniture—a few fine old pieces of mahogany shining with cool freshness, and at one side a table covered with dishes and vases filled with water. She sat down by it, dropping the ends of her skirt, and the flowers overflowed about her. "Sit down, please." She nodded to him, as if his presence gave her pleasure, and turned to the table. "You won't mind if I go right on—will you—with my flowers?"

"I can only stay a minute," he said.

Her hands dropped to her lap. "I wanted to ask you about the rugosas. There's some kind of insect on them."

"I'll come in to-morrow if I can—I stopped now to ask you something. I was going by—"

"Yes?"

"It's Mrs. Caldwell—the house by the bridge, you know—there are five children, and another one coming soon. She is pretty seriously ill. There's to be an operation; it may save her—possibly the child—but it's a toss-up. It will be a great case—if she lives." He stopped, with a half-eager gesture.

"I see," she spoke slowly, her eyes on his face, "and you want me to go there—"

A comical little look of horror came into his eyes. "I wouldn't trust you," he said. "But what I do want is a place for her; she must have air and light—quiet. It's a hole—where she is now."

"I know— You want us to take her?" He nodded.

Her eyes looked down at the flowers and she fingered them slowly. "I don't see how we can—but of course we'll have to"—she smiled up a little whimsically—"if you want us to."



He nodded again. "I knew you would—as soon as I thought of it. I didn't think of you at first."

She held up a spray of roses, turning it from her and shaking it out. "I don't see where we can put her," she said.

"The north room—"

"Mr. Sedgwick has it—"

"Hasn't he gone?" The doctor's face clouded.

"He's staying all summer," she replied.

"Well"—he pondered a minute—"you could put her across the hall. It's not so quiet, but it will do."

She leaned forward. "Didn't I tell you that Mr. Calhoun is coming back—to-night?"

He stood up impatiently. "I can't see why you should have a house full of boarders," he said, brusquely.

She laughed out. "They're not boarders exactly. They're"—she looked about the cool room, "they're suitors, I think."

Sitting among her tumbling flowers, her eyes raised to him, her cheeks glowing, she was like some great, live, young goddess—some creature of another time and world.

The doctor crushed the visor of his cap in his fingers. "You will come to trouble some day," he said.

"Oh, I've come to it now," she assured him, quickly, "—if you want the room and I can't find it for you."

He grunted a little and turned toward the door. "I'm coming back—along toward night," he said, "and I'll stop and see what you have decided—"

"I've decided now—" she said, promptly. She stood up among her flowers and they dropped about her, ringing her in—"if you can wait a minute." She went across to the secretary and took down a long brass key.

The doctor eyed it suspiciously. "I won't have her put in any dungeon," he said.

She smiled. "Come and see." She led him up the straight, wide staircase and along the hall to the end of the house, and up another flight of stairs that grew steeper and turned sharply at the top, to the right. "Shut your eyes," she commanded, looking back.

He shut them and heard the click of the key in the lock, and a breath of fresh,

clear air touched his forehead. Her cool fingers rested on his, guiding him up the last steps and into an invisible room.

"Don't dare look," she said, "till I tell you." She led him forward with light touch and turned him about. Then he heard the rustle of her dress and her voice coming faintly, "Now—you—may—look."

He opened his eyes slowly and half turned, looking about him. . . . The great room stretched across the house, with curved, wide windows at either end—and it was like no room he had ever seen. . . . The low, arching ceiling was painted white, and the panelled doors were white, and the fluted columns of doors and windows and the little cornices that topped them and ran along the edge of the wall. Only, here and there, the whiteness was broken by panels of yellow gold in the spaces of doors and windows, and by the same yellow gold in the sunshine that came through the east window. The doctor wheeled slowly about. At the other end of the room, between the two curving windows, a fire was burning in the great fireplace; and on the side of the room, through white-panelled, open doors, he caught glimpses into little sloping rooms beyond, with small-paned windows and half-drawn curtains and subdued color and light; and in one of the rooms, on a mahogany table, a brass dish of fruit—plums and oranges and grapefruit and hothouse melons and pears, the colors of the fruit and the yellow dish glowing dully in the shining wood of the table—a bit of Dutch interior—like a picture that grows real as one looks at it. The doctor lifted his hand and turned sharply. "Where are you?" he said.

Then he saw her, sitting across the room before a grand piano that filled the space. Her hands were folded in her lap and her eyes were smiling at him. "It's just like a play, isn't it?" she said, softly.

"It's theatrical, if that's what you mean," he replied, shortly.—"You're going to let Mary Caldwell have it, I suppose?" There was a little sarcastic smile in the question.

"I'm going to ask the owners," she said, slowly. "It isn't really mine, you know." She looked about the room al-



most wistfully, it seemed to him, and his face softened a little.

"Who did it, anyway?" he demanded. "It's just the place I want, you know—cool and high and quiet. She'd have a chance here. I'd forgotten all about the place—we used to play up here when we were children—but not like this"—he motioned with his hand.

"No," she smiled faintly, "not like this. We did it last year—the room—the three of us. Mr. Sedgwick furnished the idea, most of it, and Mr. Calhoun, the elegance—melons out of season, and plums and grapes"—she nodded to the great dish of fruit glowing in the room beyond, "and flowers, all winter—from his greenhouse," she added, with a little, lavish movement of the hand.

"I see." His voice dropped a little. "Well, let me know to-night. It's a good place for Mary Caldwell," he said, contentedly, "and that's the main thing—Good-by." He nodded to her.

"Wait a minute, John." She rose and came toward him. Something glowed in her face, behind the richness and youth in it. "I'm going to decide," she said.

"Decide—?" He looked at her suspiciously.

She nodded. "They're suitors, you know—just as much as Penelope's were—"

He smiled a little—in spite of himself.

"In the old times they had sense," she said, firmly. "When they loved her, they said so—with a trumpet—and everybody knew it and she knew it, and she arranged tests for them—caskets and things—and if they got it right—all right, and if they didn't—'off with their heads!'" She moved her hand with a free, dramatic gesture. "But now they just come and come. They don't devour your substance, because they pay board—but it's more wearing than Penelope's way was."

He laughed out. She smiled, too, nodding to him. "You wait and see. I'm going to arrange a test—a kind of golden, silver, leaden casket thing—and have done with it."

He had turned away and his face had grown preoccupied. "All right, Nancy. I don't mind how you do it—just let me have the room for Mary Caldwell and I'll bless you—and all science will bless you." He nodded again and she heard his step

—on the sharp, steep stair and along the hall and growing fainter on the long staircase below.

She looked about her in the beautiful room— The purring of the bees in the pear-tree top outside came in faintly, and, far below, the whirring of Doctor John's machine, that clicked, impatient to be off.

She reached up her arms, with a whimsical gesture, and opened them wide, as she turned toward the door. "Oh, men!" she said, softly. Then she turned the key in the lock and went swiftly down the stairs to her flowers in the cool dim room.

The old man standing in the doorway looked at her a minute with half-humorous glance. "You're late," he said.

She lifted a bit of valerian and tucked it securely in place. "Doctor John came in—and hindered me." She held back her head, looking at the vase before her. Then she pushed it one side and drew forward another.

"Was your coffee right?" she asked.

"Quite right, my dear, quite perfect. You have done wonders with Ellen." He came slowly across the room to the old secretary and seated himself with a kind of stately precision. The white beard sweeping the desk before him, and the little skull-cap on his white hair, gave him an ancient look, but the eyes that scanned the pile of letters were as dark as the girl's own. He took up a letter from the pile and opened it, and there was silence in the room. It was broken by little swishes of fragrance as the girl lifted the sprays of flowers from the floor and arranged them with swift, business-like movements.

Presently she looked across to him. He had finished his mail and was tapping the desk with thin, circumspect fingers. He nodded to her. "What is it?" he said.

"I wanted to ask you something—"

"Yes? I wish you would. There is nothing interesting in these—" He pushed the letters from him and turned in his chair to watch her.

The color was clear in her face. But if she had braced herself for any venture, it did not show in the quick, decisive movements of her fingers, that went on sorting and arranging the flowers as she talked.



"Doctor John wants a room for a Mrs. Caldwell—"

The old man smiled faintly. "He will have it, then, won't he, if he wants it?"

"Yes—he will have it. It isn't that. I took him up to the old ballroom . . . and he likes it."

"Nice of him," said the old man. "Robert Calhoun must have spent a thousand on it—without the piano—and the pictures—and the rugs."

"I know," she said—with a little whiff of impatience. "And now I think he ought to have something back for it."

He took off his glasses and stared at her a little. "How would you propose to pay him?" he said.

"I'm not proposing—not exactly," she gave a little laugh that tumbled the flowers down about her. "But it isn't altogether *his*, you know. It was Arthur Sedgwick's idea—"

"It was Arthur's idea," he assented, smiling. "Calhoun isn't quite equal to that—not yet."

"No—and I thought"—she threw down the bunch of flowers and looked at him with quick, soft eyes that danced—"I thought I would marry the one that gives me the best advice about giving up the room—the advice I like best, that is," she added, softly. Her look questioned him.

He returned it slowly. He rubbed the glasses and put them on his high nose. "Isn't this a little more than a joke?" he said.

But her glance held his. "It sounds crude, I suppose." Her color rose a little. "But here they have been playing the rôle of suitors—for years—both of them—and nobody saying a word, and I think it is time to *do* something."

He ehuckled softly. Then he rose and came over to her. He ran his thin fingers over her hair, and touched her chin and lifted it till the eyes met his. "What is it you will '*do*,' daughter?" he echoed, smiling.

"I thought you might tell them," she said.

"That you will marry them—?"

She nodded.

He shook his head slowly. "I don't think I could—quite—do that."

The wilful, laughing look danced in her face. "Then I shall—and I don't think it was ever the eustom—"

"Not exactly the eustom," he assented.

"I mean with Penelope and Portia and the rest," she said, quickly. "I think their fathers usually did it for them, or their cousins, or some convenient person."

"Very likely," he replied, slowly. He drew forward a chair and sat down by her; his fingers reached out and touched the quick, warm hand that moved among the flowers. "Tell me what it is you want, daughter," he said, gently.

"I think I want to be free," she threw out her arms a little, "—and either of them would say it to-morrow, and I know—and you know it—but nobody says anything."

"That is what we call good taste," he said, smiling. "They find the situation too perfect—to spoil."

"But I am a woman," she lifted her head, "just plain, primal woman."

"Like your mother," he said, patting her hand, "and your mother's mother."

She nodded. "—and all the mothers that ever were," she replied, quickly. "I think I want some one to beat me a little. . . . I don't like being worshipped," she said.

There was a sound outside. The old man turned his head.

"Mr. Martin—?" It was Ellen's voice, high and clear, in the hall. She appeared in the doorway, her elbows alert. "Fred Fitchly wants to see you—about the meadow," she said, shortly.

He smiled a tolerant, elderly smile and left the room. The girl did not look up from her flowers. "Ellen," she said, softly.

The woman half paused in the doorway, looking back. "Yes . . . m?"

"If Mr. Sedgwick should ask for me, I shall be in the upper room."

"You generally be there," said the woman, "without you're in the garden, or traipsing the woods."

"Yes. But I want particularly to have him know I am there—this morning."

"I'll tell him, if I can leave my pies," said the woman; "they're spoiling now—"

"Oh—and, Ellen"—the girl's face was unmoved—"if you *could* remember not to call so loud in the house—when you want us."

The woman seemed not to have heard. Her gaze was on the litter of flowers that





H. G. Williamson 1910

*Drawn by H. G. Williamson*

THE WIND SWEEPING THROUGH THE OPEN DOORS SWAYED THE CRIMSON PETALS



tumbled the floor. "I shall have to sweep it up—that litter," she said.

The girl made a little free movement over her flowers. "Yes, but not yet, Ellen. Don't drive me out—not yet."

"I'll give you ten minutes," said the woman, shortly, as she stepped away.

But when she was gone the girl did not hurry. She took up the flowers and looked at them, as if not seeing them, and laid them down, a kind of light playing in her face. Presently she lifted a great bunch of peonies and stared at them wide. They were great, flaunting beauties—crimson and fringed—rising from the green-pointed leaves—the spirit of color. As she shook them apart the whole room seemed to stir a little and breathe with flushing light. She drew forward a great brass dish on the table and set the stems firmly in place, crowding them down a little, and letting them fall free at last. Her eyes rested on the brilliant mass with a kind of warm laugh.

"There you are, Mr. Robert C. Calhoun," she said, softly— "Big and rare and rich— You won't ever disappoint me. You blossom just on time and last forever—and the hall is the place for you." She lifted the dish in both hands, a little ceremoniously, and walked slowly with it to the hall and set it on the little table at the foot of the stair. The wind sweeping through the open doors swayed the great crimson petals. Down the vista of the open door she saw the garden, and beyond it the men at work in the hay-field. When she returned to the room, dim with its flowers and scent, she groped a minute and pressed her hand to her eyes. She could still see color and the men at work in the field. Then it faded and the room took shape—very fragrant and soft and cool. She searched among the flowers daintily and lifted a stem of orchid—fine and pink and swaying—and placed it in a tall, slender glass. She smiled a little and moved away, surveying it. . . . Arthur Sedgwick, artist and poet, winner of the Webb prize—and altogether lovely. She took up the glass and held it to the light, turning it in her fingers—an old-fashioned champagne-glass—clear and beautiful in line. The light glowed in it and the orchid seemed a thing alive—a flower-soul that had drawn its breath at the gate

of some other world. She held it a moment, enchanted, looking through it into something beautiful and vaguely near. Then she carried it across the room and placed it on the low shelf of marble that supported the great pier-glass between the windows. She moved backward, looking at it through the dimness, a thing of mystery in the great glass. She laid her finger to her lips and smiled, and her finger-tips wafted a little kiss to the silent flower. "You are very dear," she said, softly.

A hurried step sounded on the steep upper stair, and a man—a little breathless—entered the room.

She looked up with a smile. "I thought it was you."

"Ellen told me you were here." He cast a quick glance about the room. Then he smiled at her, a clear, sunny smile that ran with his glance—"How perfect it is!"

"Isn't it!" She leaned forward in her chair, watching him. "It grows nicer every day, I think."

"That's time," he said, quickly. "Things have to mellow—you know—like people." His eyes dwelt on her. "Do you know—you grow to look like the room yourself—I think—every day."

"It's low in the ceiling," she said, looking up at the tiny fluted lines.

He smiled. "But the spirit of it—clear and fine and gentle—" He moved his hand.

"Is that a compliment?" she asked.

He crossed to the piano and leaned on it, looking down at her. "It's anything you please. . . . You—in this room—are the very soul of life—"

"That sounds quite nice," she said.

He flushed sharply and turned away. He moved across the room and came back and stood before her—"I have nothing to offer you or any woman—but I love you," he said.

She rose and stood facing him with quiet breath. "Listen"—there was a kind of soft dignity in the words, "you shall choose for yourself whether you will have me." His hands made a little gesture, but her glance stayed them.

"I have been asked to use this room—our room—for a woman who is very ill. Shall I do it?" Her smile flashed at him.



"You shall do whatever you choose," he said, and he moved impetuously—

But she shook her head—"No, I want to know what you choose—and in choosing it you choose *me*—or lose me. It is a rhyme," she said, sweetly.

His lip gnawed at the edge of his mustache where the little line of gray was beginning to show. His eyes frowned. "I refuse to take part in any such nonsense."

"Very well, then, you're out of it—Off with your head," she said, gayly.

He smiled a little. "If I tell you exactly how I feel, will you play fair?" he asked.

"As fair as daylight."

"Well, then, I love you"—something swept into the words—"and I love you in this room— You are beautiful in this room—like a flower in the wind—some rare exquisite thing that has been in the light and the rain and the sun—and is gathered here—perfect forever. When I think of you I am in the heart of life—and there is light on my work—"

She leaned forward, her eyes on his face, drinking in the words. She drew a quick little sigh and her breath deepened. "That is very beautiful," she said.

"It is very true," he said. "I cannot tell you—and it seems a childish game you have put me. But—"

She lifted her hand, looking at him. "To-morrow," she said, "I will tell you." He took the hand and bent to it and kissed it. Then he left the room without a glance.

She sat looking about her—at the mysterious room—that he loved—for *her* sake—all its little delicacies, the clear, wonderful light in it—up in the housetop. She looked at the room as if she had never seen it before— She looked at it through *his* eyes. The room was life—the way life would be always—the heart of it. . . . She heard his voice again, with the new note in it that asked for something she had not meant to give. She moved a little and crossed to the fire at the other end of the room. The logs from the morning's blaze were still charred and warm, and she adjusted them, guarding the flame that leaped up and drew back. Little sparks flew up the chimney.

There was a knock at the door and she started; her glance flickered like the flame on the hearth. "Come in," she said.

It was Robert C. Calhoun, well-rounded, well-balanced, well-poised. He held out his hand in quick greeting. "Glad to see me?" he said.

"I am, indeed. I did not think you could come so early. Sit down." She motioned to the chair.

"Not yet. It is too good to be here. I want to stretch my legs." He moved about, touching things here and there with the careful, cherishing touch of the connoisseur. Then he turned and came back to her where she was by the fire. "I want to ask you something," he said, simply. "I never knew till to-day that I wanted it. But there is something—in the air."

Her glance on his face smiled a little. "Yes?"

"It is yours, you know, this room," he went on, quickly—"but I want you to take me—with it—" He half turned. But she held up her hand.

"Wait, please. I have something to ask *you*— Doctor Rodney wants to put a patient here—a woman—"

His lip half opened, and closed in a little smile. "Well?"

"And when you have answered *my* question I will answer yours."

He looked at her with a shrewd, slow look—with something baffled behind it. "I don't see what you mean. It seems fair enough," he said, thoughtfully, "but you mean something that you do not say—don't you?"

"Yes—and it is not fair." She spoke quickly. "I want to know what your answer will be, because that will tell me something about you—something that I do not know—and, maybe, something about myself. It came to me like a kind of vision when Doctor Rodney asked me for the room," she went on, "that was not mine—to give—" He made a motion, but she stopped him. "—that the room was partly yours and partly—Arthur Sedgwick's."

"I see." He was staring into the fire now and his face was grave, and the strong lines crept into it. "I don't class with Sedgwick." His hand made a gesture toward the room. "He can do



things that a man of my sort cannot do. . . . But I could make you happy—I think I could make you happy.” He had turned to her.

“Shall I tell the doctor he can have the room?” she said.

He looked down at her again out of his still, gray eyes. “It is a strange question,” he said. “I feel as if I were probably stepping on ground that shakes—something might give way. You make me feel like an elephant,” he added, “trying a new bridge.”

She smiled a little.

“What harm could it do to let him have the room?” he asked, “—have it for a while? He doesn’t want it forever?”

“No, only for this patient. She is very ill, and he thinks it might save her.”

“Do *you* mind giving up the room?” He was facing her with clear eyes.

“Do *you* mind—for me?” she said. “That’s really what I want to know.”

“But it’s not fair,” said the man. “I want you to do what you like best—always, and nothing else.”

“And if I would rather *not* give it up—to carbolic and knives and pain—?” She looked about the quiet, delicate place—“If I would rather not—?”

“Then don’t do it.” He spoke promptly. “There are other rooms—?”

She shook her head. “Not others near enough. She mustn’t be moved far.”

“Then build one.” He moved his hand with a quick gesture of strength. “It will not take long to build one—a little house of clean, fresh boards—out in the open. He shall have it within three days.”

“In three days?” Her eyes laughed.

“In a day—two days— Money will do most things,” he said, quietly. “Your doctor shall have his room.”

She stood up and held out her hand. “Thank you, Robert. I will tell the doctor he shall have his room—this one—or another—just as good.”

He took the hand in his and held it gently. “You will tell the doctor that?” he said, “and you will tell me—?” He waited.

“I will tell you to-morrow which it shall be,” she said, “this room—or another—just as good.”

“‘Miss Martin’? She’s up in the top

story, I guess. She’s been up there most all day, playing and jambering on that piano.” The woman regarded the doctor with tolerant eye. Her sleeves were rolled down now, but she maintained with her nose the same air of alert good sense. “You can go right up,” she said. She disappeared with unconcern, and the doctor went toward the stair.

Down the stairway dropped little notes, half-melodies of song, to meet him. He paused. . . . She was singing something—a little song . . . he had not heard it for years—not since they were children and played in the big ballroom up above. He hummed it, smiling a little to himself, and going slowly to catch the last bit.

She did not stop playing as he came in, but looked up with a little nod of welcome.

He sat down on the arm of a big chair, swinging his leg boyishly—“That’s great!” he said. “Go right on—don’t stop.”

Her fingers ran to another tune—picking it up note by note, out from the past.

The doctor slipped into the big chair, leaning his head against the back. His eyes closed . . . and she watched the face as she played . . . strong and clean cut, with a little nervous line between the eyes . . . a strong man, worked to the bone—the hand on the arm of the big chair was mere muscle and nerve. . . . She looked at it—out of the little songs—it could hold a knife and cut clean, with quick strokes. . . . He was not afraid to hold a life in those hands of his. . . . The music moved softly into something modern and quick, and the doctor opened his eyes. “That was very nice,” he said. “I nearly went to sleep.”

She nodded. “I haven’t played them for years—they seem to come back to-day, one by one.” Her hands were in her lap. “Have you had a hard day?” she asked, looking at him.

“Not so bad. It’s the distances that count. . . . You can’t limit a machine, you know.”

“You’d better limit yourself,” she said, quietly. “You’ll go smash some day.”

He laughed out. “You’d like me to, wouldn’t you—just to say, ‘I told you’!”

“I’d like you to have sense,” she said, “and save yourself for something worth while.”





*Drawn by H. G. Williamson*

"DON'T YOU KNOW I WORSHIP EVERYTHING YOU DO?"



He glanced down the room—"Going to let Mary Caldwell have it?"

She colored a little, a quick, fleeting flush as if something had touched her. . . . Then the color danced. "What do you think?"

"I don't 'think'—I know. . . . I knew this morning."

"I didn't know—not this morning."

"No, your mind is slow." He leaned back, smiling at her. "It is a wonderful case," he said, thoughtfully, "—and she is a woman in a hundred. She will fight for every inch of her life—and she is going to win—up here."

She leaned forward, following the words with quick look. "You are so *sure!*" she said.

"Sure!" He laughed under his breath. "They say it can't be done—but it can." His hand closed on the word and held it.

She drew her breath—with a quick nod. "Of course it can—if *you* can!"

He did not seem to hear her. "I'll bring her to-morrow. . . . You can have it ready?" His eye ran through the room—"Take up these rugs and covers, and carry out the fruit piece over there." He motioned to the Dutch interior in the little room beyond. "And put up a bed—a good one—I'll send it. That's all." He stood up.

She started a little. "Do you have to go—right now?"

He laughed. "It's not 'right now'—I've stayed an hour. I'm always wasting time—here."

"It's not an hour—and it's not wasted," she said, slowly. "Other people need you—besides sick ones—and you need the room—even if you don't know it—and you need us."

"Of course I need you— But all these other people seem to be caught in a vise somehow." His hand closed itself. "I must do what I can."

"Yes—you must do." Her eyes followed him to the door.

He looked back. "Good-by." But she did not answer. She had turned away a little, and her face was toward the wall.

"Good-by, Nancy."

Her shoulders gave a ripple—it might be good-by—or only petulance . . . it couldn't be—

He waited a minute. Then he crossed

the room. He half reached out his hand, and drew it back. . . . "What is it, Nancy?" he said, gently.

She lifted her face and threw out her arm as if warding off something. "I don't know. Only—men are so stupid!" She dried her eyes in little fierce dabs and looked at him. "You're just as bad as the others!" she said, nodding.

He started and moved a step nearer—"You know it is all yours—everything I have—body and soul—you have only to say the word—"

"That's the third time to-day," she said.

He drew back, a little bitterly. "Of course—I know it is only a joke to you—"

"But you don't know—you don't know the least thing—about me—or about any woman!"

"I know I love you," he said, soberly.

"Do you! *Dear John!* I *love* to hear you say it! Please say it—again!"

"I cannot!" He wheeled about sharply—his back to her.

But she had crossed the space—both hands on his shoulders—"Dear, blind, foolish—*working Thing!*" she said, "don't you know I worship everything you do!" She shook him a little.

And he turned about slowly, and blinked, and looked at her. Then his arms opened. "You poor child!" he said—slowly.

She shook her head wilfully. "Very rich lady!" she said, and she nodded, and the tears that lay close dropped off and splashed on the doctor's coat.

He looked down at them soberly and then at the shining in her face. "You will have to work very hard," he said.

"I know it—"

"And give things up—"

"Yes—" she nodded—"and you'll beat me, won't you—and only let me out for half-holidays—and forget where you left me—oh, John!" She had come close to him—"It's just *you* in all the world!" . . . Outside a little breeze stirred in the pear-tree tops and the fragrance of the blossoms drifted in. They stood together, looking back into the quiet room. It was filled with the warm light of the late sun—touched with the coming dusk. She turned away toward the stair. "Come," she said, "it is Mary Caldwell's room."



# The Silencer

BY KEENE ABBOTT

THIS was likely to be another of those nights when we children would have to go early to bed in order to keep warm; for houses in Oklahoma, such as my father's, were not built to withstand much cold. Sometimes of a frigid evening, no matter how jovially laughed the fire in the big iron stove, and no matter how cozily the gush of flames went ticking up the pipe, we could feel the frost at our backs, even though our faces might smart with the lively heat as if they were being sunburned.

A snug, merry hour we were having none the less, and especially amusing it was to my little brother and me, since we could now make imprints of our small hands upon the frozen windows. The panes were coated thick with a downy white velvet of frost which had formed itself into a crisp, sharply etched, and sparkling forestry of such trees as must grow in Santa Claus Land.

Tracery of that kind is likely to evoke all manner of strange fancies, and so, as we listened to the tenuous whimper and howl of distant prairie-wolves, out yonder in the frozen mystery of the snow-spread darkness, it was easy for us to give ourselves a delightful scare; and now, when the house beams gave forth those dull thumping and cracking sounds which are only heard in a season of extreme cold, we could imagine that wild animals were attacking us. "Come quick!" I would call out, and then little brother and I would run higglety-pigglety back to our chairs near the stove. Once we made such ado over our panic of retreat from the window that mother said to us: "Can't you children play more quietly? You see, I am reading to your father."

Then we sat very still, and even tried to take an interest in the tones of mother's voice, as she bent over the newspaper which was spread out on the table under the lamp. Father meanwhile continued

his work. He was mending a yoke-strap, and now and again the thread squeaked as he rubbed it with stiff, black wax to make it strong.

For a time brother and I remained silent, snuggled up close together in the big armchair, but before long the thin wail and quavering whimper of the wolves were again inflaming our imaginations. And we whispered together of brave conflicts with ferocious beasts, of exciting adventures in hunting bears, and of Indians that might steal in upon us and whisk us away into the engulfing void of the prairie darkness.

Consider, then, what a shock of terror was ours when suddenly we heard a rapid creaking outside in the packed snow near the threshold! Some one coughed. A hand fumbled for the knob, turned the knob, then paused to knock. We were astonished to hear how calmly and naturally my father said, "Come in." Brother and I were in such a panic that it seemed very wrong of father to make no movement to protect mother and us. We children clasped each other tight, awaiting we knew not what.

In this moment of choking suspense the door began to open; very timidly it opened, and a steamy vapor from the warm room swept outward, as if the icy silence of the night were sucking it away. The whiffs of pale mist enveloped a man whose cloth cap and shoulders were dusted over with snow. A rag of plaid scarf, concealing the lower part of his face, was white with frost, and the sheepskin collar of his brown canvas jacket was turned up about his ears. As he kicked the snow off his feet, heavily striking his boots against the door-post, the whole house resounded like a drum.

The visitor was so slow in entering, and he let in so much frozen air, that mother scowled and then tucked in a heavy gray shawl about brother and me to keep us from taking cold. Seeing



this, the man hastily shut the door and stood blinking in the lamplight.

"Well, stranger, move up close to the stove," said father. "Take a seat there by the fire."

"You know me, don't you?" the wayfarer inquired, as he laboriously pulled off his frosted scarf, disclosing a brushy yellow beard and thick mustache, in which pendants of white ice were glistening. He did not move away from the door, but stood undecided, as though he might be ashamed of something.

"You are—" my father began, and hesitated. "It seems that I ought to know you, but—who are you?"

Cumbrously flopping a red-mittened hand toward the west, the visitor said: "Don't you know? I live over there."

Then we all knew him. It was our nearest neighbor, a settler who lived on a homestead six miles away.

"Oh, I see! It's you, Davis," said my father. "Strange I didn't know you at first; and yet not so strange, either. It's hard to recognize a man when he's so puffed out and fat with his winter clothes. Do move up to the stove and make yourself at home."

With hesitating step the man went over to the fire. Awkwardly pushing his mittens into his pockets, he pulled off his cap, revealing a mat of tousled hair. Cautiously and humbly he sat down, and his every movement was apologetic, even the way his stiff fingers began to work the ice out of his beard and mustache. Now and again, as a frozen bead or two struck the stove, there was a sharp hiss, followed by a brief whiff of steam.

After a time the man looked uneasily about the room, and then, as his glance rested upon brother and me, he smiled pleasantly. We could feel that there was something very cold, something lonely and terrible about this man. We shrank as he looked at us.

"Afraid of me?" he said. "They are afraid of me!" Quietly he spoke, ever so quietly, but the room ached with the throb of his voice. "Afraid of me—yes, and it would be the same with my own children. They would be afraid. My wife would be afraid."

"What! They haven't come yet?—your family?" my father inquired.

"Not yet."

"When do you expect them?"

"I don't expect. . . . That is, they are not coming."

"Not? Why not? Have you heard from your wife?"

"She don't know, don't know at all where I am."

"But look here, Davis: how can you say that? I wrote to her for you, didn't I?"

"Yes, you wrote to her; that's so."

"Well, then, how can you say she doesn't know where you are?"

"Don't be mad at me, neighbor; don't be disgusted; for you see . . . That letter . . . you wrote it, yes, but I never sent it. I couldn't send it. I burnt it up, the same as I burnt up that . . . that . . . *you* know."

He lowers his head in speaking, as if ashamed to look at anybody, and since he does not like to mention by name what it was he burned up, I want to know very badly what kind of a thing it was.

My father and mother exchange glances, and then they look at the man as if they were sorry for him because he did not send the letter to his wife. My mother does more than look at him; she goes up to him and lays her hand upon his shoulder very gently, as if he had hurt himself, and as she speaks to him there is something earnest and kind in her voice, exactly as sometimes when she talks to brother and me, if we are sorry for being bad. "You better send for them, your wife and children," says mother.

Then the man raises his head. He turns up his swarthy, unkempt face, looks into mother's eyes, and slowly grips her hand, and I hear him stammering something, as though he were trying to say, "Awful good folks, you and your man—*awful* good folks!"

For a time he breathes fast, so fast that one might think he had been running a race; but by and by he clears his voice, coughs, and begins to speak without hurrying. Only he does not look at anybody; his hairy neck sags forward, and he seems to be staring at the checkered pattern of the oilcloth between the thick soles of his wet and heavy boots.

"No," he says, "it can't be done. No,





*Drawn by George Harding*

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HE STOOD UNDECIDED, AS THOUGH ASHAMED OF SOMETHING







I can't have them any more, my wife and family. Lew, the boy, would be six by now, and my little Emmy, she would be four. Her birthday was last Wednesday. No, no, no! you will not, you must not send for them. Write; not to my wife, but do rather what I asked you to do before: write to the sheriff or the judge. Tell everything. Write, write for God's sake! Write and I will sign the letter with my mark. I will send the letter. Never fear; I won't burn *that* up."

The man straightens in his chair, and his gleaming eyes, under damp, shaggy brows, peer steadily at the wall, seem to stare through the wall, and a struggle burns in them—such a struggle that I shiver as I look at him. Then I feel my mother's hand touching my head, smoothing my hair as if to give assurance that I need not be afraid. And I am not afraid any more. I even pretend to be asleep, for I do not want to be put to bed; I want to stay right where I am, and hear everything that is going on.

My brother is really asleep, with his cheek snuggled against my shoulder and the gray shawl tucked in about him. We are very comfortable, he and I, and the room is comfortable. The teakettle hums contentedly on the stove, the clock ticks on the mantel-shelf; but outside, out yonder in the lonely solitudes of night, the far-off cries of the prairie-wolves are still ashivering.

"Well, Davis," says my father, "suppose you tell us once more—suppose you tell us all about that thing."

"Yes," my mother adds, "tell about it, if you like."

Her voice was the quiet, comforting tone which never fails to make me want to speak right out when I have been doing naughty things. Now, as I peek at her through a crack under my eyelids, I see her rest her elbows on the table; with fingers dovetailed together she makes a shade with her hands over her eyes to protect them from the light of the lamp. Then she and father wait for the man to speak again, but much time goes by before he says anything more. Presently, though, his low voice is again merged with the listening hush of the room.

"Maybe you think I told you every-

thing before; maybe you think I told it all straight and square; but no, I didn't. I lied about one thing. He, that stranger, didn't shoot at me first." There is a long silence, and then in a whisper the man suddenly adds: "He fell; he fell down off his horse. I thought he would get up again right away, but no. . . . Well, and when I saw him there like that, I told him to get up; I told him I would catch his horse for him. I didn't want him there. He must not stay on my land. He must go away. . . . But he did not get up. . . . Then I got mad at him; I swore at him, for why should a man, a stranger like that, come there to trouble my life?

"You see, he tried to run me off from my claim, and I wouldn't stand that. Well, and so . . . But I got sorry for him. He wanted to smoke, wanted me to roll him a cigarette; only I didn't know how; but I gave him some tobacco to chew. 'You queer devil,' he says, 'you got me with that little pop-gun of yours.' His teeth showed in a grin.

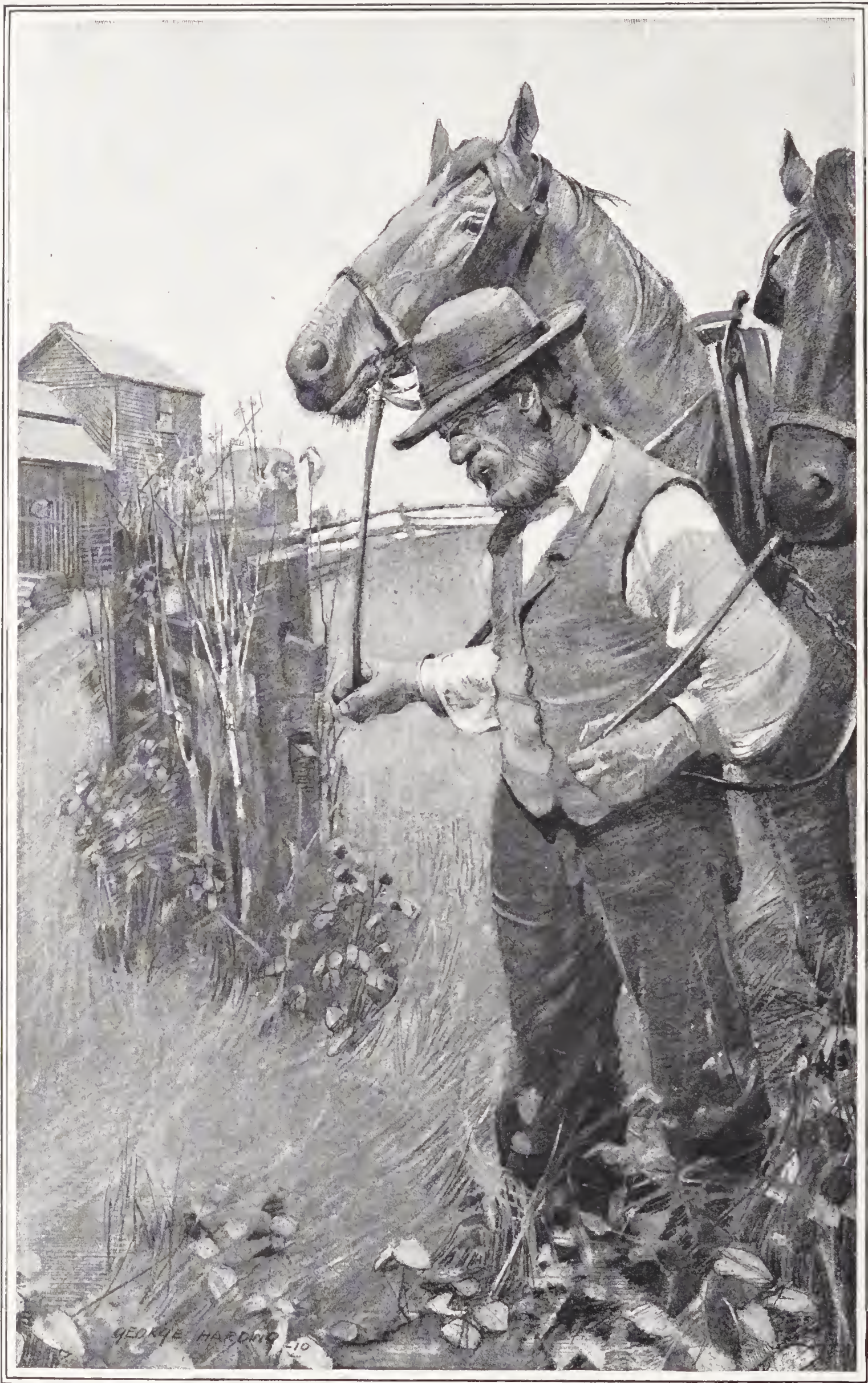
"And I says, 'Forgive me,' I says. 'I jest shot to scare you off. I never meant to . . . that is, I never done nothin' like this before. I'll catch your horse right away, and then you . . . Good God! to die, to die from a little revolver shot like that! Don't you do it, pardner. Get up. Get on your horse. Go away from here!'

"He groaned a little, his face got to jerkin', but he grinned again, and spit tobacco, and says he, 'What the hell?—are you goin' to cry?' Then I begun explainin' that I wasn't to blame toward him. It's wrong—I told him that—it's wrong to run people off their claims—'Honest people,' I says, 'who never done you any harm.' I even told him how I come to be there. This here is what I says to him: 'I had hard work to come. I was in the big rush. I hung on to a stirrup strap, I ran with the horse, a man let me do it; I run my shoes into rags. All right, then; I get here and I get this land. Well, and pretty soon you come along . . .'

"'Oh, shut up! Don't whine!' says he, and then he begun coaxin' for a cigarette again.

"'You're a regular rough-neck; you got a rotten bad character, *must have*,





*Drawn by George Harding*

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

I ARGUED IT OUT WITH MYSELF WHILE PLOUGHING THE FIELDS



to come here like this,' says I; 'but all the same, I'm sorry for you. Maybe you got a family—what?'

"He never did answer that. Blood gurgled in his throat. He was dying."

Again speechless quiet came upon the room, and in the man's face was a look of gray, patient sorrow and dumb entreaty.

"And you want me to write about this to the sheriff?" my father inquired.

"Yes, do it; write!"

"But why not go to the sheriff?—why not go to him and give yourself up?"

"That's just it—why don't I? I go to town to do it; yes, I go there and think I will, and then . . . and then I don't. I get myself convinced that it was right to do what I done. A man's homestead is his, and he must protect his rights. I argue it out like that with myself, and I come back to the claim. I work, I plough the fields. I plough right over the place where *he* lies buried. I make myself do that to prove that it was right to do what I done. Yes, but it don't do any good. I can't get him out of my head. I try to forget about him, and I can't forget. For, you see, I was greedy about his money. At first I wanted to keep it, did keep it for a spell. Then it made me sick. I threw away a handful of silver. . . . There was a twenty-dollar bill. Well, but why destroy that? Why not use it? It would buy enough barb-wire to finish fencin' my land. A long time I thought about that, but I never spent it. I tried to—oh yes, but I jest couldn't!

"Then, after I burnt it up, I almost forgot about him. Days went along, and I begun making plans for the folks to come. Then, some time or other, I would come upon a silver quarter or a dime when I was workin' a field. His money again! I could never get rid of it. I searched for it, went over the ground on hands and knees, clawed up the earth with my fingers, tried to find the money, every bit of the money, all of it—tried to find it and bury it. No good! That's impossible; it can't be done. Forgetting—that can't be done, neither. At night I walk and walk; miles and miles I walk to wear myself out, so I can go to sleep and sleep good. To-night I walked over

here, but I won't sleep; no, I won't; I *can't* sleep."

After another long period of aching silence the man yearningly added: "There have been times when I have slept; oh yes, in the summer and fall and spring, when there's plenty of work to do, I can eat good, and tire myself out, and sleep good, and get up fine hopes about havin' Her and the children come to me. But the days go by; summer passes and winter comes. Winter! It's different then. All is changed. No more hopes. No more sleep. Aching darkness, the bitter cold, the loud, loud lonesomeness of all my days and nights! Enough, I've had enough of this! I can't stand it any more. Write, write, my friend! Write the truth. Let the sheriff come for me. I am ready."

As his voice stops short, my mother rises impulsively from the table. Hastening to the mantel-shelf, she fetches the ink-bottle and a pad of note-paper, and soon the rapid scratch-scratch of her pen is mingled with the slow, deliberate ticking of the clock and with the crackling, knocking sounds of the house-beams contracting with the frost. The man looks at my mother. My father goes on with his mending of the broken harness. My mother finishes her letter.

"Now, then," says she, as she places an envelope in front of her, "tell me where your wife lives."

In helpless bewilderment the man looks at her; he hesitates, pauses a long time, but at last he falteringly speaks the name of a town in the State of Iowa. Then he stretches himself, he wearily yawns, he slowly and wearily smiles. With arms sprawled awkwardly upon his legs, and his heavy red hands drooping slack between his knees, he sways forward, his head going lower and lower and nodding a little. His eyelids droop; he can scarcely keep them open to watch mother's pen write the address upon the envelope; and presently, when she rises and goes to the cupboard for a stamp, he does not look at her any more. His eyes are shut.

"I shall post the letter myself," says my mother, but this time our neighbor hears not one syllable of what she is saying. He is sound, sound asleep.



# A Painter of Childhood and Girlhood

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

TO assert that a painter has identified himself with the theme of Childhood, Girlhood, and Young Womanhood is to raise in many minds a suspicion of his quality as an artist. For there is no easier way to snatch the bubble of reputation, and no other subject on which so much flimsy art and saccharine or meretricious sentiment have been expended. Particularly is this true at the present time, when the Child is very properly coming into its own, and the extravagant claims of the young Miss to excessive recognition affect our literature and drama as well as the art of illustration and picture-making. Reputations which, however questionable, are rewarded with quite unquestionable emoluments, are built up by taking advantage of the popularity of the Child and Girl subject. These themes, intrinsically lovely, have been too often degraded in consequence of the bad taste of the painter and, it must be admitted, of the public also. For, while the former prostitutes his art, the encouragement to do so comes from the public, too ready to cloud the choiceness of the theme with commonness. In the case of the Child, to substitute for innocence the insipidity of a doll or for naïveté the pertness of precocity; in the case of Girlhood, to extol what is flippant, vain, and self-conscious, and to put a premium on vacuous sentimentality or the grosser trickeries of allurements. It is to aid and abet this crime against childhood and girlhood that too many illustrators and painters sell themselves. As a set-off against these, one may note the English artist, Thomas C. Gotch.

His work, so far as I am aware, has never been exhibited in this country, and is scarcely known to Americans. But in Great Britain he has been deservedly popular for some seventeen years; in fact, ever since he began to devote himself to figure subjects and portraits of children and girlhood. For it was not

at once that he discovered his sympathies in this direction. The preliminaries of his career are soon told. He was engaged in business for four years before he decided to study art. Then he entered Heatherly's School in London, and thence proceeded to the School of the Fine Arts in Antwerp. After six months he returned to London and worked with Samuel Lawrence, who painted the portrait of Thackeray. Next he joined the Slade School in London, from which he graduated to Paris, where he studied with Jean Paul Laurens for three years, which, however, were interrupted by occasional visits to Newlyn, where eventually Gotch took up his abode.

This village in Cornwall had become the home and artistic hunting-ground of a group of young painters who grew to be known as the Newlyn men. Most of them had studied in Paris, and all were influenced by the fermentation of ideas that had prevailed in France since the mid-century. While they absorbed the technical training of the Ecole des Beaux Arts, it was to Barbizon that they looked for motive, particularly to Millet. They were also inspired by the realistic movement which, commencing with Courbet, was being continued with more human sympathy and consequently with greater popularity by Bastien-Lepage. The Newlyn men, in those early years of the eighties, were distinguished as realists, and shared with the Glasgow men, who were then beginning to attract attention, the distinction of representing the most modern and progressive element in British painting. Their pictures formed one of the chief interests of the exhibitions of the New English Art Club.

Accordingly, Gotch first obtained notice as a close observer of the actualities of life among the country folk of Cornwall, apt also at interpreting its humor and pathos. Two examples of this early period were *The Story of the Money Pig*





GOLDEN YOUTH



and *'Twixt Life and Death*. The former showed a group of three girls, seated on a sandy shore in the sunshine, one of them telling the story while her companions listen with contrasted expressions of dubious and absorbed attention. The other picture, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1890, represents a village street leading down to the harbor. In the distance something is being brought to shore, the women are huddled in a group, while one turns to look toward the front, where a wife is bowed in grief. One of her little ones is trying to distract her grief, another watches with a child's inability to understand. The best feature of the picture is the truth of the local environment, the least satisfactory that which should be the most impressive, for the woman's figure betrays neither stolid anguish nor abandonment of grief. But the picture disclosed two things which have a bearing on the change that was very soon to characterize the artist's motive. It showed him to be dissatisfied with representing merely the objectivity of facts, the need he felt to embody some kind of an idea, and, like the preceding example mentioned, it illustrates the interest that he had in the subject of childhood.

The change in his choice of motive was manifested two years later, when he was represented in the Royal Academy of 1892 by *My Crown and Sceptre*. It was followed after an interval of two years by *The Child Enthroned*, in which was fully realized the motive that he has since been developing under various aspects. For the latter picture, he tells me, he regards as the nucleus of all his subsequent work, the core of the purpose that has continued to regulate his art.

The change was the result of a visit that he paid to Italy in 1891-1892, where he was particularly influenced by the work of Benozzo Gozzoli and the other Primitives of the fifteenth century. They in their way had been realists, eager to interpret the movement and play of life; but, from the circumstances of their experiences, with a freshness of observation and naïveté of feeling the very reverse of the sophistication of modern realism. Moreover, and this was the most important element of their art in its influence upon Gotch, their realism was

the embodiment of an idea. They had been compelled by the demands of the Church to put this realistic motive to the service of religion. As artists they might have rested content with realism for its own sake, but conditions made it necessary for them to employ it as the bone and flesh and clothing of a religious idea. And it was the idea that gave life and purpose to the realism. This is a point too frequently overlooked: that the yeast of Italian art, both in the Early and High Renaissance, the element which raised it to its technical distinction, was the force of an idea. At first it was the religious idea, in the later and greater period this same idea acting as a momentum from outside, but reinforced in the artist's own imagination by a new idea of abstract beauty, derived from the New Learning, which to the artist had the authority and encouragement of a religion. In fact, unless due weight is given to the influence of these two ideas—the community's need to have its religious ideals expressed in painting, and the need of the artist to express at the same time his own ideal of the worship of beauty—the genius of the Renaissance cannot be interpreted. Once let it be grasped, however, and one begins to understand not only the secret of Italy's supremacy in painting, but also why modern realism and idealism are so comparatively prosaic. They lack the yeast; the momentum from without, the impulse from within; some prevailing great idea shared in common by the artist and his public.

It was the need of an idea which might fructify his own realism that Gotch felt, and the suggestion of one came to him during his visit to Italy. He grew conscious of the fact that to the modern imagination the charm of the Primitive painting consists mainly in its expression of youth. It was the spring-time of art; when the brush was plied by men who had the heart of a child and a child's frank happy outlook on the world of sight, and the sympathy of a child with the loveableness of what is fresh and fragrant and simple. They had entered into their kingdom by becoming even as little children; and their Paradise blossomed with girl Madonnas, young saints, and angel children. Gotch's early work had already



revealed his interest in the subject of childhood, and this theme began to occupy his imagination with a new significance. He began to discover in it the possibilities of embodying an idea. The first expression of it appears in *My Crown and Sceptre*, now owned in Sydney by the National Gallery of New South Wales. The little girl, as she sits facing us, is represented so frankly and naturally that one feels sure that it is a portrait, and concludes it is a good one, and, by the way, may compare it with *Olga—a Portrait*. Whether or not the picture was begun with that end solely in view, something else has crept into it. To the firm upright figure the artist has added a touch of formality in the rigid lines of the chair, and in the hangings at the back an air of ceremony, and having crowned the child's head with a wreath of flowers, sets a cornstalk in her hand like a sceptre. It is a pretty fancy, and may have originated as nothing more; it is scarcely to be accepted as of any deeper significance, unless the repetition of the fleur-de-lys, one of the flowers of the Virgin, may suggest a slender vein of symbolism. It is, in fact, chiefly in the light of the pictures which followed it that one may discover the suggestion of an idea. The latter, however, shines forth clearly in *The Child Enthroned*.

It is not fancy that has regulated the formality and ceremony of this picture; an idea is symbolized. While naturalness is still apparent in the figure, and the details of the fabrics have been rendered with the loving exactitude of an old Flemish painting, their motive is sym-



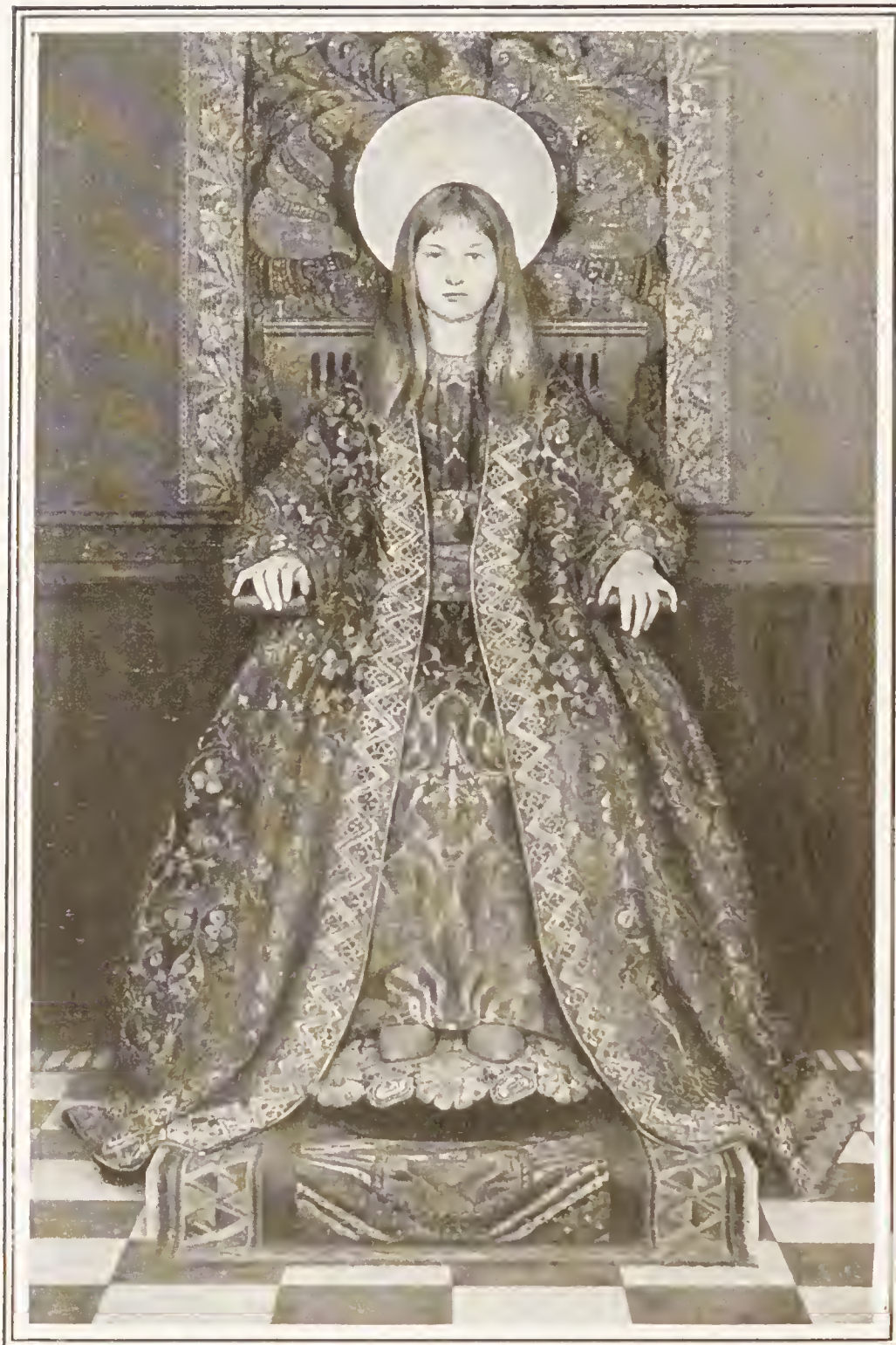
THE HEIR TO ALL THE AGES

By permission of the Artist

bolically decorative and the personality of the child has been merged in an abstraction. It is *The Child*, conceived as an Idea.

As thus conceived and rendered, is not the idea a new note in the motive of painting? Or rather a new interpretation of an old idea, imbedded in the thought of the world; appearing in Egypt as Horus the Child, the Rising Sun; with the Greeks as the Child Dionusos, symbol of the procreative force in na-





THE CHILD ENTHRONED

By permission of Mrs. Coutts Michie

ture; and with Christianity as the Babe Jesus, King of kings and Saviour of mankind. But in all these conceptions the child is of the male sex and is deified; whereas to the imagination of this artist the regality of the child is displayed in this world, and the sex which his idea involves is the woman's. In both respects he is abreast with modern scientific thought. As an organism, considered functionally with a view to nature's scheme of reproduction, the female is now recognized to be superior to the male; while in the spiritualizing of the world woman has already proved her supremacy. The truth of this is being discovered to-day in a fuller sense than in any previous

age. Men are growing to realize more clearly than before the possibilities of betterment in allowing woman freer scope for her capacities, and the woman herself is becoming more alive not only to the privileges but also to the responsibilities of her sex. The minds of both sexes that are trying to be in the van of the world's thought are fixing their hope of human amelioration more and more upon their belief in womanhood; that she has it in her to be the perpetual Rising Sun, the Redeemer, and the Saviour.

Again, in its attitude toward childhood, Gotch's motive is abreast of the most modern thought. It goes beyond the idea that the child has a claim upon the state for education; it recognizes the previous duty of the state to ensure as far as possible that the child shall be so born and nurtured as to derive from education the utmost benefit. Through an improved breed of mortals it is discovering a new religion in the regeneration of the race. In a new sense, therefore, and a higher one, it believes in the sanctity of childhood and, as a necessary corollary, in the sanctity of motherhood. It looks forward to the future when the sentiment that clings to both shall have been developed to its reasonable conclusion. When, in fact, the personal sentiment shall be no less, but higher and deeper, because it has been extended to include allegiance to the race as a whole; to embrace the idea of the sanctity of all childhood and all motherhood. It conceives



of a reign of reason when the sanctity of childhood shall not be prenataally desecrated by inherited disease, or after birth by the foulness, or at least unfitness, of its environment; when motherhood shall no longer be enslaved to the appetite of man, or left to the untender mercies of chance and as often of mischance. There will be no such hideous anomaly as disfigures our civilization to-day, in which, to quote a single example, multiplied a myriad times, childhood and motherhood are thwarted and debased because, forsooth, the woman has become a widow. As her reward for her contribution to the race she is doomed to be a scrub-woman, and in the pitiful labor of getting bread for the children's mouths loses heart and strength and hope for nurturing either their bodies or minds. A pretty civilization truly!

It is not the part of an artist to be didactic, but it is his privilege to be an inspiration; and such is the part that is played by Gotch. He does not hold up to condemnation the wrongs we do to childhood and to motherhood, but works for amelioration in the proper spirit of his art, namely, by setting forth the

beauty of the idea which alone can right the wrongs. It is to go farther than the lesson of the bees with their queenship of motherhood, and to think of childhood also as royal and holy; the progeny of queenship and future parents of queens and kings, sanctified to the regeneration of the race. With this idea in his mind he painted *The Child Enthroned*. Borrowing the beautiful imagery of medieval piety, he represents childhood as a child Madonna, seated upon a throne, a dossal hanging behind as in an altar-piece and the symbol of holiness about her head. No other symbol of prerogative, but symbolism that proclaims it informing the whole picture. Very remarkable indeed is the convincing assertion of this child, without a vestige of self-assertion or self-consciousness. Entirely eliminated, it seems to me, is any suggestion of individual personality; it is a type, represented with the complete abstraction of an old Byzantine painting, yet a modern type in whose quiet face are mirrored our own holiest thoughts of childhood. For the child, though Madonna, is of this earth; veritable flesh and blood, wholesome as the air in spring when the



THE DAWN OF MOTHERHOOD

By permission of the Artist



wide cloudless sky is ruffled by no breeze, yet seems to breathe the sprightliness of new life. For this child, though momentarily exalted where our imagination places it, will slip down from the throne, glide out of its brocaded furnishings, and relax its limbs and mind in a heedless romp. It is no prig-product of a fond parent's infatuation, despoiled of its own naturalness and monkeyfied into what is neither young nor grown up. It is a child with childhood's special charm of simplicity and unconsciousness, no more aware of the miracle that it holds and the reverence that it attracts than a crystal is aware of the sunlight it enshrines and the reflections observable on its facets. In fact, as purely translu-

cent as a crystal is the symbolism of this picture.

It became, as I have said, the nucleus of this artist's motive. Compare, for instance, the variation of the idea involved in *The Child and the World*. In this picture, as in all of them, the idea is interpreted by methods well within the traditions of primitive painting and not without a reminiscence of Oriental examples; and again, notwithstanding the poignancy of the suggestion, even its horror is translated into the terms of beauty. For the cruelty and hideousness of the beast have the fascination of allurements; voluptuous lines and masses and a splendor of iridescent color. It is characteristic of Gotch that, having begun by be-



HOLY MOTHERHOOD

By permission of the Artist





#### THE AWAKENING

By permission of the Wiles Art Gallery, Bristol, England

ing a realist, he supports his symbolism on a sturdy superstructure of recognizable facts. In this picture a little child and a great beast—they have their independent qualities of realism and could stand alone, each as the subject of a separate picture. It is out of the suggestiveness of their juxtaposition that the symbolism is evoked. The contrast of the two figures is primarily artistic; the beast forming a superb background to the tender simplicity of the child; and out of this contrast immediately arises the suggestion of a spiritual significance. The creature's bloated, age-swollen belly; the hard glitter of the scales; the horned excrescences, the cruel spread of claws, the dangerous beauty of the wings, the grovelling neck and hideous languor of the head, and the dull alertness of the eye—everything is eloquent of the sensualist that cynically bides its opportunity, till the prey, hypnotized by the glamour, shall be sucked into its maw. What a contrast of spiritual horror it

presents to the pathetic defencelessness of the child! Her little body protected but by a slip of clothing, her feet bare upon the sands of time; her face looking out upon the world, unsuspecting, yet with an expression of foreboding wistfulness and, if you mark it well, of certain passionate possibilities, destined for glorious uplifting or pitiful undoing. A contrast, in truth, of terrible odds!

Another aspect of the Child idea is revealed in *The Heir to All the Ages*. Here in front of a gray and ivory damask curtain stands a child, almost life size, in an old-gold and rose brocade dress and bronze stockings and shoes, her hair a rippling mass of coppery burnish. She holds a reliquary, the repository of the bones and relics of the past. It has been put into her hands, which also seem to have been arranged around it, for they do not consciously grasp their burden. Nor in the child's face is there any comprehension of its meaning or value, only a certain awed submission, as if



she had been summoned from her play to assume this rôle.

The child at play is represented in two canvases—*Golden Youth* and *The Pageant of Childhood*. Both are decorative compositions, the motive of which may have been suggested by the revival

in the other it regulates the tramp of feet to the sounds of trumpets, drums, cymbals, and singing. Once more the breath of both pictures is symbolism. The idea which is volatile wherever children join in sport, is here concentrated in a set display of sportiveness that has

the suggestive typicalness of an allegory. It is of a very different kind from the child-revels of Donatello and Luca della Robbia's singing, playing, and dancing children. Those are impregnated with the pagan dream of a golden age and their note is insouciance, while a touch of seriousness shadows Gotch's vision. One discerns it again in the *Alleluia* of the Tate Gallery, where two rows of children in dresses of damask and brocade stand in front of a gilded architectural wainscot, singing the old Latin hymn of praise to God. In this modern "Cherub's Choir" the artist must have had in mind the frequent examples of this motive in primitive painting; but he has translated it into the symbolism of his own idea of childhood, which is not merely a love of childhood



MY CROWN AND SCEPTRE

By permission of the Trustees of the National Art Gallery of New South Wales

in England of a taste for pageants. At any rate they are characterized by a ceremonial arrangement. They do not represent a realistic scene of children playing, but embody in a scheme of rhythmic formality the idea of light-heartedness that is veiled beneath the child's engrossment in the importance of its games of make-believe. In one the effervescence of the young life bubbles up in dance;

as a stationary aspect of life, but as a step in the evolution of the individual and the race. In his imagination childhood marches on, already catching something of the coming light.

So, next in the progression comes *The Awakening*. The child has grown to girlhood; seated on her bed, like Mary in the scenes of "the Annunciation." But here the vision that meets the girl is





A PAGEANT OF CHILDHOOD

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of three angel forms; two younger ones in shimmering robes, respectively of rose and silver and pale blue and gold, who introduce an older one, whose form is draped in silvery primrose. The girl, leaning one hand on the pale blue and gold coverlet of her bed, extends the other toward the central angel who absorbs her gaze. But the face at which she peers with a look of recognition has closed eyes. The angel has awakened in her the sudden realization of beauties and possibilities not hitherto within her ken, yet even now veiled from her knowledge. But the girl's own eyes have been unsealed to the vision of what will be, and it is a vision of the beauty of life and living. The vision in the *Dawn of Womanhood* is different. Here the girl is enthroned in sumptuous robes, like a princess of Fairyland. A winged child is her companion and she sits with her back to a sealed door, which, as an inscription implies, leads to adolescence. The sunniness of her thoughts is suddenly diverted by the vision of a figure, not winged, in whose gesture and expression

she may read the message of responsibility and preparation for pain; in a word, of the higher purposes of life. In neither of these pictures should the symbolism be interpreted as confined solely to the idea of dawning and awakening womanhood; still less to that of womanhood as leading necessarily to motherhood. It embraces, as all these pictures do, the general idea of physical, mental, moral, and spiritual evolution of the child into the adolescent. If any proof of this is needed, I think it may be found in the picture *Holy Motherhood*.

Here Madonna is again enthroned, this time as Mother, with her babe on her lap. Grouped about the throne are two young girls singing, and two women playing upon instruments. The latter are older than the young mother, women of matured natures, with the settled content of those who have realized their vocation. It is not that of motherhood, but of art; of those who, in some specific art or in the general art of living, make the music of life and help on the regeneration of the race by the inspiration of the ideal.

## Somnambulists

BY WANDA PETRUNKEVITCH

LIFE is a dream dreamed out in solitude,  
 An isolation changeless and profound.  
 An alien void wherein we sink, spellbound,  
 Like starbeams, brothers born, a radiant brood,  
 That plumb the darkness, rood on lonely rood,  
 Of lake and stream and ocean, without sound,  
 Yet meet not though they touch the unfathomed ground,  
 Nor loose the mystery of their strangerhood;

So each soul, solitary, probes the deep  
 Of consciousness, beneath the shining hope,  
 Beneath the middle doubt, the nether fear,  
 One murmuring: Brother, brother, break my sleep  
 Forth from our parent star, who toward thee grope,  
 And one: Had I a brother, he would hear!



# The Gamblers

BY CALVIN JOHNSTON

OUR house was tumble-down; not from old age, but jus' hard luck. Anyway, I was afraid to play circus in it, and stayed out in the garden among the weeds with Yow, the yellow cat. He was the tiger, but he made such a fuss over bein' tamed that somebody came to the gate in the garden wall and rattled it.

"Look what you're doin' or it 'll fall down," I said, for the gate was in hard luck too.

"Who's in there?" the person outside wanted to know, and I heard him scratchin' the boards to find a peep-hole; but there wasn't any.

"Gamblers," I told him, solemn as I could, thinkin' he'd scare away at this, as everybody else had done.

"That's me," he said, and after a lot of fierce clawin', which made Yow set up his back, he climbed to the top of the gate. He was a boy with a very wrinkled forehead, and hair that stuck into his eyes, and he had on a tall man's vest.

"I knowed you was in here all alone," he said.

"The reason is, that I don't invite people into my garden," I answered.

"They wouldn't come if you did: nobody will play with either of us, so we'll have to play together. Get ready."

I was ready, so he jumped down into the garden and lit on his knees. "Did they go through your vest?" I asked. But they hadn't, and after I'd showed him how Yow wouldn't be tamed without makin' a fuss and tryin' to pull out his tail, we built an Injun hut with dead branches.

He was the Buzzer, who lived away down the alley, and could crawl hummin' through the weeds just like a bee. At last it came evenin', and sayin' that tomorrow we'd gamble, the Buzzer crawled over the fence again.

He hadn't been gone but a little while before I noticed that the wind was

whistlin' through the saggin' hole in the summer-house roof and slammin' the loose shutters; then I began to shiver and went through the hall toward the front. I stepped very soft, but the floor creaked so that I knew somethin' heavy was comin' up behind, and, without stoppin' to look back, ran the rest of the way to the gate.

Our house was pretty near the edge of town, but while I was leanin' over the gate two or three grown-up folks passed, who nodded and looked at me in a queer kind of way. Then a little girl came along, and I said, as soon as she saw me:

"I know your name; it's Ma'y Jane; I heard your mother call you. How-de-do, Ma'y Jane?" But instead of answerin', she hugged close the bundle in her arms and went across the street. And there I was alone in the front yard, and Yow alone in the back, with somethin' big and heavy between us in the hall. I thought I could do without Yow, for a while anyhow, and stayed where I was till father came up. He was smilin' so that I cried out, "No hard luck to-day!"

"Hush-sh!" he answered; "don't say that." And then carryin' me into the house, "Why, you know there couldn't be real hard luck, so long as I have my little man to come back to."

He pressed his cheek against mine, and then set me on the floor to light our lamp. He'd brought a fine beefsteak for supper, which he cooked, and then, after findin' the dish and washin' it, we put on the steak and sat down to a regular party with old Yow. This was a lot better than havin' the servants, who used to be there, botherin' around; they wouldn't have stood for a yellow cat at a regular party.

Father was jokin' and laughin' all the time, givin' me the biggest piece, and rubbin' his hands to see me eat. But two or three times I caught him lookin'



at me under his eyelids in an anxious way, until I spoke right out:

"It hasn't been a bit lonesome around here to-day; Yow and I have been fine company." I didn't tell him about the Buzzer, because everybody wouldn't like that vest.

This made him easy again, and after we'd washed the plates and the dish, so as to be ready for another party, we sat down in the middle room, takin' the lamp along. We didn't go into the drawin'-rooms any more, for they were shut up; the air seemed rotted in there and everything was drowned in dust.

Father took me on his knees and, rockin' back and forth, told a story; he told it rather fast, and once when he thought I was asleep looked at his watch, and I didn't open my eyes while he carried me to my room up-stairs and put me to bed in the dark. I heard him sigh, then snap the lid of his watch, though he couldn't see it in the dark. He kissed me softly and crept down-stairs; I waited till the front door closed, and then lookin' out of the window, saw him almost run down the street. But Yow had followed up-stairs, as he always did, and we two couldn't get lonesome while listenin' for the heavy thing to creak in the hall.

The next mornin' father and I had just finished breakfast when there came a tappin' on the door, and with a little start he set down his cup of coffee.

"Whist!" I said; "it's Millie come to surprise me."

But he was more surprised than I was, and, without finishin' his breakfast, went out into the hall with me to get his hat. Millie and he met in the entry, and though father gave a little laugh and explained that he was very late gettin' down-town this mornin', he did not look her in the face, or offer to shake hands till she held out her own.

Millie was not much bigger than a girl, with soft brown hair and eyes, and I loved her truly, for she looked after me when mother died and I was only a baby. Since then we'd been fast friends, and once for a little while she had been my Sunday-school teacher; that was before the boys pointed their fingers at me and called me "Tumbledown," after the house. Then I began to like Yow's company better than anybody's, and stayed at home.

Millie came to surprise me often, and sometimes brought her lunch and spent the whole day. On this mornin', instead of smilin' down cheerfully as she put her arm around me, she stood lookin' so sorrowful that I hid my face against her dress. She understood and said quickly:

"Why, Jo, little man, I didn't mean to look solemn; but sometimes—sometimes—" I could feel her holdin' back a sob, and was afraid that she was lookin' around at the shabby things.

"Sometimes, you see," she finished, "it makes me cast down to see a lot of work piled up for me; I do wish I wasn't so lazy. Take off that jacket this minute and let me mend it."

Well, this was all right. I hustled out of my jacket and we went into the middle room, where she sat down with her needle and thread. "What a hole!" she declared in surprise, puttin' her hand through it. "Not every boy could make a hole as big as that. If I could only get you a new jacket!"

"Father and I ain't afraid of the ragged edge," I answered; "and do you know, Millie, he hasn't walked up and down, sayin' 'Hard luck,' for three nights."

I thought the tears came into her eyes, but she said: "Jo, if you don't stop raisin' that dust, I'll pull your ears. Only wait till I mend this wonderful hole."

I sat on the floor before her, thinkin' how pretty she was; and then of my father, tall and straight and young, with his thin, pale face and gray hair. I did wish they would walk up and down the street together like other gentlemen and ladies; but they never did. Then a great thought came into my head. "Millie," I said, "you mustn't be lazy this mornin'; that job's done, now come along with Jo and take another."

"He will simply work me to death," she complained, as I led her into the hall and turned the rusty key in the drawin'-room door.

"What are you doin'?" she asked, as if a little frightened.

"Come in." I went over to the piano and lifted the lid. "Now play, play, Millie!"

She, too, looked at me in a queer way, then went quietly to the piano, where the dust had drifted, and laid her fingers on



the keys. I sat on the floor against the wall, for the servants had taken away most of the furniture in a wagon, and listened. As Millie played she sang in a low tone, and not all the birds in all the woods could make such music. The room was like a dungeon, close and still; and the song sounded as far away as muffled drums. And Millie, back in the dusk with a sunbeam through her hair, somehow seemed very far away from me, too.

All in a moment the song hushed, and everything was still as sleep. Millie sat without movin', starin' at the floor beside her; I crept over to look, and said:

"Why, it's only an old playin'-card," and would have picked it up, but she caught my hand and drew me to her.

"Little man," she said after a minute, "I can't spend the day with you this time, so you and Yow will have to eat all the lunch."

I begged, but she had promised to go somewhere else that afternoon, and after kneelin' by me a minute and sayin', "This pure little soul would be safe anywhere," she kissed me and went away, while the yellow cat and I looked after her down the street.

While we were still watchin' at the gate, two men went by, and one of 'em said, half laughin': "It's lucky Jack can't sell the house, or that would go too. He'll gamble his soul away now, I guess, and then nothin' he does will count against him." This was a good deal, but I remembered it, for Jack was my father.

After a time Yow and I ate part of the lunch, and then we ate what was left. Somehow I didn't like to think of the Buzzer after havin' Millie by me, but when I had sat in the weeds quite a while and heard him bumblin' outside the gate, I told him he might come in, just to gamble.

He brought a pack of dirty cards. "These are the jinooine gambler article," he explained. His wrinkle was deeper than ever, and his hair stuck into his eyes like bristles. "You see I haven't anything up my sleeves," he went on, as he dealt the cards over the ground and began showin' me how to play. I answered, "No," because he didn't have any sleeves.

"Now, we got to have stakes," he said, and he made me bring an old top

and a piece of brass and my marble. He wanted me to put up the other marble, but I wouldn't, because Yow must have somethin' to play with.

Buzzer looked into my hand and told me how to play; then he shouted, "I declare, Kid, you win my penny," and began shufflin' over again as fast as he could. I was surprised to find how interestin' it was; I was so excited that my face burned, and my hands shook till I could hardly pick up the cards. That game I put up everything I had, even Yow's marble, and Buzzer said with a solemn face after readin' the cards I held:

"You lose." That was all, but my heart almost stopped, for now I hadn't anything more to bet.

"'S that all you got?" asked Buzzer, more rough than he'd ever spoken before. "I didn't know this was a pauper house."

I was ashamed, and then thought of what the man had said when passin' me at the gate. If it was all right for father, it was all right for me.

"I'll gamble you my soul," I told him.

"Soul; huh!" said the Buzzer.

I was dreadfully afraid he wouldn't play for it. "And then, Buzzer, if you win, it won't make any difference what I do; I can be as bad as anything."

He looked at me a while, thinkin' it over; then agreed, and the next game was the most excitin' of all.

"You lose," said Buzzer.

I was so weakened I could hardly get to my feet, but when I did, he grinned in an ugly way and pulled down his vest.

"What are you goin' to do with it?" I asked, in a shaky voice.

"Lock it up; bury it in a hole," he said, hard as a rock. And then, as if surprised: "But ain't you goin' to be a sport and try to win it back? It don't make any difference what you do now."

"I haven't anything to bet for it."

Buzzer took a stick and pried the staple out of the rotten gate. "Go over to that old woman's yard and get somethin'," he said, in a whisper. "You can run back and I'll open the gate to let you in."

Of course now I didn't have anything to lose by doin' it, so I crept into the old woman's wood-shed and got a hatchet. Buzzer won again. "I'm playin' in great luck," he said, as he looked into my hand.



Then I went back and got the old woman's axe and put it up; but I couldn't break Buzzer's winnin' streak.

"Beats all," he said; "but you'll change your luck by stayin' with the game." He hid the things under his vest, and sayin': "Remember, I've got your soul the same as if it was in jail. I'll be back to-morrow just to give you one more show for it. Remember!" He bumbled this last in a way that made my blood grow cold.

Then he went through the broken gate, which was now open for him to come and go as he pleased. But it was open for me to get what I needed, too, and after while I crept back and got the old woman's saw; and next the saw-buck, which I had to drag. There wasn't anything else I could carry, so I left the shed, and comin' back the third time in the dusk, went out to the front gate.

Father came home pretty solemn, and though he kissed me hard two or three times, it seemed as if he just couldn't talk as we ate the toast for supper. But I knew how he felt, and he didn't say much, either, before he put me to bed and snapped his watch in the dark; it cert'nly was hard luck that we'd gambled away our souls, and it didn't matter now what we went into.

This night I heard him stop in the hall below, instead of hurryin' out and down the street; and wonderin' what he'd think and do alone in this fix, I tiptoed into the hall to look over the banisters. He stood with the light in his hand lookin' at the drawin'-room door, which Millie and I had left open a bit that mornin'; then he slowly pushed it back and went into the room.

I stole down-stairs and peered in after him. He was lookin' at the tracks in the dust, and then at the marks on the piano keys, where Millie had touched her fingers to the music. He glanced down and saw the spot where she'd knelt beside me, and gradually he sunk on one knee for just a moment with the light held above his head, so that he and all the room seemed covered with ashes.

Of course when I went back up-stairs again, without any noise, I thought it best to do as he had done, with old Yow purrin' in my ears.

Next mornin' for the first time in my

life father had gone away before I came down to breakfast; it seemed almost as if he hadn't been there at all. I ate a piece of toast left over from supper and wound up the clock, which had been run down a long time; it seemed to tick very slow, for I was waitin' to have my chance back at Buzzer. At last I went out into the garden and got the buck and saw together so as to be all ready for the game; and a minute later I got a real surprise. Millie came through the house without knockin', as if knowin' that father wasn't there.

"Oh, little man," she cried, "I'm goin' to spend the day this time, and I've brought such a lunch—why, what are you doin' with those things?"

"I'm goin' to gamble 'em," I said.

She pressed both hands to her breast, droppin' the box as she did so. "What are you sayin'!" she whispered, with a white, scared face.

"Yes," I went on, "I'm goin' to gamble; I took 'em from the old woman's yard."

"Joey, my own little man, it is stealin'."

"It don't make any difference what I do," I told her, and it was very serious, "'cause I haven't any soul any more. It's gambled away."

She made me explain, and then talked to me softly, sayin' that I still had my soul and couldn't do wrong things; but I knew better, Buzzer had it. And of course I couldn't be ashamed of bein' in the same fix as father. I told her so, while her brown eyes sprinkled tear-drops over my face like rain.

I was so sorry that I began to wish Buzzer would come, so I could win; I knew I could win just once. Then I heard him bumble, the old gate creaked, and he came into the garden.

Seein' Millie, he skulked back a few steps, but his eyes were fierce under the deep wrinkle. Millie went up carefully and stood between him and the gate.

"Little boy," she said, "give Joey back his soul; please give it back."

Buzzer's eyes grew brighter as he looked in her face and stood thinkin'; but he shook his head "No."

"You are bad, wicked; give it back, I say!"

Buzzer showed his teeth as if mad, and



answered slowly, with his head down but his cat's eyes still watchin' her face:

"It's got to be won back."

"You know he can't win it; you cheat him."

"I don't cheat; it's got to be won back."

I was more sorry than ever for Millie, who wrung her hands. "What can I do to save him from this?" I heard her say.

"I'll tell you," said Buzzer—"I'll tell you what to do; *you* play for his soul if you want it back."

Millie looked at him as if frightened by a rat or a snake crawlin' close to strike at her. Her head bowed, her lips moved a little, but I could not hear that she said anything this time. Then she straightened, and her eyes snapped fire.

"I'll play you," she said, in a strange voice, but very hard and steady.

Buzzer took out his dirty cards. "It costs you a dollar to come in," he told her. Quietly Millie took a dollar from her purse, and goin' into the old ruined summer-house, they sat down on the ground.

"The first game you are only teachin' me," she said.

"Every game counts," Buzzer bumbled, like a bee.

"I say that you teach me the first game." She leaned forward with such a look that even he couldn't stand it, and so he showed her the first game of casino. And in the second she watched him like a hawk deal card after card.

"Roll back your sleeves," said Buzzer. "I ain't takin' no chances."

She did this without droppin' her eyes for an instant; then cautious and silent she played the game. The last card was on the ground.

"I win," she said. Buzzer began to hum fiercely.

"I win," she told him again, and Buzzer, turnin' away his cat's eyes, said, "You win." His lucky streak was broken, and I had my soul again, for Millie gave it to me with kisses and both arms around my neck.

Then for the first time we noticed father standin' in the door of the summer-house, and Millie, with the cards before her on the ground, blushed as if ashamed. But in another moment she went over to tell him all about our gamblin'.

"I wish you would kiss him as you did me," I told her.

"Yah-h!" said Buzzer, spittin' on the ground.

"I'll tear your vest," I yelled, and rushed at him.

For a second he stood as if paralyzed, and then with a kind of howl he dodged through the door and made for the gate, with me throwin' things behind him. I took quite a time to fasten the garden gate so he could never come through again, and when I went back to the summer-house father and Millie were standin' there as if they had said everything there was to say.

"Thank you for winnin' back my soul," I told her, and father, huggin' me in his arms as if I'd just come out from a great danger, said solemnly:

"I believe she's won mine back, too, little man."

Nowadays the grown-ups laugh and talk as they go by my gate, and Ma'y Jane comes over to play with me. For, a good while after all this, Millie came to live with us as my mother, and she likes to watch Yow, who wears a pink ribbon, play with me in the garden, where there are no weeds any more.





# A Poet in War-Time

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF E. C. STEDMAN, 1861-62

EDITED BY LAURA STEDMAN

IT is difficult for those of this generation to realize the conditions following the firing on Fort Sumter in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, April 12 and 13, 1861, when the spirit and the purposes of war succeeded the dull routine of peace; every city, town, and hamlet in the land was converted into a recruiting station, and the churches were transformed into soldiers' aid associations. The tidal wave of feeling that swept over the country carried all before it, and it was not strange that Stedman, with his patriotic New England inheritance, his ardent temperament, and his youthful love of adventure, should have been among the very first to hasten "to the front," as the centre of disturbance, Washington and its vicinity, was designated.

From the hour which inspired his John Brown ballad Stedman had been deeply interested on the Northern side. "How few," he would later say, "of the new men understand all that was in our hearts in those historic days." His poem, "The Twelfth of April," afterward entitled "Sumter," written on the morning of Saturday, the 13th of April, 1861, was published that same day in the evening *World* and on the Wednesday following in its morning edition. It was the first poem printed after the outbreak of hostilities. April 14, 1861, Stedman travelled all night to reach Washington, where his paper had stationed a telegraph reporter: Stedman "claimed the right" to become its letter correspondent. He was the first man, occupying such an office, to reach the capital, and was there through "the dark days" after the Baltimore riot while all communication was severed between Washington and the North. This change to active scenes and duties was welcomed also in the hope that his health, breaking down from confinement and

work, would now mend. At once his letters are filled with a throbbing interest.

On April 30, 1861, Stedman was suddenly recalled to New York, where for nearly a month he filled the duties as editor-in-chief of the evening *World* for Mr. Marble, whose eyes were badly injured by overwork. Apparently Stedman then considered entering army service, for he writes: "Colonel Cummings returned from Washington. Says he has secured my commission as Colonel in the regular U.S.A. Riot at St. Louis. . . . Packing to go South to War." Instead, he remained as editor in New York.

On May 24, 1861, the city of Alexandria, Virginia, across the Potomac River just below Washington, was occupied by United States troops. As Colonel Ellsworth, with his Zouave regiment, was passing the Marshall House in Alexandria he saw a secession flag flying above it. Mounting to the roof, he tore down the obnoxious emblem, and was descending the stairs with it wrapped around his body, when he was shot by the proprietor of the hotel, who was in his turn immediately killed by one of the Zouaves. By sunrise the following morning Stedman was on his way to the scene of the tragedy, where the flag was divided among a group of reporters. A bit of the relic, stained with the blood of Ellsworth, was always treasured by Stedman. The death of Colonel Ellsworth was considered an event of such importance, at this early stage of the war, that he was buried from the White House with President Lincoln as chief mourner.

The prologue to the war was ending. Shortly Stedman was to witness sights which thrilled him the rest of his life. Writing, after long years, his memories of Hancock at Williamsburg, he said:



"Recollections of my service with the Army of the Potomac, as a reporter, often seem like those of a play, a stirring romance, or a memorable dream. Was there, indeed, so fierce an Olympiad of blood and iron? Had I any share in its exciting turmoil? But at times I am again a young and light-hearted newspaper man, doubtless sufficiently light of head withal; a war correspondent in the Virginia campaign, longing to chronicle victories, too often forced to make the best of needless defeats; always eager to beat my friendly and able rivals of the newspaper corps. Yes; I realize often that my experiences in the field, under McDowell, McClellan and their successors, with the ceaseless fatigue and liberty and zest of action, made up something more than one of life's episodes. They lifted life out of the commonplace. They still are what I would not have missed, and what could never occur to me again. Their successive pictures formed an indestructible gallery in the brain, and still add to the worth of those memories, which, after all, constitute one's selfhood."

The first message over the army telegraph was sent by Stedman on June 20, 1861. In a letter to the *World*, written the day before, June 19th, he records this experience at Falls Church:

We learned from the lieutenant that the enemy's pickets were only two miles off, but that the night would probably be a quiet one; and so we walked up the hill to the woods and our hospitable Connecticut friends. Hospitable, for they gave us a portion of their quarters, and last night we slept under bush huts, without blankets or camp fires. Our proximity to the enemy forbade the building of the latter, though the night was chill, and the boys swore it was a shame to be "freezing to death like cowards in the dark." Before morning I was too cold to sleep, and, passing the sentries, walked along the road that skirted the woods. Never were two thousand men more thoroughly concealed. The bush huts were invisible in those dark shades, and all was oppressively silent. I thought of Roderick Dhu and his heather-hidden Highlanders, and of the change which a single picket alarm would bring over that noiseless encampment. But not even a chance shot broke the stillness of the night. At last morn, in the white wake of the morning star, "came furrowing all the orient

into gold." Returning to the cavalry quarters, we mounted our horses, and, glad to act as volunteer aids to Lieutenant Tompkins, rode with him at the head of his men toward the Potomac Highland, and a finer sunrise view than the Catskills know of. In front, the branches of the beautiful Potomac; miles to the right and left, the undulating oak forests of Arlington; close at hand the square intrenchments and black cannon of Fort Corcoran; while, far beyond hills and fortress and the broad silvery river, the white dome of the Capitol sparkled like a grain of salt.

Stedman, whose imagination, valor, and patriotism were thoroughly inflamed, had begged to be present at a battle; that hour was approaching. From Manassas Junction, on July 17th, he wrote to his wife:

I succeeded in getting a horse at Alexandria yesterday, my other one failing me, and galloped up just in time to join the advance—with what result my letters last night and to-night to the *World* will show. I have just time to drop you a line to say that I am very well, though tired, not having slept since yesterday and eating little but corn-cake. To-night I mean to get some sleep on the stoop of a farmhouse—though I'm afraid my Secession blankets, captured to-day, will give me the itch or measles.

We had a perfectly magnificent time to-day. I never enjoyed a day so much in my life. Was in the van throughout, at the head of the army, and it was exciting and dramatic beyond measure.

The following day, July 18, 1861, his diary reads: "My first battle. Witnessed the Blackburn's Ford affair. Under fire from beginning to end. Helped to right the first gun. Came out safe. My telegraphic dispatch beat the other papers."

Two days later, while the army encamped, and reconnoitred for a new attack, Stedman wrote to his wife the following:

The army moves forward again to-night—part of it, at least, and I am going to accompany it. As I sent my letter to the *World* this morning, and have a spare half-hour, while my horse is feeding, I think I will write you a word. I have written you several times this week, and sent a line Thursday night, after the battle, to say that I was in it throughout, but came out safe. Hill, House's assistant, got there after the fight commenced, had one ball whiz by his ear, got frightened, galloped 22 miles



to Washington and there reported 500 killed, and that the "press" had fled the field. No one left but him. Mr. Raymond [editor of the *New York Times*] was with me in the hottest cannonade, and was as cool as a cucumber. My letters to the *World* tell the whole story, if they have got safely through. I sent one dispatch to Washington, to be forwarded from there by telegraph, the night of the battle. This was a column and a half long, and was so correct that I have not since been obliged to alter a word. I am in great suspense to know whether it got through. Yesterday, the 19th, I sent a letter giving more details. To-day I have written a long letter about the nature of the enemy's defenses. There is great difficulty in getting anything to Washington, and you cannot imagine how worried I am about my dispatches. When you see Marble, I wish you would tell him so, and that I am sure my telegraphic dispatch was a "big thing," if it ever reached him.

It will be some time, I fear, before I shall have another such splendid opportunity of witnessing a battle. The ground was peculiarly favorable for my observation. My horse was very restive, throwing me twice—by the way, constant saddle-practice has made me a pretty fair horseman—when the heavy cannonading was going on. You never heard such frightful echoes as rang through all the hills and forest. I saw a shell pass through the back and body of one poor fellow as he was cowardly retreating up our hill. He fell forward and on it, when it exploded and blew him literally to pieces.

We move forward, as I said, to-night, but I don't think there will be much fighting, as we only go a little way, probably with a view to a permanently strong position. General McDowell, I learn privately, is really afraid to put our raw troops against the enemy's batteries. He fears they will run. But I go in for a grand attack from all quarters at once. If my dispatch got through, show it to George Arnold. I wish he was out here with me.

My health continues *excellent*. The weather is fine and not too hot. The outdoor life agrees with me exactly, and I sleep just as well on the ground as anywhere. Last night, for the first time, I had a bed to sleep in—in an old Virginian mansion—and came near getting into it with my clothes on, from force of habit. In fact this first week of marching has given me much buoyancy of feeling. If I did not have to worry about writing to the *World*, I should be perfectly happy.

The actual loss in the late engagement, no matter what the "official" reports say, is about 25 killed, 30 wounded and 30 missing.

The trees prevented the carnage from being greater.

From the diary, Sunday, July 21, 1861:

*Battle of Bull Run.* Got up at 1 A.M. Rode in advance till battle opened at 6 A.M. Stayed in it all day and witnessed with great shame and indignation the rout at the close. Saved colors of Massachusetts Fifth. Had officer shot on my horse as I tried to bring him off the field. Got to Washington at 2 A.M. Monday.

In 1906, Mr. Stedman was glad to write the following account of this momentous experience:

It gives me pleasure to pay a tribute to the energy and courage of the (then) young Uriah H. Painter, who was my companion in the retirement from the Bull Run battle-field on the afternoon of Sunday, July 21st, and on the homeward ride to Washington, which we reached together somewhat before sunrise in the morning of July 22nd. Painter was made of iron; having in some way lost his own horse he succeeded in capturing one of the enemy's horses, that had escaped into our line with a halter around his neck and a bullet hole through his hip. On this horse he rode with me (who had saved my own animal, and who had been in the saddle almost incessantly from midnight before the battle) to Washington. I recall as a curious incident, which struck me as being rather dramatic and a good deal like a criminal counting the flies while death sentence is being pronounced, that Quartermaster-General Meigs met us as we were approaching the Potomac Heights. He was a solitary horseman going out for news from the field. We told him of the defeat, and his only reply was to ask Painter where he got the horse; on being informed, he said, rather sternly, "Turn him into the Government corral as soon as you get to Washington." I advised Painter to do nothing of the kind, since if the rebels knew enough to follow up our retreat there would soon be no Government corral in Washington; and so we proceeded on our way to town.

We were both anxious to forward our respective, and true, reports—mine to the *New York World*, and Painter's to the *Philadelphia Inquirer*—as soon as possible; and we learned on arriving in Washington, first, that the North believed we had won a victory at Bull Run, and second, that the first train to Philadelphia would leave—if I remember rightly—about nine o'clock, A.M. I am quite sure that Painter took that train, but, as it was then a day's journey to Philadelphia under the existing conditions, I don't



see how he could have reached there much before evening. Doubtless he at once telegraphed a brief summary of the disastrous news to the *Inquirer*, and, for all I know, to J. Cook. I believe that he was the telegraphic reporter for the *Inquirer* as well as its only army letter-writer. I know that his letter describing the defeat, which appeared in the *Inquirer* of Tuesday morning, although of course full of many errors, made quite a sensation, though it had been preceded by a telegraphic statement on Monday. My own letter, several times longer than Painter's and far more inclusive, did not appear in the *World* until Wednesday morning; even then it was the first logical, comprehensive, and definite story of the battle that had been given to the public, and its reception secured my position as a journalist, and made amends to my newspaper for its tardiness. Meantime, my telegraphic army correspondent, Mr. Adams, had kept the *World* readers properly informed by wire.

Though not pertinent to your question, I will add that while Painter on Monday morning was rugged enough to keep at work and go to Washington, I ventured to retire for an hour's sleep at the National Hotel, leaving strict orders that I should be called for seven o'clock breakfast and in time to take the train. They neglected to call me, and when I awoke it was somewhat dark and raining, and my watch showed me it was half past six; I dressed hastily, and went down, as I supposed, to breakfast, and found that dinner was on! The truth was that, owing to absolute exhaustion. I had slept for twelve hours without dream or sense of time. Of course I was horribly chagrined, but could only take the night train to New York. My rest, however, had set me up splendidly, and enabled me to write all night on the journey, and as much more at the *World* office on Tuesday, so that my account of the battle covered a whole page, and thoroughly satisfied my superiors.

"I forget," says R. H. Stoddard, "whether Stedman's letters excelled those of other correspondents for accuracy, but they certainly excelled them in spirit.

"He was at the first battle of Bull Run, where the North was routed, as we all remember. Other correspondents sent letters to their papers about it, but none came from him.

"Where is he?" his friends asked; but nobody knew.

"Two, or perhaps three, days passed before he returned to New York. The next day there appeared in the *World*

a long and graphic letter about the lost battle which he had witnessed—a letter which was the town's talk for days. Altogether it was the best single letter written during the whole war."

In the letter which Mr. Painter sent to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, July 22, 1861, he says:

The enemy appeared in sight, firing their guns, the balls raining upon us thick. Emerging from the valley we saw the reporter of the *World*, with the standard of the Massachusetts Fifth, waving it over him and pleading for the men to rally around him, but it was in vain; they heeded him not. An officer asked the privilege of riding behind him. It was granted, and before they had gone a hundred yards a shot from the thicket struck the officer in the head and he reeled off. Mr. Stedman wrapped up the standard and galloped about a mile ahead, and afterwards succeeded in rallying a large force.

In the edge of the woods we noticed Mr. Villard of the New York *Herald*, trying to pacify the men, telling them it was only a panic.

Stedman's friends considered that he had acquitted himself heroically and sent him gratifying messages. "Sted," wrote C. B. Conant, "we're all proud of you. Ludlow *just cried* when he read of your brave thing with the flag."

Richard Grant White wrote:

I congratulate you upon your admirable description of our hapless attack upon Manassas. It is much, very much, the best letter that has yet come from the war. But this comparative praise is far below its merits. Its clearness, its scope, its systematic arrangements, and its unpretending picturesqueness are positive qualities in which it is excelled by few letters of the kind known to me—in fact, I will only except one or two of Russell's from the Crimea. It is rarely that a description of a battle enables one to see it; but yours does; it is still more rarely that to this essential quality there is added that literary merit which makes description of complicated events easy reading; but you have attained this combination.

And what, too, shall I say to the man who restored a regiment their colors! What can the Massachusetts Fifth do that is enough for you! Most heartily I congratulate you again. You have glory enough for one day.

A wide demand for the account sprang up. Rudd & Carleton seized their op-



portunity and issued on August 1, 1861, Stedman's spirited letter in a pamphlet, of which thousands were sold at ten cents a copy. In the single number\* which Mr. Stedman finally retained there appears this note made August 1, 1904:

The early correspondents, of whom I was one, knew nothing of military life, tactics, modern warfare. As this was the first *extended* letter of the war, and one that undertook to describe the largest battle this country yet had known, it is naturally full of the rumors and misstatements of the 21st and 22nd of July. We pioneers were *creating* the profession of the War Correspondent in America, and this, in spite of the sensation which it produced, was prentice work. But for synthetic quality, topographical comprehension, and as a bit of effective English narrative, it is not so bad for a greenhorn of twenty-seven?

On September 26, 1861, Stedman commenced the following letter to his mother,† in Italy, which he concluded on October 16th:

Yours of June 28th reached me on the battle-field of Bull Run, whither it was brought by my cousin, as I told you in my line accompanying the description of the battle. I took it, left the action for a moment, sat down behind a huge oak tree to be safe from shot and shell, and read your arguments against the fight then raging. Then I went back and fought a little more earnestly than before.

You see, dear Mama, that 'tis now three weeks since the above was written, and I've half a mind not to let it go—since what good can it do and why distress you needlessly. Consider it as the cry of a seared soul, whose old wound reopens in weaker moments, and is now again healthily closed.

I was called away—to take a ten days' experience of camp life—before I could finish the letter and now resume it, having returned in better health than before. And now it is impossible for me to tell you of this busy summer just closed. If you received the *World*—and I should have esteemed it a cheap luxury for you—you would have read every day a faithful record of your son's doings and wanderings. My letters have been regular and very full. In fact, I have gone into the conspectus and de-

\* "In this age of book-collecting," says Mr. Stedman, "as high as fourteen dollars has been paid for a copy."

† The mother of Stedman, and his stepfather, the Honorable William Burnet Kinney, had resided in Italy since 1850.

tail of the campaign more thoroughly than any writer in the country, and have succeeded in keeping an author's name before the public (on whom we depend for our support) even in war-times. Have visited every department of the army; studied all military matters with some pleasant enthusiasm; am acquainted with every leading officer, etc., and, I think, welcomed and respected everywhere. So much on the bright side. The change has certainly been good for my good name and health. Of course all suffer pecuniarily, except the thousands making large fortunes in supplies for our immense army. See what one pays for being a gentleman! Even these regimental sutlers make from \$1,000 to \$5,000 per month.

But as cold weather comes on I begin to long for home life and dread camp exposures. This feeling, however, always passes off, when the town is twenty-four hours behind and one is actually campaigning. This waiting for the advance is deteriorating. Fortunately I shall not have to wait another month. Our army, totally reorganized in the short space of three months, is now just *six* times stronger—infantry, artillery and cavalry—than before McDowell's campaign. We have the same ground as then, and, taken all together, that absurd affair was the best thing which could have happened to us. We are now ready to strike grand blows and the crisis is close at hand. Half a million of men are fronting each other. That the opponents have not yet come in collision is not from cowardice, but wisdom. They were not armies, but masses of men, and have necessarily kept themselves quiet, intrenching opposite each other, and *learning the soldier's trade*. They have learned it. foreigners here now confess, sooner than did ever any other people in history.

Meantime pardon me for saying that I have attentively studied your and Mary's echoes of the family oracle's views on the war question, and think you do not have the slightest appreciation of the real points at issue. You need not take my notions for anything more than they are worth, but I am going, contrary to my usual habit, to give you some reasons for what you call my "enthusiasm." Premise that I am angry with myself for doing so, since, 1st, What is the use? Why trouble one's self with writing and arguing when no bread-and-butter are to be gained thereby? Why should I care what you think about it? and, 2nd, Is it possible in a few lines to make the issue clear to your mind? I think not; yet will make a few statements, without proving them, from which your own judgment may reason out the whole.



I have enlisted all my humble energies in this cause, then, for two reasons: 1st, One of selfishness—the necessity for personal shaking-up and *rejuvenating*—the old, *healthy* love of *action* rising in me, as described in the first part of the “Flood Tide”—the credit and reputation to be derived, and the subsistence earned, by my present occupation—the love of adventure, etc., etc., etc.—2d, One of principle. I am really surprised to find myself sometimes forgetting self, and feeling human love and heart-throbs and patriotism. I think the war right and noble. For the first time, the haekneyed stars-and-stripes have to me a significance. With the half-million noble and more simple-hearted men who are fighting for their country, I think that “the individual lessens and the cause is more and more.” For eight years I have cared *nothing* for politics—have been disgusted with American life and doings. Now, for the first time, I am proud of my country and my grand, heroic brethren. The greatness of the crisis, the Homeric grandeur of the contest, surrounds and elevates us all. See what it is:

I. *A complete revolution and renovation of all the customs and constitution of Americans North and South.* A. One million of the late emasculate Americans are put under magnificent hygienic training. Strong men and noble will henceforth inherit the land. B. The base passions attendant upon scheming and money-grubbing are laid aside for simple, chivalric, national love and hate, and henceforth the sentimental and poetic will fuse with the intellectual to dignify and elevate our race. The pride, pomp and *circumstance* of glorious war, and the big contests, do make ambition, virtue, and all *here, on the spot*, see that even bloodshed doeth its own good work. Men that we once despised as small politicians, loafers, traders and what-not, are having all the good and heroic in them developed—are brightly transformed amid these altered scenes and nobler motives. C. Thousands of men of real talent, *born soldiers*, for whom in this country there has been no use hitherto, and who have consequently been “black-sheep,” gamblers, vagabonds and loafers, are now finding their legitimate calling—shooting back into their natural spheres. Suppose there was no such thing as literature—what would fellows like myself do but be vagabonds and proletarians? Just so with your late filibusters.

II. *The War is a duty on the part of the North.* It is not waged by abolitionists, is not the result of abolitionism. We are not sure but that slavery is a very good thing in the Cotton states. In other latitudes I

see for myself that it is good enough for the negroes, but ruinous to the whites. There is a theory, that the Virginia and Kentucky gentry own slaves; this is false: I have seen for myself that the *niggers own the gentry*. Now I wish to make you and Mary understand that, although we see that this war will probably settle the slavery question, and possibly forever limit slavery to the Cotton states, *yet we are not fighting the negro's cause*. Slavery has been the cause of the war in no sense other than that it has added another distinctness to the line betwixt North and South which climate and race had already drawn. The real cause of the war is a bitter and criminal hatred, entertained by the South against the North, and based on other than slave interests. For fifty years the *character* of Southerners has become daily more domineering, insolent, irrational, haughty, scornful of justice. They have so long cracked their whips over negroes that they now assume a certain inherent right to crack them over *white men*; assume the positive rights of a superior race; and have taken advantage of the North's desire for quiet and peace to impose upon us without stint. For years the tone of their actions and speeches, in Congress and society, has expressed this sentiment and determination. Even Southern students at College, when I was at Yale, adopted the same tactics. One hundred of them—poor scholars, but blustering with rum and bowie-knives—lorded it over four hundred studious New-Englanders, simply because the latter *were* studious and desired to attain the objects aimed at in a collegiate course. At length the thing became degrading, and we arose one day and kicked them all out. For fifty years the same plan has been practised on a larger scale in our national affairs. The South, assisted by Northern merchants whom it has governed, has been true enough to the Union, so long as every election gave *it* the power, and as foreign missions, army and navy commissions, presidencies, etc., were held in its own hands. But the census of 1850 shewed that the enterprising and industrious North was getting the balance of power. Then the South began to rebel and would have seceded had not the Clay compromise taken away *its sole pretext*. Now the census of 1860, and the Lincoln election, have revived *both the desire and the pretext*, and it *has* seceded. To give you an illustration of my meaning: The South and the North have been like a large and small boy at school—the former thrashing the latter without mercy for years and the latter constitutionally submitting to the joke; now the North has grown big enough to lick the South and has done it for the first time—



whereupon the irrational South gets angry and secedes. Slavery furnishes a plausible pretext. That's all. If the slaves should now rebel, as they probably will, and commit atrocities, we should probably *unite with the South* to save our white brothers and sisters—but should then insist on the cause of such horrors being forever removed, *for the sake of the white man*.

III. *Right, power, and noble sentiments being on our side, it is our duty to carry on the war.* The South took active part in last Fall's election, thereby pledging itself to acquiesce in the result, and now *breaks* its pledge. The South has attacked the North; the South commenced the war; the South proceeded from domineering in Congress to actual hostilities, and I say that the North ignored the necessity of fighting for a period that became almost degrading. You would perhaps like to have Northerners turn themselves into spittoons at once. Why, I was so indignant at the *too* long-suffering of the North, that I seriously thought of disowning my country and going to Canada or England to live. Tell your husband that if the Union is to be shattered at the will of a minority, we might as well give up the idea of nationality at once, disown patriotism and let all go to pieces. That nation is noblest which is most sensitive about its own integrity, and will shed the most blood for a *principle*, and noble nations make noble individual men.

For such reasons I think the war of 1861 a benefit to both North and South, a duty on the part of the North, and, please God, it shall be pushed to the true end. For one I have no objection to let the South go, and hope they will; but the dignity of right must first be sustained, and the injury to the republic avenged, and *they must ask to go in the proper way*. They might easily have effected a peaceful separation, by petition and vote, years ago. But that course would not have elevated Davis and the other ambitious men, now deluding their brave but senseless followers. And if we should now make peace, without proving our determination, power and heroism, we should forever hereafter be the world's laughing-stock and the white slaves of our Southern neighbors.

You have lived so long away, and remained, as it were, stationary in knowledge of our affairs, that the whole character of America has whirled ten years by you and become transformed into necessities and emotions that you fail to comprehend.

Now don't say anything more against the war without first reading over this letter and seeing if I have not answered it.

Of his activities during the following weeks we may judge from these entries in his diary:

*October 19th, 1861.*—Went to Baltimore to visit Ft. McHenry, Major General Dix and Lieutenant Barstow.

*20th.*—At Ft. McHenry. Inspected works on Federal and Munsey Hills.

*21st.*—Wrote *World*. Returned to Washington. Banks and Stone cross Potomac to-day and General Baker killed.

*24th.*—Started for scene Battle of Ball's Bluff, rode 45 miles.

*25th.*—Rode 40 miles investigating Ball's Bluff disaster. Have got bilious remittent fever.

*26th.*—To Washington 45 miles. Am sick with fever.

*27th.*—To-day wrote 6 columns. Only accurate and synthetic account late battle. Wrote with napkin on my head. Now go to bed and be sick.

*30th.*—Fever left me to-day.

*31st.*—Made acquaintance lately of *Poets and Authors*—W. D. Howells—Consul to Venice—catholic taste and intellect. . . . O'Connor—author of Harrington. Eldredge—publisher.

The entry of October 31st is of peculiar interest, marking as it does the beginning of a lifelong friendship between Stedman and W. D. Howells. The preceding May, Stedman had received this letter:

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR SIR:

I'm very glad to have heard from you, and count it a very fortunate letter I wrote, since it at least brings us acquainted on paper. I've made a point of reading you whenever I found you in print; and Mr. [P. W.] Huntington has frequently spoken of you to me. But I did not know you were "on" the *World*, and merely ventured to send my letter to that journal, because I conceived that some kind notices the *World* had given me, conferred the right to bore it with a bad manuscript, if it went no further than that.—Another letter accompanies this note, which you may use at discretion. And if it is desirable I can inform you from time to time of our affairs here.—That is, if I stay here, which is not certain. That treadmill concern, the wheel of fortune, has not lifted me to the noble height of being above "wretched meat and drink," and I feel it my duty to make my living somewhere else, if I can't here.

I have journalized for four or five years, and know something of political and other writing; and it occurs to me that perhaps



the *World* is not so full, but that I could sell occasional articles to it, or even make some regular engagement.

You see, the fact is I want to live in New York, and would go there, if I thought I could get anything to do.

Pardon me for troubling you with this; you could not have foreseen that your friendly note would have led to business, and I hope that I am decently ashamed. I told Mr. Huntington what you wished.

Very sincerely yours,

W. D. HOWELLS.

P. W. Huntington, for many years a banker in Columbus, to whom Mr. Howells refers, though younger than Stedman, had been his friend since boyhood, their early homes being only "eighty rods apart." Mr. J. J. Piatt, in writing to me of this early meeting, says:

Huntington came to see me, introducing himself, and told me that Howells and I, with himself, had met Stedman in Columbus at the time he came [1857], accompanying the body of Dr. Kane, the Arctic explorer. Mr. Howells and I have been in correspondence as to this meeting. Mr. Howells thinks it is a mistake, but if he happened to meet Stedman then, casually, introduced possibly as a newspaper reporter or correspondent, not yet recognized as a poet, he might easily have forgotten. Howells was my guest, at Washington, in September, 1861. He came home from the city one evening (we lived a mile west of the White House, in Georgetown—now Washington, N. W.), and told me he had happened to meet Stedman, whom we then knew from his first volume of verse, his "Diamond Wedding." "How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry," etc., and how pleased he had been. He added that Stedman expressed a wish to meet me also, and said, "I hope you'll go and call on him: he is at the Ebbitt House." The very next morning, accordingly, I called, finding E. C. S. in bed, in dressing gown and fez, sitting up and smoking. Immediately, he handed me a brief letter of introduction, which Howells had written and given him. Before I left, Stedman's old friend Ike Bromley called and I was introduced to him. Howells and I thus made our first acquaintance with Stedman within twenty-four hours of one another.

In his *Literary Friends and Acquaintance* Mr. Howells says:

I had already met, in my first sojourn at the capital, a young journalist who had given hostages to poetry, and whom I was very

glad to see and proud to know. Mr. Stedman and I were talking over that meeting the other day, and I can be surer than I might have been without his memory, that I found him at a friend's house, where he was nursing himself for some slight sickness, and that I sat by his bed while our souls launched together into the joyful realms of hope and praise. In him I found the quality of Boston, the honor and passion of literature, and not a mere pose of the literary life; and the world knows without my telling how true he has been to his ideal of it. His earthly mission then was to write letters from Washington for the *New York World*, which started in life as a good young evening paper, with a decided religious tone, so that the *Saturday Press* could call it the *Night-blooming Serious*. I think Mr. Stedman wrote for its editorial page at times, and his relation to it as a Washington correspondent had an authority which is wanting to the function in these days of perfected telegraphing. . . .

His fame was still before him when we met, and I could bring to him an admiration for work which had not yet made itself known to so many but any admirer was welcome. We talked of what we had done, and each said how much he liked certain things of the other's; I even seized my advantage of his helplessness to read him a poem of mine which I had in my pocket; he advised me where to place it. . . .

Recently, Mr. Howells said to me: "Stedman was very cordial and simple. I stood very much in awe of him, as I should of Lowell or of Longfellow. He was already a man of reputation as a poet and a scholar, which was uncommon among the literary men of my generation. He was about the only college man, as they called him then—he would be called a university man now—among us. Neither Aldrich, Stoddard, nor Taylor, nor any of our contemporaries were educated men; we were self-educated. He was a scholar, a Yale man, and he had the training of a university. . . . He got some material taken for the *World* from me. I think I wrote one or two editorials, and he got me five dollars a column for them, which was a big price. We talked a good deal about the literary situation in New York, and Stedman must have given me letters to the Stoddards and other people in New York. . . . Stedman was one of a group of literary men in Washington, but in reputation and lit-



erary standing he was far beyond any of them. There was John Hay, and John Nicolay, William D. O'Connor, who was one of the Baconian theorists as against Shakespeare, and also a great admirer of Walt Whitman. Stedman and myself exchanged views about various people and we agreed substantially about Whitman: that Whitman's work was like a fine morning, the materials for poetry, but not poetry, and that his wilful disregard of form was a mistake."

Stedman did give Howells a letter of introduction to Stoddard, and this is the separate note which he sent to the older poet:

Howells will call on you, *en route* for the Rialto and St. Marks. Have made his acquaintance and find him almost the only young man, except yourself, thoroughly conscientious and catholic in literature. He is wonderfully mature for his years—much older than . . . who is some years his senior, and more like Aldrich. I loved him in an hour and so will you. . . .

Government has stopped the *World* to-night and talks of interfering with me, because I got angry about Ball's Bluff and told the truth.

These days of meeting friends who were to remain his staunch allies were happy ones for Stedman. Writing to John Hay, toward the close of that full life, he recalls him as "that rosy-cheeked Antinous, whom I first met a-walking with Bob Lincoln in 1861 and, like Panurge when he met Pantagruel, have 'loved ever since.'"

The battle-field, also, was productive in friendships, and those days dark with peril were lightened by the untiring, impulsive enthusiasm of youth. "Do you remember," says E. H. House to Stedman, in 1881, "our writing by the light of a candle stuck in a broken bottle half full of powder? Do you remember getting cross and letting fly furiously at me across the same table about something I never did understand?"

In an address before the Press Club, late in his life, Stedman said:

"Just before the Spanish war actually began, I met Henry Villard on the curb in Broad Street. He was limping with something like rheumatism, but his eye flashed as he said: 'Look here, E. C., you and I must get into shape and put

on the harness again as war correspondents.' Now, the first time I met Henry Villard was on the field of Bull Run, near the Stone Bridge, about the hour of the morning when the sun gets over the farmyard. In fact, he fell down from a tree, which he had climbed for a better outlook, and landed—a long, thin, sprawling man in blue—between Ward, the *Harper* artist, House of the *Tribune*, and myself. He was rather shaken up and we all exchanged drinks, the sun being where it was and no water in sight except under fire. House had no horse and thirty dollars a week from the *Tribune*, and I had twenty-five dollars a week and one horse from the *World*. I told Mr. Villard, in Broad Street, that he was too lame and rich for service; but that he had better secure me for the *Post* at two hundred and fifty dollars a week and expenses and I would show the new men how to do it—and make it a paying investment—as an offset to the sentinels of the brevier page."

Arthur Lumley, one of the Civil War artists for *Frank Leslie's*, tells me that Mr. Stedman was vibrant with the excitement and adventure of his experiences, utterly absorbed in the national conflict until his *World* letter was finished, then he effervesced with boyish fun and ardor. He would meet his war mates at various camps, where they would play cards, tell stories, have horse races and genuine frolics. Stedman is remembered as witty and extremely entertaining. A favorite *rendezvous* was at the quarters of Colonel D'Utassy, of the Garibaldi Guards, whose good Hungarian wine flowed freely, and whose career ended with his being sent to Sing Sing prison, which called forth his remark to his keeper, "This is no place for a man who speaks five different languages." "We speak only one language here," replied the guard, "and we want d—— little of that."

Other fellow correspondents whom Stedman met were Charles Henry Webb, Thomas Nast, George Alfred Townsend, A. H. Byington, Junius Henri Browne, and Whitelaw Reid, although it was not until 1862 that the "absolutely unbroken friendship" commenced, which existed ever after between Stedman and Reid.



November, 1861, found Stedman removing his wife and children from the Phalanx in New Jersey to quarters in Washington, where the days of work and national anxiety were generously flavored by "evening parties," theatres, and visits from friends continually arriving at the capital. He also had the pleasure of arranging with the *World* for special letters from his brother Charles, then living in Aspinwall in the service of the Panama Railway Company; and, as usual, Stedman was watchful of opportunities for his friends. "It was so kind and brotherly of you," writes Mrs. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, "to think of Fitz's taking House's place, and still more thoughtful to write him about it. There's something about you, Stedman, that one doesn't find in every man—something that I like and respect amazingly." "Wilson writes me," says Mrs. Stoddard, "how kind and good you are to him. Do you think that I shall not thank you for that?"

Just at this hour came a gratifying occurrence, which Stedman relates to his wife:

Some good angel watches over us. If ever a man needed \$50, it is I, at this perplexing moment. Well, yesterday P.M., Colonel R. told me that General James, of rifled-cannon notoriety, wanted to see me at his office. Going there, I found that he (James) had been greatly pleased at some little sentence in my Ball's Bluff letter in which his cannon was mentioned as having done some service, and wished to put \$50 at my disposal. You may be sure I was never more surprised in my life—since I had just said "Oh for \$50!" but was not aware that we had the least claim to the gratitude of anybody. Well: I took his agent's name and shall next week draw for the amount, and it will materially aid us in moving. Isn't

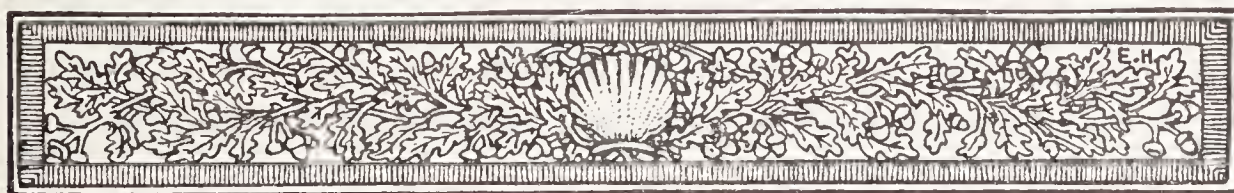
it odd? Of course he expects me to keep a lookout for his guns hereafter, and I believe I can do so with a clear conscience.

*December 3rd, 1861.*—In answer to letter from Attorney-General Bates I called last night at his house. He offered me clerkship (\$1,400). Seeing the probable demise of the *World*, hoping to double my income by correspondence, and to *get time to resume literature*, I accepted it, and am now an exile in this dreary turmoil of Washington for the next three years.

*6th.*—Congress in session this week. The Emancipation question will be decided *for the right*, this session. The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small.

With the close of the year 1861 Stedman ended his regular connection with the *World*. It was characteristic of him to write informing its editors the exact reason for his withdrawal and assuring them that "the *World* and every one of its editors and publishers are as dear to me as ever—I love the old struggling sheet and all my associates. But when I found that my family *could not* live on twenty dollars per week and that I could not get twenty-five dollars, I had to seek employment elsewhere. But not until with real regret I had given full notice that such must be the case. This is not said from any vain estimate of my own services. Indeed, they seem to me just now hardly worth salary and expenses."

At the New-Year, 1862, he took his oath and entered on duties in the office of the Attorney-General. The following day a despatch came from Manton Marble begging Stedman to continue his letters to the *World*, which he did in moments snatched after his duties with Judge Bates had been performed.





# The Lovers of Marchaid

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

DOMINIC came riding down, sworded, straight, and splendid,  
Drave his hilt against her door, flung a golden chain,  
Said, "I'll teach your lips a song sweet as his that's ended,  
Ere the white rose call the bee, the almond flower again."

But he only saw her head bent within the gloom  
Over heaps of bridal thread bright as apple-bloom,  
Silver silk like rain that spread across the driving loom.

Dreaming Fanch, the cobbler's son, took his tools and laces,  
Wrought her shoes of scarlet dye, shoes as pale as snow.  
"They shall lead her wild-rose feet all the fairy paces  
Danced along the road of love, the road such feet should go."

But he only saw her eyes turning from his gift  
Out toward the silver skies where the last sails lift,  
Where the wild gyrfalcon flies, where the old wrecks drift.

Bran has built his homestead high where the hills may shield  
her,  
Where the young bird waits the Spring, where the dawns are  
fair,  
Said, "I'll name my trees for her, since I may not yield her  
Stars of morning for her feet, of evening for her hair."

But he did not see them ride, seven dim sail and more,  
All along the harbor side, white from shore to shore,  
Nor heard the voices of the tide crying at her door.

Jean-Marie has touched his pipe down beside the river,  
When the young fox bends the fern, when the folds are still,  
Said, "I send her all the gifts that my love may give her—  
Golden notes like golden birds to seek her at my will."

But he only found the waves, heard the sea-gull's cry,  
In and out the ocean caves, underneath the sky,  
All above the wind-washed graves where dead seamen lie.



# The Summoning Knocker

BY FLORIDA PIER

THE Roman sun beat down on the Campo di Fiore, blending the awnings, jewels, embroideries, and metals into a dazzling shimmer that weighted the eyelids and set the nostrils sniffing a warmed mustiness. Rapacious-minded tourists hurried up in cabs, darted from stall to stall, reminding one another in strident whispers of their determination not to be robbed. Enamelled St. Georges were dangled with assumed languor at the end of slender chains, their virtues weighed against those of much-mended fans, or buttons set with courtly, dimmed brilliants. Bargaining went on in a desultory fashion. The forestieri fingered loose stones, matched baroque pearls, and grasped with perspiring, absent-minded impatience their newspaper-wrapped packages. Brass lamps were held against their sides, gripped in the panic that comes when one finds oneself in for a bit of Capo di Monte one had only half wanted. Mitigated chagrin followed each purchase, caused by the sight of one's bungling uncertainty in contrast with the mellow experience of the merchants.

A little lady in gray linen traced with a childish forefinger the pattern on a tattered ecclesiastical robe. Her concentration was for something at least ten stalls away, and her distance from it a mere hollow attempt at resistance. Her eyes followed her finger along the gold thread, and her tongue parted her lips with the effort of deciding.

"There's no reason why I shouldn't." "It would be absurd to get it," advanced each in turn, swung corners, and became intermingled in the whirl of her dancing thought.

"It's what I want. Of course I can't justify it to the others, but when it comes to that, I can't justify much of anything to them—calling this Campo di Fiore, instead of the Rag Fair, or loving what I don't know anything about, without a

guide-book to help me, or hating the Vatican, or anything at all, in fact."

She had worked up a flush of resentment at the good cousins she was traveling with, an almost tearful revolt at their capable thinness and crisp lack of adornment. They did not know of her longing to make this purchase, but when they did they would reasonably object, and in advance she was injured and angry.

"It may not be an old knocker; I don't suppose it could be; but it's not age I care for; it's the beautiful way it would resound, and—and its size. It must have belonged to such a big house!" Here the little lady laughed gleefully, and turning from the long-inspected ecclesiastical robe, went as swiftly as the crowd permitted down the lane of stalls hung in brocades and cheap lace curtains, then crossed the square and came to the line of booths occupied by the dealers in metal-work. Her cousins stood in the glaring sun, their parasols held awry, their closely assembled eye-glasses levelled on a cluster of silver buttons. They discussed coolly the cost and use of such trinkets if bought, and the buttons grew visibly dull under their inspection. She slipped by them and went to the patient man seated in the shadow of his wares.

"You're sure I couldn't have the knocker for less?" she queried. "It's—it's really all I have. One can't get a very good idea of how it would sound, but I suppose that with wood behind it it would echo through big halls, and perhaps resound in the Long Gallery—that is, of course, if one had a Long Gallery."

The man looked at her, unable to follow, but amused at her flushed cheeks.

"Would it, do you think, thunder—Oh, Cousin Agnes—I'm looking at a knocker." She stiffened, but her glance scurried off down the square.

Her cousin peered at it and remained



unmoved. A knocker seemed so unlikely a thing that she did not feel called upon for reproof; she merely looked and chilled the atmosphere. The little lady in gray waited, her pale-green eyes becoming anxious.

"I'm thinking of buying it," she remarked, faintly.

"Buying it?" Cousin Agnes's shirt-waist crackled. "Why, you haven't a house!"

"Oh no—I haven't, as a matter of fact, even a hall bedroom, but one has to make a beginning, hasn't one? and shouldn't you think that a proper-minded knocker might take on the offices of a foundation stone, if encouraged?"

"My dear child, you are mad; you don't want a knocker."

"Yes—yes, I really do want one. I've wanted one for some time. I stood for twenty minutes once in front of a knocker in the French quarter in Montreal; then there was a duck of a knocker in Fourth Avenue for months. It was in Deerfield that I first felt attracted toward knockers, and now I have been tempted by them so long that I am contemplating falling."

"Emma, I think you are talking in a very silly manner. You haven't an income on which you can afford to be eccentric. Think of the weight that thing would add to your trunk!"

"Yes, Cousin Agnes, I know—but this is a knocker among knockers; it's the sort that if given a chance would echo like anything. I think it would repay me, Cousin Agnes, even for the surtax."

"Emma, if you're only being amusing I don't mind; if you're in earnest I think you're behaving ridiculously. Buy a little pin if you must buy something, something that will add to your appearance and be of some use."

"Um!" Emma's pale curls were loosening, and wildly she gave them a pat, pushing in her combs vigorously. "You don't think a knocker would be of any use to me, Cousin Agnes?"

"No, I don't."

"It's awfully respectable to have household effects, you know. This knocker is so heavy that it might almost be regarded as a chaperon."

"Not in my eyes, Emma."

"Well, as you seem to have removed my last argument from under me, to

have reduced me as it were to nothing but inclination, I think, Cousin Agnes, I'll buy the knocker."

Slowly she pulled out the necessary money, and putting it in the man's hands, picked up the knocker without looking at her cousin. With a precision that was in itself a cousinly insult, she walked over to where the flowers were sheltered under big white parasols and seated herself on top of an upturned basket. She nursed the knocker in her lap and sank to depths of warm, suffusing shame. Cousin Agnes was right; she was behaving ridiculously. She had done a flip-pant, extravagant thing, partially to upset Cousin Agnes, but forever damning to herself. A door-knocker for a girl who has no home and visits around among long-suffering relatives! An expensive knocker for a girl with so little a year that it just prevents her earning her living, yet fails to properly support her! She hung her head and the knocker stared up at her. It was the head of a pleasantly impossible animal, whose long nose on being raised fell on a flattened tongue and chased teeth. She tried its tone gently, and the beast with jaws yawning smiled grotesquely. She smiled back and let the nose fall. It clanged. If against wood, preferably oak, it would prove itself a redoubtable knocker. More than that, it was a friendly knocker; it liked in its bronze way her having bought it. It would summon imperiously. It was a very king among knockers. She wagged her head, and gave a "Ha!" of perverse companionship in it. A wrinkled dealer in flowers was looking at her; she blushed and moved on. She had been behaving foolishly; but foolishness is permitted people of substance, and surely the possession of such a knocker carried perquisites with it. The clanging thing fairly opened up a future for her. With a knocker secured, there was no telling what might come after. She had only to knock and she would be admitted—admitted to wherever she belonged, the door closed on her, and on her life of rattling about from the house of one relative to the flat of the next. Her thoughts were scattered guiltily by a sudden encounter with her three cousins. They stood united in a frown.

"Emma, we are going on to the Farnese





*Drawn by William L. Jacobs*

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

IT WOULD PROVE ITSELF A REDOUBTABLE KNOCKER







Palace; you will hardly care to spend the lira, after your recent expenditure."

"No." Emma's green eyes winked slowly; her little thin face looked cool beside their shining ones. Her curls reared their circles belligerently, and squaring herself in a spunky tempest she repeated her "No."

By the merest accident the knocker clanged obtrusively. She smiled, and added; "I'll walk back to the hotel; you see, now I've naturally got to find a house to fit my knocker. It may take some years, and I'd best begin my search at once."

The winter after her return began with a wrench of independence. She decided that at twenty-six it was no longer dignified to pay indefinite visits to relatives, who in return for their hospitality directed her wardrobe, imposed their husbands' opinions upon her, and inquired with no pretence of delicate hesitation just how near port her wandering suitors were. The alternative—and it was to be faced grimacing—was a hall bedroom. She took it, thinking the worse of her landlady for having it to offer, and, installed, found it impossible to stay indoors. The glaring red poppies on the wall seemed to sit with all their apoplectic weight on her shoulders. She was driven to long mornings in the park, and afternoons of library reading under the stern eye of an asthmatic librarian. Coming in one day with skirts and spirits bedraggled from a walk in the rain, she stood before her door, her eyes caught by the blankness of the panels, her lips aplay. It would of course be a shabby way in which to treat the knocker—still it was not exercising its energies in the bottom of her trunk, and—how could one tell?—perhaps a knocker would rather knock in no matter how lowly a place than conceal its talents in the enervating folds of an orange peignoir.

Humming an uncertain little tune, she pulled out the knocker and examined it afresh. Tied by a cord was a package containing a screw-driver and the proper number of screws. She had bought them because—well, she was of a forehanded nature, and she had bought them "in case." One never knew when things might be needed suddenly. Softly—for fear of disturbing the wife of the

commercial traveller who had the best front room, and on the slightest provocation stuck her head out of her slightly open door with all the frisky curiosity of a prairie-dog—she tried the knocker on different parts of the door. High, it was impressive; low, friendly and full of meaning; precisely in the middle of the centre panel it was masterly. She held it longest there, cocking her head first on one side, then on the other. The hall was so very dark that it might have been almost any door—and the knocker welcoming her, a traveller by night, to—ah, the alluring indefiniteness of her destination!

Slovenly steps came up the stairs. She turned and watched over her shoulder the approach of the colored maid.

"Rose," she queried, "what do you think; would any one use this knocker if I put it up?" Her curls were wet under her hat brim, and there was a raffish plea in her eye.

"Knocker?" the girl drawled, shrilly. "Don't folks knock at yo' doo' now?"

"Yes, Rose—but would they give up using their knuckles and use this instead—would you, Rose?"

"Oh, *me*"—her lax lip dropped even lower—"’deed, I can’t distress myself to knock in any particular way. I got to use my knee or my elbow—or whatever part of me’s free. Hands come high with all the work I got to do."

"Rose—and I was just going to put in the screws."

"Screws? Don't you do it. The missis she'd take on wild if you was to ruin her cherry stain. No, miss, don't you do it."

"Rose—Rose!" She shook her head at the shuffling back and then smiled commiseratingly at the knocker. There seemed nothing to do but retire it on a pension of hope. A knocker accustomed to possibly great things and destined to—no one knew what. Its mistress sighed prodigiously over this unheroic period of its life. A period fated to last through a fallow winter and a restless spring.

June found her at a Berkshire farmhouse—living on shiftless, depressed food—alone—and accumulating a gnawing indignation. She was given to walking down a wood road to where on the side of a hill a house was being built.



She had never been nearer than half a field away, where a stump made a convenient, uncomfortable seat. Here she would sit, her green eyes belligerently watching additions of which she did not at all approve, delicately insulting sniffs breaking the silence. To bungle a house—a marvellous thing like a house—it was unpardonable. If that was the kind of people they were she would not watch over their house any longer. She had thought so many nice things about that house which she had fully intended to tell them when they moved in, but now they had shown themselves unworthy, and she would withdraw her anxious interest. The garden had been started on the wrong side, they were not having casement windows—the porch was economical in size, and would be niggardly in comfort. She was so out of patience with the owner that she decided pitilessly not to come again for at least a week. It might be that disciplining would bring them to their senses. A stump was not a very comfortable seat. Besides which it had been planted much too far from the house. She could gather no idea of the arrangement of the rooms. After all, the house belonged to some one else—and it is rather a lonesome business watching another build his home. She left the stump, dragging her parasol disconsolately over the ruts in the road. A rueful smile played on her cheeks, and her eyes scowled savagely at a turtle lying in the grass—apparently overcome by his shell. “Silly!” she hissed, pausing in the flecking sunlight. “You ought to be very glad to carry your house about with you—instead of sticking your head out in that complaining way. In all likelihood you’re very comfortably arranged inside. Anyway, it’s yours—you’re not a beastly boarder.” Then she picked the turtle up, and carrying it back a little way, felt better for the thought that it would have to crawl the distance over again.

For two days she stayed away. Her walks were long—the laurel made pretty, sticky mouths at her, and she managed to forget the house more or less completely. Then a sunset led her far down the road, and on the way back she fairly collided with the house. She had come out of a little wood, and

was pushing her way through some tall bushes with the fairest designs in the world. She had not been thinking of the house—she was, so far as she was concerned, proven innocent of all intention. If circumstance chose to throw the house in her path, then it was circumstance which was to blame, and she meant, now that all responsibility was removed from her shoulders, to enter and inspect everything down to the cellar.

The house was in that captivating condition where a house ceases to be an irritation and promises to eventually become a house. It had all the charm of good resolve. She felt its seduction, and made her way over littered floors—hurrying from room to room, alone with the labor of departed workmen. When she had taken in the view from each window, decided with very little prospect of change on all the wall-papers—and made a number of mental notes on important alterations to be made—she decided that there was nothing for it but a climbing of the ladder and a careful going over of the rooms on the next floor. She clambered up, tearing her frock, and loosening her perpetually outraged curls. Here was a pretty how-do-you-do; look as she would, only two closets could be discovered—and they hardly worthy of the name. No linen closet—and she had already planned to plant lavender in the garden. No cedar closet—what did the stupid creature expect to do with its blankets? Spellbound, she teetered perilously on a board. Was it possible that the house was being built by a man? A single-handed, unprotected man? Vexation pricked through her. If any man started in to build without first asking a woman’s advice—it was only right that he should be punished with just such a house as the one he was getting. She bristled with indignation, lost her balance, and in an effort to save herself upset a bucket solid with mortar. Between them the noise was considerable. When both were righted and she stood flushed, furious, and making an effort not to be dishevelled, a pair of glasses gleamed in the place where stairs would some day be—from which she gathered that the wearer of the glasses had mounted half-way up the ladder.

“It was that abominable bucket,” she



sputtered, arranging her curls vindictively.

"I thought it was the entire house," murmured the glasses.

"Ha! it ought to have been," and it is regretfully stated that at this point Emma snorted. "Your house ought to come down before it's allowed to go any farther."

"You pain me. Is it so very wrong?" Genuine seriousness glowed behind the glasses.

"It's awful, that's what it is. It's a perfect botch of a house." Here she had the grace to blush, and added uncertainly, "That is—"

"Oh, don't try to save my feelings," the glasses admonished her. "I should like to know the worst. I was afraid I'd be a duffer at this sort of thing."

Thus encouraged, Emma warmed to her subject. "Well, it's masculine, in the first place."

"Ah, but isn't that what it should be, as a man is to live in it? I'm the man." The glasses rose a rung higher and crossed their arms on the floor.

"You're going to live in it? quite alone?" Emma frowned accusingly.

The glasses nodded. "Quite alone, with the exception of a menial, and maybe a dog."

"Humph! You'll be mighty uncomfortable." It is unwillingly admitted that Emma seemed to derive support from this prophecy.

"Dear, dear! I do hope not." Her remark had aroused real concern.

"Well, you will, unless you put in more closets and send back those windows that came last week."

"They're hopeless?" She had brought a mind unused to mundane details down to a plane where it found itself unhappily at sea.

"Of course they're hopeless. Ugly, unbecoming, guillotining things. Which would you rather do—shove up a window like a frightened suburban dweller, or fling open a casement so that climbing roses may make the acquaintance of ruffled, blowing curtains?"

The glasses smiled delightedly. "I had no idea there was so much to a window; flinging does sound nicer than shoving. Which would you rather do?"

"I?" Emma made sure that such a

last tribunal as herself was being appealed to, and on becoming certain of it said graciously, "Oh, I shall insist upon casement windows."

The glasses smiled a little wickedly, and Emma said sternly:

"I mean, of course, I would if I were in your place."

"But you are in my place." The glasses held her gaze until she frowned so alarmingly that they murmured, "I think I'll go and wire for the other kind."

Feet descended the ladder. She waited, then leaned far out of the window. "Diamond panes, of course, you know."

He was just below her. "Of course." He continued to look up. "I see perfectly what you meant about a window's being becoming." And absorbed in something he was thinking of he made a little absent-minded bow and walked off. She watched him make his way across the field. She was not sure that she liked being left in strange men's houses, left as though she belonged there, calling messages after them—messages that sounded peculiarly like orders. On second thoughts she did not like it in the least. The man with the glasses had behaved in a very presumptuous manner. She ruffled and felt that some one must be reprimanded. What did he mean by leaving her like that in his house? In his house—a conscience-stricken smile twitched at her lips, and with a gait that suggested slinking she hurried in a subdued bluster from the place.

Early the next morning it occurred to her that if she was tactful, and went about it in the right way, the man with the glasses might let her tell him to stand up straight. It was this which led her to post herself on the stump by half after nine. The man, who had been wandering irresolutely about, saw her and crossed the field. He flung a leg over the fence and remained perched on the top rail.

"You were so awfully good yesterday about helping me," he began, "that I wonder if you would mind telling me more now? Perhaps making houses come out right is your business—is it?"

She suddenly felt that it might be, and said "No" uncertainly.

"I didn't know; that is just the sort



of cleverness women are up to nowadays. I'm so out of things—I go in for chemistry, and don't see people much. Won't you tell me what you do? I should be so awfully interested." He seemed to be in a perpetual state of having just wakened up, and to have accomplished the feat with good nature.

She felt that at any moment he might forget her existence, and abandoning all hope of preventing his relapsing before her eyes into chemistry, confessed that she did nothing. He continued to blink at her pleasantly. She knew now why he stooped, and why it was that all outside things seemed to interrupt something he had been thinking about. Chemists were not very human. She was contemplating letting him have his house the way he liked it, when he broke out into a laugh.

"Don't abandon me," he begged. "I don't really deserve that, though I'm such a bungler."

She looked up, and they laughed together. "Haven't you any one at all to help you?" she pealed.

"No." He refused to make his case less dreadful. "I'm building because I find I can't work in the city, and I was very careful about all the things I wanted for my laboratory; but the rest I didn't know what to do about, and I've rather let it go. Do you think it's going to be altogether hopeless?"

"I believe I could save it." She looked at him squarely to see if he quavered.

He didn't. "You are good. I wouldn't take up too much of your time, you know. But if you could just tell me the things I'll hate later on, and prevent my having them, I shall be grateful."

"I'll tell you." She nodded, and he held out his hand.

"Then that's settled, isn't it? When I want a thing very much and don't know it, you're to tell me."

"I am?"

"But of course."

"Very well; then that's settled." They shook hands on it, and, completely satisfied, he went off toward the house.

Emma sat and smiled. The creature had an amazing way of going off. Yet in spite of the vigor of his departure he had left himself with a completeness in her hands. He trusted her quite ridic-

ulously. So much so that there was nothing for it but to stand royally by him. What a simple soul he was, and for that very reason he must be made entirely, particularly comfortable. She wondered what, exactly, he would want. Just now it was to go cavalierly off. Well, she had let him do it. But in case it had not been what he wanted, in case he did not even know about that—laughing a shade shamefacedly, she crawled under the fence and started toward the house in her turn.

He poked his head out of a cellar window and appealed to her instantly. "The fireplace looks a brute to me. If you'll wait a moment I'll come up and we'll inspect it together." The man seemed almost immodestly confidential. It was not quite intelligent to have so much faith in her. Ought she not in merest honesty to warn him against herself? Explain to him that he knew nothing of her, that she might be concealing the most dire designs against his curtains, which was really more than against himself.

"Please, please," she stopped him as he was sending despatches to furniture-dealers. "Don't trust to me; you may loathe everything I've suggested."

He turned his startled-from-a-brown-study eyes upon her, and asked anxiously, "But you don't loathe them, do you?"

"I?" His simplicity entangled her. "I adore them, but—"

"Then so shall I." He marvelled at her doubting it, and the despatches were sent. She watched the farm-boy trudge off with them—her objections following him, tugging at the missives in his pocket. It was farcical, this installing of her ideas in a house where she would never go—her preferences and leanings ignored until all the virtue would go out of them, and for lack of notice they would cease to be worthy of any. This helpless, absent-minded creature had no right to appropriate her taste and fancies. She resented his dependence, his accepting her every idea. He might return one or two, saying they were unfitted to his use. He might somehow manage not to rob her completely.

For a week she had given him her every day. That was enough. To-morrow she would not go. To-morrow brought a note saying he had been called





*Drawn by William L. Jacobs*

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THERE WAS HER KNOCKER FIRMLY ESTABLISHED







to town by an early train. He did not know when he could return, and the note ended with, "What a splendid week we have had!"

"Oh, the assurance," she exploded, breathlessly—"the abominable assurance of the brute! I have not had a splendid week, I have not, I—" Her uncertainty as to what she had had produced a scattered dismay. She felt herself to be an overturned load of apples, and was unable to decide at what spot the gathering together had best begin. From habit she wandered toward the house. It was progressing at a rate that brought her thoughts up with a turn. In a month it would be finished. In six weeks he would be installed, and she—would go back to town. There was a flatness in the thought. She felt dashed, and unreasonably cheated. An indefinite amount of herself was to be closed in with that amazing man, the door was to be shut, and she was to betake herself off. The knocker alone standing by her. That he should not have.

Having rigorously decided it was not to be his, she now began wondering how the thing would look on his door. She—er—she could try it, of course. With one eye closed she studied his portal. Queerly enough, it seemed, as she thought of it, to suit. Nevertheless, that was where she drew the line. The wretched egoist was not to have her knocker. She seriously regretted having told him of it. There was probably not a doubt as to his accepting her precious possession. He would see it fastened in place and exclaim in his callous heartiness, "How splendid it looks!" Frantically she decided that the knocker must not at any cost be enticed into the creature's house. A laugh interrupted her mighty decision as she realized that in any case outside was where it belonged.

In a protesting flurry she devoted herself to finishing touches. It was just a matter of a month, she reminded herself repeatedly, and then she would go. For so short a time she could be pardoned the completeness of her enjoyment. There was nothing she failed to find necessary, which made her almost courteous to the laboratory furnishings when they arrived in their ugliness. A month was a very short time, and she had no

intention of letting one forbidden room spoil her Bluebeard's palace. At the end of it he came. In a perverse silence she refused to enthuse over the things which had rendered her ecstatic with pleasure. He went around dropping his "splendids" profusely. She followed him with an irritating quiet. The place did very well; she could be got to admit that, though it seemed to her a shade uninteresting. Distressed, he asked her what she meant.

"Oh"—her *moue* reduced the house to a closed subject—"it's not bad, though the general effect seems a little mechanical. You probably won't notice it."

His depression was complete. He followed her wherever she went, and they never spoke of the house. She made him regard it as a presumption for which he was rightfully suffering. He came to her to escape punishment and received it. She was meek and wilful by turns. She refused to be interested when told that his servant did not know what to do with half the kitchen things, and his appalled announcement that the handles for all the doors were irretrievably mislaid brought nothing from her but a bored "Fancy!" Daily she announced her intention of leaving, and September found her still there. She would not lunch at his house. She would not dine there. She had abandoned it. He was unable to work, and she made his life miserable with inquiries as to what he had accomplished. He idled dejectedly, and she hoped with maddening solicitude that it was not the house which had such a deplorable effect upon him. He had an idea that it was, and gazed at her accusingly.

"What a pity, and there seems nothing to do about it!" She was big-eyed sympathy.

"Nothing." He was final.

"You are sure?" Her uncertainty built him a bridge to cross on, and he failed to see it.

"Unless you can think of something."

Quickly she disclaimed all power of thought, and denied herself to him next day. The worn farmer's wife was made to say that she was confined to her room with a cold. And Emma found herself cured when she saw the melancholy bend of his head as he walked away. With a day to think, her thoughts refused to do



more than revolve in a binding circle made up of: "He doesn't know what he wants. He asked me to tell him. But I can't. I ought to go away. I will. I'll put my knocker on to-night, and then I'll go and— Oh, the stupid! Why doesn't he know what he wants?"

At dusk she slipped out, the knocker under her ulster. There were lights in his windows, casting a warm, homely glow on the bare little garden. In the living-room a lamp was smoking, and he was oblivious of its damaging soot. Gingerly, on tiptoe she tried the knocker. It looked marvellously well, and she marked with a pencil its proper position. Then her heart ceased to exist, and a dreary space ached in her side. There was no hurry, after all. It would do just as well to-morrow night. She, of course, intended to go away; it was not that she was changing her mind, only to-morrow night would be the better time. With blinded eyes she groped her way down the steps and ran panting down the road; her heart had returned and was beating violently to make up for the time it had lost. As she ran, a light flooded the garden she had left, and leaning against the fence, she turned, looking back. He was standing on the porch, outlined in the light from the hall. Her cheeks tingled, and she cowered in the shadow. He waited a moment, then went in, closing the door after him. Slowly she walked to the turning and up the wood road to the farmhouse. She sat on the steps and listened to the quiet sounds of the night. The farmer's lantern was moving in the stable yard over the way. He slapped a horse's flank, and then a wooden bolt shot into place. It was cold and she trembled in her ulster. The farmer came across to the house, and went in the side door without seeing her. Far away an engine whistled, its noise etherealized by the distance. Then all was quiet except for her heart.

She sat immovable, whispering to herself, "I'm not thinking, and I needn't suppose I am; I'm just stretching, and if I can grow to it—" her voice trailed off, and she shivered. Suddenly her lips closed tightly, her hands grasped the knocker, and with the expression of a person going to death but fully deter-

mined to see the affair through, she again started down the road, and without pausing arrived at the steps of the man's house. He was no longer to be seen, and the lamp had not been turned down. That decided her.

With trembling, numbed fingers she set to work. The knocker in one hand, the screw-driver in the other, she held a screw between her lips and scowled. It would at any time have been a difficult matter, but with stiff fingers, legs that pleaded to carry her home, and a heart that had thrown control to the winds and gone on a debauch of beating, she did not see how she was going to do it. Three screws went in slowly, but without making insurmountable objections. The fourth flung the screw-driver from it and bit viciously at her hand. She waited to see if the clatter was to be her undoing, but all was still. He might be at dinner. In that case she was saved. At last the knocker was up, and such was her delight that she failed to see its astonishing angle. She gazed at it with wide eyes, and the world became simple, beautifully clear. With her knocker in place there was no longer any thought of going away and leaving it. There was her knocker firmly established, and not a doubt existed in her mind as to what should in reason follow. She must knock, and after that it was only to be expected that the door would open, that she would enter, and—but these things she left to fate.

In the mean time she worshipped the knocker, adored it, laughed at it, and still ignoring its perfectly obvious crookedness, rose to her toes and kissed it. Then she raised her hand, and with a terrifying clang the knocker knocked. Steps hurried down the hall, the door was flung open, and the glasses beamed at her.

"I thought—I thought I'd come—" she stopped, frightened.

"Emma—to stay— Oh, my girl!" He took a step forward.

"Well—" She tried to evade enclosing arms, failed, and said with an attempt at firmness, "I only came to tell you that your lamp is smoking."

The fib was so obvious that the glasses laughed their contradiction. And on their laugh the door closed.





## Editor's Easy Chair

ONE of those recurrent selves who frequent the habitat of the Easy Chair, with every effect of exterior identities, looked in and said, before he sat down, and much before he was asked to sit down: "Are you one of those satirists of smart or swell society (or whatever it's called now) who despise it because they can't get into it, or one of those censors who won't go into it because they despise it?"

"Your question," we replied, "seems to be rather offensive, but we don't know that it's voluntarily so, and it's certainly interesting. On your part will you say what has prompted you, just at the moment, to accost us with this inquiry?" Before he could answer, we hastened to add, "By the way, what a fine, old-fashioned, gentlemanly word *accost* is! People used to accost one another a great deal in polite literature. 'Seeing her embarrassment from his abrupt and vigorous stare, he thus accosted her.' Or, 'Embarrassed by his fixed and penetrating regard, she timidly accosted him.' It seems to us that we remember a great many passages like these. Why has the word gone out? It was admirably fitted for such junctures, and it was so polished by use that it slipped from the pen without any effort of the brain, and—"

"I have no time for idle discussions of a mere literary nature," our other self returned. "I am very full of the subject which I have sprung upon you, and which I see you are trying to shirk."

"Not at all," we smilingly retorted. "We will answer you according to your folly without the least reluctance. We are not in smart or swell society because we cannot get in; but at the same time we would not get in if we could, because we despise it too much. We wonder," we continued, speculatively, "why we always suspect the society satirist of suffering from a social snub? It doesn't in the least follow. Was Pope, when he invited his S'in' John to—

—'leave all meaner things  
To low ambition and the pride of kings'  
—goaded to magnanimity by a slight from royalty? Was Mr. Benson when he came over here from London excluded from the shining first circles of New York and Newport, which are apparently reflected with such brilliant fidelity in *The Relentless City*, and was he wreaking an unworthy resentment in portraying our richly moneyed, blue-blooded society to the life? How are manners ever to be corrected with a smile if the smile is always suspected of being an agonized grin, the contortion of the features by the throes of a mortified spirit? Was George William Curtis in his amusing but unsparing *Potiphar Papers*—"

"Ah, now you are shouting!" our other self exclaimed.

"Your slang is rather antiquated," we returned, with grave severity. "But just what do you mean by it in this instance?"

"I mean that manners are never corrected with a smile, whether of compassion or of derision. The manners that are bad, that are silly, that are vulgar, that are vicious, go on unchastened from generation to generation. Even the good manners don't seem to decay: simplicity, sincerity, kindness, don't really go out, any more than the other things, and fortunately the other things are confined only to a small group in every civilization, to the black sheep of the great, whity-brown or golden-fleeced human family."

"What has all this vague optimism to do with *The Potiphar Papers*, and smart society, and George William Curtis?" we brought the intruder sharply to book.

"A great deal, especially the part relating to the continuity of bad manners. I've just been reading an extremely clever little book by a new writer, called *New York Society on Parade*, which so far as its basal facts are concerned might have been written by the writer of *Our Best Society*, and the other *Potiphar*



*Papers.* The temperament varies from book to book; Mr. Ralph Pulitzer has a neater and lighter touch than George William Curtis; his book is more compact, more directly and distinctly a study, and it is less alloyed with the hopes of society reform which could be more reasonably indulged fifty-six years ago. Do you remember when *Our Best Society* came out in the eldest *Putnam's Magazine*, that phoenix of monthlies which has since twice risen from its ashes? Don't pretend that our common memory doesn't run back to the year 1853! We have so many things in common that I can't let you disgrace the firm by any such vain assumption of extreme youth!"

"Why should we assume it? The Easy Chair had then been three years firmly on its legs, or its rockers, and the succession of great spirits, now disembodied, whom its ease invited, were all more or less in mature flesh. We remember that paper on *Our Best Society* vividly, and we recall the shock that its facts concerning the Upper Ten Thousand of New York imparted to the innocent, or at least the virtuous, Lower Twenty Millions inhabiting the rest of the United States. Do you mean to say that the Four Hundred of this day are no better than the Ten Thousand of that? Has nothing been gained for quality by that prodigious reduction in quantity?"

"On the contrary, the folly, the vanity, the meanness, the heartlessness, the vulgarity, have only been condensed and concentrated, if we are to believe Mr. Pulitzer; and I don't see why we should doubt him. Did you say you hadn't seen his very shapely little study? It takes, with all the unpitied sincerity of a kodak, the likeness of our best society in its three most characteristic aspects: full-face at dinner, three-quarters-face at the opera, and profile at a ball, where proud beauty hides its eyes on the shoulder of haughty commercial or financial youth, and moneyed age dips its nose in whatever symbolizes the Gascon wine in the paternal library. Mr. Pulitzer makes no attempt at dramatizing his persons. There is no ambitious Mrs. Potiphar with a longing for fashionable New York worlds to conquer, yet with a secret heart-ache for the love of her country girlhood;

no good, kind, sordid Potiphar bewildered and bedevilled by the surroundings she creates for him; no soft Rev. Cream Cheese, tenderly respectful of Mammon while ritually serving God; no factitious Ottoman of a Kurz Pasha, laughingly yet sadly observant of us playing at the forms of European society. Those devices of the satirist belonged to the sentimentalist mood of the Thackerayan epoch. But it is astonishing how exactly history repeats itself in the facts of the ball in 1910 from the ball of 1852. The motives, the *personnel*, almost the *matériel*, the incidents, are the same. I should think it would amuse Mr. Pulitzer, imitating nature from his actual observation, to find how essentially the same his study is with that of Curtis imitating nature fifty-seven years ago. There is more of nature in bulk, not in variety, to be imitated now, but as Mr. Pulitzer studies it in the glass of fashion, her mean, foolish, selfish face is unchanged. He would find in the sketches of the Mid-Victorian satirist all sorts of tender relents and generous hopes concerning the 'gay' New York of that time which the Early Edwardian satirist cannot indulge concerning the gay New York of this time. It seems as if we had really gone from bad to worse, not qualitatively — we couldn't — but quantitatively. There is more money, there are more men, more women, but otherwise our proud world is the proud world of 1853."

"You keep saying the same thing with 'damnable iterance,' we remarked. "Don't you suppose that outside of New York there is now a vast society, as there was then, which enjoys itself sweetly, kindly, harmlessly? Is there no gentle Chicago or kind St. Louis, no pastoral Pittsburg, no sequestered Cincinnati, no bucolic Boston, no friendly Philadelphia, where 'the heart that is humble may look for' disinterested pleasure in the high society functions of the day or night? Does New York set the pace for all these places, and are dinners given there as here, not for the delight of the guests, but as the dire duty of the hostesses? Do the inhabitants of those simple sojourns go to the opera to be seen and not to hear? Do they follow on to balls before the piece is done, only to bear the



fardels of ignominy heaped upon them by the german's leaders, or to see their elders and fatters getting all the beautiful and costly favors while their own young and gracile loveliness is passed slighted by because they give no balls where those cruel captains can hope to shine in the van? It seems to us that in our own far prime—now well-nigh lost in the mists of antiquity—life was ordered kindlier; that dinners, and opera-parties and dances were given—

‘To bless and never to ban.’”

“Very likely, on the low, society level on which our joint life moved,” our other self replied, with his unsparing candor. “You know we were a country, village, city-of-the-second-class personality. Even in the distant epoch painted in the *Potiphar Papers*, the motives of New York society were the same as now. It was not the place where birth and rank and fame relaxed or sported, as in Europe, or where ardent innocence played and feasted, as in the incorrupt towns of our interior. If Curtis once represented it rightly, it was the same ridiculous, hard-worked, greedy, costly, stupid thing which Mr. Pulitzer again represents it.”

“And yet,” we mused aloud, “this is the sort of thing which the ‘unthinking multitude’ who criticise, or at least review, books are always lamenting that our fiction doesn’t deal with. Why, in its emptiness and heaviness, its smartness and dulness, it would be the death of our poor fiction!”

“Well, I don’t know,” our counterpart responded. “If our fiction took it on the human ground, and ascertained its inner pathos, its real lamentableness, it might do a very good thing with those club-men and society girls and *grandes dames*. But that remains to be seen. In the mean time it is very much to have such a study of society as Mr. Pulitzer has given us. For the most part it is ‘satire with no pity in it,’ but there’s here and there a touch of compassion, which moves the more because of its rarity. When the author notes that here and there a pretty dear finds herself left with no one to take her out to supper at the ball, his few words wring the heart. ‘These poor victims of their sex

cannot, like the men, form tables of their own. All that each can do is to disappear as swiftly and as secretly as possible, hurrying home in humiliation for the present and despair for the future.’”

“Do such cruel things really happen in our best society?” we palpitated, in an anguish of sympathy.

“Such things and worse,” our other self responded, “as when in the german the fair *débutante* sees the leader advancing toward her with a splendid and costly favor, only to have him veer abruptly off to bestow it on some fat elderling who is going to give the next ball. But Mr. Pulitzer, though he has these spare intimations of pity, has none of the sentiment which there is rather a swash of in the *Potiphar Papers*. It’s the difference between the Mid-Victorian and the Early Edwardian point of view. Both satirists are disillusioned, but in the page of Curtis there is—

‘The tender grace of a day that is dead’

and the soft suffusion of hope for better things, while in the page of Mr. Pulitzer there is no such qualification of the disillusion. Both are enamored of the beauty of those daughters of Mammon, and of the distinction of our iron-clad youth, the athletic, well-groomed, well-tailored worldlings who hurry up-town from their banks, and brokers’ offices, and lawyers’ offices, to the dinners and opera-boxes and dances of fashion. ‘The girls and women are of a higher average of beauty than any European ballroom could produce. The men, too, are generally well built, tall, and handsome, easily distinguishable from the waiters,’ Mr. Pulitzer assures us.”

“Well, oughtn’t that to console?” we defied our other self. “Come! It’s a great thing to be easily distinguishable from the waiters, when the waiters are so often disappointed ‘remittance men’ of good English family, or the scions of Continental nobility. We mustn’t ask everything.”

“No, and apparently the feeding is less gross than it was in Curtis’s less sophisticated time. Many of the men seem still to smoke and booze throughout the night with the host in his ‘library,’ but the dancing youth don’t get drunk as some of them did at Mrs. Potiphar’s



supper, and people don't throw the things from their plates under the table."

"Well, why do you say, then, that there is no change for the better in our best society, that there is no hope for it?"

"Did I say that? If I did, I will stick to it. We must let our best society be, as it now imagines itself. I don't suppose that in all that gang of beautiful, splendid, wasteful, expensively surfeited people there are more than two or three young men of intellectual prowess or spiritual distinction, though there must be some clever and brilliant toadies of the artist variety. In fact, Mr. Pulitzer says as much outright; and it is the hard lot of some of the arts to have to tout for custom among the vulgar ranks of our best society."

"Very well, then," we said, with considerable resolution, "we must change the popular ideal of the best society. We must have a Four Hundred made up of the most brilliant artists, authors, doctors, professors, scientists, musicians, actors, and ministers, with their wives, daughters, and sisters, who will walk to one another's dinners, or at worst go by trolley, and occupy the cheaper seats at the opera, and dance in small and early assemblages, and live in seven-room-with-bath flats. Money must not count at all in the choice of these elect and beautiful natures. The question is, how shall we get the dense, unenlightened masses to regard them as the best society; how teach the reporters to run after them, and the press to chronicle their entertainments, engagements, marriages, divorces, voyages to and from Europe, and the other facts which now so dazzle the common fancy when it finds them recorded in the society intelligence of the newspapers?"

"Yes, as General Sherman said when he had once advocated the restriction of the suffrage and had been asked how he

was going to get the consent of the majority whose votes he meant to take away, 'Yes, that is the devil of it.'"

We were silent for a time, and then we suggested, "Don't you think that a beginning could be made by these real élite we have decided on refusing to associate with what now calls itself our best society?"

"But hasn't our *soi-disant* best society already made that beginning for its betters by excluding them?" our other self responded.

"There is something in what you say," we reluctantly assented, "but by no means everything. The beginning you speak of has been made at the wrong end. The true beginning of society reform must be made by the moral, æsthetic, and intellectual superiors of fashionable society as we now have it. The *grandes dames* must be somehow persuaded that to be really swell, really smart, or whatever the last word for the thing is, they must search *Who's Who in New York* for men and women of the most brilliant promise and performance and invite them. They must not search the banks and brokers' offices and lawyers' offices for their dancing men, but the studios, the editorial rooms, the dramatic agencies, the pulpits, for the most gifted young artists, assignment men, interviewers, actors, and preachers, and apply to the labor-unions for the cleverest and handsomest artisans; they must look up the most beautiful and intellectual girl students of all the arts and sciences, and department stores for cultivated and attractive salesladies. Then, when all such people have received cards to dinners or dances, it will only remain for them to have previous engagements, and the true beginning is made. Come! You can't say the thing is impossible."

"Not impossible, no," our complementary self replied. "But difficult."







## Editor's Study

IN our ultramodern interpretation of life we have the advantage of position. We are not wiser than the ancients, but we face them; their portion of the ellipse needed our complementary portion for its true interpretation. Something is disclosed to our thought which they only felt, and which took in their thought the terms prompted by initiative impulse—terms expressing their sense of the aims and values of life but which we use with other meanings.

In a way, all beginnings intimate ends, as the seed holds the fruit, but it is the intervening cycle of growth that is interesting. The beginning, like the seed, is an involute, a closed-up thing. Doubtless the primitive Naturalism, if we could discover it, would show us peaceful communities, each closely and sympathetically bound together, and in many ways intimating, though in none illustrating, consummations such as our latter-day prophets dream of. But, in this stage, society was undeveloped; it was like a closed-up seed, which must die for its escape from darkness—must pass through a course apparently contradicting its initial principle, for the illustration of that principle.

The primitive amiability and peaceableness may have been the prelude to intimation, in an undeveloped humanity, of that world-peace which we look forward to as the signal consummation of a humanity fully developed; but it would not serve as an illustration of such a consummation, though we use the same term for it—"peace." That same kind of primordial amiability we still encounter among whole peoples who, like the Chinese, have been withdrawn from contacts with the outside world and who have lapsed into a crystalline stability. The progressive races, notably the Indo-European, created civilizations which repented of and contradicted every primitive virtue. Their flight from Eden had the range of an immense projection. We stand

at a point of this apparently contradictory and eccentric movement where we are able to see it as returning on another and higher plane, in its spiral course, to the principle it had seemed to repudiate.

We have, in our consideration of woman's emergence as a positive factor in our very modern civilization, and especially in our literature, shown how this emergence awaited that critical moment in the evolution of humanity when a new prospect was opened, which, as if defining and answering a long-cherished dream, appealed to her and invited her open and enthusiastic participation in affairs hitherto held to be quite exclusively the concern of man. We may call that moment the beginning of creative realism—of a new Naturalism, which had always been the secret expectation of woman.

This moment, for England, by a natural coincidence, was that of the first appearance of the English novel of society, divided by sharp cleavage from all previous romance. Hitherto every projection of the imagination in this field had been an evasion of plain, human reality, and the future of even this new form of fiction was yet to show many such evasions. But the turn had been taken. Richardson's *Pamela* has justly been called the first analytical novel in the English language. It was not merely an entertainment, bound to no verities; it was, with all its defects, a study of motives, a sincere attempt to truly disclose the springs of human action.

The same turn is visible to us, at our focus of the historical ellipse, in human civilization. We have had so much to say of woman, who, at this turn, found her predestined place in co-operation with man, as she did in the new era of fiction, that we have ignored and may have seemed to depreciate the immense accomplishment of man in that larger section of history which he exclusively dominated. As, from our modern advantage of position, we face this past, we see how



inevitable the whole course, with all its waste and error, has been, how all the primordial virtues must have been violated for their ultimate expression.

The momentum of progress in our own day has not been gained without much loss and confusion of values. Facility of communication through steam and electricity is an advantage we would not willingly forego. But as soon as we had the locomotive we thought of it not only as the means of easy shipment of goods to profitable markets and of expeditious journeys for business or pleasure, but as facilitating change of habitation. Even before that, the richer and cheaper land of the West had tempted farmers to brave the perils of the overland journey, and the difficulty had seemed only a stimulus to the nomadic adventure. Now every barrier was removed, and when the national crisis came, it was seen to be a great gain that the Western territories and the Pacific slope had been so speedily populated.

We wisely emphasize the illogical economy—the waste of material resources—incidental to this swift expansion, but we may easily be mistaken as to the dissipation of spiritual energy involved. For who shall say what is a waste of spiritual energy? We know that self-indulgence is, that stagnation is, and the avarice which hoards its gold, and the cowardly thrift which hushes virtues and powers, carefully evading all risks. That way men rot. Let us suppose that our grandfathers had been “near,” and had used newly discovered mechanical powers merely in agriculture and local trade or for domestic and village improvement, and that, having no unrest or discontent, they had never thought of changing old homes for new. They would have amply fertilized the land they had, instead of seeking virgin soil afar off, and would have developed the habit of close culture, with every possible variety of product and greatly multiplied harvests. The factory, also run by steam, would have been a complement of such well-organized farms, with happy employees—men and women and boys and girls, with short working-days and frequent holidays.

We are optimistic as to the social conditions of communities thus disposed and organized, all the members of each one

closely knit together in a warm and deep neighborliness which would gradually extend from one group to another, establishing sympathetic co-operation—resulting, indeed, in a wholesome and spontaneous socialism. We do not see how there could be such a thing as poverty. Everybody would be happy and virtuous, and have ample leisure for reasonable pleasures and mental satisfactions as well as for the culture of the heart.

In such a society there could be no tendency toward aggregation in cities to the impoverishment of the country, no fear of race suicide, no ruinous competition in business. Progress would be intensive, like agriculture and culture of every sort, the measure of its expansion being that of its depth. A railroad would not be projected, like an exposed nerve, into empty space, speculatively anticipative of the demand for it. In every sense the social growth and expansion would be physiological—nerve and tissue developing together.

But the merits of this hypothetical organization of society disappear when we come to scrutinize more closely the premises upon which the hypothesis rests.

Such a society as we have supposed would not, of itself and following its natural habit, have invented the steam-engine or any other so wonderful industrial leverage, and would not have been eagerly disposed to avail of such inventions if offered from the outside.

Our ancestors on this continent had in them a strain which would have prevented them from coming within the scope of our hypothesis. They did not project themselves from one continent to another to start a society devoid of ambition and hostile to competition. They braved every hardship and danger for the satisfaction of their love of adventure, which was allied with their lust of possession, dominion, empire. They belonged to a civilization which first loses the soul to find it in the world before it is willing to lose the world to find the soul. In either stage of its culture it is soul-finding.

There are two antagonistic orders of spiritual life. One of these is, indeed, rather moral, after the Confucian type, than spiritual, or psychical. The other, from which a distinctively psychical issue



is possible, is what we know as the Indo-European order, of which speculation is a leading characteristic. This speculation, in all its various meanings, serves best to distinguish that kind of civilization which has meant most for humanity, both in its conscious progress and in its evolution, being not only a stimulus to experiment, heroic and romantic adventure, invention, and competition, but involving also a prophetic impulse and vision which transcend experience.

We are not denying to any race the possibility of such speculation. The Chinese at some remote period in the past developed to a remarkable degree the faculty of invention and, like the Japanese, may have an occidental induction to an adventurous future. The Semitic peoples have been nomadic, have built empires, and have cradled two of the principal religions of the world. Emphatically the ancient Hebrew dealt in "futures," being under the control of a prophecy which denuded his present and held out to him the promise of ultimate empire, interpreted materially by the mass and spiritually by the "remnant." When the spiritual import of the prophetic message, as embodied in the Messiah, became manifest, it is significant that this exalted meaning repelled the Hebrew people and appealed to the Indo-European of the West—the race which had hitherto especially illustrated and was still to illustrate even more eminently the possibilities of a speculative imagination in art, literature, and science, as well as in the exploitation of the material world.

The two orders of civilization are not two orders of humanity, but follow distinct courses of development determined by situation and circumstance, so that the one becomes or remains provincial, static, with a near and backward regard of human relations, intensifying neighborly amiability and ancestral loyalty, while the other confronts reactions, cherishes variations, resolving repellances into attractions, founding amenities upon strifes and facilities upon difficulties, yet ever seeking fresh difficulties for new beginnings, and, from the habit of forward-looking, easily drops old customs and traditions; it has the long view, foregoing the immediate and obvious, to seize upon a distant point of vantage.

Each of these orders has the defects of its excellences. That which seeks stability and obvious content seems to be peace-loving and does develop a superficial amiability, but it falls into lassitude, and even social evolution is arrested; its excellences are shown to be apparent rather than real, negative because limited in their depth and scope. That intensive culture which, theoretically, should be the fruit of an unambitious and non-competitive economy is checked by the same limitations. On the other hand, the speculatively expansive civilization, while in the end it practically realizes the excellences expected of it, at every step, and especially in the cruder stages of its career, incurs not only the perils inherent in its adventure, but those due to misdirection, and, not the least, those incident to success. Ignorance, greed, overleaping ambition, cold indifference, and selfish cruelty have played their part in the triumphs not less than in the ruins of vast enterprises and of civilizations themselves. There has been no field in which the tares have not grown with the wheat, whether the harvest has been material or spiritual.

Nevertheless there has been no gain to the human spirit in any other than this adventurous course. Speculation is eminently a spiritual function—the escape from the physiological to the psychical, from animalities to humanities. By this leap we pass from a purely natural morality, with virtues based upon close relations, to one transcending these narrow boundaries and in which distance is no bar to interest and sympathy. The apostolic phase of early Christian movements, like the later missionary phase, is significant as related to the long view. Other-worldliness, in its first appeal to the Christian, was a dynamic leverage. The kingdom of heaven was sought, as by a difficult pilgrimage, before it was disclosed as within the individual soul.

We can see why Christianity was eagerly adopted by the restless and heroic races, at first indeed by the lowly, yet soon by those who were ambitious to conquer under its sign and who availed of its heroic altruism as an excuse, or rather a divine mandate, for the subjection of the infidel. Compulsory baptism of a people, as the sequel of its military sub-



jugation, was a signal exercise of this altruism. With even greater majesty, since it masqued Infinite Sovereignty, standing for that in a refractory world, and wielding the splendors of heaven and the terrors of hell, the ecclesiastic empire over the souls of men spread with wonderful expansion. The Crusades, the Renaissance, the world-politics of mediæval Europe, and the discovery and exploitation of a new hemisphere show the vast extension of human adventure and interest, responsive to a highly pitched note of spiritual exaltation such as no pagan civilization had caught.

One does not characterize these movements as pacific or as prompted by a deep human sympathy, as that sentiment is modernly understood. They seem more to contradict than express the spirit of the Gospel—to continue and intensify older impulses, to exaggerate individual eminence and aristocratic distinction at the expense of the community. But the central principle of this expansive progress and culture was, from the beginning, just that which we of to-day see, and those of future generations will more clearly see, as being expressed in its real meaning—just as the cosmic beauty and harmony of our solar system, now open to our observation, express what was implicit, though hidden, in its primal nebulous expansion, which gave no intimations of chemical affinities or physiological organisms and seemed to contradict the attraction of gravitation itself, the very reflex of the vast expansion.

The seeds of our Christian culture were first sown in the hearts of people who had no part in heroic achievement, and in these bore its native fruits in simple graces and homely virtues. This was a hidden field, though not without its humble tares. That other field, which is the world and which has a history, discloses the conspicuous drama of expansion, which has determined the scope of an adventurous civilization, and which, as we now see, is unfolding the original principle of Christianity itself through the realization of a new humanity.

We are only beginning to see what this realization means—the true intent being now apparent, after innumerable disguises. The regeneration is not a sudden transformation by some power from with-

out; if it were, the issue would be the embodiment of that power, not the renaissance of humanity. Every renaissance of human faculty and vision has been partial. Our expectation may be defined by the same terms as that of the first Christian generation, but the terms have different meanings. Thus we are looking forward to the peace of the world; but the peace expected by that generation would have been a wholly different thing; it would have been an arrest of the world's development. On the contrary, the evolution of humanity, in a distinctively human procedure, implied movements which war alone could promote and accomplish; and these movements have thus been effected, as a matter of history, creating cosmopolitanism, bringing peoples into closer harmony through their antagonisms, and leading up to conditions which make possible and ultimately certain the fulfilment of our hopes for a peace which does not mean stagnation, but a concentration of national and international activities.

So the aristocracies of the past were the necessary preliminary to a thoroughly vitalized and organized democracy. But for the vast range of competitive effort, such co-operation as we have, and such better as we hope for, would be impossible. Thus the eccentric movement becomes, by its inevitable flexion, concentric, and the expansive culture intensive.

As man began science with astronomy and ends with psychology,—began art and literature with mythological representations and ends with the human, so he began civilization with a far-reaching speculation describing the scope of his destiny, the intent of which, after all his distant quests and conquests, he finds in his own soul—but the true sense of the psychical values waited upon the development of the world-sense.

Such has been the man-made civilization. Woman has held to its implications and, while impressed by its grandeurs, herself an inspiration of all manly heroism, has cherished her own dream, waiting for man to become plain man—for the time to come when, having occupied the world, he could really *dwell* in it and, with that world's support, could look forward to disarmament, without spiritual atrophy.



## Editor's Drawer

### On the Trail

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

PATROLMAN PATRICK CLANCEY, twelve years on the force, stood at the Captain's desk. Clancey was by way of being a detective. Fern Ridge had no plain-clothes department, and it had always been Clancey's delight to solve what few mysteries racked the suburb by applied logic and implied deduction. Was it not he who had found where Mr. Pimperney's prize chickens had gone, by the simple process of discovering that a colored brother in the west end of the suburb had given a birthday supper on the night after the fowls were missed from their wonted roosts? Was it not he who ran to earth the miscreant who stole Mr. Congrove's bulldog, by spreading the report that he owned a dog that could whip its weight in wildcats, give or take ten pounds? But the task now outlined for him was not one to his liking.

"'Tis no disguise for a man grown, Cap," he protested.

"It is the only way to catch him," asserted the Captain. "Them's your orders, Clancey. All the trouble is on your beat, so you can walk it in disguise as well as not."

Patrolman Clancey's beat was a long one, and part of it covered the stretch of prairie between the boulevard and the lake. Now, the trouble of which the Captain had been talking was this: Three nights before, Tillie Eriesen, a maid of all work, had reached her place of employment in a state bordering on hysterics, and had asserted that a strange man had frightened her as she travelled a lonesome section of the street. And just the night before another girl had rushed into her place with the same alarming story. Details and descriptions were scanty, and the city papers had contented themselves with describing the offender

as a "burly man," and with publishing alleged pictures of the maids, together with the interesting information that they were leaders in Fern Ridge society.

"More like 'tis some prank av thim divils av students," Patrolman Clancey declared. "Thim byes is full av rascality, an' always glad av th' chaust to scare some wan."

"It's no concern of ours who it is or why it is," sagaciously replied the Captain. "Our work is to catch the guilty man. To-night and every night until you get him you are to wear woman's clothes and promenade your beat slowly, until the brute shows up—then you grab him."

Patrolman Clancey stalked solemnly along



THE MAN SAW THE CIGAR, AND, WITH A GASP, HURRIED ON



his beat in the darkness of the night. He had a newer sympathy for woman. Upon his head reposed a wig of golden hair, atop of which and held in place securely by means of many skewered pins was a creation in millinery which he had borrowed from a dealer whose shop he had night-watched betimes. From that dealer, also, he had obtained the shirt-waist and skirt and the long cloak which so bewildered him. Over his face was a veil.

He was dying for a smoke, but not only did the regulations forbid his smoking while on duty, but the veil was in the way. He was not bothered over what to do with his hands, for he had the skirt and the cloak to manage. When he reached a crossing, beneath an electric light, he stopped and considered. Then he endeavored to mince his way across, as he had seen the ladies do it. Half-way over he dropped his skirt and said something rude to himself. He hurried on, and reached the shadows of a tall hedge. There he stopped and rolled his trousers to his knees.

"No man shud do anny disguisin' beyond false hair and shpeetickles," he grumbled to himself.

For two hours he paced the streets, now meeting and passing couples who were strolling arm in arm, now slowing up and awaiting the advances of men who were approaching him. At length the desire to smoke overcame him and he tore a hole in his veil, secured a cigar from the vest beneath the shirt-waist and took to a side street, where he puffed contentedly.

Here he was met by a man who thought he recognized a neighbor and said:

"Good evening, Mrs. Murgle. Out for a breath of air?"

Then the man saw the cigar, and, with a gasp, hurried on, to tell his waiting and incredulous wife of the weird sight he had seen—a woman who looked like Mrs. Murgle, and who was smoking a big cigar.

Again he met two ladies, scurrying homeward from a church sociable, and filled with alarm because of the newspaper stories of the wretch who was said to be terrorizing Fern Ridge. Now Clancey was a gallant soul, and his professional intuition told him of the fears that harassed the ladies. So when he met them he said:

"Have no fears, leddies. I'll kape me eye on you till you get home."

Imagine yourself to be two timorous ladies scurrying homeward from a church sociable, seeing in every shadow a man who is going to kidnap you. Imagine being confronted by a stalwart woman, who has a cigar in her mouth and who assures you in a man's voice that she will keep her eye on you. You would have done just as those ladies did—you would have jumped about four feet in the air, screamed, and marathoned adown the street.

And when the stalwart woman shouted to you and tried to run after you, and tripped in her skirts and fell into a barberry hedge and swore dreadfully, you also would have screamed all the louder and sprinted all the harder. And the story of that night's adventure would be one to treasure in the archives of your family.

After vainly endeavoring to overtake the ladies and quiet their fears Patrolman Clancey philosophically trudged along another street, having

lost his cigar in the barberry bushes. Reaching the walk in front of the spacious grounds of Mr. H. Llewellyn Phindot, he sat him down to rest upon a rustic bench which Mr. Phindot had placed in the parkway for ornamental purpose. There he permitted himself to think of all that he would like to say to the Captain.

An automobile whizzed down the street and slowed up. As it crept past, a young man leaned from the chauffeur's seat and softly called:

"Is that you, Elaine?"

"I'll Elaine ye, ye divil av the world!" murmured Clancey, and waited developments.

The auto ran to the next corner, then



"WHAT IN THE NAME OF TIME HAVE I PICKED UP?"



backed and turned about and again approached, Clancey watching keenly. The auto came almost to a stop, the young man leaned out once more and hoarsely whispered:

"Jump in!"

Clancey arose with the promptness of one who acts upon impulse. Here, possibly, was another mystery for him to fathom, and the way to fathom a mystery is to mix with it. He quite unnecessarily tiptoed over the grass to the curb and, bearing in mind the fright of the ladies, whispered:

"What is it?"

"Jump in. We may be seen."

Clancey clambered into the seat beside the chauffeur, stifling a bad word just in the nick of time when his boot ripped the binding off his skirt.

"I'll get us away from here in a jiffy and then we can talk," said the young man, giving the wheel a twist.

"We can that," reflected Clancey.

"It takes both my hands to run this for a few minutes," observed the young man, as they whirled around the corner on the high speed.

"There's an ordinance waitin' for ye," thought Clancey. Out along the boulevard the auto whizzed.

"I've been here every night looking for you," the young man said, turning toward Clancey. "Until to-night I left the machine standing up here at Griffin Boulevard and walked past your house, but I didn't see you. Made two mistakes."

The young man chuckled, while Clancey nodded his head sagely.

"The first night," the young man went on, "I saw a girl I thought was you and I was so overjoyed that I tried to take her in my arms when I met her. My Lord! She screamed like a siren whistle—and I left there pretty quick."

"'Tis well for ye ye did," commented Clancey, mentally. The young man went on:

"I waited and watched for you night before last, but no sign of you, so I concluded you had no opportunity to slip out and meet me. Then last night I was waiting again, when I was sure I saw you coming. I merely spoke to the woman I thought was you—and again she yelled and ran. I began to think I had 'em."

"Ye're goin' to have 'em," Clancey replied, in thought.



"I'VE GOT HIM, CAP," CLANCEY ANNOUNCED

"To-night I wasn't dead sure it was you," the young man said. "It is so dark there about the bench that I couldn't be sure, but I got a glimpse of your hair as I passed, and so I turned right around and came back."

They were now at the edge of town, and as the auto whizzed up to a crossing where an electric light was blazing the young man checked the speed, and turned to Clancey with:

"You're a brave girl, darling. Do I get a kiss?"

The light played down directly into Clancey's face. Clancey was looking grimly into the eyes of the young man. The latter threw in the emergency brake and stopped the car so suddenly that Clancey almost went out over the hood.

"For the love of Heaven!" exclaimed the young man. "What in the name of time have I picked up?"

"No fresh talk, young fellow," admonished Clancey, taking the young man's arm in a tight grip. "Turn this machine around and to the po-lice station for yours."

"Police station? Well, I guess not."

"Ye're a poor guesser, thin. Turn this machine around, I tell ye, and be on th' way."

"Wha-what!" stammered the young man. "Wha-what right have you got to order me to do that?"

"'Tis enough for ye that I order ye. On th' way!"

The majesty of the law was in Clancey's voice, but the majesty of the law hadn't much chance to show itself when disguised with a blond wig that was now jauntily



drooping over one red ear, and in a shirt-waist that had no embroidered collar to finish it off, and in a veil that was ripped so that its lower half formed a chin-strap.

"How can you order me?" the young man inquired.

Clancey calmly fumbled in the bosom of his shirt-waist for a moment and then produced his official star.

"Does that tell ye amnything?" he asked, firmly.

The young man promptly executed the evolution Clancey had demanded; he turned the machine about and retraced their course. As they passed the Phindot mansion a slender form was seen standing in the shadows of one of the large trees near the bench from which Clancey had made his capture. The young man shut off the power, but the cold voice of Clancey reminded him:

"It's th' station for yours."

And the power was again applied.

"I'd like to know," the young man observed as they rolled down-town, "what charge you can make against me."

"Fast drivin' an' kidnappin' an officer," Clancey informed him, grimly.

Clancey led his prisoner into the station and up to the Captain's desk with an air of prideful success which was grievously marred by his efforts to hold up his skirts and hold to the young man's arm at the same time. The captain straightened up in his chair with a jerk.

"I've got him, Cap," Clancey announced.

"So I see. Did you have to fight him?" the Captain asked.

"He came along like a lamb."

"Look here, Captain," broke in the prisoner. "My name is Melrose—John Francis Melrose."

"I was just about to ask you your name, young man," replied the captain, taking up his pen. "How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-six years old, but that hasn't anything to do with this. This is all a mistake."

"That's what they all say," commented Clancey.

"Well, the joke's on somebody," the young man remarked, smiling uneasily.

"We'll figger that out in the morning," remarked the Captain.

"If you'll let me explain matters we needn't wait till morning," said Melrose, recovering his composure. "When this lady—I mean this gentleman,"—indicating Clancey—"got into my automobile, I thought he was a young lady with whom I expected to elope."

"I'll book you for lunacy, then," decided the Captain, looking Clancey over.

"An' book me for that same if ever I put on such clothes as these again," suggested Clancey, removing the wig and bonnet and dropping them on a bench. "'Twas me that said 'twas no manner av clothes for a dacint man to use as disguise." He ripped off the shirt-waist and got out of the skirt by the simple and manly method of allow-

ing it to drop to the floor and then stepping over the hem.

"Go on with your story, young man," said the Captain.

"Well, if I've got to tell it all, I will," Melrose said. "As I told you, I was expecting to elope with a young lady—with Miss Elaine Phindot."

"J. Llewellyn Phindot's daughter?" exclaimed the Captain.

"Wid that purty gurr!" cried Clancey. "Ye thafe av th' world!"

"You should thank him, Clancey," advised the Captain. "He took you for her."

"Small credit to th' likes av him f'r mistakin' me f'r as swate an' purty a gurr! as she is," declared Clancey. "Manny's th' time she's sint th' maid out wid a cup av coffee an' one o' J. Llewellyn's seegvars f'r me av a cold night. Why was ye afther elopin' wid her?"

He whirled on John Francis Melrose with almost paternal wrath.

"Oh, you know how my father did up her father in that street-railway deal," explained Melrose.

"Is your father George Melrose?" the Captain asked.

"Yes—but—"

"You don't need to make any excuses."

"Well, as I was telling you, Captain, I've been out here for three nights trying to get a chance to elope with her, and twice I have mistaken some one else for her in the darkness, and the women I have thought were her have made such a row that I've had to get away as quickly as possible. To-night everything went smoothly. I ran down in front of the house and was sure it was she on the bench. I told her to jump in quick, and made the machine hum till we were at the edge of town. Then I stopped to—to look at her—and—"

"And ye saw me!" Clancey finished for him.

"And, Captain," the young man pleaded, "as we passed the house on the way here, I am positive I saw her waiting for me near that bench. Now, I haven't done anything wrong, have I? If I have, I'm willing to put up any bail you ask and come back any time and go to jail or pay four or five fines or do anything to square it, but really—don't you think I ought to have one more chance to elope?"

The captain scratched his chin thoughtfully. The romantic blood of the Celt asserted itself, and Clancey said:

"Wan more chance? I withdraw all charges ag'inst this young man, Captain! Give him th' chance."

"I'll do that," decided the Captain. "Now, hustle and elope, Mr. Melrose."

Melrose did not wait for a second order. He turned and hurried out.

The Captain regarded Clancey with a quizzical air for a moment and then said:

"Mebbe you'd better put on them glad rags again and go along with him for bridesmaid."





An Impressionist

## The Simple Life Again

BY BLAKENEY GRAY

I WISH I were a Turtle,  
To sit and snooze all day,  
Far from the madding hurtle  
Of life's distracting fray.  
A house provided for me,  
With ne'er a thought of rent,  
And no accounts to bore me  
When I have not a cent.

A house devoid of plumbing,  
Just big enough for me,  
With no landlords a-coming  
To get their £.s.d.  
No thought of pomp that's showy,  
No gingerbreadish pride,  
But, rainy days or snowy,  
Just snug and warm inside.

No cook down in the kitchen  
To fill my days with care;  
No up-stairs maid a-pitchin'  
My garments everywhere;  
No Butler proud and haughty  
To overlook my needs  
And lead to language naughty  
Because of his misdeeds.

No room for a pianner!  
No silver things to steal!  
As snug as a banana  
Within its native peel!  
A single room so spacious  
My every curve it fits,  
And one cool floor that gracious-  
Ly round my tummy sits.

And when the air is jaded,  
No summer-hotel fad,  
But just a nook that's shaded  
Beneath some lily-pad:  
And when the summer's sated  
And winter has begun,  
My dwelling relocated  
Beneath the glowing sun.

No butcher-boy or grocer;  
No baker-man with pies;  
No watered milkman, no, sir,  
But just a dish of flies,  
Who serve themselves up freely  
In rich variety—  
I envy him! Yes, really—  
The Turtle's life for me!



### What Ruined Adam

A YOUNG English suffragette tells the following incident that recently happened at a meeting in the Scotch Highlands.

Speeches had been made to a large crowd. Questions had been replied to amid applause. Imbecile young men making remarks about minding babies and mending socks had been silenced. Then, just as there was a temporary lull before the putting of a resolution, a great bucolic Scotch voice from the back of the crowd rasped slowly in with the inquiry, obviously the result of prolonged rumination:

"Wha made a mess of Adam?"

### College Humor

A FRESHMAN, meeting the colored janitor, indulged in a callow joke.

"Pretty near winter, William," he said, jovially. "The trees are getting nearly as black as you are."

"Dat's true, sah," and William surveyed the elm trees very thoughtfully. "Nature's wonderful, sah, no mistake. Come spring, dose trees 'll be most as green as you is, sah."



TURTLE. "How'd you get the black eye? A stick of wood fly up?"

GIRAFFE. "No; I got hit with an air-ship."

### A Patient Priscilla

KATIE, of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, had served for ten years in a wealthy Virginia family.

For more than half of this term of service one Jacob, of her own people, had at intervals come a-calling. He had sat in the kitchen and watched the deft and skilful movements of Katie with marked respect and ponderous admiration, but he had never "spoken." At length toward the end of the seventh year she took the reins of destiny in her own hands and addressed her admirer thus:

"Vell, Zhakob, if yer wants me yer can zhust haf me."

A light dawned in the mild blue eye of Jacob. Bringing his hand down gently on his knees, he replied:

"I vas zhust about to mention it."

### Local Attachment

A STRANGER in a Southern town was surprised at seeing an old colored woman strenuously belaboring her husband with a stick. He asked what she was beating the old man for.

"'Ca'se he done opened de coop do' an' turned out all de chickens," was the reply.

"Oh, well," said the mediator, "if you leave the door open they will all come back."

"Huh!" was the indignant reply. "Come back! Dey ain't gwinter come back; dey's gwinter go back!"

### Suppressed

THERE is a conductor on one of the Bangor electric cars who is noted for his wit. One day a middle-aged man boarded his car and had hardly taken his seat when a drunken man staggered into the car and stepped on the middle-aged man's toes. Turning indignantly to the conductor, who was busy collecting fares, the victim demanded,

"Conductor, do you allow drunken men to ride on this car?"

"No, sir," was the reply: "but if you will sit down and keep still no one will notice you."

### Against the Law

PARENT. "Now, Bobby, tell Mrs. Parsons why the five virgins who forgot to take any oil with them were called foolish."

BOBBY. "'Cause they ought to have known they couldn't run autos after dark without a light."



### What He Knew

"YOU can tell me the names of the twelve apostles, Sam?" said the pretty Sunday-school teacher one morning. Sam's face fell, and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Can't do it, ma'am," he said, sorrowfully; and then his eyes brightened: "but I can call off all of the pitchers in the league teams," he volunteered.

### Why Not?

A NUMBER of Congressmen were one day informally discussing the work of the experts attached to the Department of Agriculture, when the question of economy of production was touched upon.

One of the representatives was inclined to poke fun at the new methods advocated by said experts in certain directions. "These chaps," said he, "remind me of a farmer in Kansas, who proposed to plant onions with his potatoes, the idea being that the tear-making qualities of his onions might act on the eyes of the potatoes and thus render the latter crop self-irrigating."

### Reckless

"AW! come on!" the little boy was heard to remark. "Be a sport. I'll bet yer any amount o' money up to five cents."

### In Town

NOW in the parks once more begin  
The tulip leaves Earth's jail to break,  
And pushing up, enlargement win,  
Like phms escaping from a cake.  
And folks who see them say: "The worst  
Is over now. Spring's going to burst!"

I don't mark time by them. When  
Jane's in town to me it's cheery Spring,  
No matter if bleak hurricanes  
And blizzards rage like anything.  
When Jane's not here it isn't May.  
No matter what the tulips say."

E. S. M.



*"M-m-mamma, y-you'd better stop. I'm makin' s-s-so much n-noise you c-couldn't hear the t-t-telephone if it was to ring."*

### A Hard Task

A YOUNG man visited his doctor and described in detail the symptoms of his illness.

"The thing for you to do," said the physician, "is to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning."

"Well, how are yon feeling?" the doctor asked a week later. "Did you follow my directions and drink hot water an hour before breakfast?"

"I did my best, doctor, but I couldn't keep it up more'n ten minutes at a stretch."

### The Belle

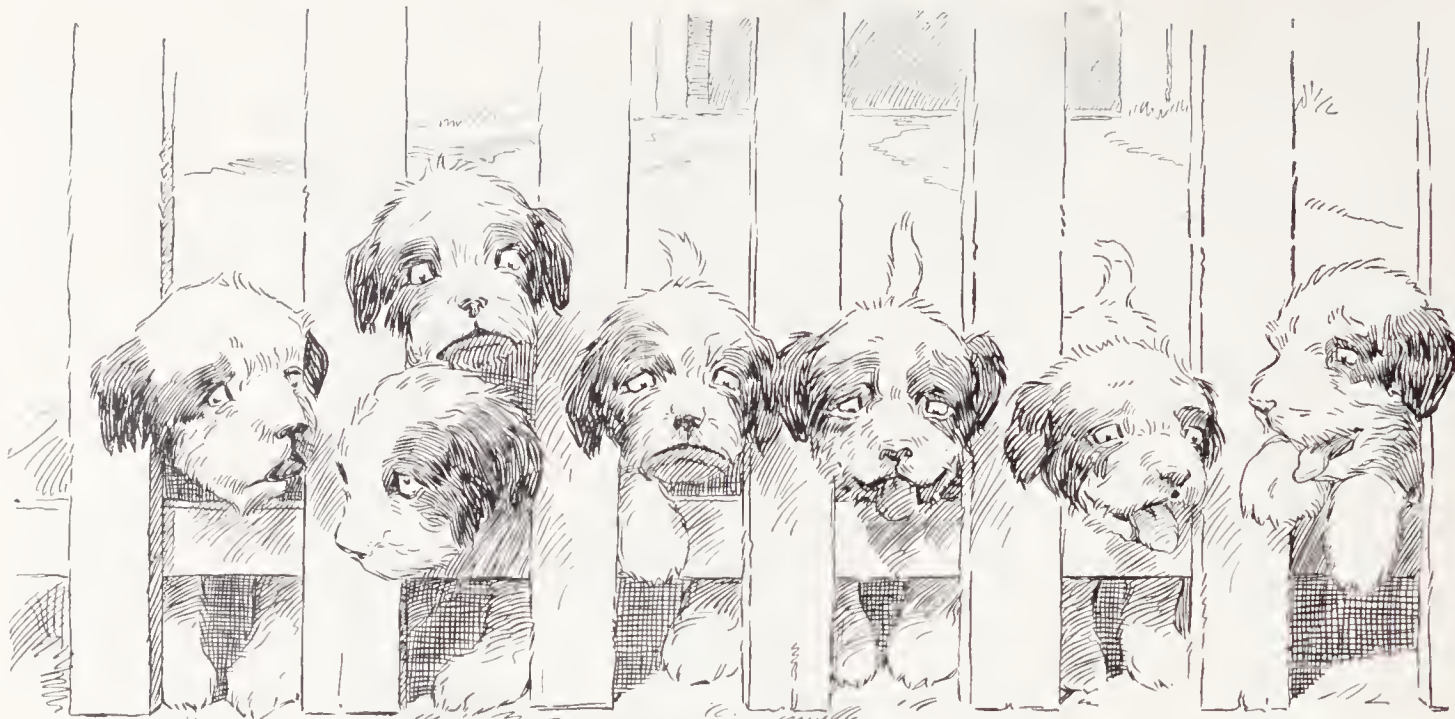
SMITH'S wife had died, and Mary Jones, the bosom friend of the dead woman, had asked the afternoon off to attend the funeral.

On Mary's return from the funeral her mistress said to her, with gentle sympathy.

"And did yon get on all right at the funeral, Mary?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I had an elegant time," Mary answered. "I was in a fine cab with the corpse's husband, and he squeezed me hand all the way to the cemetery and back, and he said, said he, 'Mary, there's no getting round it; you're the belle of the funeral.'"





Robert L. Dickey '10

## The Wide, Wide World

### Was Suspicious

A SCOTCHMAN at the dentist's was told that he must take gas. While the dentist was getting it ready the Scot began to count his money.

The dentist said, somewhat testily, "You need not pay until the tooth is out."

"I ken that," said the Scotchman, "but as ye're about to make me sleep I jist want to see how I stand."

### The Reason

A CERTAIN Philadelphia judge, who, disgraced with a jury that seemed unable to reach an agreement in a perfectly evident case, rose and said, "I discharge this jury."

One sensitive talesman, indignant at what he considered a rebuke, obstinately faced the judge.

"You can't discharge me," he said in tones of one standing upon his rights.

"And why not?" asked the surprised judge.

"Because," answered the juror, pointing to the lawyer for the defence, "I'm being hired by that man there."

### He Were

A PROMINENT Western attorney tells of a boy who once applied at his office for work.

"'Now, my son,' I said, 'if you come to work for me, you will occasionally have to write telegrams and take down telephone messages. Hence a pretty good degree of schooling is essential. Are you fairly well educated?'"

"The boy smiled confidently. 'I be,' he said."

### According to Size

A CERTAIN Boston gentleman, wishing to take his family to the country last summer, visited a small farm with a view to renting it.

Everything was to his liking and negotiations were about to be completed, when the question of renting also the farmer's cow came up. She was an excellent animal, the farmer declared, and even after feeding her calf she would give eight quarts of milk a day.

"Eight quarts a day!" exclaimed the Boston gentleman. "That is more than my whole family could possibly use."

Then suddenly observing the calf following its mother about the yard, he added:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll hire the small cow. She looks just about our size."

### The Colonel's Retort

A GRIZZLED old colonel, who is a veteran of the Civil War and who has since seen active service in the Philippine Islands, did not view with pleasure the promotions of younger and almost unknown officers who were jumped over his head not so long ago. Strolling about his garrison in the Philippines one day, he came upon one of his officers fondling a monkey.

"Colonel," said the officer, "this is the most remarkable monkey I ever saw. Why, he can take a stick and go through the manual of arms almost as well as one of the soldiers."

"'Sh!'" cautioned the colonel, glancing about in great alarm. "Don't tell anybody. Supposing the War Department heard of it? They'd make him a brigadier-general."



























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